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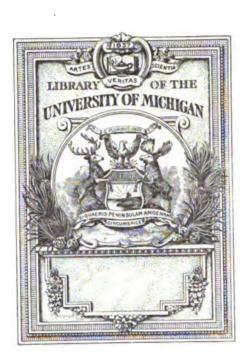
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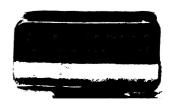
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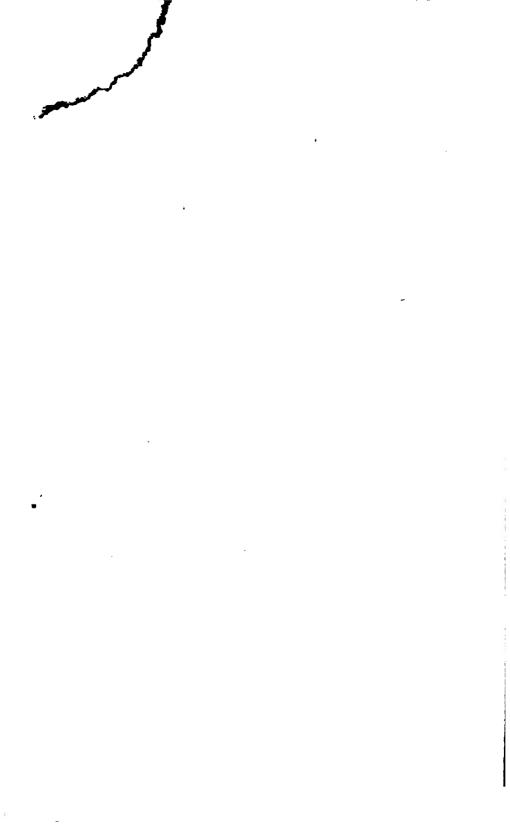
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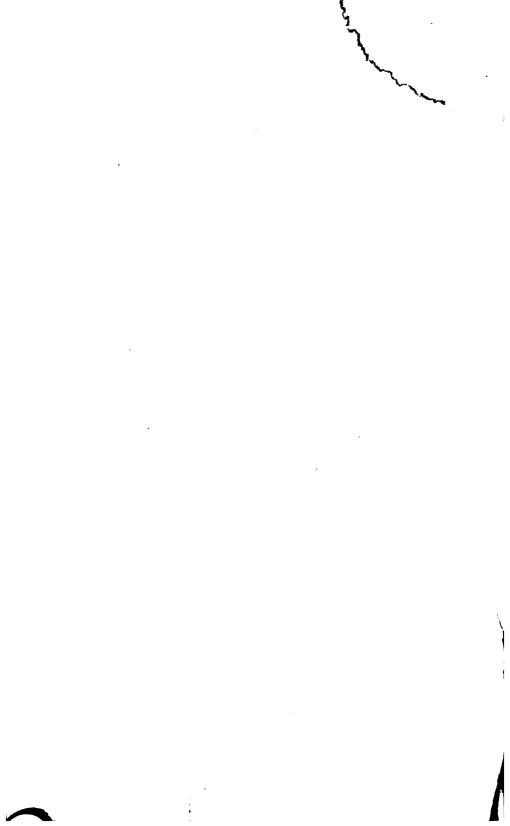




Dearnis Wind Lawson.]

THE GENTLE CRAFT.





LONDON SOCIETY.

An Illustrated Magazine

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LIGHT AND AMUSING LITERATURE

FOR

THE HOURS OF RELAXATION.

VOLUME XIV.

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CONTENTS.

			Engra	abing	ps.			
							Drawn by	Page
Algy Takes the Bet	••	••	••	••	••	••	Gordon Thomson	1
Algy Wins	••	••	••	••	••	••	**	14
An Interval for Claret	Cup	••	••	••	••	••	A. W. Cooper.	28.
A Sketch in the Crus	h Room	••	••	••	••	••	Wilfrid Lawson	140
A Sketching Party	••	••	••	••	••	••	Townley Green.	320
Bar Accidents	••	••	••		••			129
Behind the Scenes at	a Rehear	sal	••	••	••		Wilfrid Lawson.	141
Box and Cox in the B	ay of Be	ngal	••	••	••	••	John Gilbert.	392
For Charity's Sake	••	••	••	••	••	••	Wilfrid Lawson.	132
Cousin Geoffrey's Cha	ımber		••			j	An Gilbert—Frontis	piece
I cannot move withou	t help				••	••	M. Ellen Edwards	544
In Hyde Park. The	Ladies' M	ile	••	••	••		Gordon Thomson.	28 9
							292 , 293	
Is this the First?	••	••	••	••	••		James Godwin	336
Madame De Pompadou	ır	••	••	••	••	• •		64
Miss Lorimer or Miss		••	••	••			M. Ellen Edwards	361
Mr. Levy Wins this T	'ime		••		••		Gordon Thomson.	8
On the Cliff	••	••	••	••	••		George Estall.	73
Pensive Moments	••	••		••	••		W. L. Thomas	560
Race of Velocipedes in	the Boi	s de	Boulogne		••			408
Society at 'The Zoo'	••		••	••			Gordon Thomson.	16
The Dance Al Fresco	••		••		••	••	Florence Claxton.	48
The Gambade Cla	assic.							
The Whirligig Ro	shervillia	ın.	•					
The Dance Pastoral	••	••	••		••		,,	144
The Meander Pse	udo-Rusi	ic.						
The Hop Pic-nick	tial.							
The Dance Courtly	••	••	••	••			,,	252
The Caper Georg	ian.							
The Evolutions V	ictorian.							
The Dance Domestic							,,	368
The Gyration Ar	chaic Pos	t-Pr	andial.					
The Carpet Frisk				us.				
The Falconer's Lay			·	••		••	Birket Foster	529
The Gentle Craft							Wilfrid Lawson.	86
The Golden Boat			••				Wilfrid Lawson	519
The Grey Wins	••	••	••	••			•	128
The Happy Confession		••	••		••		R. Newcombe.	239
The Lights on Gwynet			••	••	••		W. Small.	105
The Long Story	••	••	••		••	••	M. Ellen Edwards,	228
The Lost Love		-					W L. Thomas	304

41	00									
LIST OF ENGRAVINGS-continued.					Drawn by Page					
The Man who 'Shut up a Don'					Gordon Thomson. 148					
The Oracle					J. D. Watson 457					
The Squatters					A. W. Cooper. 280					
The Turn of the Tide	••				A. B. Houghton. 458					
The Umbrella Tent			••		A. W. Cooper 283					
The Voice Behind the Shutter	••	••	••	••	T. S. Seccombe. 272					
The Waltz		••		•••	Louis Huard. 177					
There Wheeled Welestands					411					
	••	••	••	••	Charles Robinson. 172					
	••	••	••	••						
	••	••	••	••						
'We never wait for Lovers'	••	••	••	••	M. Ellen Edwards. 464					
Box and Cox in the Bay of Bengal. In Six Chapters										
Chap. 1. How the Bet was Made	1		111.		e the Wave Breaks					
II. How the First Game was	ا ـ ا	The B		Wil						
Lost	5 9	The Married Bachelor:— Chap. I. A Dark Fellow 305								
III. Shuffle the Cards	1	Cii								
IV. Hearts are Trumps	12	II. The Assizes 306								
How I Stood for the Hallamshire		IV. The Three Hundred a Year								
Boroughs. In Four Chapters	398	Problem 434								
How Violet got a Beau:—	000		v. '	The H	loneymoon 435					
	229		VI.	Sailin	g under False Colours 438					
	235		VII.	The U	Inmarried Wife 441					
The Difficult Circumstances of Captain		VIII. At the Italian Opera 491								
Mannering:—					undered Lives 494					
	358		z. .	The	Second Column in					
	460				he Times' 497					
III. What was Done	542		XL.	At th	e Sea Side 500					
Sketches. A Fight with Time 481 Mr. Fairweather's Yachting :—										
A Little Dinner at Greenwich	200	Fr	om Lu	ndy	Island to Tenby					
A Militia Training	273		Ва у . .	••	74					
An American Watering-Place and its		My F	Caster V	ac.	154					
Frequenters	205									
Ancient Hostelries :—	Natal Sketches:— To Natal Direct									
No. II. A Pair of Saracens' Heads,	From Durban to Maritzberg									
and other Obsolete Signi- ficances	536									
	473	Our	Trin in	'Th	Dulcinea' 338					
Corpus Christi Day in Andalusia					untry 123					
	469				rphans 370					
Long Vacation :-					sian WhimVeloci-					
Burning Powder	213	pèr	des		408					
Men whom I knew at Oxford :—		Sketc	hes at	Her 1	lajesty's Opera 135					
The Man who Shut Up a Don	148	Wart	riors at	Wim	bledon 280					

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LONDON SOCIETY.

JULY, 1868.

HOW ALGY WON THE BET. .

CHAPTER I.

HOW THE BET WAS MADE.



ALGY TAKES THE BET.

M. ALGERNON BATES was one of those individuals whose youth is full of so much precocious genius as to justify their friends in prophesying all sorts of great things of them, to come off at some future period of their prospective career. Strange to relate, however, this future period never arrives, or at YOL. XIV.—NO. LXXIX.

least is such a very long time putting in an appearance, that the said friends become dubious and desponding, though loath to acknowledge the unfulfilment of their predictions.

When Algy was a boy he showed so much dawning talent with his pencil that 'the friends' were posi-

B

tively certain he would 'turn out' a great thing in painters; when he grew up and assumed the toga virilis he made himself so conspicuous as an amateur actor that 'the friends' declared the laurels of another Garrick awaited him; and when he brought out his comedydrama, in four acts, of 'Nathalie, or the Model,' with a terse, spirited dialogue, and two or three capital 'situations,' it was considered that he was on the high road to fame and fortune.

Eheu, fugaces anni. Years rolled over Algy's spruce, carefully-tended head: his back-hair does not take him so long in the 'doing' now. there is not so much behind as of yore, and it's 'getting very thin on the top, sir,' for poor Algy is going on for thirty now, and both fame and fortune are as far off as they were ten years ago. He has written another comedy-drama since, which he fondly thought would draw overflowing houses, but it did not keep its place in the bills after the second week; he managed to get a burlesque produced, with a new 'skedaddle break-down of his own invention, which he likewise was certain would be a 'great go' and fill the treasury, but somehow or other it did neither. He has had several little pictures in the Suffolk Street Exhibition, and his 'Dead Warrior' was hung on the line in the Academy; but again, somehow or other, people didn't buy them there. Then they were sent off to Manchester exhibitions and sale-rooms, then travelled round to the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, and so back again to London and the Art Unions, ultimately, perhaps, finding their way in sheer desperation to Algy's studio, where they turned their faces meekly to the wall, and gave themselves up to dust and the tender mercies of the charwoman.

Once Algy managed to work the oracle so that Mr. Bompas, the eminent dealer, was induced to visit his studio in company with Tickler, the art critic of the 'Daily Thunderbolt,' who had promised to say a good word for him. But Mr. Bompas only screwed his lips tightly together, and said, 'Yes, yes, very

nice, ve-ry nice; but hardly popular, my dear sir, hardly popular; too big by a size; wouldn't go anywhere but in the hall. Concentrate and popularize yourself, my dear sir; concentrate and popularize yourself.'

So Algy set to work and tried to 'concentrate and popularize himself;' to do which he painted 'My love, Agnes,' a tall and crummy young lady with large eyes, wonderfully golden locks, and plenty of them, in a bewitching species of bedgown attire, which showed the shape of 'Agnes' rather too transparently, and gazing pensively over a marble parapet into an imaginary future, while the last glory of the setting sun was skilfully adapted to fall on her hair and upturned face.

Unfortunately for Algy, this was so different from his usual style that Tickler took it to be the work of some man he had never heard of, so was down upon 'Agnes' directly.

He was at great pains to show 'how woolly was her hair, how long and stiff her left arm, how out of all drawing her chin, and how palpably theatrical were the means by which the effect was produced;' lastly, 'he was surprised that the hanging committee had "placed" so absurd a caricature of all Art.'

Thus poor Algy was hopelessly sat upon, and threw his brushes out

of window in disgust.

On a hot afternoon in August, some few days after the above notice appeared in the journal Mr. Tickler was good enough to write for, our friend was sitting in his Temple chambers, smoking the pipe of consolation, and pondering upon things. Essentially a hot and The gardens in drowsy afternoon. front of his opened window were drowsy; the two or three men whose sole duty appears to consist in moving the pots of chrysanthemums from one part of the grounds to another, were too drowsy even to go through that performance; the river was drowsy, as it lay winking in the glare; the young lady in book-muslin who found the broad walk so charming a promenade, and was there of course by the merest accident, had given up the restless peepings at her watch, and composed herself to drowsy meditation; and Mr. Bates himself was drowsy; the influence of the hour was upon him; his soul was vexed within him; he had much upon his mind,-'mental anxiety was killing him,' as he told his friends, pathetically. In the first place, there was Jenkins's bill coming due at the end of the month: there was Rowney's account for the last two years still unpaid, and he couldn't put them off any longer; there was another picture returned from Manchester unsold; and there was the eighteen-gallon cask of Allsopp he had just got in 'turned' by the late thunderstorm; and, worse than all, there was that horrid nightmare which had been keeping him sleep less for weeks, and, like an indigestible piece of pork, always kept turning up when least expected; for the truth could be stifled no longer—he was getting bald on the top of his head!

Getting bald! He didn't care a rush for Truefitt's young men; he never used to believe what those flippant and unfeeling creatures told him; but now, here was the evidence of his own eyes. His only hope of redemption was in making a good thing in the way of a marriage, and he was getting bald al-

ready!

'Any odds you like I'll pitch upon the winner-I should say your thoughts,' drawled a languid

voice behind him.

'Oh, it's you, is it?' said Algy without removing the pipe from his lips. 'The most comfortable one is in that corner,' indicating a leather easy-chair with the toe of his Turkish slipper.

The owner of the voice, who had been testing the softness of the sofa with a delicate hand, muttered a feeble 'Tha-anks,' and dropped into

the chair.

'Thought I'd look in, and—that sort of thing, you know. Eh? Trichinopoly? No, thanks; too strong always carry my own weeds. Dull? -oh, shocking. Goin' away next week-Eh? Baden, I think. Where are you going to?

'The devil.'

'Ah, yes. What's the matter?—

down on your luck?'
'Yes; I've pretty nearly got to
the end of my tether.'

' H'm, so have I.'

'Ah. Well, what's to be done then?

'Marry.'

'Just what I was thinking of.' 'Thought you were: looked like

'Well, of course, you see it's a

risky affair.' 'How much do you mean to go in for ?'

'What, tin?'

'Of course; what else could there

'Well, I put myself down as worth twenty-five thou'.'

'Deuce you do!'

'Decidedly; or I don't object to a present income of seven or eight hundred.

'Bet you don't get either one or t'other. Bet two to one you don't get either one or t'other within six months.

'I think I shall; don't you see?' And Algy began to explain how many men of his acquaintance put themselves down at so much, and

had gone in and won.

'I never argue,' said the other, without attempting to answer him; 'life's a doosid deal too short for that sort of thing. If-fellow begins that sort of thing, I stop him at once by offering odds against his proposition. Don't you see, it brings him to a point; practical, and all that. Then, too, there's the chance of a little excitement being got out of it. Bet you five to one in fifties you don't do it in six months; ten to one in ditto don't do it in three.'

I'll take you.'

'Good,' said the other, deliberately taking out an elaborate memorandabook. 'All sorts of little transactions here; every one of 'em shut some fellow up. Know Peyton? Big. positive, Scotch brute in Guards? Said other day in club, Jack Saltmarsh gave five hundred for the bay ponies Rosey Watson drives. Knew they weren't worth that. Told him so. Contradicted me, and began argument. Bet him two to one I

Peyton tried to draw was right. off; knew he was wrong; only said it for argument. Beastly Scotchman! Kept him to the mark, and booked the bet. "July 20.— Eighteen pairs of gloves with Mrs. Balfour." Contradicted me about Mario's age. Bet her d'rectly. Couldn't say any more, you know.
"August 3.—Old Jowler said he could tell the vintages of all the wine in-club, by smell. Argument. Bet him. Stopped argument." "August 8.—Even fiver with Haldane. that the receipts of his theatre would fall short of a hundred per night after three weeks' run. Haldane positive the piece would draw. All puff and brag. Bet him. Got him in regular hole." "August 18.—Bet Tom Fletcher five pounds he would get tired of Baby Fane in three months, or that she threw him over within ditto time." Here you are. "August 21.—Bet Algy Bates ten to one in fifties he don't get married to five and-twenty thou, or an in-come of seven hundred per ann. clear, within three calendar months from date above." Will that do?

'Ten fifties: all right.' So the bet was duly entered, and Dick Winslow, who affected a fashionable indifference to everything, but in the matter of business was particularly shrewd, then took his de-

parture.

Then Algy lit another pipe, and pulled himself together to think the

matter out.

Now it so happened that about this period of Mr. Bates's existence, he, strange to relate, had fallen in love. Not for the first time, by any means, but the first time it was accompanied with the idea of matrimony; for, with Algy, the two generally meant something very different, and had nothing whatever in common with each other.

Miss Rose Chumley had been 'doing' the 'leading business' at the Theatres Royal Liverpool and Birmingham for some two or three years before she attracted the notice of London managers. At last a paragraph appeared in the 'Era, announcing that 'Miss Chumley had accepted a liberal offer made her by Mr. Slum, of the "Parthenon," and would appear on such and such a night, in a "new drama written expressly for her by Ferrers Brown, Esq."

The first night came, and the 'Parthenon' was crammed to the roof. A new piece by Ferrers Brown was always interesting; and then the fact of its being written for an actress who was unknown to a London audience made it still more Miss Chumley, rather nervous during the first act, while a running commentary of 'very poor,' no-power,' 'oh, this'll never do,' 'very weak,' 'regular frost,' &c., went on from the expectant critics 'in front;' then a remarkable exhibition of feeling in the next act roused the audience. From that time she gradually worked them up and held them in her grasp till the strong dénouement in the last scene, when the curtain came down on thunders of applause, and Miss Chumley quite overcome by her feelings and the bouquets. Algernon Bates, sitting in the front stalls with Potts, the critic of the 'Sunday Magnet,' was enchanted. He saw at once that she would 'rise.' He must be introduced to her without any delay. He had a plot in his mind's eye then that would suit her style to a hair; no claptrap and studied artificial poses, no showing the whites of the eyes and hysterical sobbing business—everything natural, un-affected, but graceful. She was 'chawming,' Potts said; and that was something, coming from Potts.

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'How well she kept it down in There's intelligence the first act. in everything, by Jove! Then, what a good listener she is! By Jove, sir, it's a treat, a positive treat!'

And Bates was all in a glow of enthusiasm. Visions of his new comedy, with Miss Chumley bringing down the house, kept him broad

awake all that night.

Now although Algy had not succeeded in getting publishers, theatrical managers, and picture-dealers to acknowledge his great genius, being people for the most part cruelly practical in their notions of the business of life, he had always found an indulgent audience among the fair sex, generally succeeding in causing them to regard him as a man whose talent had been stifled and prevented from asserting its proper position in the world by the malignant envy and spite of his enemies in power. For Algy was possessed of that gift which surely should be placed before all others: genius, talent, energy, are trifles in comparison with the faculty of pleasing women. So he considered it only necessary for him to throw his handkerchief to Miss Chumley and did not admit the possibility of its being 'returned with thanks.'
Algy, therefore, enveloped in a

complete fog of smoke of his own manufacturing, naturally thought of Miss Chumley at once. The only difficulty was the income, - the actress's salary at the 'Parthenon' at present could not be more than five pounds per week; and what was that? It must be increased by another ten before she could be put on his list. No, Miss Chumley 'Great was out of the question. pity, because he really did—eh? yes, he really did—pshaw, can't afford that sort of thing now.' Then he put down all the girls with money he could muster, and found that the list was not so long as he had reckoned. The time of year, moreover, was dead against him,everybody was away from town. He must go in pursuit; but where, and who should he pursue? It was a difficult matter. They were all scattered now, here, there, and everywhere. If he went to Baden after Miss Smith, Miss Jones at Scarborough would escape him; and if he laid siege to Mrs. Lazarus at Brighton, he should miss the Brown girls at Rome. The more he cast the matter over in his mind, the more difficult it appeared; and he began to regret the bet with Dick Winslow.

The result of Algy's cogitations, which lasted several days, and during which time he consumed a vast amount of Cavendish, was, his packing a portmanteau and starting off to Rome in chase of 'the Brown girls.' There were two Miss Browns, so that he stood a double chance of success. Old Brown was said to be worth a quarter of a million, and the

girls adored Art. So Algy set off with the intention of personifying Art, and becoming adored by Matilda or Josephine, it didn't matter which.

CHAPTER II.

HOW THE FIRST GAME WAS LOST.

It is the latter end of October. and Mr. Bates is sitting forlornly before a naked canvas in his studio; his palette and brushes are in readiness for use; but Algy heeds them He has just returned from Rome, having proposed to Matilda, the most likely of the 'Brown girls, and been refused by the 'governor,' and the 'governor,' moreover, in a towering rage, which made him so far forget himself as to call our friend 'an adventurer, by Gad!' leaving any further chance of success out of the question. Algy had taken Brighton on his way back, only to be disappointed by finding that Mrs. Lazarus, the rich widow, who once regarded him with eyes of favour, had left for Baden the week before. So, in sheer despair, he had found his way back to London.

What was to be done now? On the 20th of next month, barely three weeks more, time would be up, and where he should get the money from for Dick Winslow, goodness only knew. He sat thus, staring dejectedly at the canvas, till he began to think there was not much good to be got out of the prospect, and took up the 'Times.' Naturally enough he turned to the theatrical advertisements; he had quite dropped out of the civilised world the last two months,—the civilised world meaning with Algy the literary and artistic world of London, made up of theatres, editors' sanctums, Bohemian clubs, and exhibition rooms.

'Third representation of the "Shadow on the Wall; or Sister Grace,"—pronounced by the press and the unanimous voice of the public to be the greatest success ever known. Sister Grace—Miss Chumley.'

'Miss Chumley! H'm! ha!— Miss Chumley— Miss Chumley. Wonder what salary old Slum gives her now? Evidently the draw in the theatre. Let's see, who can tell me? Jackson 'll know, daresay.'

Then he opened the door and

shouted 'Jackson!'

Now 'Jackson' was engaged in the evenings as a permanent super at the 'Parthenon Theatre,' and during the day, to use his own words, 'went out a-settin';' which meant, that for the sum of eighteenpence an hour he lent his portly figure for the instruction of artists painting from the 'life.'

Mr. Jackson, who was engaged by Algy to sit for a 'Dying Gladiator,' in what he considered would be a new and striking attitude, and had been beguiling the tedium of a long 'wait' outside by partaking of an al fresco luncheon on the stairs, hereupon made his appearance. Being interrogated as to the amount of salary Miss Chumley was then drawing at the 'Parthenon,' Mr. Jackson replied—

'That, to his certin knowlidge, hold Slum paid her as much as fifteen pound, which he, Mr. Jackson, considered a mortal shame: she no more drored fifteen pound than he did; but then, lor' bless yer, the gents in the papers wrote her hup

that like,' &c.

'Fifteen pounds! Fifteen multiplied by fifty-two was 780. Enough and to spare, by Jove! Thank you, Jackson, — much obliged; have something to drink? So will I. Capital! Hurrah! Take care of yourself now, Dick, my bo-oy, take care of yourself.'

The very next morning Algy made a careful toilette, and sallied forth to call upon the now popular actress.

During the twelve months that had passed since Miss Chumley made her debût at the 'Parthenon', and, in the language of the press notices, 'made a pleasing impression upon a London audience,' she had rapidly advanced in public favour, and, what was of more real consequence to her, in the profession. Her photographs now sell next best to those of Mr. Spurgeon, Brother Ignatius, and the notorious Miss Paynter, of 'the Park' and West Brompton. Tom Sayers ran Miss Chumley very close for a long time, until a new triumph from the

studio of Adolphe Beau, representing her as Juliet in the balcony scene, with a fine effect of the limelight on a sales described by the fourth sales.

the fourth place.

On this particular morning Miss Chumley is sitting in her own particular lounge chair, making belief to read a very dogs'-eared manuscript, which indeed is no other than Mr. Bates's new comedy. Miss-Chumley's lodgings, where she resides with her mamma—an old lady addicted to snuff, and gin in her toa, but otherwise very harmlessare in the Hampstead Road. They consist of only the first floor; but then it is not a common first floor by any means; it is a first floor under peculiarly happy auspices, for Miss Chumley's graceful presence might almost be seen pervading it, even to the very furniture and belongings of the rooms. Nobody but Miss Chumley would have thought of putting that naturally ugly sofa into that particular dark corner, and hiding its bristling horsehair under the daintiest of chintzes; nobody but Miss Chumley could have arranged the books and knickknacks on that rickety little table so as toproduce such a really pretty effect; and nobody but Miss Chumley could have chosen blinds of that colour, which, when they were drawn nearly down, as she liked them to be, diffused so roseate a hue over everything, and suited to such a nicety her own not particularly brilliant complexion.

Somebody coming upstairs. Miss Chumley draws the blind a few inches lower, moves her chair sothat she sits with her back to the light, and is absorbed in the MS.

'Mr. Bates, 'm.'

And the next moment our friend is shaking hands impressively with the rising actress. Then, after a few minutes spent in anathematizing the weather, they begin to talk about the 'piece.'

'Did Miss Chumley like it?'

'Ye-es, she thought it a good piece.'

'So glad to hear that. Did she like the heroine's part?'

'Well, to tell you the truth, Mr. Bates, only pretty well.'

'Would you like to play it your-

'Oh, not as it stands: I couldn't. really I couldn't.

'No? What is there you object

'Well, de Vismes (Algy's villain)

has all the dialogue.'

'H'm; he certainly has a good deal; but then he gives you all the

situations.'

'Not quite all, Mr. Bates: how about the third act? Now, he's quite welcome to any situations in the first and second acts, but I can't afford to let anybody have those in You know I always like the last. starting quietly and keeping it all down till towards the dénouement, then I want plenty of room for myself. As it stands now, he interferes with my climax.

'Well, supposing I cut out his business with the stolen will, and bring on Mugley in something comic as a set-off to your scene with

the mother?

'Anything you like, so long as there's nothing to interfere with me

in the third act.

Then Algy took the MS. and showed how he thought of cutting down the villain's part, putting in another situation for the heroine, and giving her generally the best of Miss Chumley's face grew brighter as he showed how all this could be done

So Algy put the 'piece' in his pocket, and began to talk of other topics, gradually leading the conversation round from things in general to discuss himself in particular.

In his conversation with women, when he was sure of his audience and safe from any risk of being caught out, Algy was particularly fond of the egomet ipse business, and a great adept at ringing the changes thereupon. He could invest himself in a garment of sentiment and interest as easily as he put on his His imagination overcost. vivid, and when his well of facts had run dry, invention came gushing forth in rippling streams of eloquent egomet ipse. He had a way of throwing himself upon the sympathies of his audience, handing himself over to their tender consideration (as if he were 'glass, with care'), which was irresistible, containing, as it did, a mute acknowledgment of their interest and recognition of a superior power of consolation.

'He had come to the conclusion.' he was saying to Miss Chumley, 'which was, perhaps, a foregone one, that the way in which his life drifted along was very, very unsatisfactory. Every man should have an object in his life, you allow that, don't you?'

Miss Chumley said, 'Of course, that was right enough.'

Now Algy had an expressive voice, and a wonderful command over its different tones. It was, in fact, a perfect orchestra, all the instruments effectively played by himself.

'Well,' he said, taking out his 'softened melancholy' flageolet and discoursing with it, 'you see I am one of those unfortunate fellows who have gone on hitherto with no object; perhaps it is one of the causes of my general failure—I have often thought so.' Here a pause and a gloomy stare into the fire. 'Ah. Miss Chumley, you are in a position to be envied.

Miss Chumley said, 'Good gra-

cious me, why?

'Because you are successful.'

All women like success, which is power, and still more like to be told of it, which is a tribute to their power; so Miss Chumley smiled and was pleased. Algy saw he had

made an impression.

'It is only poor, unsuccessful devils like myself,' continued the flageolet, softer than ever, 'that can appreciate success in others to its full meed. Success to the artist is everything. Would that I had some hope, some incentive to help my flagging energy.' Here a new movement on the stop-notes produced a plaintive sigh, which, followed by a discreet silence for a full minute, made Miss C. feel her position becoming slightly embarssing. Then he went on again.
'Miss Chumley,' he said, 'will rassing.

you pardon me if I come to the point of what I wish to say at once?" He did not stop to give her the chance of refusing. 'The pleasure

of your acquaintance has been mine for some time now: always recognizing your true artist nature, is it surprising that my admiration for its expression should have ripened into admiration for your own person, not for the actress, but for Rose Chumley herself? Miss Chumley. I have learnt to love you most sincerely; may I venture to hope-

She had risen in her agitation at this climax and stood facing him.

'Oh! dear me,' she said, 'don't say that, please; don't say that.'

Algy sat gazing with all his eyes, surprised at the nervous oddness of her manner.

'I am so sorry,' she went on, 'oh, so very sorry; but that is exactly what Mr. Levy has been saying.'

'Mr. Levy?

'Yes; he went away just before you came.'

'You mean the Jew lawyer?'



MR. LEVY WINS THIS TIME!

'No, he's not a Jew now; he was converted some years ago. 'Oh, was he? Well?'

'He said the very same things you have been saying.

' He did—to you?

'Mr. Levy has done me the honour of asking me to become his wife.'

'The deu-Good heavens! and what did you say?'

'I said I would.'

'The deu-Good heavens! Why didn't you tell me of this at once?'

'Really, Mr. Bates-

'Oh,' recovering himself, 'Rose-Miss Chumley, I mean—pardon me -naturally agitated—this is cruel of you, cruel, and he leant his elbow on the mantelpiece and looked despairingly at the yellow and green pattern of Miss Chumley's hearthrug.

There was a pause for a few minutes and a solemn silence: then Miss Chumley went up to him and laid her hand upon his arm.

'Don't be angry with me, Mr.

Bates; I did it for the best. If I had thought for a moment that—that you—of course I shouldn't—shouldn't—but he's very good-natured and has so much money, you know—.'

'Whereas I have none; speak it out—I can bear anything now.'

'Oh, no, no, no,' and her eager face appealed against his words. 'Now it is you who are cruel: do not say you think so badly of me as that, Mr. Bates. Tell me you don't mean that.'

As he looked down on the face, so mobile in expression and animated by every thought that at the moment dwelt in her mind, now pleadingly upturned to his, genuine feeling for the time moved him, as

he said, passionately,

'I hardly know what I am saying. You are the only woman I have ever loved; I say so in all truth and sincerity, and it seems very hard, very hard. I know that I do love you truly, Rose, for I can even now wish that you may be happy with that man. As for me, well, there, it's all over now. Good-bye, good-bye.'

'You will be friends still; you don't bear any malice? Tell me

we shall still be friends.

'Friends!' he exclaimed, bitterly, and turned on his heel to go. Then, as he opened the door, it struck him that he had been rather hard with her; it would not do him any harm accepting her friendship, and it might be useful to him some day, who can tell? So he went back again and held out his hand.

'Let us be friends, Miss Chumley, and forgive me my harshness,' with the bright smile which so often had stood him in good need before.

She gave him both hands, after her impulsive manner, and pressed

his warmly.

Then he went away and walked down the Hampstead Road, thinking it all over. 'What could he do now?' The vision of Dick Winslow and his memoranda-book stared him in the face at every step he took. He told himself that he was 'regularly done.' How nice she was; how honest and unaffected; how very different to the namby-pamby

young ladies he met in society! Yes, he really did—did he really? Yes, he thought he actually did love her, bar the bet and for herself. It was very hard upon him, doosid hard. That beast Levy, too, a man who blew his nose with a report like a cannon and wore Blucher boots. However, he would be miserably jealous and uncomfortable, that was a consolation. A man who isn't in the profession never should marry an actrees. Just as he comes home tired from the City, or whereever it is, his wife is putting on her bonnet.

'Time she was at the theatre al-

ready.

'Well, but there's no such desperate hurry.'

'Well, but I'm on when the curtain goes up.'

'Never mind; take a Hansom.'

'Besides, there's James wants to see me before I go on.'

'James ?'

'Yes; he's making my wig for Lady Audley—such a lovely flaxen.

Bye, bye.'

So the poor husband has to eat his dinner with only himself for company; and as he has had himself for company all day, he finds it, on the whole, rather slow. Poor Levy! and for the matter of that, poor Rose too! What affinity can exist between her thoroughly artist nature and a man who goes to sleep over Miss Faucit and calls Tennyson rubbishy nonsense?

CHAPTER III.

'SHUFFLE THE CARDS.'

When Algy got back to his chambers after his expedition to the Hampstead Road, he took out a letter from the litter of unfinished MSS.. pen-and-ink sketches, unpaid bills, and other documents scattered broadcast over his writing-table, and sat down to answer it. The letter was from Mrs. Jortin, a most particular friend of Algy's, and it begged him to take pity on her and come down to their place in Hampshire, for as long as he could spare the time. Algy had deferred replying to this invitation, thinking it would rest, probably, with Miss Chumley whether he should be able to accept it; but now he thought it would be the very thing for him. So he wrote off a note to Mrs. Jortin, in which he said 'that nothing could give him greater pleasure than going to them for a short holiday. that he had been desperately busy lately, and should rejoice in a little change, &c. Not a word did he say about Rome and Matilda Brown.

Two days later saw him bowling down to the Waterloo Station, having, as he expressed it, 'got over the Chumley business beautifully,' which meant that he had not quite broken his heart about the 'Parthenon' actress. He might pick up the money in Hampshire, as likely there as anywhere. Never

say die!

The Jortins, with whom he was going to stay, were county people and swells in their way, so Algy had got himself up accordingly. Nobody could tell, he thought, who he might meet while there. Miss Jortins had very little money, but there might be some one else who it would be worth while 'going in for.' The deuce of it was there only being three weeks left to him.

Now no one understood better than Algy the great art of getting himself up so as to be 'effective without showing that any 'effect' was meant. He knew exactly what colours suited him, what sort of coats and hats were most in his 'style.' He never committed that great mistake most men fall into, of wearing anything ultra in the way of hats and coats because everybody else did, but managed to keep sufficiently near the prevailing fashion without allowing it to ruin his appearance. When he wished to produce an impression, he went in for 'effects' in a deliberately professional manner. His 'get up,' as he jumped out of the Hansom at Waterloo was artistic in the highest degree. This particular time he affected the 'swell,' without any of the languid airs and graces of that animal; it was the swell carefully toned down and unaffected, with a dash of the man of genius in its composition. He was particularly happy in his boots, his gloves, and,

above all, his umbrella; an umbrella, when carried with discretion, is always effective. Algy walked down the platform apparently noticing nothing, but in reality taking everything in that he considered 'worth his while.'

Miss Tatum, the only daughter and heiress of Septimus Tatum, the eminent soapboiler and M.P., standing with her maid at the door of the ladies' waiting-room, was mortified that the 'extremely interesting-looking man' passed by without noticing her in the least, though she had plenty of time to observe his 'melancholy' eyes, his small feet, and the elaborate rug he carried carelessly over his left arm. Our friend Algy, however, had seen Miss Tatum some ten minutes ago. He saw her from his cab get out of a brougham and pair outside the station, and happened to hear her tell the maid to take two tickets for Basingstoke; then, as he was paying his cabman, he heard some one on the platform say, 'D'ye know who that is? - that's old Tatum's daughter, that is.' Now Algy, of course, knew 'old Tatum' by reputation: who could have so much money and remain unknown? He also knew that the old gentleman had only one child, a daughter, who would have all his wealth. This young lady, then, with the blue bonnet and flaxen chignon, would be Miss Florence Tatum.

'Good forehead and eyes, pretty mouth, bad nose; great pity: goodish figure, what there is of it, said Algy to himself, 'totting up the points' of blue bonnet rapidly. Then, 'what a heap of money, too; all from soap. Rather low and common-soap; if it had only been Australian wool, now, or even tea; but there's something about soapboiling that goes against the grain. However, he's an M.P., and that ought to carry off the soap; there's a sense of ponderosity and respectability about the House of Commons which covers a multitude of sins.'

Basingstoke! He distinctly heard her say Basingstoke. He was going to Basingstoke; that was where Bradshaw showed that he must change trains, and take the little branch line that went to New Compton, where Mrs. Jortin's carriage

was to meet him.

So Algy sauntered up to the book-stall, and laid out quite a little for-tune in 'Punch,' 'Illustrated London News,' and all the periodicals that were embellished with pretty pictures. He sauntered about there till the bell rang, and Miss Tatum, sending off her maid with divers parcels to a second-class carriage. got into a first-class by herself.

Just as train was about to start, and people were rushing to and fro in the usual frantic state of people at a railway station, Miss Tatum saw the 'interesting-looking man, more unexcited than ever, lounge quietly up to her carriage, andyes—actually open the door! He looked in for a moment, as if uncertain whether he should honour it with his presence, then got slowly in and sat down opposite her.

Miss Tatum thought she had never before seen such-such-she couldn't find another word that better expressed what she meantsuch an 'interesting-looking man.' His large, dark eyes seemed to gaze, right away, beyond everything, into -into the Past; and his smile (did he ever smile?) would be wonderfully sweet; how could it be other-

wise with such a mouth?

'Did she prefer the window up,

or down?

'Oh, down, please.' She knew that she was right about the mouth; and if there was one thing she liked to see in a man, it was a bien ganté hand.

'Did she care to look at "Punch?"

perhaps, though, she had seen it? 'No, she hadn't seen "Punch."

Oh, thanks.'
'Very dull, I'm afraid; very poor Want to see that picture?allow me to cut it for you.

Oh, thanks, *thanks*,

'Rather pretty, though, that high light on the girl's head, is it not? Du Maurier: but perhaps you don't admire Du Maurier?

'Yes, I think it's pretty.'

Then a pause, during which Miss Tatum looks carefully at Mr. Tenniel's cartoon, thinking that the

'melancholy' eyes are regarding her the while. When at length Miss Tatum looks up, feeling very con-scious, she is dreadfully mortified to find that the 'melancholy eyes' are gazing far away out at the distant horizon, and that his thoughts apparently have followed them. So she crumpled up unhappy 'Punch,' making as much noise doing so as was possible in a limp sheet of paper. It was enough, however, to wake up Mr. Bates; and, pulling himself together, he began a conversation which Miss Tatum found so agreeable, that 'she was quite astonished, and really didn't think it possible that Basingstoke could have been reached so soon.' Basingstoke it was, though, and she had to change her train, to do which she was obliged to mount a precipitous wooden bridge over the station, which she 'would never have done if it had not been for Mr. Bates's assistance; then 'she was so much obliged to him for taking such trouble in getting all her luggage and parcels, including Trotter, the maid, who of course was perfectly helpless, into the other train. For Algy had ascertained that his fellowpassenger was going on to the same place as himself.

The small station of New Compton was reached, and Algy found his carriage duly waiting, but, strange to say, there was nothing

come to meet Miss Tatum.

'What shall I do?' said blue bonnet; 'six miles to our house, and not even a fly to be had! No, there never is a fly here. How could pape have made such a mistake? Oh, thank you ;-Tatum-Mr. Tatum, of Lyme House.

Here Algy went off to interrogate the porter, 'If Mr. Tatum's carriage had not come, or if he had heard anything of it?' Nothing

known of it whatever.

'Would Miss Tatum do him the honour of accepting the carriage sent for him? The Jortins' house was but a shortish walk, and he should be so delighted if Miss Tatum would make use of it.'

Oh, he was most kind; but—but

she really didn't like-

'Porter, take Miss Tatum's lug-

gage to that carriage. Pray do not refuse me this.

Then Miss Tatum found herself driving off in the brougham before she knew how to express her thanks in what she considered a suitable manner, and saw a vision of Mr. Bates standing with his hat in his hand, recovering his perpendicular

after an elaborate bow.

With his crisp toast and delicate omelette waiting on the breakfasttable the following morning, Mr. Bates found a solitary letter, with particularly business-like writing: it was not from one of his creditors, for as he said, 'the many reminders he received from them caused him to know their caligraphy to a T.'

It was from Miss Tatum's papa. The eminent scapboiler began by expressing 'his thanks to Mr. Bates for his thoughtful kindness in looking after his daughter;' then went on to 'regret that an attack of his old enemy, the gout, prevented his calling upon Mr. Bates to thank him in person, but trusted that he would excuse that ceremony, and come over and dine with them the next day; would be very glad to see him, and dinner on table at seven,

sharp.

So Algy went over to Lyme House, and made himself very agreeable to the soapboiler, as also to the soapboiler's fair daughter, when he was not looking that way. After the interval of a few days Algy called, and was again pressed to come and dine, which he did. In short, Algy made himself so much liked at Lyme House that, when the time (he made his own time, by-the-by) arrived for him to leave Mrs. Jortin's and return to town, Mr. 'Tatum begged that he would make Lyme House his place of abode for another week or so. This was one for Algy and two for himself; for the worthy soapboiler was that week going to have his house full of guests, and purposed giving a series of entertainments-private theatricals, balls, and dinners—and he knew that Algy was a useful man at that sort of thing. Our friend saw the position at a glance, and that there would be a capital chance for his distinguishing himself. So he took over his household gods to Lyme House, and was installed as master of the approaching ceremonies.

'He was invaluable,' Miss Tatum told her papa; 'she didn't know what they should have done without him.' It was, 'Oh, Mr. Bates, how shall we do this? &c., and, Oh, Mr. Bates, will you look here, and tell me what you think? &c. He not only was the manager-in-general, the principal actor, the organizer of the amateur orchestra, and the scene-painter in the theatricals, but he actually wrote the piece they performed—'quite impromptu, you know,' Miss Tatum said and believed, though it was only an old two-act comedietta Bates had by him vamped up for the occasion. Then he got up that Irish jig in the ball, which, but for it, would have been a dismal failure, and was the life and soul of the 'big dinners.' Little Miss Tatum used to listen to him rattle about art and literature, superficial politics, and cynical banter on social topics, quite lost in admiration at such talent; 'how clever Mr. Bates is; and knows everything, you know.'

At length the day drew near when all this was to end; there was to be a dance the next evening, the last of the hospitable soapboiler's entertainments, and the day after that Algy was to return to London.

'To-morrow,' said Algy to himself, the night before this last dance, hanging over his candle, extinguisher in hand, 'to-morrow I shall know my fate, Bates or Winslow.'

CHAPTER IV.

'HEARTS ARE TRUMPS.'

'A capital band, and the very best of Mr. Godfrey's valses.' Tatum was in high dancing order, and went into the ball-room that evening with the full intention of enjoying herself thoroughly. good dance, with good music and nice partners,' was her utmost ambition in the way of enjoyment. Yet why should Mr. Bates find himself unconsciously indulging in a satirical grin as he said this to himself?

Miss T. was not different to other young ladies in her ideas of enjoyment.

Mr. Bates, that evening, was silent and abstracted; he was by turns tender and abrupt in his demeanour towards Miss Tatum. When asked by her timidly, 'if anything had gone wrong; was there enough cucumber in the hock cup—papa wanted particularly to know what he thought of it? he only gazed fixedly at nothing in particular and sighed absently. He took Miss Tatum down to supper, but drank the governor's sparkling Moselle in gloomy abstraction; then he proposed that they should take a turn in the verandah before returning to the ball-room. Miss Tatum was nothing loth, so they went out.

A lovely night and a most romantic moon peeping from behind drifting masses of clouds, sometimes silvering the garden into almost the brightness of day, then leaving all-dark and sombre. Algy, with his partner's little hand resting lightly on his arm, stood looking out on this scene. There was a silence for some minutes; the scene was impressive, and the silence rendered it

more so.

This was Algy's receipt. 'Take a young lady who has been whirled round a well-lighted ball-room some scores of times to Strauss and Gungl's music by the same young gentleman; add to this some really genuine champagne and supplementary claret cup; serve it up in a moonlit verandah, hanging to the same young man's arm, and it will be found cooked to a proper degree of susceptibility.'

'It is very lovely,' he said, looking up into the sky, and turning his face so that the moonlight fell across it with a good effect; he had often studied this with the limelight on the stage, and knew that it caused

his eyes to come out well.

'Beautiful!' from miss, in almost a whisper; and as her gaze was turned heavenwards she could not help also noticing Algy's fine profile blanched into a delicate marble, and his large eyes looking wonderfully large just then.

This time to-morrow I shall see

it shining on the Thames from my dog-kennel in town.'

'To-morrow! do you leave us to-

morrow?'

He was watching her narrowly, and saw a shade pass over her face;

it was disappointment.

'Yes,' he said, 'I must go back to the mill; it would not do for a poor miserable devil like myself to have too long a spell of happiness; it unfits one for the workaday world I-I already feel' - just enough of a sigh to be heard by Miss Tatum's attentive ears. 'Yes, I must go back to the grindstone. You would think he was a galleyslave at least from the way he put his case. 'I shall think,' he went on, with the very quintessence of saddened melancholy in his voice, 'I shall think, to-morrow, when I see yonder light, of this place, of this hour, naturally'-here his voice slightly trembled - and of something—I mean some one who—some one else.'

No answer, but he thought the hand that rested on his arm was heavier than it had been; so he went 'There are some days, Miss Tatum, which we think of at times as forming oases in our life's desert. My visit at this house has been one to me. There are hours, too, hours when tears rise in the heart and gather to the eyes almost involuntarily, and feeling is stronger than speech—its very intensity depriving us of giving expression to whatto what the heart would fain utter. Have—have I your permission to call this hour mine? may I think of it, in after days, as I shall think of it, oh, how often-may I then think of it as mine?

'You may, Mr. Bates,' in a tremu-

lous whisper.

'Thank you;' and it was natural that he should take her hand in his to give due force to his words, natural enough, too, that he should hold it there beyond the time necessary to give it a gentle squee—shake, we mean.

There was another impressive silence, in which the moon played an important part, or, as Algy would have expressed it, in theatrical parlance, 'did the leading business.'

Somehow or other, too, Miss Tatum's hand was again held in his. Then, suddenly, 'Miss Tatum! Florence! for this once——,' and at the passion that rang in his deep voice she felt her face burning and an odd choking sensation in her throat.

'I cannot bear this longer. I know how weak it is; but I cannot, cannot help myself. Florence, do you not see that I love you? Forgive me my weakness; pardon it as springing—as springing from the

strength of my love. I did not mean to have told you this. How could the struggling, unsuccessful author, the penniless, disappointed artist who has seen the dream of his ambitious youth fade and die away under the blighting influence of—of dastard enemies, leaving him almost without a hope, how could such a man ask you to share his lot? Ay, even though he saw in you the realization of his ideal, though since he has known you his



ALGY WINS

thoughts have known none else; even then he could not tell you this. The very pride, which has been the chief obstacle to his success in life, prevented him. This foolish weakness, which made him forget his purpose for the moment, your noble nature will forgive, I know. Goodbye, Miss Tatum—I had rather not face the people inside just now. Will you think of me sometimes in after years, when—when you are

happy, and I—— Will you think of me then as one who staked his all on a vain hope which his sense of honour bade him give up, though it was to drive him forth again into the world a soulless vagabond? Good-bye. Ah! your glove, your glove, Miss Tatum! Good-bye, for ever. I could not stop in England, for then I might see you, and it—it—wouldn't do, you know.'

Pressing the hand that lay passive

Was it a in his, he turned to go. sob he heard then, and his own name following on it in a little choking whisper? At all events, Algy thought it was, so he went back and stood looking down on her. She lifted her face, and he saw tears glistening on her eyelashes: then he thought it was a 'safe thing.'

'How could you, how could you be so cruel? What do you take me

for?

A pause, during which he regarded her gravely. Then she looked up at him shyly. He held out his hand, and her little one came fluttering out to meet it. It was enough for Algy.

'Florence!' and he was drawing her towards him gently, while Miss Tatum's resistance thereat was not more than he was able to overcome.

Of course there was a regular row with the scapboiler papa. Over and above the fact of Algy's not having any money, Mr. Tatum had the greatest contempt for literary men, whom he stigmatised as a sort of people living by their wits, which, in his eyes, was a sin against respectability; for, as he argued, 'how could a man be worth anything who got his money in such a preposterous way? Cleverness—talent! Oh, I daresay; what do they bring him in? You're a little simpleton, child, to be taken in by such a fellow.

Then the little simpleton flushed and stamped her little foot as she did brave battle for her lover. 'He was noble and honourable in everything. Though he loved her so, he was going away without even telling her of it, because he knew he was so poor. He was, papa.' And 'she would never, never marry any one, if

not him;' and 'papa was very, very cruel, and she lul-lul-loved Algy so dearly,' and 'he was so good and noble,' and 'she knew dear papa wouldn't break Flossy's heart; and the flaxen ringlets were flung over papa's shirt-front, and the little lady laid down her head upon the crackling cambric as she went in

for a 'good cry.

So ultimately papa was obliged to give in, and Miss Tatum had her own way. Then, when on the next day Mr. Bates came out of the soapboiler's 'study,' after seeing the handsome sum the old gentleman intended to settle upon his daughter at once, and the still handsomer sum that would eventually come to her, he told himself that 'this was a better thing than the "Chumley business;"' then he gave a sigh to the memory of Miss Chumley. 'Poor Rose; wonder how she'll get on with old Levy! Ah, well, it's all Really most provifor the best. dential that I didn't get to the Hampstead Road so early that morning as I had intended. In that event she might have been the future Mrs. Bates, and I should have missed Florence. Poor Rose!'

The very morning after Algy's visit to Mr. Tatum's sanctum, Dick Winslow received the following

note:-

Lyme House, Hants, Oct. 7th.

'DEAR DICK,-I am going to marry Miss Tatum on the 18th instant. Miss T., the future Mrs. B., has a settlement to the tune of a thou' per ann. You will see that I have done the bet within time. Don't trouble yourself about the ten fifties till convenient.

'Thine always. 'ALGY BATES.'



IN THE HEIGHT OF THE SEASON.—SOCIETY AT THE ZOO.

(WITH AN ILLUSTRATION.)

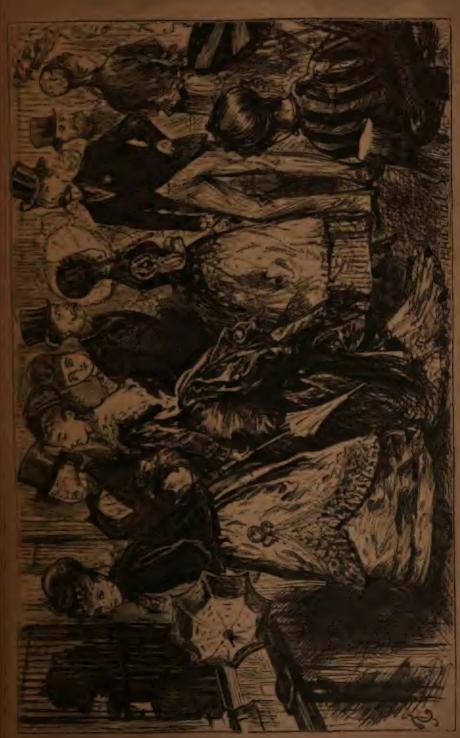
A TANGLED, strange, and motley scene, Yet pleasing too, as though between Earth's diverse, ever-warring races A truce were made to see each other's faces.

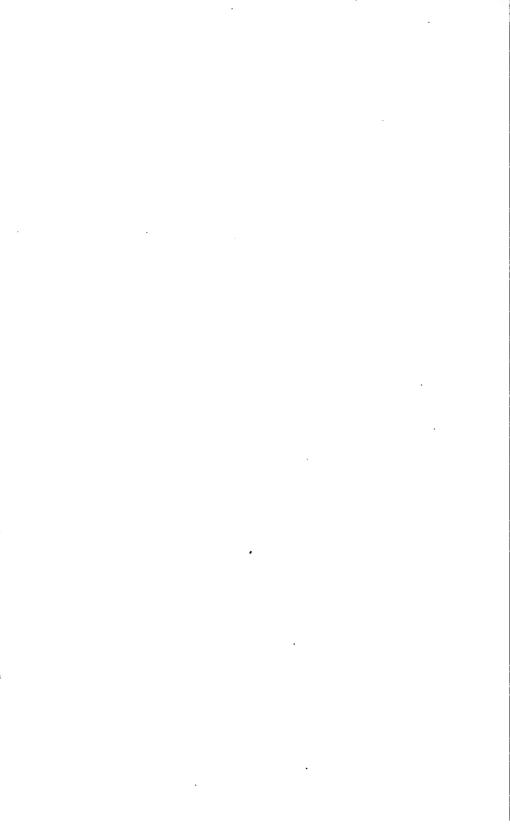
A jewelled garden warm and bright
Lies glistening in the summer light,
Clumps of umbrageous, grateful trees
Stirred softly by the whispering breeze;
A lawn of emerald and pearls,
And oh! such eyes of laughing girls,
Sunning for once with lifted lid
The timid glance that long was hid,
Till came this truce—such large mammas,
Such little ladies, such papas,
Such dandies, shopmen, clerks, and Jews,
The prey and preyed upon, who choose
On this one day their trades to smother
And come for once to look upon each other.

Nature and Fashion bid us mate
With our own kind, nay, bid us hate
(I'm sorry for it, but it's true)
Those who may not exactly view
The world as we do, or are met
Out of our own peculiar set.
Look you but lightly through the throng,
You'll see the nature deep and strong
Beneath the hollow truce.

That yonder sits has turned away
From a poor magpie who has thought
To day to make a speech he's brought,
By coaching, to a decent point:
Alas! his beak is out of joint;
For when the peacock's tail is spread
The jay can't choose but turn her head.
O peacock! greatly should you rue
The damage that those feathers do
The common birds must needs admire
And seek to shine in like attire;
And many nests will lose their down
To pay for feathers like your own.

Dear little lamb with mild surprise,
Looking into the tiger's eyes;
The tiger who, to nature true,
Would make a rapid meal of you:
He to the sheepfold dare not come,
Not even with the gathering 'drum;'
For tigers, penniless and free,
Can't even be endured at tea;
Yet here he full as much may dare
As any earl or millionaire,
The while your red-faced sheep paternal
Smiles blandly at his talk eternal.





And thou, sweet dove, with melting eyes, That lookest where thy mate should rise, But rises not. Alas! he knows
Of other eyes as sweet as those;
And though thou call he will not come.
Nay, heed him not, but let him roam;
For it were easier, little one,
To draw that bear with thy sweet tone
Than to lure back the love that's gone.

Nay, I had nigh forgot that there Are animals not human here; Not fiercer, nor more hard to tame, With lawless instincts much the same As ours—but as for me and you, 'Tis not to see them that we seek the Zoo.

BLANC-BEC.

TENBY AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

BOLD promontory sloping gra-A dually downwards to the sea, but at its base surging into a crowned height; a rocky islet divided from the mainland by a narrow sea at high tide, but with a causeway of firm sand at low tide, exactly as St. Michael is severed from the Cornish peninsula; a solitary church widely dominant over the houses gathered at its base; broad firm roads at low water, and at high water the tide almost laving the hanging gardens dependent on shelving rocks; the double sea, the twin coasts, the mutually imitative rocks, the counterpart terraces, as if two several watering-places had agreed to settle down in married harmony; the headland itself almost looking like a huge pier or jetty projecting into the outward sea; the outward sea itself, on the one side swept by the broad curve of the embaying land and on the other side guarded by a long-lying island, with an attendant islet, giving at certain positions a view exactly like that of the north Italian lakes: such, courteous reader, is the bird's-eye view of Tenby. You alight at a mere shed which does duty as a station; you proceed up a road, short indeed, but full of discomfort; you pass by long bastioned walls of the ancient town and you are at once in the one good street of Tenby, and with suddenness of surprise, a view breaks upon you, which, though you are not un-**VOL. XIV.-NO. LXXIX.**

versed in fine views, since experience has given you some lore on the subject, is instinctively felt to be one of extreme novelty and beauty. You will find it worth your while, my friend, to come here soon and stay here long. With the exception of a crowded but very brief season, Tenby is the quietest and most sequestered of watering-places; it is only quite lately that the railway came here. If you have a love of nature and of natural scenery-and as you get older the intelligent love and study of God's beautiful works, both the greatest and most minute, ought to be the increasing direction of your mind—you will find in this way, at Tenby, many choice opportunities and choice helps. Try also to give your excursions as broad a sweep as you can, and on every side you will find avenues opening out into various provinces of knowledge. It will, however, be well if I follow the old rule, of beginning at the beginning, and say some little say concerning the history of the place, which has some peculiar and remarkable features, where the local history shades off and becomes contributory to general history.

I must first arrange my apparatus criticus, that is to say, I get together the guide-book literature of the district. And let me say that topographical literature is by no means to be despised. Such books may at times prove wearisome from their

catalogues of names and long enumeration of details, but they preserve many special facts which history is obliged to omit, and much of our history must be based on their careful and systematic study. Now it is to the discredit of Pembrokeshire that it has no county history, such as nearly all our English counties have, the great value of which is constantly and increasingly felt. The only approach to such a work is the thick quarto of Fenton's 'Tour in Pembrokeshire,' which is poor and incomplete enough as a thorough guide to the county, but still the best that is attainable. Mr. Gosse's well-known book on Tenby has an interest of its own for those who love natural science, and his notes on the localities, though wordy, will be found useful and interesting. His language is, however, sometimes open to criticism on the score of inaccuracy, and his boatmen seem at times to have worked upon his sense of wonder by evolving narratives out of their own consciousness. He tells a story of a whole family party being lost in a cavern in a particular position by the incoming of the tide, which is open to the twofold objection, first that no such family was ever lost in the cavern, and, secondly, there is no cavern. Mr. Gosse's book is limited to the immediate vicinity of Tenby, and will not give much help to the general tourist. Mrs. Gwynne's 'Tenby Souvenir' is wealthy in photographs, and her 'Guide-book,' so far as it goes, is accurate and useful, as also Mr. Mason's 'Guide-book.' 'Murray's Handbook for South Wales' (1860), is of scanty use, being very meagre and limited. 'Cliffe's Guide to South Wales' is far better, and greatly to be commended. The general guide-books are not always accurate, echoing from each other and borrowing from each other long after the purloined bit of information has a truth in it. Thus, 'Black's Guide' tells us that at the end of the pier are the remains of a chapel dedicated to St. Julian. Many, many years ago there was such a chapel, and in the 'ages of faith' the fishermen would duly pay their dole before venturing on the waters, and faithfully

apportion their tithes afterwards. In return, the good priest would duly say mass for a safe and prosperous voyage. But he would be a cunning man who could find any remains now, as they have been altogether dispersed for years. 'Black's Guide' states that coaches start daily in various directions. The fact is, that Tenby does not possess a single coach at the present time plying in any direction. There should also be mentioned some casual pamphlets and some reprints from the 'Archæologia Cambriensis.' There is the curious and valuable work, of considerable archæological value, entitled 'Etchings of Tenby,' by the late Charles Norris, the sketches of which preserve many ancient edifices, which have been since destroyed, and are illustrative of the peculiarities of Flemish architecture. The book is scarce, but when obtained, will repay any study we give to the drawings. In the 'Cambrian Register' for 1799 there is incorporated, under the editorship of the late Mr. Fenton, the substance of a manuscript history of Pembrokeshire by George Owcn, We can only regret Lord of Kemes. that this quaint and valuable work has suffered from excessive editorship, and presents many a hiatus valde deflendus. As it is, it is exceedingly worth reading. We may also mention, under the head of Tenby literature, Mrs. Norton's powerful novel, 'Lost and Saved.' The opening scene of this story is laid in Tenby, and the residence of Beatrice Brooke, called the 'Home,' is popularly identified with the charming retreat of Water-winch. I do not know Mrs. Norton's authority for her story of two bishops residing at Tenby, but it is a very good one—how two bishops used to hang out signals, stating what were the plans for dinner until the flag of one of the episcopal castles was 'hauled down,' in token of cheerful surrender and of the intention of the vanguished to dine with his right rev. brother. 'Tenby,' continues Mrs. Norton, 'lies now among the scattered ruins that speak of quaint histories and warlike times, clad in a cheerful smile. The sunshine gleaming on her slate-

roofed houses lights up a hundred lovely nooks in Carmarthen Bay; in every nook a home, where, if the luxury of gastronomic bishops be not attainable, there is content and elegance, and much merriment. Laughter sounds through the honeysuckle hedges that trail down the high banks to the very sands of the sea; and peeps of pretty gardens with more variety of flowers than it would seem possible could be crammed into the small space delight the passer-by with bursts of bloom and fragrance as he roams along his shoreward path.

Tenby belongs to that district which was called Anglia Transwalliana, or, as it has been popularly called, to a time when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, a little England beyond Wales. The name appears to be merely another form of Denbigh according to a very common literal change. Welsh derivations make it mean 'precipice,' 'promontory,' or 'fortified head-land,' which yield an excellent sense, but the etymology is insecure. It belongs to a portion of the Welsh principality which perhaps has never been really Welsh. It is said, upon what seems to be really very good evidence, that the Danish pirates or fishermen made visits or settlements on these coasts, and the roving Vikings could hardly show better taste than in bringing their tossed barks to anchor within this quiet bay. After the Norman Conquest, Tenby, for more than eight hundred years, with a varying admixture of the Welsh element, was essentially an English town. While the Welsh maintained their independence there was probably a chronic state of warfare between the Englishry and the Welshry. Tenby was several times besieged, and was twice taken by the Welsh princes. A new element was introduced by a very remarkable chapter of national history, which rests on ample authority. This was the immigration of the Flemings into Pembrokeshire and into the peninsula of Gower, which, through all history, has held aloof from Wales, and preserves a distinctiveness in manner, costume, and language. The story

is told us by William of Malmesbury, Geoffrey of Monmouth, and also the illustrious Giraldus Cambriensis, who is believed to have been once rector of Tenby. It seems that a great inundation of sea in the Low Countries had driven many of the Flemings from land and home: and Henry L, being on good terms with Count Baldwin, transplanted large colonies of the Flemings into Anglicized Wales, where they might act as a barrier against the Forty years brought over native population. later, Henry II. brought over another colony of Flemings, consisting mainly of mercenary soldiers; this served to strengthen and extend the Flemish element. the present day this Flemish element is clearly discernible, and gives constant employment to the industry and ingenuity of archeologists. Until a late period there were many remains of the domestic architecture of the Flemish-Norman period; the old walls, which once completely girdled the town, and of which vast and massive remains exist, are mainly Anglo-Norman; their height was raised at the time of the Spanish Armada, and an inscription on a stone still records that famous Within five years, Tenby underwent two sieges during the Parliamentary War. The brave little town appears to be intensely loyal; and Oliver Cromwell owned that it gave him more trouble than he had ever looked for. The Englishry in Pembrokeshire formed nearly, at this time, a palatinate. endowed with many royal privileges, the Earls of Pembroke being Lords Palatine. Old George Owen, the Elizabethan historian, says, with just enthusiasm, 'If Pembrokeshire people were the means of subduing Ireland and Wales to the kings of England, the one being a kingdom and the other a principality, what glory can be greater and what praise more worthy, and what other countries in the land may vaunt themselves of such valiant attempts and happy success? and therefore no marvel that this country was magnified above all the rest of Wales to be a County Palatine: and well might the Kings of England call

this their little England beyond Since the Restoration. Tenby has been so happy as not to possess a history. It passed, indeed, into comparative insignificance. Its fisheries were always famous; but the Tenby fishermen were hardly alive to the importance of their own fisheries, and for many years the harvest of the seas was mainly reaped by the Brixham smacks. Matters in this respect are, however, materially mended, and the Tenby fishermen are now a numerous and very deserving class of men. 'I suppose,' writes the late Rev. J. B. Smith, 'the trade of Tenby is chiefly that which results from making our many summer visitors happy, healthy, and com-fortable. But from the earliest time there was a considerable trade in fish; and now Tenby has not altogether lost its name in this respect. I was once in the large market of Taunton, in Somersetshire, and asked the price of some soles. I was told they were tenpence per pound; in reply to which I stated that I had often bought them for fourpence per pound. "That can be only in Tenby Bay, sir," was the answer the good fishwife gave me. It showed her knowledge of her business, and the good reputation of our town.' sudden change of fashion which drew attention to the scenic beauties of Tenby was a good thing for this pretty town, which might otherwise have shared the obscurity of Dartmouth, Salcombe, and Fowey. Yet for many years the rate of progress was only very languid. It is a curious fact, that between the census of 1851 and that of 1861 the population did not vary by a single unit. Since the opening of the railway there has been greatly increased animation, and it seems probable that the palmiest days of Tenby are still to come. I do not know whether there are any special climatic merits that would give the place any precise medical value as a health resort; but the town is very healthy, consumptive patients prosper here, rheumatic cases are almost unknown; the tides rise to a great height, displacing a vast amount of air, and bringing the plentiful oceanic ozone, while the exhilarating breezes, the sapphire summer lights, the deep sea, green beneath the sun and blue beneath the cloud, the cathedral-like frontage of long, embattled cliffs, and the quaint, mixed interest belonging to a district partly English, partly Flemish, partly Welsh, will give a permanent and heightened reputation to this

neighbourhood.

We stroll out now to see the We first take a nearer and then a more remote view. The great promenade here is the Castle Walk. Whether there ever was a castle on Castle Hill seems doubtful; the only evidence is the keep, where is the flagstaff of the coastguard station. Those who know Ilfracombe are always reminded of the Capstone Walk there; but to our mind the Capstone Walk is the finer. A terraced walk skirts the sea. a low parapet marking it off from the shelving or precipitous rock. Other walks climb the green hill and curve around it; and on one side are the ancient castellated remains. The summit is crowned by the well-known memorial statue to 'Albert Dda'-Albert the Good. The funds for this statue were raised by subscription throughout the principality of Wales, and Tenby was selected as the locality. The site was given by Mr. Philipps, of Picton Castle, who is the owner of the Castle Hill. The monument is not a local monument, but a national monument. It had been hoped that the Queen herself would inaugurate the statue, but her Majesty on this occasion was unable to meet the wishes of the Welsh. After the Queen, the Prince of Wales would most appropriately unveil a monument to his father, raised by the people of Wales; but through some mistake the Prince did not The boy, Prince Arthur. come. came down to Tenby for the purpose. He was then a noble lad of sixteen, and acquitted himself remarkably well, winning all hearts; possessing also, in right of his mother, a remarkably rich clear voice. And what a day that was for Tenby! I did not see it myself; but a volume has been published about the statue; and the little town. in all its history, never saw such a day of excitement and festivity. The details relating to the progress and achievement of the work will be found full of interest. statue is a great ornament to the beautiful Castle Hill, and must be a landmark from afar to the sailor as he comes through the Sound, or trends round the bay of Carmarthen. A costly piece of plate was afterwards presented to Mr. White, the Mayor, in the preparation of which the Queen took great interest, mainly in commemo-

ration of this event.

That rocky island of St. Catharine. opposite the advanced guard of the promontory, is a central object of interest, a constant point of departure and return. At low water the island is island no more; you are at liberty to explore it; but to explore it with any thoroughness you must be content to wade through the pools left by the receding tide. One of the easiest and earliest expeditions you will make from Tenby will be to the isle of Caldy. It is nearly three miles. From Tenby beach you can see persons walking on Caldy beach without using a telescope. Permission should be asked, and would doubtless be readily given. It is best to take a sailing-boat with two men, who will also row if necessary. There is at times rather a heavy sea or 'loop' on; but at other times the sea is as smooth as a mill-pond. With a favouring breeze you may get over in three quarters of an hour, or even less; or it is quite possible that you may toss about for three or four hours before you are able to effect a landing. At all times the landing is rather a diffi-cult operation. The island has cult operation. lately been purchased by a new proprietor, who will probably bring it to high perfection. There is a considerable exportation of limestone from here. Some parts of the island are extremely pretty; little Drinksome Bay especially, and the gorse-covered common above it, the frequent haunt of snipe and woodcock. The island is overrun with rabbits, and the more they are destroyed the more they increase and multiply. The mansion is a modern-looking edifice; but on investigation some precious antiquarian remains will be discovered. These consist of some remains of the old priory. These are chiefly to be detected in the offices and outhouses, in a spiral staircase, in a groined roof, in odd-shapen doorways, in the tracery of the east window. Here, we can venture to say, was the refectory, and here the dormitory; here the chapel, and here the ancient tower. The climate is extremely mild, milder even than Tenby. There are ponds filled with gold and silver fish, and choice flowers grow luxuriantly in the walled gardens. The secluded gardens, the fish-ponds, the old monastic remains, give a peculiar charm to Caldy. There is a churchschool here, built by some good clergyman residing in Tenby, who thought it a pity that the islanders should not be provided with the means of grace, and used to minister The inhabitants used tonumber nearly two hundred, but now average about eighty. The cliffs at the back of the island are frequented by countless wild birds. 'The young birds of some of the species are of very excellent flavour. and when dressed as wild-duck would scarcely be distinguished from them.'-Mrs. Gwynn's Guide. On the highest part of the island is a lighthouse erected by the Trinity Board, who are about to substitute for the present lights others of greater brilliancy and power. Some curious remains have been found at Caldy, belonging to the old priory, and you may always see, on the ledges of the cliffs, samphire growing in great abundance.

The great attractions of the neighbourhood of Tenby are its caverns, cliffs, and castles. Of the cliffs and caverns we shall speak presently. Castles you may have to any extent you choose. Almost every hillock has its castle. Some of them, from the slenderness of the antique remains, would hardly be worth cataloguing, while to others there belongs an interest that is absolutely

So numerous are these unique. remains, that hardly any part of England is equally castellated, and you suspect that Pembrokeshire has dropped behind, relatively speaking, in comparison with other counties; that there once belonged to it a stir of arms, a movement of society, a political importance, with which its state at the present day can hardly compare. It will help us to understand this when we recollect that Milford Haven was then the high road to Ireland, in days when Liverpool did not exist, and a great port for the Continent. At one time there was so great an immigration of Irish through this route of Tenby, that there was an Irish epoch as well as a Flemish epoch. It should here be said that Milford Haven is one of the greatest natural attractions in the neighbourhood of Tenby. Imogen's lines in Cymbeline will be remembered-

'How far is it

To this blessed Milford? And by the way,
Tell me how Wales was made so happy as
To inherit such a haven.'

It will be remembered how, in the Queen's Journal, her Majesty describes herself and the Prince as being greatly impressed by it; and no wonder. There is hardly any such habour in the world: 'Rio and St. Francisco may rival, but do not surpass it; Cork and Naples are no more to be compared with it than the Wye is with the Thames as a navigable river.' If you look at the map, you will perceive how the inlets of the haven receiving the tributary country streams-those streams always so pure, dark, and rapid, making the country side musical with enlivening rillspierce and deeply ramify through the Demetian land. The haven is very easily reached from Tenby. On the way you would do well to look at the interesting ivied ruins of the episcopal palace of Lamphey; the ivied oriel window is particularly good. The railway brings you past Pembroke and Pembroke Dock, or, as the natives call it, Pater. Now Pembroke Dock is only a depressing kind of place. It looks large and imposing, as you descend to it from

a 'height through an uncommonly bad road. But it is always in a state of commercial crisis; the rents are generally going down, the business firms are generally breaking up: it is always feeding on unsubstantial visions, which, like a mirage. retreat more and more into the despairing distance. But there is the beautiful haven, however. may wander miles and miles in every direction, and you are in the haven still. And this is the secret of so much failure and disappointment. Why should not Pembroke Dock be as famous as the docks of Liverpool and London? The natural advantages are at least as great. Milford is a day's sail nearer to America than Liverpool, and escapes all intricate navigation of St. George's Channel. The immense haven is in perfect quiet while storms rage without. and nearly all the fleets of Europe might repose in its broad bosom. And yet Milford has not now anything like the fame and consequence which it once possessed. Here Henry VII. landed his invading army; and Cromwell made it his chief military station for Ireland and the Continent. It will be easily perceived how a great naval emporium like this, in full energy and activity, would add to the vitality of all the district. Now that there is full railway communication with London, and within the last few days with Manchester, we will trust that the prospect is brightening for the hopes of Milford Haven. At the beginning of this century Nelson pointed out its peculiar advantages as a great naval depôt, and the fact that during winds favourable for the egress of ships from Brest and Rochefort, it was the only harbour from which a fleet could sail to meet them from the south-western coast of England. It is time that the vast military importance of the position should re-ceive full justice. For ages past the trade of our land has been shifting northwards; but there may yet be a reflux of the tide, and could we pierce through the vista of centuries, we might behold Milford even as Manchester, and Pembrokeshire. as Lancashire and Cheshire.

And now for a few words concerning the castles. Dr. Johnson's remark will be recollected, that one of the old castles in Wales would contain all that he had seen in Scot-The castle most accessible by rail and road is that of Manorbier. and many will argue that it is also pre-eminent in attractions. at least was the opinion of that famous old writer Giraldus Cambrensis, who was a native of the village, and who has described it in glowing words well worth quotation. The castle called Maenor Pyrr, that is, the mansion of Pyrrus, who also possessed the island of Chalday, which the Welsh called Inys Pyr, or the island of Pyrrus, is distant about three miles from Pembroch. It is excellently well defended by turrets and bulwarks, and is situated on the summit of a hill extending on the western side towards the seaport, having on the northern and southern sides a fine fish pond under its walls, as conspicuous for its grand appearance as for the depth of its waters, and a beautiful orchard on the same side, enclosed on one part by a vineyard, and on the other by a wood remarkable for the projection of its rocks, and the height of its hazel trees. On the right hand of the promontory, between the castle and the church, near the site of a very large lake and mill, a rivulet of never-failing water flows through a valley rendered sandy by the violence of the winds. Towards the west the Severn Sea, bending its course to Ireland, enters a hollow hav at some distance from the castle: and the southern rocks, if extended a little further towards the north, would render it a most excellent harbour for shipping. From this point of sight you will see almost all the ships from Great Britain which the east wind drives upon the Irish coast daringly brave the inconstant wave and the raging sea. country is well supplied with corn, sea fish, and imported wines; and what is preferable to every other advantage from its vicinity to Irehand, it is tempered by a salubrious air. Demetia [this denotes a province much more extensive than Pembroke, therefore, with its seven

cantreds, is the most beautiful as well as the most powerful district of Wales; Pembroch, the finest part of the province of Demetia; and the place I have just described the most delightful part of Pembroch. It is evident, therefore, that Maenor Pirr is the pleasantest spot in Wales; and the author may be pardoned for having thus extolled his native soil, his genial territory, with a profusion of praise and admiration.'

The lake, the vineyard, and the mill have all disappeared, and the old light and festivity of Manorbier seems for ever to have departed but this castle by the sea is still almost unique in its picturesque attraction. As Mr. Gosse points out. the sea-bird, pursuing a straight line from this little bay of Manorbier, would find no rest for its foot until it reached the Southern Pole. Looking westward, headland upon headland stretches out in long perspective, and the sea works galleries in the projecting cliffs. You may pleasantly spend some hours in working through the details of the old castle. It has a distinctive character of its own; it is not a battlemented fortress like Pembroke Castle, designed for solid work in the wars, but was a choice country residence of one of high rank and high estate; and a careful examination will indicate that those old days possessed better notions of luxury and convenience than are generally ascribed to them. Some rooms are even still in a habitable state, or might easily be rendered so. It is doubtful whether the largest room extant was kitchen or chapel, and the double idea has been carried out in our modern days, for divine service has sometimes been held here. and sometimes it has served as a banquet-room for summer revellers. Mr. Spurgeon has done the oratorical here, to the great astonishment of the natives. After passing through the gateway, where you easily trace the double portcullis, you enter on the green turf of the broad inner court, where men-at-arms would be drawn up for service, or all the inhabitants of the little village which nestled beneath the shadow of the castle might take refuge in the time of danger. The old Flemish character of the village is still visible. notably in the character of the old church tower. The work of restoration proceeds slowly in the church, which has several points of interest. Nearly all the guide-books errone-ously speak of its arches, which certainly have a heavy and quaint character; but in point of fact they are not really arches, but some parts of the old walls, being scooped out give a rough notion that we have here some of the oldest and most ponderous arches in existence. In the catalogue of Manorbier celebrities we must not omit a Cromlech, which is famous among those over whose minds the subject of Cromlechs possesses a peculiar fascination. We are, however, now dealing not with Druidical remains, but with baronial castles. Carew Castle is another famous edifice which every visitor to Tenby is expected to know intimately. Some characteristics of Manorbier are here heightened. We see here, even more than at Manorbier, the domestic character of baronial architecture. We have not only the ramparts and bastions of Plantagenet times, but the carvings and oriels of Elizabethan days. Very much of the castle has been rebuilt since the time that Henry VII. was entertained here on his way from Milford Haven to the field of Bosworth. The first heiress of Carew of whom we hear possessed seven other castles besides this as her marriage dowry: this was the famous Nesta, a great heroine in Welsh story. The castle has not much elevation, but the ruins are very perfect, and it is nobly placed upon a neck of land between two estuaries of Milford Haven. Hard by the castle, and probably of much higher antiquity, is an ancient cross with an undecipherable inscription. In historical interest Pembroke Castle is supreme. When the tide is up in the broad creek, which nearly insulates the castle, the eminent advantages of its position are perceived. The ancient and massive keep is unrivalled in its way: you gaze up to a height of a hundred feet of circular tower. In the Civil

Wars it held out for seventeen days after the rest of the castle was taken, and then only surrendered when its copious spring of fresh water was discovered and choked up by the 'We have more trouble,' wrote one of Cromwell's generals, 'with these Welshmen than we looked to have; and the seaport town of Tenby holdeth out as though she thought herself to be Pembroke Castle.' As you stand on a bridge thrown over one of the many in-lets of Milford Haven, you catch the best view of the scarped rock, of the massive gateway, and the great cavern called the Hogan, which served the old castle as a dungeon. These three castles— Manorbier, Carew, and Pembrokeare the most famous ruined castles in the neighbourhood of Tenby. There are many others which might be enumerated, but the visitor had better make out a list for himself, and examine them so far as his ability and inclination extend. The three we have just named are really indispensable to the tourist. They have all characteristics in common. On each rain-worn battlement and wall we might discern the prophetic scroll, 'Your fathers, where are they?' Each is eloquent with the irony of fate, the illusions of greatness, the tyranny of time. Moonbeams and starbeams, as the poets have always told us, lend to each a tenderness, witchery, and solemnity, such as the perfected abodes never knew; and while Nature thus comes with morning splendours and her evening tenderness and languor, with her grasses and mosses, her soothing touches and immortal airs, we are able to read as in a parable still more salutary lessons than these, and comprehend how loss and failure, and decay and death are instinct with beauty and meaning and hope.

There is just one castle in the county which stands in strong relief against these ruined edifices. This is Picton Castle, which for many hundred years has never ceased to be an inhabited dwelling, and is a strong and curious link between the past and the present. In visiting Picton you may conveniently throw

in other places exceedingly worthy of a visit and investigation. Now let me plan a day's excursion for you, which for scenic beauty can hardly be equalled in the county. You go by an early train to Narberth. At Narberth itself there is not very much to be seen, though its environs are of striking beauty; a church so hideous that it ought to be peremptorily restored forthwith, an ancient castle whose very ruins have been ruined, and its pleasaunce now adapted to the modern use of a croquet ground, and perhaps the streets will all be choked with cattle on a fair dayan arrangement which has its drawbacks, but must be admitted to be You have written picturesque. overnight to the Rutzen to procure the necessary conveyance, and you first proceed in the direction of Llawhaden Castle. Once there was a strong rivalry between Narberth and Tenby, because Narberth obtained the right of holding a market, which was supposed to be a deadly injury to the rights and interests of Tenby. It was part of that old pestilent doctrine that you did good to yourself when you did injury to a neighbour; and, alas! the doctrine has been tried in a much wider field than those presented by little provincial towns. In most of our wars it was thought that we were greatly adding to the prosperity of England if we could only fatally injure the prosperity of France and Spain; but now men are slowly beginning to find out that co-operation and not competition is the true secret of national wealtha prelude to a reign of love, a promise of that age when the meek shall inherit the earth. Tenby and Narberth have both got their markets; the same traders amicably attend both; it is better for both: which things are an allegory. Let it be supposed that this moralising goes on as you are driving in the direction of Llawhaden Castle. This was formerly one of the residences of the Bishop of St. Davids. was said that at St. Davids he lived as a bishop, at Llawhaden as a baron, and at Lamphey as a coun-

try gentleman. At present, by the way, he lives at Abergwili Palace. a pleasant country house, a mile or two out of Carmarthen, in the pleasant and picturesque vale of Towy. The broad rapid stream of the eastern Cleddy washes the base of the baronial hill of Llawhaden, and comes down to the walls of its prettily restored church, and hurries on to meet its sister stream of the western Cleddy, and both are lost in the tidal waters of an estuary branch of Milford Haven. come down to Canaston bridge, and the old forest of Canaston extends for many miles. None of the trees attain any size; but it is nevertheless the most genuine forest district in the country, and from its higher knolls the eye embraces a vast sweep of wilderness of verdure. If you drive through the Slebech grounds when the tide is up and the flowering gorse is out, you are able to enjoy one of the most delicious landscapes possible. now enter upon the adjacent demesne of Picton Castle, one of those houses, not too many, where tourists receive a hearty permission to examine the locality. In the Picton wood, stretching down to the waterside, you will find the only really good timber to be found in the country, with the exception of Stackpole Court and some parts of the bank of the Teify. You still trace the ancient most, now planted with trees, which once surrounded the castle, and sitting in the embrasure of windows where the walls are five feet thick, realise how our ancestors could build for security and warmth. It is chiefly in the offices that you find the groined ceilings and other evidences of antiquity, and it must be owned that the modern part of the building erected by the late Lord Milford detracts from its effect as much as it adds to its convenience. conservatories and gardens are on a very splendid scale; formerly there was a deer park belonging to the castle at Kilgetty, but the deer have now disappeared. From Picton, Haverfordwest is only a few miles distant, and from thence you

can return to Tenby by rail with the interruption of the ferry be-

tween Neyland and Pater.

Stackpole Court is the other great show-house of Pembrokeshire. Its terrace views are of great magnificence, and there is a system of lakes spanned by fine bridges and abounding with waterfowl, but in summer showing too much weed. The last Thane of Cawdor was honourably distinguished for his zeal in the restoration of churches. He lies himself in a mortuary chapel of Chenton Church, within the confines of his park, and surrounded by other monuments, which make this a remarkable church among churches which, as a rule, are little deserving of remark. Near Stackpole is also the church of St. Petvon: and there is a wild legend in the place that a headless lady in her carriage, with a headless coachman and headless horses, are constantly The air here is whirling about. thought very healthy; and Fenton relates that it was a regular custom with the clergy of the parish regularly to ascend the steeple of the church, and there, with much composure, to imbibe that salutary air which enabled two successive clergymen to hold the living for a hundred years between them.

The mention of Stackpole brings us to the cliffs. Stackpole takes its name from the Stack rocks-two isolated and lofty crags, the home of innumerable thousands of wild fowl. Whatever else is omitted, the visitor must not pass by the marvellous cliff scenery in this neighbourhood. The whole line of coast from Giltar Point, in the immediate neighbourhood of Tenby to St. Gowans, deserves a sober application of that illused epithet 'sublime.' This scenery culminates at St. Gowans. Gowan is by some identified with the Sir Gawain, one of the heroes of the cycle of Arthurian romance. In a chasm between perpendicular rocks is built a chapel of the saint, which exactly fills the frontage of the wild little bay. You descend by a series of steps to this remarkable chapel hermitage. If concealment were the object of the anchorite, he has

well attained it, for 'from the sea the chapel can scarcely be distinguished from the surrounding rocks and precipitous cliffs; the shore of the creek being also almost inaccessible from the immense number of sharp and pointed rocks covering its surface; while from the land side no one unacquainted with the spot would for an instant imagine that beneath the cliff seeming to end abruptly in a precipitous steep overhanging the sea, any human habitation could possibly be concealed.'-Mrs. Gwynn's Guide. Many traditions, superstitions, and curious customs belong to the chapel. But without these, the impression produced is unique, from its antiquity, simplicity, and loneliness, and these columnar cliffs. The whole of the neighbourhood abounds with striking scenery, but the effect produced by the 'caldron' surpassed in its awful grandeur anything that I have ever seen. It is an immense circular pit, one of Nature's castled keeps, with the vastness which the human imagination would fail in imitating, and brings before the eye, from the height of its sheer walls. a sort of realization of the awful idea of the bottomless pit. For unbroken miles along this coast it would be impossible for any vessel to make land. I saw this matchless scenery late in the evening, when the last parting daylight greatly heightened the mystical effect, and the perfect stillness was only disturbed by the shrick of the seafowl and the boom of the wave. The exploration of these cliffs is a matter of much hazard; the temptation of obtaining the eggs of the seafowl is often a fatal one: it so happened that both on the day before and the day after my visit a young man was killed by a fall over the cliffs. It is to be hoped that such a double catastrophe is not often paralleled.*

All along this coast there is a succession of magnificent caverns.

* I myself had a heavy carriage accident here on the evening of June 6th, and with all my party was most hospitably entertained for the night by Mr. Lewis, of Flimstead Farm, to whom I return grateful thanks.

most of them floored with the lovely purple pools in which naturalists delight. But we need not go far from Tenby to find caverns. St. Catherines, close at hand, is rich in them. We cannot but regret that the government fortifications, the use of which is not easily appreciable, now in progress, should so detract from its usual charm. The Lydstep series of caverns are perhaps the most remarkable, and can only be visited at spring tides. The islands of Caldy and St. Margarets have both remarkable caverns. It would be a subject full of interest, but beyond our purpose, to discuss how these natural halls emulate or suggest the colours and There is a curious forms of art. inland cave called Hoyle's Mouth, which really appears to be interminable, but is a very untempting The caves in kind of expedition. the rock called mountain limestone abound in the bones of huge wild animals of tropical regions. caves of Caldy are very eminent examples. Some quarrymen blasting a cliff overhanging the sea, discovered a cave containing bones of the mammoth, rhinoceros, the lion, the hyena, the bear, and the wolf together, with those of the same animals as now graze the pastures of the island. A very interesting discussion of the Tenby bone caves, by a well-known local savant, was read before the British Association at the Oxford meeting some years

Having spoken of caverns, cliffs, and castles, I must now proceed to the mountains and the vales. These are to be found in high perfection in Pembrokeshire, although you have to go a considerable distance from Tenby before you find them. St. Florence indeed is close at hand, and St. Florence seen from high ground is exceedingly pretty, but still there are better things. The visitor, having come such a distance as Tenby, must not mind if his excursions involve a broader sweep than has been his wont. The walks in the immediate neighbourhood of Tenby are by no means so numerous and pretty as those, for in-

stance, at Torquay and Ilfracombe. or even at Brighton or St. Leo-But the more extended nards. excursions will by no means disappoint, and will leave the mind satisfied with their beauty. Of the Pembrokeshire mountains the fine Preselly range are the chief. Snowdon and Cader Idris are very much greater in themselves, but not even from Snowdon or Cader Idris can such a panoramic view be com-manded. 'I may challenge the whole principality, nay, the whole kingdom,' says old Fenton, 'to furnish a view, if I may be allowed the expression, more intelligibly extensive and more interestingly diversified. Hence, the sea is seen, with all its sinuous outline of rocky coast, like a belt all round, only in that space which joins the almost peninsular county of Pembroke to Carmarthenshire; Milford Haven, like a cluster of small lakes, shining here and there through all the branching tract which that wonderful inlet of the ocean intersects; as also Lundy, the coast of Devon, and, as it happened on that day, the Wicklow hills in Ireland.' I was passing over the shoulder of a lesser mountain, where I obtained my distinctest view, \mathbf{and} Preselly, though it was some six miles distant, in its clear outline appeared to be something infinitely less. Pembrokeshire is very inadequately seen unless you have a run upon the mountains. How pure and exhilarating is the tonic mountain air, cheering you and bracing you as no medical elixir can do! You get the bold outline, the sunshine 'wildly dashed' of the poet, the lignes larges of the artist; and even if the wind is too cutting or the sun too glaring you will be proud on the mountain of that honourable heat or cold. The primitive mountaineering people will be full of interest. You must know a little Welsh, or they will be as barbarians unto you, and you will be as a barbarian unto them. A lady of my acquaintance once stayed for some hours in one of the mountain cottages. have no doubt she was very fashionably dressed, and the simple-hearted

people wonderingly gathered near her, reverently looking at her raiment and tenderly touching it, much as the unsophisticated Brobdingnagians gathered round Captain Lemuel Gulliver, admiring the lappets of his coat, and wondering whether they were items of clothing or natural appanages and integuments.

Having traversed such mountains. towards sunset I one day reached the sweetest vale in Pembrokeshire. that of the Teivy. The Teivy is a boundary and barrier stream of counties. To my mind the vale of the Teivy is superior to the boasted vale of the Towy, though perhaps inferior as a whole to the vale of Neath. I confine myself to the Pembrokeshire side of the river; but all the Teivy side is a little land of Goshen; there is a rapid succession of gentlemen's seats, and hardly any other district in South Wales can show so much society and such finished scenic beauty. The Teivy is the chief of the streams that flow from lakes in this land of lakes. If you have come by railway from Llandyssil, where the railway terminates, the beauties of the river here begin, but they attain their highest charm below Newcastle Emlyn. The Newcastle Emlyn beer is mentioned with high praise in some of the books; but I, with some friends on a fishing excursion, having held an inquest on its merits, returned a verdict that they had been somewhat overrated. The fish found here are the salmon and the sewin, concerning which latter it is doubted whether it be of the salmon kind or a distinct species. As you move along the Teivy side you are almost sure to see the fishermen carrying their coracles on their back. You may sometimes see as many as a hundred coracles at a time. It is really a kind of wicker basket covered with hide, exactly the same as the ancient Britons used to use. as described by Cæsar. It is said that the blessed saint who converted Wales came over in a coracle. The prettiest part of the Pembrokeshire Teivy is, I should think, Castle Maelgwn. The place stands alto-

gether on a very valuable slatequarry, and I am afraid it hardly requires a spirit of prophecy to vaticinate that some day or other there will be a very decided transformation. The proper thing to do is to take a boat, and through thick woods feathering down to the water's edge track the sinuous folds of the river to the ruins of Kilgerran Castle. But there can hardly be anything prettier than what you see at Castle Maelgwn itself, both by the banks of the Teivy and the stream that flows through a subalpine gorge in another part of the domain.

And so, after much rambling, we get back to Tenby once more. If I might be allowed a practical remark I would say that while the place is really a cheap one for residence the reverse is the case for visitors; and if the townsfolk wished to lengthen their season they would do well to revise their tariffs. pass over much concerning Tenby itself, which would mainly be useful to the visitor, where the visitor is best left to make his own discoveries. Such is the church, perhaps one of the finest in Wales with respect to the monuments. The libraries and baths, the nearer walks and excursions, the succession of little villages which own a bay or a castle. The pleasant walk along the South Sands to Gillar, and along the North Sands to Monk-The expeditions to neighstone. bouring little towns which almost rival the attractions of Tenby, such as Penally and Saundersfoot. One great expedition I willingly pass by, incumbent on every visitor, and which cannot be discussed in the narrow scope of this paper. course I mean the cathedral of St. Old Giraldus shall here David's. serve me with one last quotation: ' Hic etenim angulus est supra mare Hibernicam remotissimus, terra saxosa, sterilis et infæcunda; nec sylvis vestita, nec fluminibus distincta nec pratis ornata ventis soliam et procellis semper exposita.' A visit to this grey mediæval cathedral on its lone Atlantic headland, almost the Ultima Thule of religion and civilization,

is the appropriate culmination to a stay at Tenby. I would heartily recommend the summer tourist to go to this romantic little town. He may have visited every fashionable watering-place in his own country or on the Continent; but Tenby will certainly give him something fresh

to his experience, and leave a vivid and distinct impression of its own upon his mind, storing it with the images of some of Nature's finest and subtlest effects, and with some of the manifold lore that belongs to the town and neighbourhood.

FREDERICK ARNOLD.

VISITS TO COUNTRY HOUSES.

Becond Beries.

BY TOM SLENDER.

THE neighbourhood of Valehead, and the southern division of the county of Flatshire, had been in a state of commotion for some time, in anticipation of the coming of age of the son and heir of Mr. Fausset, of Dale Park. The Faussets were said to be a family of great antiquity, and appear among those of the third degree in Mr. Shirley's book upon English swells. It was even affirmed that the name of Fausset could be found in the Doomsday Book, as possessing the property on which it was well known that the family had resided for several generations. At all events, be that as it may, they were persons of note in the county, though perhaps not altogether of such high repute as they imagined themselves to be. Few people, however, ever agree with the world as to the standard at which they ought to be valued. They are apt to think that public opinion does not rate them sufficiently high; and public opinion is always severe upon those who are disposed to imitate the frog in the fable of the Frog and the Bull. Mr. Fausset was one of these. He was a man of considerable pretension. He had been High Sheriff, was Chairman at the Magistrates' meetings, and, it had been said, might have been returned to Parliament as one of the members for his division of the county. On the strength of these facts, real and supposed, he held his head very high; but not quite so high as Mrs. Fausset, who, being the daughter of

Viscount Somerstown, was known far and wide as the Honourable Mrs. Fausset. She was very tenacious of this prefix to her name, and took care that all the world should know it, for she never let slip an opportunity of impressing the fact upon her friends and acquaint-People grew weary of continually hearing of 'My father, Lord Somerstown,' and 'My uncle, Sir Philip Shadowy,' and 'My cousin, Lady Doltandmore.' There are people in the world who 'trade' upon their fine relations, partly to place themselves on a level with their betters, and partly to impose upon their inferiors. They are so afraid of slipping down the social scale that they are for ever asserting themselves. It was surprising that 'a real lady, born and bred,' as the phrase goes, amongst a certain class, should be so essentially vulgar-minded as to be perpetually reminding her acquaintance of the fact that her father was a peer and her uncle a baronet. But so it was. Mr. Fausset might have 'capped' her with his mother, 'Lady Mary,' but he was a meek man at home, whatever he might be abroad, and he did not care (we might almost say 'dare') to throw his wife into the shade by talking of his 'Lady' mother. Lady Mary, who had been dead some years, was the daughter of an Irish earl, who had an empty purse and a dilapidated castle on the western coast of Ireland; and, in spite of the handle to her name, the Honourable

Mrs. Fausset had great contempt for her; for the daughter of an impoverished Irish earl, whom nobody ever saw, was not, in her estimation at least, to be compared with the daughter of Viscount Somerstown, a man of great wealth and considerable political influence. Besides which, as a living dog is better than a dead lion, an active and thriving Viscount was of more importance than a half-ruined Irish earl who had been dead and buried

for many years.

Mr. Fausset was naturally a man of retiring habits; but his ambitious and very worldly wife was always lecturing him upon the 'claims of society,' and the injury he was doing himself and his family by not taking what she was pleased to call his proper position in the county. Mr. Fausset was by no means a brilliant man, but he had a great deal of common sense, and worldly prudence in all money matters, which made him a useful man in his own neighbourhood. Any one, however, who could have looked into his banker's book at the close of each year would have envied him his talent for accumulating wealth, if it were not that, in the process, he earned for himself a reputation that reflected more credit upon his head than his heart. He was well described by a neighbour, who said that 'he had a hand for every one but a heart for none.' Mrs. Fausset's power lay in a different direction. She was more given to spend money than to save it; more fond of display than her husband; and, finding that she could not have her own way entirely, she made a compromise by which she was enabled to impress her county neighbours with the luxe of Dale Park. Ebony and buhl cabinets, beautiful statuary, Sèvres china, inlaid tables, sofas and chairs of Gobelin tapestry, parquet floors partially covered with Aubusson, Tournay, and Axminster carpets, imparted to the receptionrooms a look of splendour and luxury not often to be met with. The bedrooms were all that could be desired, and showed a careful regard for the comfort of their guests, while their own private apartments were models of luxurious ease. But on the other side of the door which shut off the servants' offices from the rest of the house the contrast was great. All that did not meet the eye was sordid, and indicated the utmost parsimony. The servants' apartments were scantily and poorly furnished, and accorded badly with the other arrangements of the house.

On the present occasion Mrs. Fausset was in her element. She was determined that the festivities, if done at all, should be well done, and she was right. But when her husband first heard of her programme he was aghast. A ball to the county, a ball to the tenants, a ball to the servants; each and all to be accompanied by an enormous amount of feasting, and to be preceded by dinners to the tenants, and to the labourers employed and living on the estate; while it was proposed that all the poor of the parish in which they resided should be regaled with beef, bread, and ale. Then there were to be school feasts, and presents of clothes for the schoolchildren, besides prizes of money, and silver mugs, for the successful competitors in athletic games.

'Why, it will take a week at least,' was Mr. Fausset's mild remon-

strance.

'Of course, my dear, we must keep open house from Monday to Saturday. I thought you understood that.'

Mr. Fausset well knew what his wife meant by that 'thought.'

'Have you at all estimated the cost, my dear Jane? I dare say it will cost, let me see——'

'Now, my dear Arthur, pray do not begin with one of your calculations. I suppose you intend to celebrate Henry's coming of age?' said Mrs. Fausset, interrogatively.'

'Well, yes, I suppose so,' he replied, nervously; 'and yet when Lord Spenditall's son came of age there were no gay doings at Thornley Abbey. I should have thought—.'

'My dear Arthur, what has that to do with us? How often must I tell you that the world will take you at your own valuation? If you did not wish to celebrate Harry's majority you should have said so earlier. Now every one expects it to be kept, and, if I can have my way, they shall not soon forget it.'

'Well, you must have your way, I suppose. You know you always have —and Mr. Fausset retired meekly, with his hands in his pockets, inwardly bewailing the lavish expenditure which would so materially affect the balance in his banker's hands at the close of the year. But as Mrs. Fausset observed that such events happen only once in a lifetime, he submitted, like a wise man, to the inevitable, and took great pains to carry out his wife's wishes.

While the necessary arrangements were being made at Dale Park the world outside the lodge gates was in a state of great expectation. The houses in the neighbourhood were to be filled with guests, and the grandees of the county had all graciously signified their intention of honouring the festivities with their presence, so that it was generally expected that the balls would be good, and that other réunions would follow. Every hole and corner of the large Grecian House at Dale Park was filled, and Mrs. Fausset took care to secure the attendance of all her fine relations and friends.

Young Fausset, the hero of the day, was a short, fair youth, who combined in his own person his mother's love of display and his father's love of money. He was never known even to relieve a beggar unless his doing so could be made an occasion of display. He did not understand what was meant by not letting his right hand know what his left was doing. Brought up as he had been, it was not surprising that he had an exaggerated idea of his own importance. Even school-life at Eton had failed in counteracting the influence of his home, where all that he saw and heard tended to impress his mind with the belief that the Faussets were demi-gods of the earth. In his estimation Dale Park was the finest place in England, though it

was no exception to the general flatness of the county, and could not boast of any special beauty. It was large, and if size constitutes beauty, then indeed it was certainly very beautiful. He had just left Oxford without taking his degree, as it was considered to be a waste of time, which might be better employed in travelling abroad; and it had been arranged that he should join a party of young cotemporaries who were going to the East. In the meanwhile he was amusing himself with superintending the preparations which were being made in his honour, and with certain flirtations with which he beguiled his idle moments.

The heir of Dale Park was an important person in his own neighbourhood, especially among certain small squires and those of the clergy who had daughters to dispose of and very few opportunities of disposing of them. Miss Cantwell, the daughter of the Rev. Herbert Cantwell, the belle of the county, was well pleased with Harry Fausset's attentions, and looked with longing and admiring eyes upon the woods of Dale Park, as she saw them from the lawn in front of Sloperton Rectory. Farmer Phosphate had a lovely daughter, with whose beauty the young heir was reported to have been quite epris; and it was rather amusing to hear how Mrs. Fausset assured herself and her friends that she was not at all apprehensive of her 'dear Harry's making such a mésalliance as a marriage with Rosalind Cantwell would be;' while the Cantwells were equally sanguine that Phœbe Phosphate never could really attract the great parti of the county. Both were right—young Fausset was in no danger. He was but a butterfly, and was glad to while away his idle hours in a little innocent flirtation with the two prettiest girls in his neighbourhood. He had been too with deeply indoctrinated mother's views to be able to contemplate marriage as a possibility with anything lower than a peer's daughter.

Shortly before the great and important day when he would attain his majority he won the consent of Phœbe Phosphate to open the tenants' ball with him, and persuaded her to accept from him a locket and chain that were more gorgeous than costly, and he also secured the promise of Rosalind Cantwell for the first waltz.

On the twenty-first of June the fates were propitious, and the sun shone bright, while the bells from the neighbouring churches ushered in the early morning of the day to which the whole neighbourhood had been looking forward as its great holiday. Flags and banners, arches of evergreen, legends and devices gave token of the interest that was universally taken in the celebration of the 'young Squire's' coming of age. At an early hour the roads and lanes and the paths through the fields were thronged by men, women, and children in their holiday! dress, all going towards Dale Park, where marquees and tents and every conceivable amusement, from croquet to 'Aunt Sally,' were prepared for the entertainment of gentle and simple. The village inn, which was a picturesque building with its lime-trees clipped in foreign fashion, was the rendezvous for most of the villagers and many of the neighbouring farmers, who loitered there on their way to the park, in order to hear the news and order of the day. Towards twelve o'clock the park assumed a gay The procession of appearance. tenants and villagers, closed by one of the village children, was preceded by a band of music, which gave notice of their approach to those who had the privilege of the entrée at Dale Park. In front of the house, and beneath a large awning which extended the whole length of the house, Mr. Fausset, his 'Honourable' wife, her father Lord Somerstown, and her eldest brother and his wife Lady Joanna, the daughter of the Duke of Proudscres, Sir Philip and Lady Shadowy, and their son and daughter, three neighbouring baronets, two earls, one duke, the Lord - Lieutenant of the county, the High Sheriff, with their wives, were all assembled to hear the address that the tenants were to present, and with which it had been

arranged that the proceedings of the day should be opened. There was also to be a presentation of plate, but that was not to take place till later on in the day, when they were all assembled at dinner. Mrs. Fausset was a tall and stately woman, and looked as magnificent as silk and Madame Descou could make her. Mr. Fausset was nervous and fussy, and young Fausset less bumptious than usual. The fact was he was rehearsing his speech to himself; and when the servants came up and the steward, at their request, read the address, he scarcely heard a word, so absorbed was he in the part which he had to play. At the conclusion, when the last word of the address had been uttered, he came forward and delivered his reply with considerable earnestness and self - possession. His only fault was in his quickness of utterance—but this was justly attributable to his nervousness, and no one thought less well of him for Mrs. Fausset was proud of her son's performance; but when it was over, and the tenants seemed to expect a few words from the Squire himself, she, who had kept close to him all the time, nudged him, saying, sotto voce, 'Say something-anything's better than nothing:' and her docile lord opened his lips and in a few short and appropriate sentences thanked them. for their kind and feeling address to Then they all dispersed here and there—the thirsty ones to the servants' entrance, where there was a liberal supply of beer, while others loitered in the gardens or in the park, or played at some of the games which had been provided for their amusement. It was announced that dinner was to be on the table at two o'clock, and until then every one wandered about as and where he pleased, while servants were everywhere ready to supply the wants of the visitors. There were three large tents opening into each other, in which the tenants, the labourers and villagers, and the schoolchildren were to dine. It was well arranged: for while each party had, as it were, a separate tent, Mr. and Mrs. Fausset and their guests could command a view of

the whole company. A little before the appointed hour the band struck up, playing 'Tne Roast Beef of Old England,' and, marching through the gardens into the park and towards the tents, collected the company to dinner, so that when the clock struck two they were all assembled, waiting for the arrival of the hero of the day, who shortly entered, amidst loud cheers, accompanied by his father and mother and all their guests. Ample justice having been done to the dinner, the oldest tenant on the property rose and proposed the health of Mr. Henry Fausset; but he was quickly interrupted by Mr. Fausset (père), who said that his house having always been conspicuous for its loyalty, they must first drink the Queen's health, and then that of the Prince of Wales and the Royal Family. These having been duly honoured, no further interruption took place, and in a speech full of kindness and feeling young Fausset's health was proposed, and he was presented with a handsome epergne: which he, in reply, assured them he should value more than all his other possessions put together. After this there was a considerable amount of merriment, and men began to chaff each other. toastmaster, who stood behind Mr. Fausset's chair, called upon the company to 'charge their glasses' when it was intended to propose a toast and this was an interruption which was always acceptable, though one wag remarked that he liked 'discharging' it best after it had been well 'charged.' After a while when the noise became louder and men's tongues were let loose, Mr. and Mrs. Fausset retired, which was the signal for hearty cheers. No sooner had these subsided, than the young Squire apologised for having to leave them, but requested them to continue to enjoy themselves, and the steward then became president of the feast, which lasted some time longer.

While the ladies rested themselves, before the ball, and the gentlemen lounged about smoking, the ball-room was duly examined and its VOL. XIV.-NO. LXXIX.

decoration approved. The ball was to take place in the long saloon which occupied nearly the whole of one side of the house. It was a handsome room, rather too narrow, but otherwise well suited to the purpose. The walls were hung with pale green silk, the monotony of which was broken by some good pictures and looking-glasses, and in front of the latter were placed semicircular rows of lights, which, being reflected in the glasses, had a good effect. The company began to arrive soon after nine o'clock; and Mrs. Fausset was in her element when, dressed in cerise and white, and in a blaze of diamonds, she stood in the anteroom to welcome her guests. It was only to her own favoured circle that she introduced her fine friends. and it was amusing to see with what pride and self-consequence she pronounced the imposing words—'My father, Lord Somerstown;' 'My uncle, Sir Philip Shadowy;' 'My sister-in-law, Lady Joanna,' when the introductions took place. In the intervals and spare moments she alternately instructed and reprimanded her husband, who was never so happy as when he could escape into some remote corner with a friend. But these moments were few and rare. A messenger would come and tell him he was wanted, or his son would say, 'My mother wants you,' the meaning of which he well understood. It was a conspiracy against his peace—an impending reproof for something done or left undone.

The company was a motley one, as is always the case on such occasions, and some of the costumes were amusing. One lady, who piqued herself upon being always in fashion, was in reality in advance of it, and appeared with her gown so tight and plain in front that she could scarcely walk; while others, who were manifestly provincial, were behind the prevailing fashion, and had not yet begun to gore their petticoats. Some, who rarely wore low dresses, suddenly appeared so décolletée, that they seemed to have forgotten to put on the 'bodies' of their gowns; while a few, of irreproachable morals, were buttoned

up to their throats, and would not even exhibit the smallest portion of their waist or arm. The ball was opened by Mrs. Fausset and the Duke of Ayrshire, while young Fausset and the duke's youngest daughter, Lady Mabel Fermetty, were their vis-à-vis; Mr. Fausset danced with Lady Shadowy, and the rest of the company were allowed to follow their own inclinations and select what partners they pleased. Miss Rosalind Cantwell managed to dance in the same quadrille with young Fausset, as she attracted the attention of Mr. Arthur Shadowy, Sir Philip's heir, who, much to Mrs. Fausset's annoyance, brought her up and placed her in the same quadrille with herself, opposite to Lady Shadowy and Mr. Fausset. The contrast between Lady Mabel Fermetty and Miss Cantwell was as great as it could well be. The former was a little pale girl, with an unmeaning face and the complexion of dough that has been scarcely half-baked, while the latter was brilliant and handsome, and her fine figure could not fail to attract attention. Nor was Mrs. Fausset better pleased when the Duke of Ayrshire inquired who that 'handsome girl' was? 'Oh, nobodynobody at all—only the daughter of a neighbouring clergyman,' said Mrs. Fausset, in no gracious mood, which was aggravated by observing smiles of meaning pass between Miss Cantwell and her son.

'Such an impertment, forward minx!' thought Mrs. Fausset.

'An exceedingly handsome girl,' thought the Duke.

'A very jolly girl,' thought Sir Philip's heir.

'Handsome, perhaps, but quite without style,' thought Lady Mabel

Fermetty.

These were some of the comments passed upon Rosalind Cantwell, as she took her place among the *élite* in the first quadrille. Young Fausset compared her with his partner, and she gained considerably by the comparison. But he was not one whose heart was capable of an absorbing passion. Rank and money, the two idols of his beloved parents, ruled him in all things, even in the

friendships which he made at college. Still, for the moment, he was pleased at the effect produced by the girl whom he honoured with his smiles.

Rosalind Cantwell was an ambitious, worldly girl. The personage house at Sloperton was not exactly the place calculated to train up candidates for the 'Sisterhoods. was as worldly a place as existed within her Majesty's dominionsthat is to say, the sons and daughters of the Rev. Herbert Cantwell were early taught that the one end and aim of existence was to get on in this world. No wonder, then, that the lovely Rosalind smiled graciously upon the heir of Dale Park. and that she would often look with wistful eyes upon the woods which must one day become the property of Harry Fausset. But she was by no means so blinded by her wishes as not to perceive that she was disapproved by Mrs. Fausset. Those may laugh that win; but Rosalind was not to laugh. However, the disappointment that was in store for her had not yet cast its shadow, and she was as gay and happy that evening as it was possible for her to be, especially as young Harry danced with her again and again, to the envy of many other young ladies, whose mammas were guided neither by the laws of charity or prudence in the remarks they made upon her success. In vain did Mrs. Fausset tell her son she 'would not have it;' that 'he was raising false hopes' (for she knew him too well to think that he would, as she called it, 'marry so Young Fausset was bent low '). on amusing himself at every cost but the sacrifice of himself. Rev. Herbert Cantwell smiled his wonted smiles, and expressed himself overjoyed to meet his various friends and acquaintances; and Mrs. Cantwell, handsomely dressed in emerald-green satin and old point lace, looked round the room with To her prophetic complacency. soul it seemed already the home of her cherished daughter.

Mr. Alfred Carpenter, the son of a retired gunsmith from Birmingham, who had recently lost his wife, and who was, by way of not going into society, standing like a mute in the doorway, smiling piteously on his friends as they passed. As the clock struck twelve, the band played 'The Roast Beef of Old England,' and the company followed Mr. Fausset and Lady Shadowy, the Duke and Mrs. Fausset, and Harry and Lady Mabel, while Arthur Shadowy again devoted himself to Miss Rosalind Cantwell, and, according to his promise to Harry, led her to the chair next him. Harry rewarded him with a pat on his back, as he said (as he might have done to his favourite pointer), 'Good fellow. Arthur!' After the more important part of the supper was over, and ladies and gentlemen had satisfied both hunger and thirst, the Duke of Ayrshire rose, and in the most complimentary language proposed the health of the hero of the day. Loud and long were the cheers, which were renewed again and again, as Harry rose to return thanks. His speech was commonplace-just what any youth might make on such an occasion among friends. The only amusing incident was in the expression of his father's face when Harry said it was so 'awfully jolly that he should like to come of age at least once a year. He supposed that every day might be too much of a good thing.' It was ludicrous in the extreme. There was such a look of terror and dismay, as if he thought the thing possible.

The mere mention, the expression of such an idea, seemed to him in itself appalling. Luckily the absurdity of the remark so struck every one that it elicited a universal shout of laughter. Toast succeeded toast; but nothing so gratified Mrs. Fausset as when her father, Lord Somerstown, returned thanks when her health was proposed. She was in a flutter of delight when he spoke, and declared that, as an Englishman, a statesman, and a member of the British House of Peers, nothing gratified him so much as occasions of this kind, when persons of all classes were brought together to do honour to one who would, no doubt. follow the example of his prede-Lord Somerstown's voice CORROTS. was sonorous, and his diction pompous, and it was with a sense of relief that he was cheered when he resumed his seat.

Everything has an end, so had the ball at Dale Park; and as the company dispersed and returned home there was a considerable amount of catechizing on the part of the elders. Prudent mothers asked what Mr. This and Mr. That had said to their daughters; and prudent fathers leaned back in the corners of their carriages, with their eyes closed and their ears open, really much on the alert for any intelligence respecting the events of so memorable an evening.



THE PICCADILLY PAPERS.

BY A PERIPATETIC.

TWO FOREIGN STATESMEN.*

[7ERY recently, two works containing the lives of eminent foreign statesmen have been published in this country. Exceedingly dissimilar in character, they nevertheless present points of contact and comparison. Each work is really an autobiography—the most rare and precious form in which biography can be presented; d'Azeglio's work being avowedly couched in this form; and the life of Bunsen. drawn chiefly from his own letters, indirectly but mainly autobiographic. Each of them passed an important section of life at Rome. Each statesman was for a time minister at London; but d'Azeglio's mission was only of a temporary character; while Bunsen became almost Anglicised. The contrast between the two is sufficiently marked. D'Azeglio, the Italian, is intensely Italian; Bunsen, the German, is intensely German. D'Azeglio is artist and poet, soldier and adventurer; the main interest centres in his own romantic and chivalrous character. The personality of Bunsen is by no means equally marked; he has a name, indeed, both in the history of Prussia and the history of England; and he is still more eminent in the walks of literature, philosophy, and theology than in the range of politics. It is very remarkable, also, how each of these great men, in conjunction with a pure and intense patriotism, approximated closely to the English type of character—or, at all events, possessed those qualities which Englishmen are most apt to admire and to consider peculiarly their D'Azeglio belonged to the own.

* 'Recollections of Massimo d'Azeglio.' Translated, with Notes, by Count Maffei. Two vols. Chapman and Hall.

'A Memoir of Baron Bunsen, late Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of St. James.' By Frances, Baroness Bunsen. Two vols. Longmans.

most severe and high-minded type of Piedmontese character, selfdenying and self-reliant, contrasting as strongly with the ordinary Italian type, as the snow-peaked mountains of his own country with the languid sweetness of the Campanian shore. Bunsen learned to admire, and in some measure to imitate, the practical energy of the English race, in contrast to the speculative inaction of his countrymen. Thus we can study their lives with a larger amount of sympathy than we can give to most foreign biography; and as we may pride ourselves that in their best points they approached closely to the English character, so it is also true that Englishmen may derive much instruction from these volumes, and might profitably imitate various particulars in the lives of the illustrious German and the illustrious Italian.

Indeed these works are most admirable in their kind, and we cannot but rejoice that they have been written; and, accustomed as we are to examine many books, satisfy ourselves that they are comparatively or superlatively worthless, and lay them aside as unbefitting to be discussed in these pages, it becomes a real luxury in criticism to commend them with earnest cordiality to our readers. Last month, as in duty bound, we selected from Baron Bunsen's life those passages which relate to the Queen-not, however, without the feeling that this restriction of the subject involved an injustice towards the work. We must still pass over that purely literary and philosophical aspect which Bunsen probably regarded as the very life of his life; but something more should be said on the social and political aspect.

When Bunsen, in 1841, became Prussian Minister in London, and brought his family to reside with

him, he rented the house on Carlton Terrace belonging to Lord Stuart de Rothesay, which is described as a place of abode almost appalling in the palace-like effect produced. There were, however, different opinions. 'A letter I received at Berne protested against the houses on Carlton Terrace as ruinous in point of rent. Another letter declares they go a-begging, nobody desiring to have them.' Here, and subsequently in another house on the same terrace, Bunsen continued for years, taking his share in the best society of London. His re-marks, and others here given, on current history and contemporary manners, will certainly have their value for the future historian. We rapidly gather up some of the incidental notices. Appley House shows the want of female superintendence: it is cold and windy. Woburn Abbey was the great house with which they were pleased beyond all others. At Earl Stanhope's, as might be expected, they have 'few persons and much conversa-tion.' They were greatly struck at a dinner party with 'the grand appearance of Lord Lyndhurst, his enunciation and elocution.' Robert Peel and Bunsen were strongly and mutually attracted towards each other. 'Sir R. Peel mentioned his own increasing inconvenience, not to say suffering, from a sound in his ears like that of boiling water-which began in consequence of the report of a fowling-piece, going off unawares close to his head very early in life—from which he had no respite. When he was dying, Sir Robert Peel three times asked that Bunsen should be summoned to his bedside. Lord Ellenborough's character is thus summed up: 'He has made blunders and will make blunders; he has been disagreeable and will be disagreeable: but he will always do great things well.' 'Palmerston is like an old friend: he in the palace [Prince Albert] like a brother. The Queen's half-brother, Prince Leiningen, has also shown me much confidence. Here is a not very complimentary notice of the late Rajah Brooke: The review in the "Quar-

terly" of Captain Keppel's "Journal of H.M.S. Dido" is written by Lord Ellesmere. A great interest has been excited about Mr. Brooke, which we warmly shared; but it cannot be said that, after having seen him, the feeling has been kept up at the same pitch. He proved "dry as a remainder biscuit after voyage." Here is an account of Lord Palmerston and Baron Bunsen going to Osborne: 'In the boat which brought them to the shore. Lord Palmerston was requested to take the helm, as it would seem, to enable all hands to help in rowing through the unusually rough sea. Bunsen observed that he had not been before aware of the necessary connection between steering the vessel of the State, and steering common boat; whereto Lord Palmerston answered, "Oh! one learns boating at Cambridge, even though one may have learnt nothing better." They landed in safety; but the train was gone. Lord Palmerston declared that he must return to London on pressing business, and must have a special train. The railway officials protested that the risk of collision was too great for them to undertake. Lord Palmerston insisted, "On my responsibility, then;" and thus enforced compliance, though every one trembled but himself. The special train shot past station after station. and arrived in London without causing or receiving damage; the Directors refused all payment from Lord Palmerston, as having transgressed all rules in order to comply with his desire, and considering themselves overpaid by the happy result, and their own escape from serious blame.'

The Bunsens were glad to find their friend Max Müller return safe and sound from Paris, in the February of 1848. 'He had gone there a fortnight before to examine a manuscript, and found himself caught in the midst of a revolution. He went about the streets and saw all he could, and got away on Thursday night by climbing over three different barricades in the direction of the railway to Havre.' 'Dined at the American Minister's. I con-

templated Lord Carlisle, and heard Macaulay talk almost the whole dinner through.' Still we meet the true complaint about the London season, that there was too much of crowds, and too little of society. 'Lord Ashley came in, direct from the chair of a meeting about the Ragged Schools. Nine young people were to embark for Australia the next day, and Lord Ashley was going to Deptford to see them off. The night before he had been at a meeting which 270 thieves had entreated him to give them; he, the city missionary, and the thieves constituted the assembly.' It is to be observed that Baron Bunsen was a man of intense sympathy, and was always active in schemes of practical philanthropy. Next to Sir Robert Peel Mr. Gladstone appears to have been the English statesman who made the greatest impression on the mind of Baron Bunsen. We have repeated allusions to his literature, his eloquence, his goodness. The following remark shows that Mr. Gladstone is full of good resolutions, though, from the infirmity of human nature, he is not always able to act up to them. 'This is the second time only that Gladstone has spoken since the existence of the Derby-Disraeli ministry: he was asked one day by my father why he did not speak oftener, when he replied that he was withheld by mistrust in himself, lest he should find too much difficulty in keeping within Christian bounds of moderation, in endeavouring to utter faithfully the truth, and yet avoid all that might be construed into personality. Here is an impression of Cuddesdon: 'We arrived here about seven in the evening, after a drive of eight miles from Oxford. Bishop is very kind and amiable as a host, and brilliant in conversation. As yet I have only shaken hands with him, but that does one good for a long time afterwards. Of the large party of clergymen here as guests from the neighbourhoodalmost all young; all equally black and grave, and High-church looking — we gradually individualized a few. Of Cuddesdon, one may indeed say, what Lady Eastlake wrote

in the book on departing, "Far to find; pleasant to know; difficult to leave; impossible to forget." Bunsen thus describes Earl Russell: 'What I admire in him most is his unvaried simplicity, and the absence not only of all boasting, but even of exultation, with the greatest openness. Lady John copies papers for her husband, and is a very strong Presbyterian and Anti-There is a mention of Tractarian. the great personal influence and importance of the Queen, 'whereas the general opinion was only too much inclined to suppose her power to be nominal, and that the decision, as well as the management of affairs rested entirely with her Ministers.

We do not discuss Bunsen's political career, in which, with the utmost honesty, he made some remarkable blunders; nor yet his theological opinions, by which, in all piety, he nevertheless did some mischief; nor yet his family affairs, although we find him writing to his son about love in a way which would do credit to the most sentimental novelist. Here is a brief and very noble letter of Bunsen's to one of his sons; it sufficiently sums up the life and character of Baron Bunsen, to say that the words record nothing more than the truth: 'For me, God ordained from earliest childhood a rigorous training through poverty and distress; I was compelled to fight my way through the world, bearing nothing with me but my own inward consciousness, and a firm determination to live for my ideal aim, disregarding all else as insignificant. His last years in Germany were in full harmony with this, crowned by a saint-like death.

Altogether cast in a different type of natural nobleness is the character of Massimo d'Azeglio. It is true that 'God repeats himself in many ways,' and very different are the types of human goodness and very difficult to assign a comparative value. D'Azeglio's was a life of poetry and action. He was not a student and philosopher like Bunsen; had probably never heard

the names of one quarter of the books which Bunsen knew by heart. His 'Recollections' take us into an entirely different region of human life. He resided indeed in Rome, as a son of an ambassador in early life; and late in life he went there to invest the Prince of Wales with the great order of Savoy. He was envoy both in Paris and in London. For a brief time he was Prime Minister of Italy. But the record he has left of himself belongs entirely to a period of obscurity, or when he was only become known as the sonin-law of Manzoni, and a painter of the genuine Italian school. last fact recorded in the 'Recollections' is the publication of the political pamphlet which led to his name being widely known through the Italian peninsula. He came of a family, ancient indeed and noble, but which also thoroughly recognised the fact that goodness is the purest title to nobility. Few literary portraits are more grand and simple than the delineation which d'Azeglio has given of his father. The modern Italian has almost disappeared; we recognise the Roman in his noblest days. He taught his children lessons of courage, purity, and endurance, which not only did well for them and their children after them, but which will always be a salutary influence for Italy. The young Massimo was a cornet in the army, and he did very much after the fashion of cornets, serving the world, the flesh, and the devil. The accounts which he gives of Italian society, more especially of Roman society, are almost appalling in the darkness of the colouring. Suddenly there was a change. He renounced all his libertinism. He lived as an anchorite. He gave up the army. To the surprise and scandal of his noble friends, he turned painter, and determined to live by his profession. And now commenced a vagrant, happy, ad-venturous life, in which 'hard lines' were not infrequent, but for which there was abundant compensation. He knew Italy, if ever any man knew it, both in great cities, consorting with the great, and passionately studying fair land-

scapes in secluded corners, and becoming intimate with the humble and simple, but fiery-passioned peasantry. Sometimes he is amid the oak and chestnut woods of the Apennines, such as Salvator Rosa loved to paint, nor are those bandits altogether absent, which 'savage Rosi' would so often introduce. When he is flush of coin he wanders about on horseback, currycombing his steed with his own hands, and when coin is scarce; he sells the noble beast to provide provender for himself. For a long time he inhabits an old deserted with ghost-like portraits, and castle, whose dim galleries are filled again, he is staying at some café in town, where he has his share of adventures. He calls his love affair a long 'moral disease,' fruitful of infinite suffering to him, but serving to ripen his independent, generous, and high-souled nature; one more illustration of Mrs. Browning's poem of the great god Pan

' Making a poet out of a man.'

In every chapter, d'Azeglio suddenly passes from narrative into a disquisition. The transparent earnestness and truthfulness of these reflections, without the slightest tinge of that affectation of earnestness which is so abominable, reminds us of Rousseau and even of There is not Saint Augustine. very much learning, and perhaps not much philosophy in these disquisitions; but there is real wisdom, which the lonely painter had worked out for himself in solitary hours; and as we look down the list of his paintings, we see with what visions of beauty and greatness he had fed his soul during these wanderings. On the death of his father he took his share of the patrimony that came to the sons, the ancestral castle of Azeglio, with its little territory, falling to his lot. He then spent many years in that most enjoyable city of Milan, until the political position which he took up compelled him to leave the city, but, happily, not for ever. It is remarkable that in Milan he was once imprisoned on account of a

boyish escapade, and of Milan he ultimately became governor.

As we said, the 'Recollections' terminate abruptly; but Count Maffei, in a well-written introduction, which appeared originally, we fancy, in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' sketches out his political In the melancholy days that succeeded the battle of Novara, the Marquis d'Azeglio formed a Piedmontese ministry. He did all that a gallant soldier and a wise patriot could do for his country, but still this was not enough to vindicate the nationality of Italy. But he introduced into his cabinet one, who of all living men was best adapted for the work of reconstrucuon. The political situation evoked the genius of Cavour. D'Azeglio felt that the new influence was overshadowing his own. He had no particular reason to like Cavour, and on public grounds he disapproved of much in his po-But he perceived at once what a great step was made for his country when it joined the western alliance against Russia. and here he supported the great Italian minister. But he never appears to have kindled into the great enthusiasm of the Garibaldians. He did not greatly care that Rome should become the political capital of Italy. He distrusted and regretted the national passionate cravings after Rome. He did not even much care for the annexation of the Neapolitan provinces. He was not so much anxious about Italy or about the Italians. He wanted to make men. He observed how little bone and nerve and sinew there was in the moral nature of his countrymen. He wished to make them industrious, patient, practical, self-denv-'Italy is made,' he sorrowfully exclaimed, 'but not the Italians.' But he himself was every inch a king of men; and it is to men like him that Italy must really look for her national regeneration. His noble face, his playful wit, his sweet and somewhat austere manner, had a potent charm for all; and Italy will always remember the wandering artist who once guided her councils and shed his blood in her battles, purified her moral character by the loftiness of his example, illustrated her landscapes by the genius of his pencil, enriched her literature by the truth and nobleness of his writings.

THE DECLINING INFLUENCE OF LORD MACAULAY.

It is remarkable that whenever you take up an article on Lord Macaulay in any periodical, it contains something uncomplimentary to that fascinating author. The last number of the 'Quarterly Re-view' leads off with a paper on 'Lord Macaulay and his School.' It is interesting an indicating the It is interesting as indicating the gradual formation of a definite opinion concerning Lord Macaulay's place and value as a writer of history. The present 'Quarterly' article is much happier than that famous one in which Croker endeavoured to abolish Macaulay, on the first appearance of the history, now many years ago, in accordance with the long-standing feud be-That article was an tween them. enormous failure; as Rogers said. Croker meant murder but committed suicide. Croker's article would have been successful if he had followed the method of the present paper, which consists in a careful examination of Macaulay's authorities, and showing where he has unwarrantably departed from them through his love of colour and emphasis. But the writer of the paper, though correct in his method of treatment, has handled the subject in a very incomplete and inadequate manner. He has mainly followed Mr. Paget's 'Examen,' which is now an old and well-worn book. The parody on Macaulay is suggested by Mr. Paget, who here receives no acknowledgments; and the reviewer has overlooked many instances where he would find even more important matter than is adduced by Mr. Paget. The reviewer preserves two keen remarks made by eminent cotemporaries of Macaulay's. When Sir George Cornewall Lewis was called upon to admire the really splendid descrip-

tion of the trial of Warren Hastings in Westminster Hall, he drily remarked that it 'smacks strongly of the showman and the auctioneer. 'Macaulay is always so cock-sure of everything,' said Lord Melbourne. These mots really hit off the main moral and mental defects of Macaulay. He is guilty of a grave error in making facts suit his sentences instead of making his sentences suit the facts. He is fond of glaring colours and sharp antitheses, forgetting that Nature works in curves rather than zigzags, and gives us mixed characters instead of heroes and villains. Then, again, Macaulay becomes positively imaginative, and 'compresses' a page of authority into two pages of text. He was most unwilling to retract either substantive or adjective of any statement. The reviewer is not correct in saying that 'Lord Macaulay was never seduced into such a display of frankness,' and has probably not read Macaulay's correspondence with the Bishop of Exeter and with Mr. Lathbury. Still there is no deep, pervading love of truth in Macaulay, and on all deeper subjects of thought and feeling he is found shallow enough in all conscience. The reviewer accredits him with 'that meretricious taste, that vanity of style, by which an author may be as dangerously misled as a woman by vanity of We believe that he is also correct in saying, that 'already, both on the Continent and in the United States, Lord Macaulay is almost always quoted with qualification or reserve.' We think it was de Tocqueville who pointed out that the cotemporary opinion of foreign nations generally approximates closely to the verdict of posterity.

As the reviewer has subsisted on Mr. Paget in the earlier part of his article, he subsists on Mr. Hayward has elaborately disproved Macaulay's account of Johnson's ill-treatment by Mrs. Thrale. He has also thrown grave doubts on that Franciscan theory of the authorship of the 'Letters of Junius,' which Macaulay resuscitated from a long oblivion, and which lately has been

again restated in the voluminous but inconclusive work edited by Mr. Hermann Merivale. It is melancholy to write, but upon the whole there appears little doubt but the fame of Macaulay is gradually declining. It fares, in fact, very much with Macaulay as with Gibbon, to whom he presents so many points of resemblance. When Gibbon's volumes first came out, they lay on every drawing-room table, and formed the theme of every conversation. But now they belong to the class of books which, as Charles Lamb used to say, 'no gentleman's library ought to be without,' but which a gentleman rarely reads. Macaulay's 'History' is a work to take up at stray hours to admire the obsolete beauties of the style and the extraordinary fulness of details; but the absolute value is not very great, neither is it the fittest instrument for moral or intellectual culture.

STRAY NOTES ON BOOKS.

Miss Bremer was a writer who, in her day, really performed an 'in-ternational' service by familiarizing England and America with the ways and homes of Sweden. Her genius as a story-teller was allowed by all, and some persons pushed even to excess their admiration for her books, and especially for the authoress herself. She died about eighteen months ago; and now we have a volume* consisting of a slender biography, a fragment of autobiography, some poetry with which we are not particularly impressed, and some sketches, which, so far as we have perused them, are to be classed amongst the writer's best. Miss Bremer, with all her ability and amiability, was a strongminded woman. She laboured under the impression that her sex is a downtrodden sex; and if it all consisted of Bremers, studious and strong-minded, with a contempt and indifference for marriage, we confess that we should ourselves strongly lean in favour of a separate house of legislature for 'persons.' Miss Bremer says of herself, in the auto-

* Life, Letters, and Posthumous Works of Fredrika Bremer.' Sampson Low & Co.

biographic fragment: 'My nose, naturally large, used to become illuminated in hot places, and, I had almost said, become double its ordinary size, darkening my prospects of pleasure and of admirers, which latter it kept at a distance.' We instinctively feel at once that a lady who possessed the advantage of an illuminated nose, and can thus calmly discuss that organ, is equal to the highest questions of war and government. After the manner of ladies, however, she lets us under-stand that she had various offers, although we think she is rather severe upon a certain gentleman in accrediting him with a violent passion when he had only two hours' acquaintance with her. But though she refused them she admits that one gentleman inspired her with 'a pure and warm feeling,' which 'was never responded to, yet had a powerful influence upon my development. If we might say it without irreverence, she is sometimes mystical and almost nonsensical. She was, however, in addition to her storytelling genius, a good and warm-hearted woman, although a little too anxious about her 'development,' and that 'earnestness which grasps life in its profundity.' She would have been all the better for husband and children of her own. The mention of husband and children recals a paragraph in one of her letters. But the same woman who so deeply bewailed her husband had but a moderate love for her children. Once last summer she declared openly her conviction that her youngest boy—a fine little fellow—had brought misfortune over her "because, when he was born, her pig died." I moralized her a little for seeing things in this light, and told her she ought to look upon the boy as a compensation for the pig, but I doubt much that I succeeded in altering her view of the case.

Colonel Jervis has set a wholesome example to his brother M.P.s by giving a thoroughly careful and impartial study to the whole Irish question. He has written a book characterised by good sense and good feeling, a thorough knowledge of the historical facts, and the complex literature connected with them.* Most of the information one wants can be here found. The gist of the book appears to be that laziness is the real error and weakness of the Irish. 'Unable to face the reality of labour being the fate of mankind, they sought refuge in dreamy visions, which were ever strangely affected by the ruggedness of their purpled, tinted hills and the gloom of their clouded skies.' Colonel Jervis does not believe that the abolition of the Irish church will have any effect in pacifying Ireland. 'So long as England was a Roman Catholic state the Irish churchman was ever opposed to the English churchman in Ireland, whom he always looked upon as an intruder.' This is the point. The Irish people dislike the church because it is a mark of the supremacy of the English. When they have carried the church question they will try the land question, and when they have carried the land question they will try the 'nationality' question. Colonel Jervis insists that it is the unhappiness of Ireland that in England she has always been made a stalking-horse for faction. Education is his great remedy.

Mr. O'Neil, A.R.A., has tried to work out the idea of Macaulay's irrepressible New Zealander. the frontispiece the civilised New Zealander is pensively philosophising on the 'last arch of London Bridge, while the Briton, reduced once more to his aboriginal condition, is nudely paddling about in his coracle or canoe. The book is supposed to be a collection of letters written in the year 3867 by William Robinson, Governor of Old London, to Professor Smith, of the University of Auckland.† We may say at once that we do not believe very much in Mr. O'Neil's book. Macaulay himself, almost in so

* 'Ireland under British Rule.' By Lieut.-Colonel Jervis, R.A., M.P. Chapman and Hall.

† 'Two Thousand Years Hence.' By Henry O'Neil, A.R.A. Chapman and Hall.

many words, has repudiated his own New Zealander. Modern empires do not shift and change in the same phantasmagoric way as the ancient empires did. In their civilization based on their Christianity they possess a pledge and badge of permanence which the ancient empires never possessed. We cannot say that the human mind seems to have exhibited any decided advance during the two thousand years it has been supposed to have traversed. For an artist, Mr. O'Neil works very inartistically. With its far-away date the book is really about last session or the presentthe Reform Bill, the Hyde Park railings, the 'great' Beales, M.A., Governor Eyre, Mr. Anthony Trollope, and so on. Still the book has a good deal of pleasant satire and ingenious vaticination.

The Dean of Chichester, in his new volume of the 'Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury,' gives us an instance of the maudlin sentimentality of the day. He speaks of 'horrible things to record.' It appears that the Council, at a complaint of Archbishop Cranmer, directed him to cause a criminal's ears to be nailed to the pillory on a market-day, with a paper declaring his offence in large letters. The punishment is certainly barbarous, but the offence which 'the poor man' committed was forgery. Dean Hook is able, however, to recollect a much more cultivated and refined age, when such an offence would be punished by death. The interesting criminal would no doubt much prefer the laceration of his ears to the breaking of his neck.

I find that I have really accomplished the feat of reading through the seven volumes which the Dean has published of his opus magnum. It is a matter worth recording; but I think I must also confess that the time might have been laid out much better. These last two volumes, speaking roughly, are simply a life of Cranmer; but how much better lives of Cranmer, with a thorough appreciation of the man and his character, have been published! The late Professor Blunt's little vo-

lume on the 'Reformation in England,' which is a classic in its way, would leave, I should think, a much closer and more vivid effect on the readers' minds than these two bulky tomes.

Mr. Sprout's volume,* as far as it goes, is a perfectly genuine and very interesting book. The west coast of Vancouver Island is not a very attractive territory, neither is the description of it couched in very attractive style. Mr. Sprout calls these people the 'Abts,' which will probably be accepted as a useful geographical expression. There is something satirical enough, though perhaps unconsciously satirical, in the way in which he explained to the native chief 'that his tribe must move their encampment, as we had bought all the surrounding land from the Queen of England, and wished to occupy the site of the village for a particular purpose.' As this modest request was backed by a show of cannon, it was complied with. Mr. Sprout is also unconsciously satirical on that fine old British institution of a jury, the fame of which must have appeared to the mind of the Abts as considerably exaggerated. An Englishman, by unquestionable homicide, shot an Indian. Mr. Sprout, as H. B. M.'s consul or magistrate, empannelled a jury and proceeded to try the case. The jury returned a verdict that the deceased 'had been worried by a dog;' and when sent back to reconsider the question, returned as their verdict, 'We say he was killed by falling over a cliff.' Mr. Sprout watches and describes the habits of his barbarous subjects with extraordinary care and minuteness. The people live very harmoniously with the wolves, that is to say, the wolves do not attack the natives and the natives do not molest the The natives themselves depend for subsistence on the salmon as much as the Irish on potatoes and the English on corn. If our sportsmen are longing for new worlds to conquer they had better

* 'Scenes and Studies of Savage Life.'
By Gilbert Malcolm Sprout. Smith and
Elder.

go out to Vancouver Island and catch salmon. Here is an interesting experience about approximate freezing to death. 'Mile after mile was thus slowly passed, and I recollect fancying that I felt the cold less, and that I should be warmer if the snow quite covered my legs. When, in changing his paddle for another lying in the cance, George accidentally struck my leg, I remember it seemed odd to me that I should see and not feel something striking my leg. After that it was all like a dream. I seemed to be resting on a soft couch in a great hall lighted by numerous lamps, shedding a pleasant light, and beautiful people were tending me, and there were strains of music in the The fact was the cold was becoming too much for me. Then the scene changed to a rough hut lighted imperfectly by a huge fire of logs,' The book wears abundant impress of honest and careful work, and will be full of interest to those who care to go fully into the subject.

Mr. Motley, in speaking of the palmiest days of the Dutch republic, towards the end of his last volume says: 'In proportion to their numbers they were more productive of wealth than any other nation then existing. An excellent reason why the people were so well governed, so productive, and so enterprising, was the simple fact that they were an educated people. There was hardly a Netherlanderman, woman, or child-could not read and write. The school was the common property of the people, paid for among the municipal expenses. In the cities, as well as in the rural districts, there were not only common schools but classical schools. In the burgher families it was rare to find boys who had not been taught Latin or girls unacquainted with French. Capacity to write and speak several modern languages was very common, and there were many individuals in every city, neither professors nor pedants, who had made remarkable progress in science and classical literature.

This is corroborative of Colonel

Jervis's view which we mentioned above of education being the true panacea for national evils. before parliament met we were all eagerly discussing the subject of education. It was to be hoped that some large beneficial measure would be brought forward which might well cause the present session of parliament to be gratefully recol-lected by after ages. But this and how much other useful legislation has become indefinitely postponed through discreditable faction in the House of Commons. So great a price do we pay for our representative institutions.

The extreme regularity with which stories of university life are produced exhibits that ever-fresh interest which belongs to youthful life and to those institutions alike so ancient and so young. The fastfleeting generations of university life exhibit a larger number of social changes than are perhaps to be elsewhere seen in society. The solitary merit of 'Charlie Villars at Cambridge" is that it exhibits with some realistic power and in the fullest detail the current aspect of university life as it mainly is for non-reading men. Those who have left the university only for a short time will find that the character of old haunts has been changed, and that new novelties, particularly in the way of slang, have been developed. We cannot but hope, however, that the extent of drunken orgies has been exaggerated; and when we find that Mr. Tottenham makes his heroes drink champagne out of decanters, we begin to hope that he is not an authority respecting things potable. Does Mr. Tot-tenham really find that Cambridge men decant their champagne?

Looking the other day at the 'Life of Sir S. B. Ellis,'† I noted an original anecdote on the battle of Trafalgar. Sir Samuel's active services extended over many years,

* Hurst and Blackett.

† 'Memoirs and Services of the late Lieut.-General Sir S. B. Ellis, K.C.B.' Edited by Lady Ellis. Saunders, Otley, & Co. 1866.

from the battle of Trafalgar to the Chinese war of 1842. It cannot be said that he displays any marked literary gift; but a clear, truthful narrative of important events, by one who largely shared in them, often leaves mere literary art at a discount. 'I was desired,' says Sir Samuel, to inform those on the main-deck of the Admiral's signal [i.e., 'England expects every man to do his duty']. Upon acquainting one of the quartermasters of the order, he assembled the men, with, "Avast there, lads; come and hear the Admiral's words." When the men were mustered, I delivered, with becoming dignity, the sentence -rather anticipating that the effect on the men would be to awe them by its grandeur. Jack, however, did not appreciate it: for there were murmurs from some, whilst others, in an audible whisper, muttered, "Do our duty! Of course I've always we'll do our duty. done mine-haven't you? Let us come alongside of 'em, and we'll soon show whether we will do our duty."'

Lady Ellis has a grievance. Sir Samuel having married after his sixtieth year, his wife, after a union of fourteen years, owing to a 'routine rule,' has been cut off the pension. It certainly appears to us that some kind of equity ought to temper rules which bear hardly in particular instances. The impression is abroad, and unfortunately there is much to justify it, that the public service is often a very hard one, with hard rules harshly interpreted.

Mr. Henry Blackburn, whilom secretary to Mr. Horsman, M.P., is an artist whose eye and hand work harmoniously together. In his 'Artists and Arabs'* he has given us a very readable volume of travels excellently illustrated. In a terse sentence he thus states the 'argument' of his work: 'The advantage of winter studies abroad and the value of sketching in the open air; especially in Algeria.' On this theme he pleasantly dilates; and on

* 'Artists and Arabs; or, Sketching in Sunshine.' By Henry Blackburn. With numerous Illustrations. Sampson Low, Son, and Marrton.

the whole it does not require much eloquence to show that a grimy studio in Gower Street is inferior to the shores and mountains of the Mr. Blackburn carefully sketches Algiers, still Moslem and oriental, but partially Gallicized. and in the winter very considerably Anglicized. Having told us how he came to Algiers, he describes his first visit to the French café, 'where Arabs who can afford it delight in being waited upon by their conquerors with white aprons and neckties. Many are the books that have been written on Algiers, and we think the writing part of the business has been overdone, but the artist's point of view was still worth stating; only an artist could have written such a chapter as that on 'models,' which is very amusing. But the book is throughout cleverly written, and the illustrations are a great help in realising the subject.

- BOHEMIANISM.

When we talk of Bohemianism at the present day it is easier, as in so many others, to say what we do not mean rather than what we do. do not mean anything belonging to the people of the small central country of Bohemia. Neither do we mean the free wandering life of gipseydom: although George Eliot's new poem, among the excitements and novelties of the day, may possibly give a new impetus in this direction. 'La vie Bohemienne' is the latest development of our social growth. The Bohemian is the modern successor of the old historic Alsatian. Some persons have taken to the life by a kind of moral necessity, and have afterwards abided in it by a process of deliberate choice. The artist, or the 'special correspondent, have adopted Bohemianism in the way of business, but they find its habits too pleasant to be discarded. And many a man who took kindly to Bohemianism in early life, either through choice or necessity, has become wedded to the life, and henceforth it has not been in the power of human institutions to make him an adscriptus glebæ. I heard of a man, the other day, who married a very nice girl,

making the stipulation that he should be allowed to continue his Bohemianism without let or hindrance. The young lady consented, being in that state of mind in which she would consent to most things. Six months after marriage, the brute announced that he was about to make an expedition into the interior of Africa, from which he would probably return in a year and a half. This is of course an extreme case, but it showed a genuine touch of Bohemianism.

Now, as a Peripatetic, I myself am somewhat interested in the Bohemian. I am therefore desirous that the obscurity about the phrase should be cleared up. There is no very favourable meaning about it. but there is a less unfavourable and a more unfavourable meaning. Neither does a 'Bohemian' always denote a wanderer. You have Bohemians stationary as well as Bohemians peripatetic. You see a gorgeous carriage and pair sweeping through the country. The servants and liveries are perfection: so are the trim lodges, the well-kept park, the noble conservatories. The wines are of the best, and that house is perhaps the only one in that division of the county where a man cook is kept. And yet no one goes to that house. The most ambitious squireen of an old country family will hardly be seen there. reason is, that there is a very ugly character attached to the house. It was the dower-house of a noble lady, but she ran away with her footman, and she and the footman are residing there in guilty splendour. Or the ugliest of all ugly divorce cases is connected with the master or mistress of that stately hall. All the splendour they possess cannot disguise that hostile public opinion which is indicated by the public conspiracy to ignore them. They would set before us the most gorgeous dinner we ever beheld, my friendly reader, if only we would condescend to partake of it. Theirs is a Bohemian life, on its most unfortunate and disastrous side. There is also such a thing as a Bohemian crowd as well as Bohemian solitude. I do not mean houses where, after a certain hour, there are luxu-

rious suppers, and the cards and the dice—possibly loaded dice—are produced. There are such houses, I believe. 'I know nothing about them myself,' knowingly interrupts my friend Captain de Spurs, 'but I know a man who has got a cousin whose brother says he has been to such.' 'Never mind, de Spurs,' I rejoin. I will discuss a more modified Bohemianism than that. We went to that evening party in Stucconia, the other night. It was very good of you to take me there, for I had never heard of the people before, and being in the neighbourhood next day, I tried to 'spot' it again, but was utterly unable. But my instinct taught me it was a Bohemian house. There was something, too, decolleté about the whole of it—too much rouge and stare and slang and falsity. I am used to some very queer things now. In the best society the great lady will wear the tinsel of the Palais Royal as well as the old family jewels; and I cannot be astonished by any audacity of phrase which 'the girl of the period' may employ. Still I know the difference between a true London house and a Bohemian mansion. There were too many foreign titles at the last, and of the only two English noblemen present one had no fortune and the other had no character. I was not surprised to hear that there was something wrong about the opulent owner of the house, and that he was the man that great Stock Exchange scandal was all about.

But your Bohemian is generally a rover, and does not often inhabit a mansion of his own. He cannot confine himself to a single spot. He is impatient of restraint. He cannot keep money in his pocket. He cannot keep up his balance at his banker's. He chafes against everything in the shape of a tie. One of them told me that his mind became utterly paralyzed when anything presented itself to him in the shape of a duty. Another man refused a very handsome appointment because he would have nothing to do with anything that looked like a moral obligation. I was going along a great London street one day, and I was told that a celebrated author,

of Bohemian propensities, was in a state of honourable captivity at an oyster-shop. It appeared that he had plentifully partaken of oysters, mitigated by appropriate beverages, and was in such a state that the people of the shop thought it would be an act of common humanity to make him take a bed there. notion pleased the illustrious Bohemian, who remained in bed, eating bread and butter and oysters, for several days, and 'washing them down,' until some friends, to whom his services were essential, settled the score and carried him off by force of arms and violence, against his will. He certainly was a regular Bohemian.

The artist and the literary man form the most favourable specimens of Bohemians. And so long as they have no domestic ties, and they may allege, with some show of reason, that their professional avocations call them away, there is nothing to be said against their Bohemianism. Both of them urge that it is their business to study nature and human nature. The artist declares that it is an absolute necessity that he should study at Munich or Rome; and he will wander into every region where he may 'realize' nature and obtain pictorial effects. The literary man does much of the same thing; but, as a rule, his heart beats true to London, which he recognizes as the world's centre. He may be captivated by the gay society of foreign capitals; he may wander amid the remote seclusion of mountain and forest; but he owns in his heart of hearts that there is only one Piccadilly after all. Other men there are who, without an excuse, or the affectation of an excuse, feel upon them the Bohemian restlessness of travel-

' I am become a name For always roaming with a hungry heart: For all experience is an arch where through Gleams the untravelled future.'

The worst that can be said against them is that these are avowed absentees, and do not spend their money where they get it. I called upon one of these men some time ago. . 'Is Mr. Jones at home?' I inquired of the flunkey who answered my ring at the door-bell of Jones's

'No, sir,' answered town house. Jeames, rubbing his hands and grinning. 'Mr. Jones is not at home just now, sir: if you please, sir, Mr. Jones has gone to China, sir.' The flunkey spoke just as if Jones had gone into the next street, or had gone into Essex. I thought of that Bohemian Jones, who had gone off to China, just as weaker men go off to Baden-Baden. Then there is my illustrious friend, Lady ——, who has a royal touch of Bohemianism. When she travels, she travels for something. The flunkey will tell you that she has gone to Bombay, or to California, or to Terra del

Fuego. And so it is.

The popular notion of a Bohemian is too narrow and limited a notion. It is the man who 'loafs about' aimlessly; who has no stake in the country; who is uncertain in his income, and still more uncertain in his payments; who only lives on the outskirts of society; who never goes to a solid dinner-party, and never gives one; who, according to Act of Parliament, is a mere vagabond, as he does not work and has no visible means of getting a living. Well, doubtless there is a flavour of Bohemianism about all that. But the true notion of a Bohemian is one on whose presence you can never surely count at any time, and who wanders on the face of the earth without any permanent settled abode. It is perfectly conceivable that this is the case for no very creditable reasons. And in every case society looks upon this as something abnormal, unsatisfactory, and unconstitutional: and society is in the right; for if everybody acted after this fashion there would be no society at all. The community would be resolved once more into its original elements. But it is also true that, without such men, society would immensely lose in spirit and flavour. Bohemianism gives practical form to those doctrines of Liberty which the immortal Mill enunciates. Bohemianism represents the struggles, adventure, and enterprise of men who, save for its great interest, would be altogether lacking in such experiences. It is said that Bohemianism may be fit enough for young men, but is altogether un-

fitted for those who are getting on in life. But this altogether depends upon the character of the Bohemian. For the most part, men who have had a great deal of knocking about are glad to creep into some quiet retreat; and the more intense has been their career, the quieter has been their retreat at last. Oh! I have seen men fastening up their honeysuckle, and discoursing for hours about their roses, their whole soul absorbed in obtaining a prize for turnips, or improving the breed of sheep, who, during long evenings in the curtained room, can tell strange tales of Bohemian life—tales of pirates giving chase upon eastern seas; of mutiny or fire on board ship; of strange bearded men, with wild oaths, wild daggers, in Californian or Australian cities; of fearful tragedy or maddest comedy in the history of great houses, or world-known individuals: tales of peril, heroism, and temptation, which are altogether out of tune with your own mind, or the quiet, well-ordered English home in which you hear them told. They have lived down their Bohemianism. and are in the commission of the peace for the county. But other men cannot thus live down their Bohemianism. They fall in their travelling harness. Like Wandering Jew, they for ever hear that eternal Marchez! marchez! Iolike, there is an æstral gad in their hearts that for ever drives them on. and does not let them rest the sole of the foot. You must know more than you know before you can explain or condemn all kinds of Bohemianism. There is perhaps some fire in the brain, or some vacancy in the heart that may account for it. And, after all, there is a wonderful system of order and compensation in the universe of human life. These wandering trackless stars have their eccentric orbit, which owns a purpose in the nature of things, and are fruitful in bringing to pass results which ordinary agencies do not achieve. There is philosophy in things in general; and a philosophy even in Bohemianism.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF THE DANCE. A het arranged in Gight Figures by Com Pood.

(ILLUSTRATED BY FLORENCE CLAXTON.)

THE PRELUDE.

SINCE dancing first in the world began With the Cavalier seul of the primitive man, When chaos gave way to an orderly plan, And all things 'took their places;'—Since the spheres' wild music struck up a tune, And the sun was seen to set to the moon, In polka, quadrille, gavotte, regadoon,

Each age has displayed its graces.

There have been improvements in many ways In what one dances and what one plays: What a change—to note but a single phase—From the pagan music of early days

To the music of Paganini!

It was cymbal music for simple men,

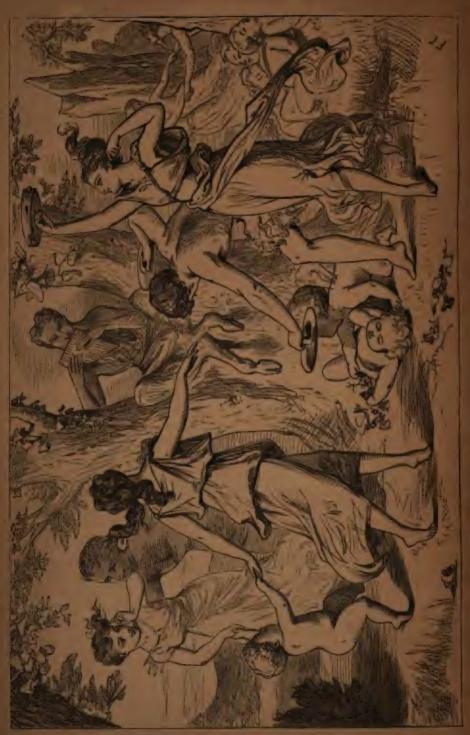
Who played upon pipes whose stops were ten—

In short, it was 'flute and brassy' then,

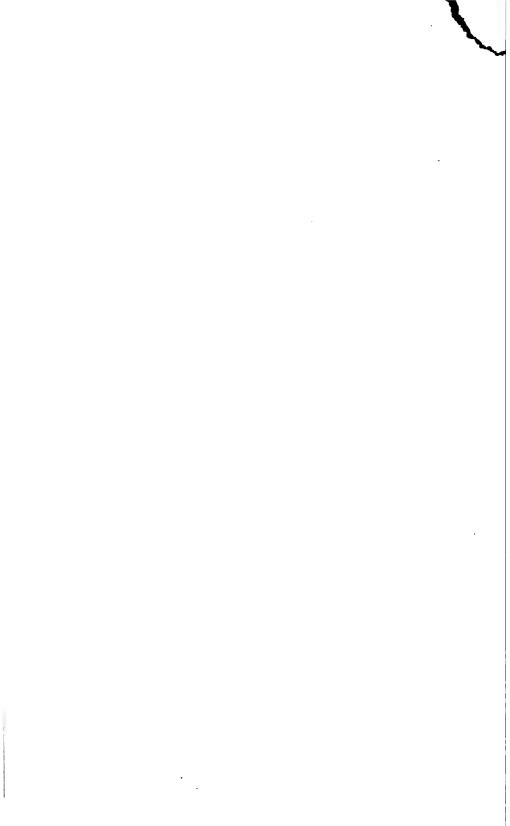
But now it is 'Coote and Tinney.'

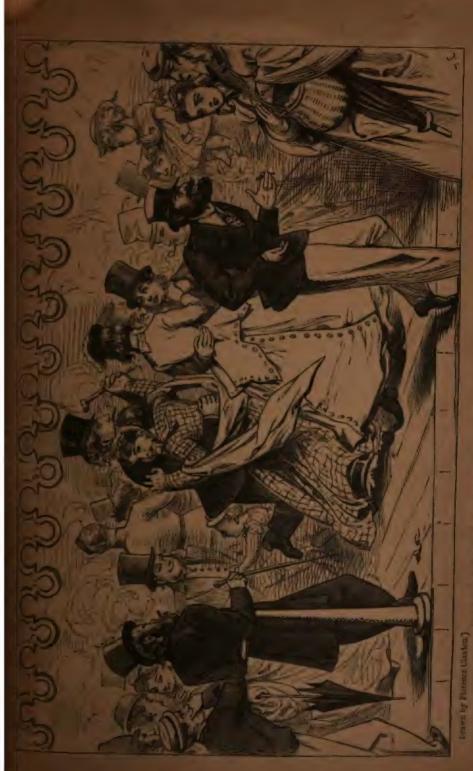
But whether in every case the dance
Has made with music a like advance
Is a question concerning the which perchance
(And whether they manage it better in France)
Good judges may fairly differ.



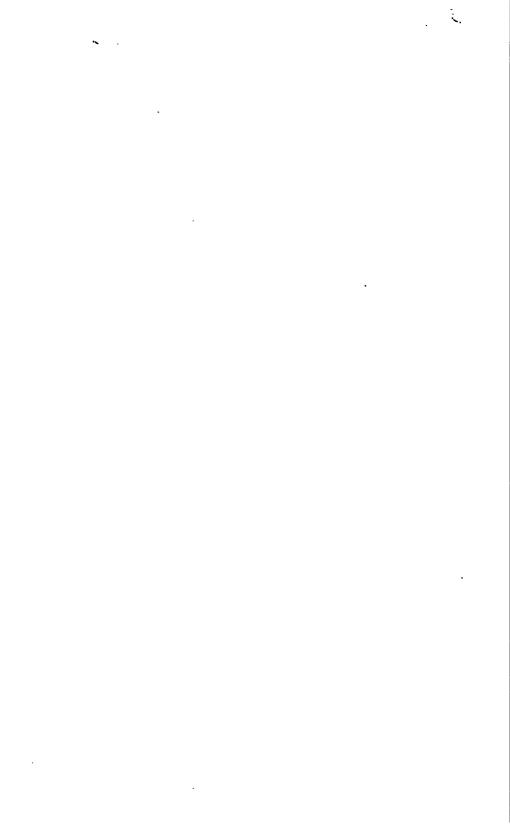








THE DANCE AL PRESCO, -THE WHIRLIGIG ROSHERVILLIAN



We need not admire the style we get By the importation of Miss Finette; And yet we must own the old 'First Set' Could not uglier be, or stiffer.

The awkward quadrille through which we march (Like an awkward-squad drill, steeped in starch)

Is a calm one longs to ruffle;
Yet one does not feel like a charity chap,
Whose notion of bliss is a cellar-flap,
Whereon with a rythmical rap-a-tap-tap,
To cut him a double-shuffle.

Oh! why not revive the old Minuet? It might have been slow and stately, yet It boasted a grace you'd scarce forget Its figures, did you but see all. But truce to digressions like this: I feel It's time I began to consider the reel,

Dismissing the mere ideal.

THE DANCE AL FRESCO.

I. THE GAMBADE CLASSICAL.

Twas pleasant, I ween, in the Age of Gold, When the lovely nymphs and the Fauns so bold, With the laughing Cupids, and Satyrs old, Joined hand in hand in a ring, to hold

A festival-dance al fresco!

(A custom, whence we may fairly trace
The out-door dance of each rustic race—
A term intended, of course, to embrace
The hops that yearly in Kent take place,
The Maypole polka—in any case
What villagers styled the Moresco.)

The attire was scanty, I must allow, In the case of the nymphs; so airy, I vow No full-dressed lady of fashion, now,

Owes less to the linendrapers.

Gaily tripped they—a careless rout—

To the pipe's shrill music, circling about

The oak, where Pan took a seat, no doubt

(Whose feet had a touch of the goat—not gout),

Presiding o'er all the capers.

And as they footed it round and round, Each nymph smiled sweetly, as I'll be bound, On the Faun—who her lover was—and frowned

On the Satyr—who was hirsuter.

For dancing plays an important part
In all the so-called 'affairs of the heart.'

Ask any mother of match-making art,
With several girls in the marriage-mart,
If dancing be not down in her chart

As the port whence most of the court-ships start,
And you'll find her no disputer.

But now farewell to the Classic Age, It's time we turned to the second page. (Although the theme on which we engage Is dancing, we'll have no skipping.) The antique antic existeth not—
Old Pan (in the vulgar) has gone to pot;
Fauns, nymphs, and satyrs—ay, scot and lot—
Are long since laid by the heels, I wot,
And their faults and follies should be forgot,
Since you'll not now catch them tripping!

2. THE WHIRLIGIG ROSHERVILLIAN.

The dance al fresco we treat of now
Is a very different thing, I trow—
For what, oh! what could with grace endow
The scene—save the skill of Watteau?
A bustling, riotous, good-natured mob
Of what 'blood-and-culture'—if given the job
Of depicting the sight—would call the Snob;
With a general feeling of hob-and-nob;
And 'Get as much fun as you can for your bob,'
The universal motto.

As for dancing, they dance with a will, As if they never could get their fill—
They're strong in spirits, if not in skill!
Polka, mazurka, waltz, quadrille,
Footing it merrily, Jack and Jill—

Each Jockey has got his Jinny.

Man and woman, and boy and girl,
Their only delight is to twist and twirl,
And dance their ringlets all out of curl;
The field for displaying their powers of whirl
Would certainly be a spinney.

Hark! the strains of the band invite—
'Will you dance wi' me, miss?'—'Charmed, sir, quite!'
And away, on 'a toe' that one really might
Describe as 'fantastic,' but hardly 'light'—
Down the middle, and left and right—

Away goes the couple prancing.
The stout and slender—the short and tall—
The neat and clumsy—the huge and small—
Uniting madly to keep up the ball
Without a stop—as if, one and all,
Their lives depended on dancing!

And now and then, as they skip and jump, The giddy couples together bump, With a crash and a smash and a terrible thump,

That ends at times in a spilling.

For some so rapidly gallop round—

Or get so recklessly over the ground

With a headlong rush, as if they were bound

Straight on, over ev'ry one else to pound,

That many additional charges are found

Besides the admission—a shilling.

Ah, well! The Highlander has his fling, So let the Londoner have his swing, To shake off the cobwebs that thickly cling

Round the City's daily labour.

If you are on legs of mutton fed,
While your neighbour, who earns but his daily bread,
Must take his capers with that instead,

You need not sneer at your neighbour.

Nay! whatever judgment some people pass, Who—themselves in clover—enforce, alas! On others an abstinence e'en from grass, In my opinion the working class Has a paramount right to its pipe and glass, And eke to its pipe and tabor!

CODES OF CEREMONIAL.

I .- Conbergational Obserbances.

PORMS are the outworks which defend the high from the low, the weak from the robust, the modest from the insolent, the retiring from the intrusive. Forms are indispensable to civilised, and even to uncivilised, society. Varying greatly in mode, but existing universally in fact, their right application is often a mere question of degree. show one's self 'unceremonious' in the company of strangers would not be the way to ensure social success; whilst intimate friends may evince their amiability by a 'sans ceremonie' which, however, must restrain itself within the discreetest and most cautious limits. and-easiness requires the utmost tact and delicacy in its exercise. Moreover, blunt, frank, and outspoken people do not always appreciate the same qualities in others. On many occasions it is great folk only-or at least superiors-who dare venture to utter exactly what they think, still less to act exactly The conventional as they wish. forms of the time, the place, and the situation, instantly start up to hold them in check. Propriety, ceremonial, and received usages are despotic, admitting no appeal from their inflexible code. Still, it will be ever a question of degree, to be regulated by the sliding scale of time and opportunity. In proof of which there is nothing less polite, nothing which makes a nearer approach to an insult, than overpoliteness; nothing so ungracious as over-graciousness; no more offensive abuse of forms than overstrained formality; no better mode of wounding people's proper pride than the

style of conduct known as 'condescension.'

Paradoxical as it may seem, after an interview with persons who have charmed you by their 'simple manners,' you can rarely or never, on cool reflection, say that they have been 'unceremonious,' 'sans ceremonie,' regardless or defiant of established forms—quite the contrary. Only their observance of social ceremonial has been so polished by the highest art—the ars artem celare, the art of concealing art—that you experienced the pleasing effects without observing the means by which it was attained. For instance, in persons known and admired for their agreeable and 'simple' manners, you never notice any breach of the conventionalities, although you may never detect in them the attitudes of the drilling-master or the ways of the mistress of deportment. The truth is, they have passed through all that long ago, and have it so thoroughly at their fingers' ends that they trouble their heads no more about it. These simplemannered persons, nevertheless, see in you the slightest infraction of etiquette-and note it too-without your being aware of the circumstance.

Forms of etiquette and codes of ceremonial, therefore, also serve as a sort of freemasonry, by which members of good society in general (or members of coteries claiming to be subdivisions of good society) instantly know whether a stranger who happens to be presented to them is 'one of us' or not. Half a word, a slight gesture, the most trifling action, serve to settle all

doubt negatively; and as little, or a very little more, will often call forth an affirmative verdict, as in the case of the lady who was allowed to be a lady, simply because she helped lemon pudding with a spoon instead of cutting it with a knife and fork.

But manners vary so much in their details, both in respect to time and place, epoch and country, that the minutise of codes become obsolete after a lapse of years, or are strange and foreign if transplanted to another land and practised amidst a foreign race of men. At the same time their grand principles remain the same. Everywhere and at every period the great object of etiquette is to render to every one due observance and to receive the observance that is due to one's self; while good manners are either the natural expression of a kindly disposition or an attempt to gain credit for it in order to secure a favourable re-Whether natural or artiception. ficial, the outward manifestation, the visible result, is exactly the same. Good manners imply consideration for others and abnegation of self. without any loss of proper dignity. For servile behaviour is not good

manners; on the contrary, any con-

cession you make to others will be

all the more highly valued when it is seen that you know what is due

to yourself. To show that the leading principles of good manners are invariable at all times and places, we have only to transport ourselves in imagination to an assembly of good company a hundred years (or any other interval of time) ago. Amongst our ancestors thus revivified we can easily distinguish, in spite of the bygone forms and diction, the lady and the gentleman from the vulgar upstart. We have no difficulty in deciding which fop is making himself agreeable and which is presuming to be impertinent—which is a courtly, high-born dame, and which a hoyden and a demirep. We have no need to write to the 'Guardian' or the 'Spectator,' inquiring to whom we may bow and to whom we may not, on meeting them at Ranelagh

or on the Mall.

If we shift the scene geographically instead of chronologically it is equally easy to distinguish good company from bad, the man from the fellow, the emir from the fellah. It is in foreign countries especially that we discover the fundamental principles of good breeding to be everywhere one and the same, while minor points of punctilio vary in almost every different locality. Those local rules are easily learned, and in fact are often forced on the stranger's attention. Thus, at the baths of Leuk, in Switzerland, where ladies and gentlemen simmer together for hours in one common tepid pool, the public are admitted to see on the double condition of shutting the door and doffing their hats. Τf any one omits either of those acts of civility he is immediately called to order by shouts from the bathers of 'door!' or 'hat!' as the case may be.

At courts manners are the samewith a difference. The ceremonial of each court may vary slightly, but it always moves in such a deep wheel-rut of routine, it is so clearly laid out beforehand by programmes. announcements, chamberlains, ushers, masters of the ceremonies, and the like, that none but the most ignorant bungler can commit an error. Self-possession and presence of mind will enable any well-bred novice to avoid awkward blunders. Every sovereign has a peculiar personal character, and every court takes its corresponding tone, which character and tone could not be kept secret from the world outside, however close it might be wished to

keep it.

People who are destined by their birth and fortune to appear often in the presence of their sovereign will have little need of a code of ceremonial; their parents and friends will give them the required instructions. But it often happens that persons who do not habitually frequent palaces have to be presented to the head of the state. They may be sent for, or they may have reasons for soliciting an audience. In such cases, while awaiting their turn of presentation in the antechamber, they will always find official gentlemen who will kindly supply any information that is asked for.

'As to the respectful forms,' observes Madame de Brady, 'to be observed on approaching princes, I beg you to remark that they imply no obligation to attribute to them virtues or talents which they do not possess. Affect, therefore, neither the attitude of the timid slave nor the behaviour of an insolent demagogue. Either style is in very bad taste, and is the sign of a weak head or of an overbearing temper.'

It is customary, on being introduced to a sovereign's presence, to make three bows or curtaies; one immediately on entering, another after two or three steps, and a third when the person presented stops to speak or to wait until spoken to. During the interview the head may be held high without effrontery; in ahort, a modest assurance, a deferential dignity should be main-tained. In speaking, a sovereign is addressed as 'sire' or 'your majesty.' To very great ladies, besides their special style of address, 'madam' is also applicable—to all ladies, indeed, from an empress to a simple nun or sister of charity, although the latter are more generally ad-dressed as 'ma sceur,' sister.' An audience granted by a very high personage is never, except in quite exceptional cases, of long continuance. Remembering this, as soon as you have said your say, you will make your bow and, unless re-tained, retire at once.

'Pas de zèle, no zeal, no demonstrativeness, no impulsiveness,' is as important a rule in manners as it in diplomacy. Nil admirari, to be astonished at nothing, is almost an imperative maxim. It is even occasionally carried so far as to answer to Voltaire's ironical exclamation, 'Quel grand homme! Rien ne lui plait.' 'What a great man! Nothing pleases him.'

It is their quietude, their impassibility, their suppression of all outward signs of surprise, which give the Orientals their reputation for correct behaviour. In spite of the discrepancy of their habits with ours, in European society they manifest dignity and ease. They com-

mit no solecism, shock no received observances, and all in consequence of their excessively quiet ways. Madame Tussaud's wax figures offend nobody, nor do they. Oriental stillness and imperturbability can hardly be adopted by Englishmen. We are already accused of being proud, and cold, and all the rest of it, by those who do not know us well. Nevertheless, in any point of manners about which you are doubtful in respect to your own action, a very good test is first to ask yourself what you would think of it if you saw it practised by another. If you then hesitate, do nothing; keep quiet, remain silent, and watch what others

The rules of precedence afford a great assistance in avoiding confusion, misunderstanding, and discontent, not only on many ceremonial but even on many social occasions. When a lady or gentleman is entitled to this place or that by right of birth, alliance, or official position, no one can dispute their occupation of the place, or feel dissatisfied at being put into an inferior one when that position is assigned to him by the etiquette of the land. No one has a right to feel offended by a form or usage which is neither exceptional nor personal in its application. The American traveller who recorded his displeasure at being seated below a duke at an English dinner-table forgot that precedence is a form of order which prevents many a heart-burning, many a rankling thought, especially as inferiority in regard to precedence implies no inferiority in respect to merit. Whoever has any thought of 'moving' in the world will do well to study a 'Book of Ranks,' and bestow more than a glance on a 'Secretary's Assistant.'

That codes of etiquette are not laws of the Medes and Persians, but are elastic in their application according to circumstances, is proved by such words as 'tact'—the perception of what is right on each occasion—and 'savoir-vivre,' used as a substantive—the knowing how to live, proper behaviour. 'Good breeding,' 'well-bred,' bien or malelevé (the latter an expression of

severe blame in France) imply that there must be practice and training (as well as a fixed code) in order to produce a well-mannered person. To be 'all things to all men' requires a considerable amount of versatility. If omnis Aristippum decuit color, et status, et res-if Aristippus could accommodate himself to all circumstances of persons, places, time, and things, and yet act gracefully in all—it showed that Aristippus modified his code of ceremonial entirely according to the style of individual in whose company he happened to find himself. From all which we conclude that the achievement of good manners and social success depends less on any code and the strictness with which it is followed, than on tact and judicious endeavours on the part of the candidate. It is fully understood, however, not only that there must be implicit obedience to some unwritten, implied, although Protean, code of etiquette (including the old-established ceremonial of the locality), but also that there may be no violation of, nor offence given to, any code of manners whatsoever.

It is clear, then, that the same forms and modes of behaviour are not applicable alike to all sorts and conditions of men. You can't cut blocks of stone with a razor; and when you happen to have a block to deal with, in order to make an impression upon it you must take some less refined tool in hand. have, for instance, lord mayors of London, York, &c., besides other mayors of lower dignity; but all are, as a rule, gentlemen in mind, manners, and education. Any defect that may have occurred in the latter they do their utmost to remedy. With these worshipful officials only contrast the illiterate mayors of scores of French villages, respecting whom stories are constantly told which surpass in absurdity any merely imaginary inci-It is evident that we may regard the latter functionaries with less respectful awe than the former, even if we may not prudently treat them with any lack of outward deference. Thus-

'Hugh, with his head full of pas-

toral images, was driving along the muddy road, when a heavy-laden cart, whose driver would not budge an inch, nearly upset his light cabriolet. As a matter of course a dispute arose between Hugh and the carter, the latter being backed by his friends and colleagues. In the struggle Hugh received from a rake-handle a blow on the nose, so violent that the said rake-handle was broken.

'At that moment passed the mayor of the village, in wooden shoes, coarse smock frock, and cotton nightcap. Hugh, delighted with that simple costume, confided in his worship's wisdom, and addressed him as he would a patriarch. But the carters' vociferation drowned his voice. The magistrate, after listening to them, gave judgment: "All things considered, a rake has been broken, and you cannot deny that your nose broke it. You will pay three francs, the value of the rake."

This, certainly, is one of Alphonse Karr's mayors; but there are plenty of others to match. And as are the mayors, so are the adjoints or deputy-mayors, one of whom issued the following document:—

'We, adjoint, in the absence and by special delegation of Monsieur the Mayor of Pontoise, do hereby authorise the interment, to-morrow, of W. F., born in Paris, aged one month complete, without profession, unmarried, &c., &c.'

Aristippus, thrown into the way of illustrious mayors and deputymayors like these, instead of treating them as Conscript Fathers, would have smoked his pipe with them, swallowed his beer or his wine, and gone home to bed at the ten o'clock curfew—unless, to keep it up a little later, Monsieur le Maire had told the garde champétre to stop the pendulum of the public-house clock; in which case, Aristippus would have continued to play interminable games of Jacques and picquet.

Although the 'Manuel du Bon Ton' tells us that 'persons who do not speak their own language with purity are thereby cut off from all conversation,' I do not find in any code that it is a great accomplish-

ment—indeed essential to taking a good position in society—to be able to speak your own language with correctness, propriety, and elegance. It is really a matter of the highest importance. 'Does she speak English well?' was an inquiry made, abroad, respecting a lady whose position at home it was wished to ascertain. For vulgar speech betrays, if not a vulgar origin, at least vulgar associates; whereas a correct pronunciation, a proper choice of words, and a gentlemanly tone of voice and inflection, universally produce a favourable impression.

Still, people who are not gifted with those acquirements must be very cautious about what they do. A person's natural phraseology, even if incorrect, is better far than affectation. Unusual turns of phrase and fine words unnecessarily dragged into a commonplace conversation are simply ridiculous, especially as they have a great chance of being misapplied. Persons who talk of 'allegories on the banks of the Nile' and of 'falling over the brink of a prejudice,' are seen at once to belong to the Malaprop family. Their native dialect would be better far, because less pretentious, and consequently less open to unfriendly remarks.

As to talk and conversation in general, we may record the maxim that, if speech is sometimes silver, silence is often gold. And yet if everybody kept silence conversational intercourse would be at an end. Therefore, after protesting against the infallibility of codes, we will yet consider what they have to say. First, then, let us open the 'Manuel du Bon Ton,' an unpretending little book which has 'inspired' not a few larger volumes. Respecting politeness in conversation, it tells us:—

"Avoid all serious argumentation, especially on politics and religion. How pleasant it would be to hear the "Alabama" claims argued by Lord Hobart and "Historicus" at

an evening party!

'If you are ever so much in the right, yield with a good grace when you perceive that a discussion is getting warm, and threatens to end in a downright quarrel.

Talking politics in the presence of ladies is proving at once that you are deficient both in tact and in politeness.

'No one except a fool will obstinately maintain his own opinion.

"He is a still greater fool who tells you, "If I were minister, if I were the government, I would do this, or that." He reminds you of Jeannot, the ambitious swineherd, who said, "If I were a king, I would keep my pigs on horseback." A man of sense always remains in his proper place. Many a man who cannot govern his servants, his children, or his wife, is absurd enough to believe himself capable of governing the state.

'If you have any strongly pronounced opinion in politics, it is useless to parade it in society, and intolerant to force others to adopt it.

'The true spirit of conversation consists less in displaying one's own cleverness than in bringing out the cleverness of other people. The person who quits your company satisfied with himself and with what he has said, is at least quite as satisfied with you.

'To listen well is almost as indispensable as to talk well; and it is by that token especially that you know the man of bon ton and of good society. If you wish people to listen to you, you must listen to them, or at least appear to do so.

'However clever a speaker may be, a good listener shows at least an equal amount of cleverness.

'Exercise extreme patience in hearing out to the end the discourse of old people, who are apt to be longwinded in their talk.

'However absurd may be a tale which is told you, if the narrator assures you that it is true, you must appear to believe it thoroughly; that is, you must give no sign of incredulity.

'When any one is speaking, it is absolutely impudent to yawn, to hum an air, to pick your teeth, to drum with your fingers on a piece of furniture, to whisper in a neighbour's ear, to take a letter out of your pocket and read it, to look at your watch, &c., &c.

'It is the height of impertinence

to interrupt a speaker, whether to correct an error of facts or dates, or to help his memory, or to suggest a word which he seems to be hunting for. It is almost brutal to take up a story he has begun, with the idea of concluding it better than he could.

'Speak of yourself as little as possible, either for good or for evil. Self-praise is almost idiotic, while self-blame is either transparent hypocrisy, or fishing for compliments, or simply an act of pure stupidity. People will be sure to find out your faults quite fast enough without

your telling them.

'Except in case of being requested to do so, never talk of your own private studies nor of your particular and professional occupationsunless you wish to send your hearers to sleep. This is the rock which shipwrecks lawyers, merchants, financiers, &c. Literary men and women, artists, and amiable people leading a life of leisure, have a better chance of avoiding those dangers.

In a stormy discussion, take care not to side with either party; in fact, do not mix yourself up with the debate, unless you have a hope of

calming the disputants.

'Gesticulate as little as you can while speaking, unless you wish to be taken for a fourth-rate actor.

'In a general conversation, never joke with a superior, however innocent your pleasantry may be.

'If not through goodness of heart, at least out of prudence, abstain from any remark which has the slightest tendency to false statement, ill-nature, calumny, backbiting-from whatever, in short, can wound or injure absent persons. A very clever woman, not unkind at bottom, but who never could keep within her lips a bon mot or epigram, however hard it might hit her dearest friend, was left without a friend to close her eyes.

'To season your talk with an oath in a drawing-room is to proclaim that you are not in the habit of entering drawing-rooms. It is needless to add that no indelicate or even equivocal observation ever issues from the mouth of a well-bred

man.'

While rendering all justice to French politeness and to French codes of ceremonial, there is one item on the roll of conversational good manners in which I hold we have the superiority—namely, in the habit of interlarding questions with their everyday talk. At the most unexpected times and places, you will be abruptly assailed by the most unlooked-for and (at home)

unusual questions.

'Where did you meet with this?' 'When did you buy that?' 'How much did it cost?' 'Are there any more remaining like it?' 'Where are you going to?' 'What are you going to do there?' 'Where did you come from last?' 'What hotel did you sleep at?' 'What is your age?' 'What is her age?' 'Is she your wife or your eldest daughter?' What is your object in reading that book?' 'Where do you reside?' 'Why do you do this?'
'Why don't you do that?' and side?' other inquiries, capable of as much variation as the patterns in a kaleidescope, are put, not only without any intention of, but even without any consciousness of possible impertinence. It is mere curiosity, meaning no harm—the inquisitive thought thoughtlessly escaping by the lipsidle talk; no more: often uttered for want of knowing what else to say.

It is as well to know this, on a first visit to the Continent: to avoid taking offence when no offence has been intended. It is a habit—a bad habit, according to some people's notions—which is practised without previous reflection. None of the numerous 'Civilités' and 'Manuals of Politeness' which exist in French make any allusion to the fault. Whether you try to ward off the operation of being questioned by serious remonstrance or by treating it jocosely, in either case resistance will prove in vain.

'Excuse me,' you will say to a French acquaintance, but the questions you are putting are what we English consider indiscreet.' (' Indiscreet' is the word to use, being quite parliamentary, and yet implying blame.) 'If you were my father, or double my age—which, according to the present duration of human

life, it is not likely you will ever be—or of very superior rank, you might put questions to me, without taking a liberty. (Here your French friend will be certain to open his eyes very wide.) But as I am your equal in every respect—excepting (with a courteous bow) your great acquirements and your brilliant talents—I hold that you have not the right to do so without a breach of convenance or propriety.

'I do not think it indiscreet,' he will say, with a surprised air of injured innocence. 'There is no harm in the questions I have asked. You may ask me any questions you

please.'

' I never do so, as you may have remarked,' you reply. choose to do so; for I should feel myself guilty of rudeness in asking questions relating to your private and personal affairs. I was taught in England that, even among equals, it is unpolite to put too many or too pressing questions; and that from juniors to elders, and persons of inferior to those of higher rank. they are quite in opposition to the rules of politeness. Even common and ordinary inquiries are better made in a hypothetical than in an interrogative form. For instance: it is more polite, we hold, for a young person to say to a superior or an elder, "I hope you are well to-day," than to ask directly, "How do you do?"'

'Par exemple!' exclaims your astonished pupil. 'That is a little too much like Chinese etiquette.'

'Never mind if it be; all the greater credit to Chinese good breeding,' you plead. 'I don't know how it is at your Imperial Court; but, in England, no one presumes to ask the Queen a question. What would Napoleon III. reply, were a gentleman to ask him, innocently and offhand, "When the Pope was coming to France to crown him?" "What induced him to publish the 'Life of Cæsar,' and whether anybody helped him to write it?" or "How he meant to employ his newly organised army, when he had got it?"

'But you are putting an extreme case,' your friend will remonstrate.

'Of course,' you answer; 'the better to confirm the rule that questions, to keep within the bounds of propriety, must be asked with great discretion and forbearance. A questioner, too, who insists unduly, exposes himself to be pulled up sharply, in which case no one pities him. We had a poet, named Pope; indeed a great poet, but sour in temper and deformed in person. After teazing an acquaintance with annoying questions, the other said something about a note of interrogation. "And pray, sir, what is a note of interrogation?" asked Pope. "A little crooked thing that asks questions," was the pungent reply.'

All which leaves your friend of the inquiring turn of mind just

as it found him.

Another mode of rebuking undue inquisitiveness is to answer every question with perfect good-nature, and then to add an overwhelming amount of further information. which you pretend to suppose may be interesting to the inquirer. Some persons may thus be shamed; others not. We have tried the experiment on French interrogators—not of very high degree, certainly. Curiosity having been expressed to learn a few minutiæ of an Englishman's daily ways and doings, we have related all that was wanted, and a great deal more, detailing our hour of rising, how long we took to dress, how we breakfasted, what occupied our mornings, where we took our walks, and accompanied by whom, what we were to have for dinner, at what o'clock, how much it cost, when we retired to rest, and in what form of bed. But this autobiography, gravely related, had the very reverse of the effect intended. Instead of being received as an ironical rebuff, it was taken for a confidential communication, very frank and friendly, fraternal and familiar, as became a bon garçon disposed to make himself agreeable, and quite unlike the usual morque displayed by the haughty sons of Albion.

There cannot be a better proof of the want of good taste manifested by asking too frequent or too prying questions in general society, than

the dislike we often feel ourselves to answering questions, even to those who have a right to ask them. Sovereigns, for instance, who may not be questioned, enjoy a special privilege of questioning. Not being intimate with many crowned heads, we cannot say how far the present race of monarchs abuse it; but, if too far indulged in, it must make their conversation anything but entertaining. Even kings may question more than is pleasant. once had a king, George III., whose interrogative propensities made him the subject of many a ridiculous story. An irreverent rhymster, under the pseudonym of Peter Pindar, was constantly using him as a laughing-stock; witness the dumpling anecdote. At the sight of an uncooked apple-dumpling, Royalty asks, 'What makes it so hard?'-' Please your Majesty, the apple.'

"Very astoniahing indeed! Strange thing!"
Turning the dumpling round, rejoined the king.
"Strange I should never of a dumpling dream!
But, Goody, tell me, where, where, where's the seam?"

"Sir, there's no seam," quoth she. "I never knew

That folks did apple-dumplings sew?"
"No!" cry'd the staring monarch, with a grin;
"How, how the devil got the apple in?"'

Again, on the occasion of his visit to Whitbread's Brewery—

"To Whitbread now deign'd Majesty to say,
"Whitbread, are all your horses fond of hay?"
"Yes, please your Majesty," in humble notes
The brewer answered; "also, sir, of oats.
Another thing my horses too maintains,
And that, an't please your Majesty, is grains."
"Grains, grains?" said Majesty, "to fill their

Grains, grains? that comes from hops? Yes, hops, hops, hops!"'

Which mistake being corrected with courtier-like suavity, there soon followed another hailstorm of questions, until—

'Whitbread said inward, "May I be curst If I know what to answer first."'

According to Rouchefoucauld, one of the reasons why so few people make themselves agreeable in conversation, is because almost every one thinks more about what he himself has to say than about the answer he shall give to what is

said to him. Even well-behaved people think it sufficient to compose their countenance into an appearance of attention, while at the same time both their eyes and their general attitude betray that their mind is wandering from the remarks addressed to them, and is occupied only with the observations which they themselves wish to make.

We often excuse people whose talk wearies us, but we never excuse those whom our talk wearies; which another motive for carefully watching our opportunities for expressing what we have to say. It is well to remember that people do not care about admiring or being pleased with you, while they do care about your admiring or being pleased with them. They are much less anxious to gain information, or even to receive entertainment, than to be themselves appreciated and applauded; it is therefore a delicate proof of refinement to indulge those with whom you converse in that de-

Social talk is like a mountainstream. Dried up, or scanty, it is unpleasing and useless; moderate in quantity, clear and bright in quality, it is one of the things which bring the greatest solace to man. Immoderate and overflowing, it becomes a detestable tyrant, a mischievous torrent. It respects nothing. It is troubled and unreasoning, carrying along with it sticks, straws, all sorts of worthless rubbish; in short, so far from wishing to follow it, everybody who can runs away from it, as from an unbearable nuisance.

A certain lady, not without talent, was pitiless in her overwhelming flow of speech. When once she opened her conversational sluice-gates everybody else was inundated. You might as well try to stop the rising tide.

Some unkind friends, to have a laugh at her expense, begged permission to introduce to her a young gentleman of very remarkable acquirements. She consented, and received him in the most gracious manner; but before he had time to open his mouth, she went off at full speed, discussing all sorts of topics,

and putting hosts of questions without giving him an opportunity to make a reply. At last the gentleman bowed and took his leave.

'Well, what do you think of him?'

his introducers inquired.

'A most agreeable man—exceedingly intelligent; it is a long time since I have met so well-informed

a person.

'True; you have judged him rightly,' they replied. 'Poor fellow! he has only one fault—or rather one misfortune. 'Tis a pity such a nice young man should be deaf and dumb!'

We often repent of having spoken: we rarely repent of having held our tongue

Compliments are permissible; but

they require very delicate management. A complimentary reply, therefore, is in much better taste than a set compliment, which may have been prepared beforehand.

One day Chateaubriand, already far advanced in years, happened to meet in a drawing-room Rachel, the tragedian, who, although still quite young, was the object of general admiration.

'What a pity,' said the writer, 'to be obliged to die when such charming things are making their

appearance in the world!'

'In some cases, perhaps,' replied the actress. 'But, you know, monsieur, there are men who have the privilege of immortality.'

TWICE TRAPPED.

A Storp in Berse, with or without a Moral.

TEN years ago, when skies were blue,

And world and life were gay,

I fell in love, as all men do,

And courted, one long summer through,

My Mistress May.

Soft cheeks she had, and golden hair, And eyes of limpid grey, Light eyes—light love—and neither rare.

What matter, if I thought her fair, My Mistress May?

I gave my girl a golden ring
One foolish August day.
Quoth I, 'It is a sacred thing,
To bind our loves in endless spring,
My Mistress May.'

Demure and low she answered me,—
(What else should any say?)—
'For good, for worse, the pledge shall be
Till death the bond of fealty
For Mistress May.'

Next month somehow, by Fate's design—
For Fate will have her way—
Two eyes of brown looked out on mine,
Two eyes of brown that were not thine,
My Mistress May!

Two eyes so soft, with such sweet wile Of tender southern ray— I sunned myself in Olive's smile, Forgetting for a little while My Mistress May. Till once in this unholy mood,
It fell upon a day,
We sat together in the wood,
Nor guessed that close behind us stood
My Mistress May.

Sweet Olive leaned her lips to me— Such rosy lips were they !— I kissed them once or twice maybe, And kissed again, nor thought of thee, My Mistress May !

Next morning, where the rivulet
Falls down in sheeted spray,
By banks of reed and violet,
I walked alone, and grieving, met
My Mistress May.

She knew me coming by my tread, But yet she turned away. And bit her lips and tossed her head— 'What! will you leave me so,' I said, 'My Mistress May?'

Quoth she, 'It was not thus before You mocked me yesterday: I hold you love of mine no more, For broken is the faith you swore To Mistress May.'

'Good heavens!' I cried, for I was hot,
'I swear it was but play.
Let the girl go—I heed her not!'
'Nay,' quoth she then, 'but you forgot
Your Mistress May.'

For shame! I said; in whims like this Your weakness you betray. What! shall a life of love and bliss Be forfeit for a sorry kiss, My Mistress May?' But she: 'Sir, give me leave to speak
The last words I shall say—
I take it you were far more weak
To wrong, for such a foolish freak,
Your Mistress May.'



'I sunned myself in Olive's smile.'

Cried I, 'This wrangling sets me wild;

A truce to reasoning, pray!
I think you take me for a child,
Or hold my temper wondrous mild,
Fair Mistress May!

'But since your passion runs so high, I wish your grace good day, And better humour by-and-by. Farewell.' And so we parted, I And Mistress May. Alas! how shall I tell the rest?
There came that selfsame day
A packet sealed, with arms and crest,
And on the fold my name, addressed
By Mistress May.

'Ah, well!' I cried, 'the proverb's true,
"In sunshine make your hay;"
Sweet Olive straightway now I'll woo,
Sith I must have no more to do
With Mistress May!'

The note I tore in pieces three,
The ring I flung away,
And laughed to think that I was free,
And Olive now my bride should be,
Not Mistress May.

'But,' quoth I, 'Fortune will not wait:

"There's danger in delay."
She stands beside the garden gate;
So quick! to be revenged on Fate
And Mistress May!

So said, so done. She drooped her head Till I had had my say, And then, 'Forgive me, sir,' she said, 'But people say you mean to wed With Mistress May.'

 'Tis false!' I cried; 'for Olive, sweet, Brown eyes eclipsed the grey.
 I by my fortune at your feet—
 For you alone my pulses beat, Not Mistress May.'

'Why, then,' she said, 'but was it this?—
"I swear it was but play:
Shall years of love and married bliss
Be forfeit for a sorry kiss,
My Mistress May?"

' I thank you, sir,' and here she smiled;
'But, certes, I must say,
" You seem to take me for a child,
Or hold my temper wondrous mild,"
Like Mistress May.'

 Why, heavens!' I cried, 'is this a plot? What words are these you say?'
 She answered, 'Nay, have you forgot?
 Let Olive go, I heed her not, Sweet Mistress May."

 When next you scold with sweethearts, look

None else be in the way;
For down this morning by the brook
I sat at work, when you forsook
Your Mistress May.

"And since your temper's over free, I wish your grace good-day," For love that can so changeful be I think will never mate with me Nor Mistress May."

With that, she laughed like one elate,
And lightly tripped away;
I stood alone beside the gate,
And railed at Olive and at Fate,
And Mistress May.

Twice trapped by watchers from behind,
Twice jilted in a day,
My new love scorned, my old resigned,
All lost, Olivia, peace of mind,
And Mistress May.

'But, faith!' said I, 'I'll leave the place,
I swear, by break of day;
For after such a sore disgrace
How shall I brave Olivia's face
Or Mistress May?'

So homeward down the lane I strode, And passed upon my way The old brick house of ancient mode, Low-roofed and arched, wherein abode My Mistress May.

Two lovers stood beside the door
Full in the moonlight ray,
As I had stood in days of yore,
As I should stand now never more
With Mistress May.

I knew the man — Lestrange — and she?

Fair-haired and tall!—But stay!— Thought I, 'I'll hide beneath this tree.

And listen if indeed it be My Mistress May.'

'Trust me, dear Fred, for I'll be true Till death,' I heard her say. O traitress! well the voice I knew! And forth I stepped, and looked on you, My Mistress May!

I'll yield no more to women's eyes, Though they be brown or grey; For half the sex are over wise, And all the rest are faithless spies, Like Mistress May.

Yet, wheresoe'er my tale I tell,
The listeners laugh, and say,
'You earned the penance that befell,
And, certes, she repaid you well,
Your Mistress May!'

'Amen!' I cry; 'but yet I'm free, And through the world I stray. One foot on land, and one on sea; For what is Olive now to me, Or Mistress May?'

But sore I suffer for my crime;
For since that fatal day
My words run all to one dull rhyme,
Like bells to an incessant chime,
Of 'Mistress, Mistress May!'



MADAME DE POMPADOUR.

WHAT a charming portrait of a fair tambour-worker is that before us! How sweet and frank is her glance as she looks up from the frame over which her delicate fingers are playing, all unconscious of the admiration she is exciting! What natives, ingenuousness, innocence in her countenance; what native simplicity in the attitude, what artless

elegance in the dress!

She has the face of an angel, the form of a Venus, the skill of Apelles, and the wisdom of Minerva. Love saw her sleeping and took her for Psyche; she woke, and he went away inconsolable, said or sang an admiring abbé and incipient cardinal. 'She is a demon in disguise, profligate, rapacious, selfish, coldhearted—the evil genius of her country,' wrote a stern, perhaps disappointed, politician.

The name of the artist and of the sitter will explain the charm of the picture and in a measure account for these contradictory estimates of the character. The painter is Greuze, the lady represented the Marquise de Pompadour. The original painting is at Hampton Court, No. 776 in the catalogue, No. 986 on the register: you will do well to examine it next time you visit the old palace.

The prominent part which ladies -not always of immaculate morals. but almost always of distinguished beauty, accomplishments, or withave played in the highest circles of French society has often been instanced as a proof of the gallantry of our lively neighbours. It is at least a distinctive feature of the national character. We have had imitations of those exquisite salons and presiding déesses, but the imitations have been tame, the imitators inadequate, their influence confined and evanescent. In other European capitals there have hardly been even imitations. The institution is essentially national, and likely to remain so; and even in France it may be considered almost a thing of the past, a tradition of the ancien régime. What there is of it now looks very much of a travestie.

Long as is the list of remarkable

women to whom has been ceded the rôle of giving the tone to court and society in France, none has reigned with a firmer power, and none has had wider or more lasting influence than the Marquise de Pompadour, née Jeanne-Antoinette Poisson.

It is a curious and not uninstructive history, that of the Pompadour.

Her father was an army contractor, disgraced, rehabilitated; as would seem, not rich; vulgar, uneducated, altogether insignificant. Her mother -well, scandal, when it wished to wound the daughter, spoke ill of the mother in various ways; but whether truly or not it is perhaps too late to ascertain, and is hardly worth while to inquire. But for her daughter she would not have been spoken of at all, and her memory may be allowed to rest in its natural obscurity. It is pretty certain, however, that whether educated or, as is more likely, comparatively illiterate, she was clever and clear-headed, without being overscrupulous; saw her daughter's capabilities, and employed all her skill and shrewdness in training la belle Poisson to make a more conspicuous figure in the world than she had made herself.

Jeanne-Antoinette was born at Paris in 1720 say the earlier accounts, in 1723 insists her latest and most devoted biographer: and it is only fair to give a lady, and especially a French lady, the benefit of a doubt in so important a matter as three years in the date of her birth. Beauty, cleverness, and industry were early developed in her. When a mere child she charmed all who saw her by the grace of her movements, her skill in drawing and song, her lively and intelligent talk. Her mother, acting under the advice, and assisted by the purse, of M. Lenormand de Turneheima wealthy fermier-général, a family friend whom we shall meet againdetermined to give her the education of an artist, without as yet de-ciding whether she should follow art as a profession. She was little more than twelve when she began to paint and to engrave on copper,

and somewhat later she even learnt the difficult and tedious process of gem-engraving. At the same time she studied singing, the lute, and the harpsichord. In music her master was the famous Géliotte; in design she had the counsel of the

equally famous Vien.

These varied and, as might be supposed, conflicting studies led neither to disgust with all or neglect of any. Though credited with brilliant talents, the young Antoinette was docile, industrious, and persevering, and had then, as ever after, her feelings and inclinations under strict control. In each of her studies she met with equal success and applause. Her own predilection was for engraving, and she soon acquired so much facility in the use of the etching-needle as to give promise of a respectable if not an eminent career, if engraving were selected as her profession.

But Madame Poisson was now brooding over new schemes. toinette's beauty, talents, and fascinating manners were attracting so much notice that she felt sure a more rapid and brilliant road to fortune lay open to her than the burin would supply. 'C'est un morceau de Roi, said the sage matron, and her training must be adapted to her noble ambition. Engraving would endanger the beauty of her hands, and must be aban-doned. The chief aim at present must be to cultivate the personal graces. For a while dancing was made the principal pursuit; acting in the little operas and comedies, which it was the fashion to perform in the salons, was the chief relaxation. In the grand salons of Paris the leading actors and actresses—and Grandval and Mdlle. Clairon were of the number—took a share in these performances. Yet the play was but a part of the entertainment, the hostess priding herself as much on the spirit and intelligence of the conversation as on the success of the comedy or the music. and taking as much pains to secure the presence of the Voltaires and Marmontels, and other famous conversationalists, as she did to secure the popular actors, dancers, and

singers. Mdlle. Poisson's beauty, vivacity, and accomplishments opened to her the doors of the most distinguished salons, and she was not slow to benefit by the opportunities they afforded her. It was a maxim with mamma that the mind must be trained to make the right use of beauty, and the daughter was an apt pupil. 'Make the most of your beauty while it lasts,' said Madame, 'but it will be over at thirty, and then, unless you have something better to fall back upon, your power is lost and you are nothing. In this case the 'something better' 'She has received was provided. all the education possible, wrote of her the Avocat Barbier, when she was emerging into notoriety. If she had not received all the education possible, she had received all the education necessary for her purpose. She knew little or nothing of books; she had none of the ologies: was ignorant of every language but her own. But she could design with the facility of an artist; her touch on the harpsichord was enchanting; she could take a part with Clairon in a little comedy, or dance in a little ballet, when a ballet was the vehicle for the display of pantomimic grace; sing exquisitely ('and she knows a hundred amusing songs'); ride on horseback à mer-veille; tell a story piquantly; was apt at repartee; extremely handsome; a charming dresser; in short, a mistress of all the coquetries, and on the sunny side of seventeen. So armed and trained for conquest, she could hardly fail to conquer.

An old fermier-général, the wealthiest of his class, fluttered after her, but he had hardly singed his wings when he drooped and died. Madame was at a loss how to dispose of her daughter, and M. Lenormand de Turneheim again came in as deus ex machina. He had a nephew, M. Lenormand d'Etoilles, sous-fermier général. wealthy, amiable, just made for Mademoiselle. They were married, January, 1739, the lady being in her fifteenth (or was it her eighteenth?) year. Ah, but she was happy now! Had her own salon, where she could gather some notables about her, and

play and sing; her country house, her carriage; moved in good society, and, to crown all, within the year a little daughter was added to the

family group.
Yet to be only Madame Lenormand d'Etoilles-was this a sufficient result of so much loveliness, such wit and patient culture? Madame could hardly think so. She had cherished that saying of maman. The king often came to hunt in the forest of Senart, in the neighbourhood of which was her country house; might she not possibly fascinate him? She addressed herself resolutely to the trial. Sometimes she drove her phaeton through the allées, sometimes she mounted on horseback and rode into the thickest parts of the forest or showed herself foremost in the chase. She caught the eye of the king, and received a passing notice; but no more. The king-Louis the Well-beloved-was at this time under the sway of the Duchesse de Châteauroux, who would brook no rival. It was hard to bear-but at length the duchess died, and majesty needed consola-At a grand hunt Madame d'Etoilles appeared habited as Diana, and, approaching the king, made as though she would despatch a shaft at the royal heart. His majesty gallantly stooped to deprecate the wrath of the goddess, was charmed with the esprit of her reply-and on his return could think of nothing but the fair huntress. He begged an interview. M. d'Etoilles was complaisant. Mon oncle, the good M. Lenormand de Turneheim, lent his house for the meeting. king was more pleased than before. The husband retired to a post in the country. A judicial separation was obtained in order to satisfy the pious scruples of majesty, and in the early months of 1745, Madame d'Etoilles—d'Etoilles ino longer was created Marquise de Pompadour, and formally presented to the queen and the royal princes and princesses.

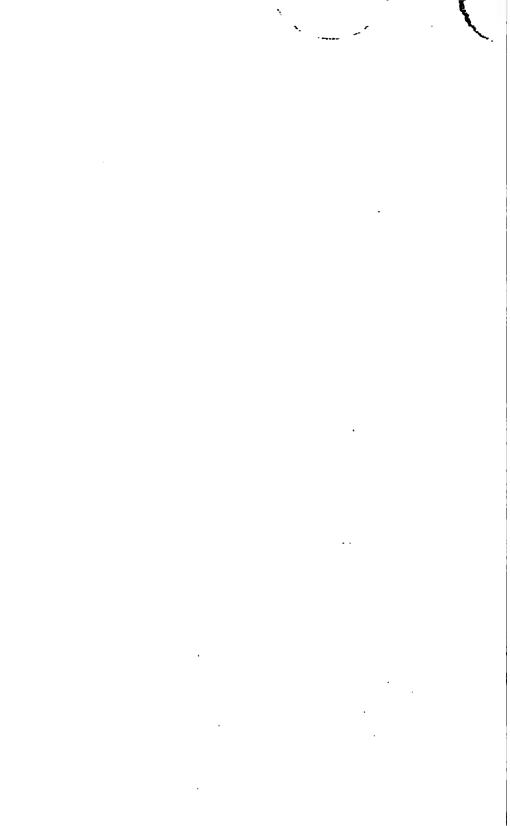
She had at last scaled the height -could she maintain her footing there? Her intellect was too penetrating, her mind too passionless for her to conceal from herself that

the task was far more difficult than that she had achieved. But she addressed herself to it with rare skill, and was rewarded with entire STICCOSS. For nineteen years she was the virtual ruler of France. Despite of open enmity and secret intrigue, of growing years and failing health and fading beauty; of the exertions of the royal family and the execrations of the people, she maintained to the day of her death her ascendancy over the mind of the king, though she had long lost her hold on his passion. Once only was her reign seriously imperilled. When Damiens made his mad attempt upon the life of Louis. the king, terribly frightened at his wound, made over the exercise of the regal authority to the Dauphin. one of whose first acts was to order the Marquise to withdraw from Ver-But the wound proved sailles. slight; the king quickly recovered; the minister who had advised the measure was disgraced; and the Pompadour was in greater favour than ever.

The system by which the Pompadour swayed her sovereign was simple. Louis XV. was indolent, sensual, egotistical; indifferent to the sufferings of his people, unlike his predecessors, indifferent even to glory; believing that France was created only for him, yet averse to the consideration of public affairs, a man wholly given up to self-indulgence. The Marquise saw that her part was to provide for him constant amusement, gratification. It was a hard and wearisome employment, but she made the best of it. The reign of the Pompadour was a period of rampant vice, but over what might have been merely base and ignoble she threw an outer garb of refinement.

Never did the French court wear such an air of voluptuous yet elegant gaiety as during the nineteen years of her reign. Louis lavished houses and land upon the Marquise, but they were insufficient to meet her expenses; and it was not till she was able to make almost unlimited calls upon the national exchequer that her genius for splendour found free scope. Of her houses, Choissy,

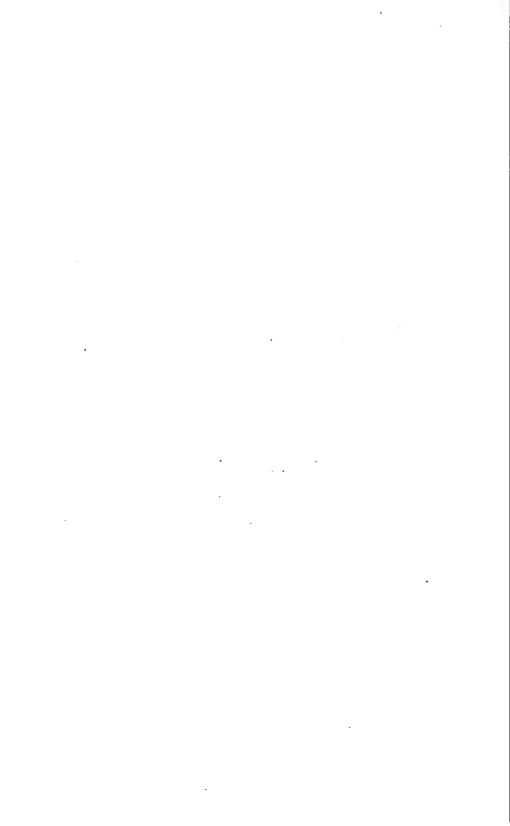






MADAME DE POMPADOUR,

[See the Narratice.



' seat of soft delight,' was that to which the king most loved to resort without the trappings of royalty. Here, surrounded with every appliance of luxury, she gathered about her the proudest of the nobles, statesmen, and soldiers, the most brilliant of the men of letters and artists. and the fairest of the ladies of Here wits talked their brightest, women looked and dressed their best. The sweetest voices and ablest musicians charmed the ear with their melodies; the choicest flowers loaded the air with their perfumes; the walls were graced with pictures and sculpture. The Marquise had lost none of her delight in theatrical amusements, and at Choissy she repeatedly improvised a little opera, or comedy, or divertissement. These pleased the king so well that she had a theatre constructed, Gabriel the court architect furnishing the design, and Boucher painting the decorations. The actors were personages of rank—marshals, dukes, countesses, or one or other of the lions of the hour. Sometimes the Marquise herself performed. casionally the king, who was proud of his voice-which Madame assured him was divine-would delight his courtiers by taking part in a petit concert, or joining the Marquise and Géliotte in a trio. The Duc de la Vallière was director of the theatre; the Abbé de Lagarde prompter. At the representation of Voltaire's 'L'Enfant Prodigue,' Marshal Saxe played Euphémon, the Duc de Coigny Lise, and the Pompadour Marthe. The play, we may well believe, was a grand success, the king being foremost to applaud. Pieces by Crébillon and Rousseau were as splendidly supported.

All this elegant trifling we have come to see was serious work on the part of the Marquise, a welcome means of ridding himself of the weary hours on the part of the king; but how excuse Saxe, the greatest soldier of France, if not, as he was told, of Europe, in the midst of war, and on the shady side of fifty, sharing so actively in these frivolities? We need not take it au sérieux. Have not our own marshals, in graver times, taken part in a play? Before us lies a letter written by that fine old Field-Marshal, the Earl of Combermere, in which he says 'We are going to play "Bombastes Furioso" at the Abbey. Sir John Elley [the dashing cavalry officer] plays Bombastes. I am to take the part of Artaxominous, and Wellington Fusbos.' We may excuse Saxe playing Euphémon to the Marthe of the fair Marquise.

It was to follow the plays that the Pompadour invented the famous petits soupés of Choissy, where, in a dainty room hung round with the canvases of Boucher, Greuze, Watteau, Vanloo, the king supped with a dozen chosen guests in luxurious privacy. No servant entered the room, even to bring in the viands. A note was laid on a console in a corner of the room; a bell was sounded, silently the table descended, and as silently returned bearing on it, as was ordered, the rarest dishes, fruits, wines, in vessels of plate, or glass, or Sèvres. We are accustomed to these 'lifts' as we call them-vulgarizing the name as well as the thing—but when the Pompadour invented them they were regarded as a stroke of genius, and their execution a triumph of Loriot's art. Rumour told of the orgies of which these petite soupés were the occasion; but though all that luxury could imagine was expended on them, it may be doubted whether they went beyond a refined voluptuousness.

The king rather affected these select and semi-secret parties, and the Marquise encouraged his taste. Even when her power had reached its highest, and she displayed it most ostentatiously, she reserved for her own apartment its haughtiest exhibition. The King of Prussia. Carlyle's Friedrich, had repulsed her advances, though made through Voltaire when Voltaire was most in favour—pretending not to know her, whilst he bestowed on the king a nickname on her account—but the Empress of Austria answered her with empressement, addressed her as ma cousine, and la petite reine, and the Marquise made all who approached her treat her as a queen indeed. In her cabinet de toilette she received—it was the custom for grand dames to receive during the toilette even in England, as we may see by Hogarth's Marriage à-la-Mode—a few of the highest princes, dukes, and ministers of state, to talk over matters of state, and matters of scandal; but no one was permitted to sit down. There was but a single fauteuil in the room, and that she occupied. For he king she would order a chair to be brought, but it was so done as to mark it as an exceptional favour.

Choissy was the most splendid of her mansions, but she was proudest of Bellevue, as her own creation. It was built for her by Landureau; Delisle laid out the grounds; the decorations were executed by Boucher, Vanloo, and Pigalle. 'I have made it a pretty place, she told her friends. 'but without any kind of magni-Without any kind of magnificence! yet 1,500 workmen were occupied for two whole years upon it, and she expended three million livres—say 120,000l.—upon the decorations alone. Truly, Antoinette Poisson had come to have right royal notions of the magnifi-

Her patronage of literature and art is that which shows the Marquise in the most favourable light, and has cast a halo around her memory in the eyes of her countrymen. Voltaire, Rousseau, Crébillon, Marmontel, the encyclopédists generally, were welcomed with smiles to her earliest salon, and received in various ways substantial marks of her favour. But writers of a graver character also found in her a generous patron. She gave Quesnay an appointment in her household; Buffon through her influence obtained his place in the Jardin des Plantes, and she (doubtless out of the national purse) defrayed the cost of printing the first edition of his 'Histoire Naturelle.' And these are but a few out of a hundred similar acts of munificence.

There is a thin small folio volume, greatly prized by collectors, but very rarely met with, for but few copies were struck off, that may be regarded as the most authentic

memorial of the Marquise's devotion to the fine arts. It is entitled 'Suites d'Estampes exécutées par Madame la Marquise de Pompadour, and contains in all some seventy plates. They are chiefly after gems, by J. Guay, but two or three are from carvings in ivory, and half a dozen are mythological and infantile groups after Boucher. Several are dated, and the dates range from 1751 to 1758; they were executed, therefore, during the most brilliant period The subjects are of her reign. classical and allegorical, treated in the fanciful manner of the time. The drawings seem to have been mostly made by Vien and Boucher. Technical critics find a good deal of difference in the handling; and it is possible the Marquise may have had assistance in the manipulative details, but nearly all the prints bear the signature 'Pompadour, sculpt.' When first published satirists made themselves merry with some of the subjects. In one, Louis XV. figured nude as 'Apollo couronnant le Génie des Arts,' and it was gravely queried who could have served as the model—the ultimate suggestion being the Abbé Bernis-more remarkable for obesity rather than In other plates the king appears as Hercules; the Marquise as Victory. But the Marquise best loved to see herself as Minerva, either as 'Protectrice of the Arts,' where, that there might be no mistake in the identification, the goddess, instead of the ægis, bears on her shield the arms of Pompadour; or as the 'Protectrice of France,' as she is figured on the royal seal, holding in one hand the national escutcheon, in the other the regal sceptre.

Whatever may be thought of the truth or taste of the latter assumption, there can be no question of her right to the former title. Her patronage was, indeed, extended to the whole range of French art. Painting, sculpture, architecture were all encouraged by her with a royal disregard of cost that no sovereign had exceeded and few approached. Boucher, Vanloo, Watteau, Greuze, Pigalle were pensioned or liberally encouraged, and the

younger and less eminent artists found in her a warm friend. Under her auspices the School of Rome was reorganized and extended, the grand prize founded, and the exhibition established. Had she lived long enough, Napoleon III. would hardly have needed to rebuild Paris. She had sent her brother, created through her interposition Marquis de Marigny, to Italy, attended by a staff of professors, to study art; and on his return she procured his appointment to the direction of the national palaces and buildings, and together they devised a scheme for the embellishment of the city on the most magnificent scale. Financial difficulties prevented its accomplishment in its integrity, but boulevards were laid out, the Champs Elysées formed, churches and hotels built. It was during the Seven Years' War -the result of her evil councilsthat these works were prosecuted with the greatest energy. The public discontent, the ill-humour of the king, she thought would be best distracted by these undertakings, and at the same time employment be found for many of the unemployed and clamorous Parisian workmen.

But one of the most remarkable of her artistic plans was the foundation of the famous porcelain works at Sèvres. Sèvres was almost entirely her creation. For the factory she set apart a palace, provided with beautiful gardens, fountains, canals, and whatever could add to the charm of the place, or the pleasure of the workmen, for whom she procured various immunities and privileges, including the much-prized liberty of hunting in the forest as well as the petite chasse. manufacture itself she watched over with the greatest interest, frequently visiting the works, suggesting new objects and new designs, sometimes furnishing designs herself, or making alterations in those laid before her, or proposing new combinations of colour. Choice works were executed at her desire, and painted by eminent artists in order to present to the king or some favourite prince or minister, or to adorn her own apartments. To purchase costly

articles from the Sèvres works was a successful mode of winning her favour, and she soon had the happiness to find the taste for Sèvres, especially her own favourite pâte tendre, become a rage. The true old Sèvres is perhaps as good an illustration of her artistic taste as can be found. Elegant, brilliant, luxurious, you have in it the genuine Art Pompadour, as it was designated by French critics, the art that has coloured every subsequent species of French design, and with some little difference of style is the prevalent Parisian art of to-day.

Well would it have been had she been content to direct the arts of France. But she became as much the ruler of the state councils as she was of the ateliers. Ministers were made and disgraced at her bidding, and to her France owed the most disgraceful and desolating of her wars, and much of the misery or her people. 'Even the administration of the Duc de Choiseul,' the ablest of the ministers of Louis XV.. as Villemain has truly said, 'subordinated itself to her frivolous and profane influence.' It was under this influence that the absolutism of France became at once intolerable and contemptible, and the poverty and oppression of the masses were strained to the utmost. The reign of the Pompadour was the preparation of the Revolution. Après nous le déluge, said her ignoble master, and it came quickly

The last years of the Marquise were full of bitterness. She was She was constantly ill: always weary. She knew that she was hated by the nation, envied and despised by the Court. No arts could conceal the loss of her beauty, and she had to endure the indifference of her once impassioned lover, and the gibes of merciless and irrepressible satirists. The subjection of Louis to her opinions had grown into a habit; but she found that it was only by incessant exertions, and the utmost complaisance to his ever-growing licentiousness, that she could keep him in good temper, or hope to retain her hold upon his feeble intellect. We may leave the abominable story of the Parc aux Cerfs in

EAST LONDON OPIUM SMOKERS.

F all carnal delights that over which opium rules as the presiding genius is most shrouded in mystery. It is invested with a weird and fantastic interest (for which its Oriental origin is doubtless in some degree accountable), and there hovers about it a vague fascination, such as is felt towards ghostly legend and the lore of fairy There exists a strange yearning to make more intimate acquaintance with the miraculous drug concerning which there is so much whispering, and at the same time a superstitious dread of approaching it, such as, when it comes to the pinch, possesses the rustic believer in the efficacy of repeating a prayer backwards as a means of raising the devil. It is the vulgar supposition that the one occupation of the lives of eastern grandees is to recline on soft cushions and indulge in the charming narcotic; that the thousand and one seductive stories contained in the 'Arabian Nights' were composed by writers whose senses were steeped in it, and that our Poet Laureate and his brethren constantly draw inspiration from it, either through a pipe-stem or by means of mastication. Furthermore, it is largely believed that any man might become a poet, or at least a writer of flowing and flowery prose, if he only possessed courage sufficient to avail himself of this convenient picklock of the gates of paradise.

And who shall tell of the multitude of youthful aspirants for poetic fame who have daringly grasped the magic key and essayed to apply it? Also, and alas! who shall make known to an unkind world the many who have bungled over the gentle burglary, who have failed at the gate, and come away with no more sensation delightful than which might arise through butting their unlucky heads against the bars of it? That is the most tantalising part of the business. Opium may be procured—any chemist will sell you an ounce of it for eighteen pence—but possessed of it and not of the secret of its use, the novice is no better off than he would be if he set up as a painter on the strength of a colour-box and a few brushes. It is this secret that constitutes the rarity of the luxury. To be enjoyed, the opium must be prepared by a competent hand. There are few such in London, few, that is, who are willing to receive pupils and give lessons. How limited their number is determined by the fact that when an 'opium master' is discovered, even though his den is situate in, without exception, the most vile and villainous part of the metropolis, he is regarded as a person worth visiting by lords and dukes and even princes and kings. The writer hereof taking it for granted that a sight that could draw earls and princes to Bluegate Fields could not be otherwise than highly curious and interesting, ventured a journey thither recently.

Only such of the public as are accustomed to read the police news in the daily papers can form any idea as to the kind of place Bluegate Fields is. Commonly it is known as 'Tiger Bay,' on account of the number of ferocious she creatures in petticoats that lurk and lair there. It is a narrow laze opening on to High Street, Shadwell, at one end, and St. George's Street at the other. To the left and right of the narrow lane are many villainous courts and alleys, consisting of one-story high hovels, each one accommodating as many lodgers as might reasonably occupy an eight-roomed house. The inhabitants of Bluegate Fields are the worst in England, consisting of man-trappers for the shipping lying in the river just below, and the tigresses before mentioned, who inveigle tipsy sailors from the many surrounding abominable dens 'licensed for dancing and music,' and drug them and strip and rob and ill use them, and pickpockets and coiners and robbers of every degree. The mere blacking of an eyo or extraction of human hair by the violent process of dragging it from the head is not regarded in the light of an assault in Bluegate Fields, but rather as a pleasant pastime to beguile the lazy hours of daylight. Judging from the reports of the Thames Police Court, nothing of less importance than the biting off of a nose or an ear, or the fracture of a skull with a poker, calls for the interference of the police. It is a fact that while I was inquiring at a public-house for the address of Chi Ki, the Chinaman, I overheard two women at the bar discussing a murderous assault that had happened in the 'Fields' that morning. 'What I say is,' remarked the elder woman of the two. who was a fat woman with a horribly dirty face and a blue seam across her nose that was curiously suggestive of the rim of a pewter pot, 'what I say is, if I wants it, punch me. Punch me in the face and black my eyes, or punch me about the head. Kick me if you like; I don't so much mind that; but when it comes to pokers and shovels, it's a little too hot.

I was lucky in calling at the public-house where the two women were, since on inquiry I discovered that it was to this place that Chi Ki had directed all letters from his numerous friends. I was glad to find that the barmaid spoke of the opium master in a very respectful manner, calling him Mr. Chi Ki. She happened to know, moreover, that the distinguished Chinaman was from home; so I left with her a message for him to the effect that if it accorded with Mr. Chi Ki's convenience, a gentleman would be glad to meet him on business at that hostelry at six o'clock the following evening.

He was punctual. Precisely as the clock marked six he put his head in at the door. 'Mr. Chi Ki, here's your gentleman,' called out the obliging barmaid, and the Chinaman's body followed his head, and he came towards me bowing low and rubbing his hands. I must confess that I was disappointed at Chi Ki's appearance. Being so celebrated a character, with lords and marquises for his patrons and customers, I expected to see a man able and willing to demonstrate in his attire his native ideas of splendour. It would not have surprised me if so exalted a personage as an opium master had appeared dressed in a gown of gold-emoroidered crimson silk, and with a sash and curly-toed slippers; but poor Chi Ki was very poorly clad indeed. He is a man of ostlerish cut, wearing a long jacket and a comforter wisped round his neck, and tight trousers, and an old cloth cap on his head. He is lame of a leg, too, as many ostlers are. In a few words I explained my business, and without betraying the least astonishment at its nature he expressed his readiness to conduct me to his house there and then.

We went a little way into Bluegate Fields and then turned into the arched way of an alley, a trifle higher, may be, but not nearly so wide as an ordinary coal-cellar doorway. It was as dark as any coal-cellar. 'Come along, sir,' said Chi Ki encouragingly, in his 'pigeon English.' It is down at the bottom and turn round the corner: come along.'

round the corner; come along.'
We arrived at the bottom, and came on a tiny square of ill-looking little houses and an appalling odour of bad drainage, and Chi Ki guided me to a house in a corner as his. It was no larger than the rest and scarcely as good looking, on account of its many fractured window-panes and the rough-and-ready measures that had been resorted to to block out the wind. Pushing open the outer door, Chi Ki called at the foot of the stairs for a light. While we waited for it I peeped into the parlour, which was dark except for a little blinking fire in an iron skillet, crouching over which was a Chinaman, looking the picture of despair, with his knees supporting his arms and his head resting on his hands, and his pigtail slewed to the fore and projecting over his forehead as a unicorn wears his horn. I observed, too, that there was in the room a large bedstead, with a bed made the wrong way on it.

It was an English voice that responded to Chi Ki's demand for a light; and presently a youngish woman, very thin and pale-looking, and scarcely as tidy as she might have been, made her appearance above with a tallow candle in her hand, and politely invited me to

walk up. We walked up, and at once came in full view of the renowned opium master's public amoking-room, which served likewise for his private sitting-room and his private bedroom, and, judging from the handle of a saucepan and a suspicion of dirty plates under the bed, for his kitchen as well.

It was an extremely mean and miserable little room. The fireplace was very narrow, and the stove of the ancient narrow-waisted pattern. There was no fender. In the centre of the room was a small round table, and there were three wooden chairs. The chief and most conspicuous article of furniture the room contained was a large fourpost bedstead, and a bed like the one The bed was not ardownstairs. ranged according to the English fashion. It was rolled up bolsterwise all along the length of the bedstead, leaving the mattress bare except for a large mat of Chinese grass. The bed-hangings were of some light Chinese gauze, but very dirty, and hitched up slatternly on the hang-ing-rails. The walls of the room were hung with a few tawdry pictures highly coloured, and contrasting grimly with the blackened walls, all stained above with rain-leakage, and below with the filthy saliva with which the smokers had besprinkled The ceiling was as black as the walls, and just over the window there had been an extensive fall of plaster, showing the laths, like grinning teeth in an ugly mouth.

There was a customer waiting, which at once gave Chi Ki an opportunity for displaying the mysteries of his craft. The preparations for enjoying the luxury of opium smoking were curious enough. Chi Ki's first move was to spread a piece of cloth on the mat that covered the mattress. Then he brought out a small common oil lamp and lit it and placed it in the centre of the piece of cloth. Next he produced a small box containing his smoking tools, and finally a little gallipot and an instrument like a flute, with a wooden cup with a lid to it screwed on at a distance of about three inches from the end. It was not a flute, however, but a pipe,—the

pipe. As the customer caught sight of the odd-looking implement (he was quite a young man and more respectable - looking than Chi Ki himself) he licked his lips, and his eyes glistened like those of the domestic feline creature when it hears the welcome cry that announces its dinner. I asked permission to examine the pipe. It was simply an eighteen - inch length of yellow bamboo with the cup of darkcoloured baked clay before mentioned fitted into a sort of spiggot hole near the end. Had I been asked to appraise its value, I could not conscientiously have gone beyond fourpence.

'He's been offered five pound for that pipe,' remarked English Mrs. Chi Ki, who appeared to be almost as proud of it as was her husband. 'A gentleman offered him five

pound for it last autumn.

'Why didn't he sell it, and buy another?' was my natural question; but at this old Chi Ki chuckled, and hugging the pipe chafed its bowl tenderly with his jacket cuff.

'It's worth ten pounds,' said his wife; 'it has had nothing but the best opium smoked in it these four-

teen years.'

And she then went on further to enumerate the many excellences of the pipe; from which I gathered that its value was not after all so fanciful as at first appeared: since half a given quantity of opium would yield more satisfaction when smoked in a ripe, well-saturated old pipe than the whole quantity in a compara-

tively new one.

Chi Ki, having made all necessary preparations, got up on to the mattress on the bed, and, reclining at his ease, proceeded to load the pipe for his customer. I was curious to see how this was managed. The stuff in the gallipot looked exactly likethin treacle, and smelt like burnt sugar and laudanum. Decidedly it seemed queer stuff to load a pipe with. But it had yet to be cooked Taking an iron bodkin -grilled. from his little tool-chest, Chi Ki dipped the tip of it into the semiliquid stuff, and withdrawing a little drop of it, held it in the flame of the lamp until it hardened somewhat.

Keeping this still on the point of the bodkin, he dipped it again into the gallipot and again held it in the lamp flame, and repeated the process until a piece of the size of a large pea was accumulated and properly toasted. This was placed in the pipebowl, and the hungry customer sprang up on to the bed to enjoy it.

It was lit at the little lamp, and then the young Chinaman reclining at his case, laid his head comfortably on the dirty counterpane that covered the rolled-up bed, and took the pipestem in his mouth. There is no monthpiece to the pipe; the stem is out sheer off, leaving something as thick as an office ruler to suck at. And suck the Chinaman did. He took the bamboo fairly into his mouth, and there was at once emitted from the pipe a gurgling soundthe spirits of ten thousand previously smoked pipe-loads stirred to life. As the smoker heard the delicious sound, the lids of his elongated eyes quivered in ecstasy, and he sucked harder, swallowing all the black smoke except just so little as he was bound to waste in the process of breathing. He was as economical as could be, however, and expelled but the merest thread of the precious smoke through his nostrils and none by means of his mouth. If his sensations induced by the indul-gence were heavenly, his countenance grossly belied them. Gradually, as he sucked and swallowed, the veins of his forehead thickened his cheeks flushed, and his halfclosed eyes gleamed like those of a satisfied pig. Still he sucked, and the nostril wreaths came quicker and finer, and he grew more and more like an enraptured hog: when suddenly the gurgling in the throat of the pipe-stem terminated in a brief rattle, and all was over. While the opium in the pipe was waning to extremity, Chi Ki had busied himself in the manufacture of a little cigarette composed of paper and common tobacco, and as the pipe-stem dropped from the mouth of the young Chinaman, Chi Ki promptly handed him the cigarette, which he proceeded to light and consume, with a languid relish edifying to behold. I inquired why this was, but beyond the assertion that it was always done, Chi Ki had no explanation to offer.

'Was the lingering flavour of opium in the mouth objectionable?'

I asked.

'No, indeed,' replied Chi Ki, with a grin; 'oh, no, no; it's always done; I don't know why, not in the least, but they will have the cigar afterwards.'

I can't help thinking, however, that this taking tobacco after opium must be something more than a meaningless 'custom.' Perhaps an abrupt and sudden descent from paradise to earth would be too much for a Chinaman's nerves, and so he applies himself to the milder narcotic by way of a gentle letting down.

What chiefly surprised me was the short time it took to consume the charging of a pipe. From the time of the young Chinaman's taking the stem in his mouth till the opium was exhausted, not more than a minute and a half was occupied. In five minutes the cigarette was smoked and the customer took his departure. He paid no money, so I suppose he went 'tick' with Chi Ki; but as far as I could make out, his treat would cost about three halfpence. Evidently opium smoking is a more expensive enjoyment than dram drinking. Ohi Ki showed me his 'measures.' They were three little ivory cups, the smallest the size of a lady's thimble. For this full of the treacle-like opium, fourpence was charged; the next-sized cup was sixpence, and the largest a shilling. This, it seemed, included the loan of Chi Ki's pipe as well as of the bed to lie on and the cigarette for after smoking, and the trouble of frizzling and preparing the drug

Chi Ki keeps open house for opium smokers, and his chief customers are the sailors who arrive at the London ports. Sometimes, I was informed, trade was so slack that not more than two or three customers would apply all day long; while at other times it was as much as Chi Ki could do, distilling and frizzling and frying, to keep the

smokers going. The opium has to be put through a peculiar process before it is reduced to the semiliquid state. It has to be cooked. Chi Ki was good enough to crawl under the bedstead and produce therefrom, for my inspection, his implements of cookery, and to explain their use. I should hardly advise an amateur to essay opium brewing on the strength of my directions; but it seemed to me that the opium of the druggist is shredded into little slices, which are laid on a piece of stout coarse canvas, which is suspended in a small iron pot partly filled with water. In the process of boiling the essence of the opium drains through the canvas and forms a sediment at the bottom of the pot, leaving on the canvas the refuse, looking not unlike tea-leaves.

The cookery was performed at the miserable little fireplace before mentioned. Poor English Mrs. Chi Ki looks as though she is being gradually smoke-dried, and by and by will present the appearance of an

Egyptian mummy.

'I can stand a good deal of it, said she, 'but sometimes it's awful. Sometimes two or three ships come in at once, and then we have a house-Upstairs as well as down. ful. We've had as many as fourteen smoking in this room at one time, and them that couldn't find room on the bed lay all about the floor.

There are only two pipes, one for the parlour, and one for the best room.—this room. It is hot work I assure you when we are busy. As soon as one has smoked out, another is ready to snatch at .; and it is in lighting the opium that the smoke is wasted so. They are awful hungry after it sometimes when they've gone a long while without and got their pay. They'll smoke as much as a shilling's worth out in half an hour, and there they'll lay like logs. It don't often make me ill; it makes me silly. I am ill sometimes, though. I was ill a-bed when the Prince of Wales and the other gentlemen came up here to see the smokers. There were only three or four of them, and they were friends like. I was sorry that the place was in such a muddle; but the Prince didn't seem to mind.

'Yas,' observed Chi Ki, suddenly lighting up; 'the Prince, he say, "Come smokee pipe wi' me, and bring you' lady, whens conwe-nince."

'Ah, yes; but I don't believe he meant it,' said Mrs. Chi Ki, dubi-

But the lame old Chinaman grinned and winked to himself knowingly; so that I should not be in the least surprised if, one of these fine days, the porter at Marlborough House is startled by a Celestial apparition.

ON THE CLIFF.

THY should we make a fuss When savage Æolus Blows up, and bullies us, Screaming and snarling? Unabashed, I confess, I have good cause to bless Boreas' wickedness, My dainty darling!

When on the cliff I rest— Spot which I love the best— Not in this manly breast Prudery rankles. Tortures of love combine, Tearing this heart of mine, Boots which appear divine, And, ah! such ankles!

Maiden! unruly fate,
Vainly you supplicate,
Can you substantiate
Cares and distresses?
Left by some zephyr bold,
Hatless and in the cold,
My lucky eyes behold
Treasures of tresses!

Would when the breezes play
Round your slim waist to-day,
I could, as bold as they,
Clasp and embrace you!
Would, when you look unkind,
Round you my arms were twin'd;
Could I but be the wind,
Then I could face you!



Here on the breezy down, Far from the noisy town, All wild regrets are blown Helter and skelter! Here where the sighing deep Lulls me to dreamy sleep, Close to me, darling, creep, Where there's a shelter!

MR. FAIRWEATHER'S YACHTING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'YACHTING BOUND THE WEST OF ENGLAND.'

FROM LUNDY ISLAND TO TENBY BAY.

THIS castle is a relic of the age of Henry III., and carries us back to the rude times of that feeble monarch. Sea and land were then alike unsafe, exposed to the depredations of lawless and insatiable To be a robber was not harons. then more discreditable than in the early days of Greece. As an instance, in 1249, merchants of Brabant made a complaint to the king that they had been despoiled of their goods by certain robbers, whom they knew well enough, because they saw their faces every day at court! 'Knights and Esquires,' says the dictum of Kanilworth, 'who were robbers, if they have no land, shall pay the half of their goods, and find sufficient security to keep henseforth the peace of the kingdom.

When we consider the state of the country in these times, the history of this castle cases to affect us with surprise. Lundy Island, which has at all times at all times been a favourite resort of pirates, must at that period have been viewed as in itself an impregnable fortress; and being aituated at the mouth of the Bristol Channel. offered unusual advantages for predatory enterprises. His owner, do Marisco, whose ancestors are the first possessors of the island on record, was an important and ambitious man, and engaged with another nobleman in nothing less than a conspiracy to assessinate the The event seemed to show that there was a certain amount of prudence mingled with his valour; and no doubt he was partly led to engage in the attempt by a due appreciation of the strength of Lundy. The deed was to be performed by his fellow-conspirator, who was a knight of the palace, but whose acuteness does not appear to have been equal to his villany; for when he had climbed up to the window of the chamber in which he supposed the king lay, he found himself in

the wrong room, and, roaming about the passages in search of his Majesty with a drawn dagger in his hand, fell in with a lady of the court, who gave such a scream that she brought all the servants trooping in. He was immediately secured, and suffered the penalty of his intended crime by being drawn asunder by four horses at Coventry; while de Marisco betook himself to his island fortzees, on the strength of which he seems to have well calculated. He increased the strength of the castle. and built a wall and bastion above the landing-place; but such additions must have been unnecessary, for it would have been impossible to scale the rocks in face of an enemy. without any artificial defences.

The ancient path, before the Trinity House constructed the present read, is still traceable, and it was evidently extremely narrow and difficult. Sir Thomas de la More, referring to the contemplated flight of Edward II. to Landy, observes that 'it has only one approach, where two men can scarce walk abreast. The steep and frightful rocks on every side forbid entrance. Flights of arrows, or boulders rolled down from above would have discondited or overwhelmed any scaling force; and de Marisco's band were so determined, and the attempts made to dislodge him so ineffectual. that, only for his continued depredations, he would finally have been allowed to rest unmolested. But his outrages by sea and land became insufferable; and in February, 1242, a royal order was issued to the Earl of Devon and others to guard the coasts in the neighbourhood of Lundy, for the protection of the king's subjects. De Marisco was at length taken by stratagem, conveyed to London, and executed with sixteen of his followers. He had evidently proceeded somewhat systematically, for in 1242 the Sheriff of Devon was directed to convey to lifracombe, for completion, a galley, which the pirate had commenced

building at Lundy.

It is said that a sad disaster happened to this island in the reign of William and Mary. A French vessel arrived in the roads, under Dutch colours, and the crew requested permission to bury their captain in consecrated ground. Leave was immediately granted: the inhabitants even offered to assist in carrying the coffin, which appeared unusually heavy. But the treacherous foreigners no sooner reached the chapel than, requesting the strangers to withdraw, they opened their burden, which was filled with arms, rushed upon the defenceless by-standers, and plundered and desolated the island. They even destroyed the Brazen Ward, a battery built by Charles II. on the west coast, and threw the cannon into the sea, where, it is said, they are still visible in calm weather. There is a story that Sark was similarly surprised: such stratagems were not, perhaps, formerly uncommon in time of war.

The weather had been very unsettled since our arrival, and the night after this excursion was particularly uncomfortable, owing to the incessant rain and uneasy rolling of the vessel. With the dawn the wind increased to a gale, and we now felt the disadvantage of an open roadstead. The captain and crew were up all night, not knowing at what hour they might have to weigh anchor and sail out into the stormy sea. The danger was of the wind shifting to the north, of which it had already shown some signs, in which case we should have had no shelter, and might have been driven on the rocks. A large barque had been wrecked in this way a few months before. Pilots had warned the captain that the gale would change its direction, and offered to convey him to a place of safety; but he, trusting to the strength of his vessel, and unwilling to lose his anchors, which, owing to the force of the wind, could not even then have been weighed, refused their sensible advice. The next morn-

ing the vessel broke loose. It was too late then. In a few moments she was on the sharp rocks at the extremity of Rat I and, exposed to all the fury of the tempest. The people on shore ran to the heights, but could render no assistance, and in a few minutes fourteen men out of seventeen were no more. captain appeared to the spectators to have been deprived of reason by the calamity. He was observed to muffle himself up, put on a lifebelt, and a great-coat over it, and then, leaping into the water, to swim out to sea, where he soon disappeared. Such accounts as these were not very consoling, especially as the gale was increasing. The wind roared like thunder through the chasms and gullies on the west side of the island, and the waves rose into mimic waterspouts, as if the sea and sky were about to unite and engulf us. The roadstead soon became full of vessels, even steamers of large tonnage flying for shelter; and the female portion of our shipmates became very much alarmed, and declared they would not pass another night on board. At that moment it would have been impossible to reach the shore; but the weather moderated shortly afterwards, and we took advantage of a temporary lull to attempt a landing, in effecting which we were very nearly capsized, and were drenched with water. But the question now arose, where were we to find accommodation; for I had been assured that there was scarcely lodging for the men employed in the quarries. Fortunately, after many inquiries, I found that there was a cottage adjoining that of the manager, in which three small rooms were vacant, and with his kind permission I forthwith took possession of them. One of these apartments was in the roof, and we consequently did not place much reliance upon it, as, during a storm the winter before (in which a gang of quarry-men had been blown into the back-yard), the entire roofing of this line of buildings had been carried off into the sea. But everything was clean, and as comfortable as was consistent with the fact that there was not a sign of

furniture in them, not even a blind or a carpet. I ordered a few necessaries to be sent up from the yacht, but, owing to the weather, only small articles could be transmitted and some of those most wanted were overlooked. As Simkins was very much alarmed at the account of the migratory character of roofs in Lundy, which are sometimes carried more than a mile, it was arranged that I should brave the dangers of the garret, and allow my female companions to occupy the lower bedroom. I was promised a 'Company' bed, an article the name of which caused me considerable speculation. It might more properly have been termed a quarryman's regulation bed, and was certainly a most remarkable contrivance. It consisted of an iron frame, about two feet and a half wide, supporting a very lumpy wool mattress, over which were laid some sheets which might have been used for embroidery canvas, and a very coarse black and white coverlet. In addition to this, I coaxed the landlady out of a chair and basin, and thus provided, took possession of my airy quarters. When too late, I discovered that there was no lookingglass, and after having in vain endeavoured to see my reflection in a broken bottle and glazed jug. which stood on the mantel-piece. was obliged to appear in the morning in a Robinson Crusoe toilet, very much in accordance with island fashions. But we were not long allowed to enjoy our spacious accommodation. Next day a steamer arrived, which had started on a pleasure trip, but had been forced to put in here by stress of weather. Among the excursionists were a party of ladies, who were brought on shore very ill, and in piteous plight; and feelings of humanity obliged us to resign our sittingroom to them, after which we were reduced to taking our meals on our All this was capital fun to bed. Arethusa; and I, who had lived all my life in a nutshell at school. college, and the Temple, thought little of privations when I could enjoy fine air and glorious walks. But not so Emily, and Simkins, who

followed in her wake. They had been accustomed to large rooms and an orderly household; considered irregularity to be demoralizing, if not sinful; and were daily heard protesting that they were never in so uncivilized and dreadful a place. and praying that they might never see it again. What appeared to me to be the greatest discomfort arose from the insufficient supply of provisions. Sometimes we were unable to obtain any meat, and never had any choice as to joints; so that we began to place our chief dependence upon eggs and vegetables. One day I was fortunate enough to discover a plant of nasturtium, apparently growing wild among some brambles. I gathered its leaves and carried them home in triumph, and the salad made of them seemed to us a little treat in our reduced circumstances.

The inhabitants here, from highest to lowest, seemed to consider themselves in a transition state, and were always looking forward to returning to the mainland. The majority of them complained greatly of discomfort, and evidently took no trouble to adapt their circumstances to themselves, or themselves to their circumstances. Most of them were unmarried, and yet not provided with suitable accommodation. Two or three had to sleep in one room, which precluded all privacy, and they had very insufficient furniture, many having no table, and being obliged to be not only their own housemaids, but also their own cooks. The only shop or store in the island belonged to the company, and the men considered that they were overcharged for their pro-visions; but although they pro-nounced the beer unfit for use, yet, with amusing inconsistency, they made great complaints of the tap being closed at seven. I never met with men who obeyed so literally the apostolic injunction to live as 'strangers and pilgrims.' They were in constant readiness for departure, and lived like some friends I once knew at a theological college. who never (during a stay of six months) unpacked their portmanteaus.

Among the inhabitants of the island I met with an old sailor who had served upwards of forty years in the navy, had retired with a pension, and was regarded as a great authority. He was a man of Cyclopean build—a veritable sea-mon-ster. Masses of thick shaggy hair grew wild upon his head and face, and he wore that grand but goodhumoured expression which usually assign to the British lion. I observed him striding across the moors, regardless of rain or storm. accompanied only with his heavy staff, or rather pole, and a large Newfoundland dog. I soon found that he was a 'character;' his habits, address, and ideas according well with his appearance. He knew the favourite haunts of the falcon and gannet, and how to surprise the seal in its dark abode. Towns he abhorred; the fresh sea breezes braced his frame, the expanse of sea and sky inspired his soul. To place him, he said, in a street among houses and smoke would be like caging one of the free birds that flew around those crags. He seemed sensible and straightforward, and I never should have thought that a man of such lofty views could have condescended to take much notice of human affairs. I should have thought him as proof as St. Antony against all the charms of the fair; but, alas! he was not

'So good or so cold,
As not to be tempted by woman or gold,'

This sea-girt rock bore a lovely maid—a bright wild flower—upon its rugged breast. She was the only child of one of the principal inhabitants, and was the spoiled pet not only of her parents, but more or less of the whole island. It was about two years before our arrival that the old seaman had discovered this airy retreat, so congenial to his tastes, and the islanders had congratulated themselves on his establishment among them. A man who had visited all parts of the globe in the service of government during forty years was no small acquisition where there was so little variety and information. To no one was his advent more welcome than to Maria's father,

who was tired of the dull society of uneducated labourers, and many a long winter evening did they wear out pleasantly together over the bright hearth, while the veteran recounted, to the admiration of the little household, the dangers he had encountered and the wonders he had The old sailor seemed to appreciate the quiet family and their homely cheer, and became a constant visitor at all hours of the day, while Mr. Dupper (such was his name) thought himself highly complimented at the condescension of so great an authority. He accounted for it slyly, by observing that his visitor was very fond of telling his stories; a correct surmise, for it afforded exercise not only to his memory but also to his imagination. One afternoon Maria did not return to dinner at the usual hour; they waited and waited, but without result. Such an absence had never occurred before, and not being able to find her anywhere in the neighbourhood, the horrible thought suggested itself that she might have fallen over the cliffs: such accidents often hap-pened to the cattle grazing along the slopes. Bewildered and powerless from apprehension, the father at once thought of applying to the old sailor for advice and assistance. He made his way to his house, but when he arrived he found the door fastened, and no one within to answer his demands. He looked all along the cliffs on the north of the island; thence made inquiries at the quarries; walked to the very edge of the Limekiln's abyss; and finally proceeded in despair to the landingplace. There he learned the real cause of his daughter's absence. She had eloped with the old sailor, and crossed to the mainland by the skiff, which had just left. Pursuit was impossible, as there was no communication except twice a week, and that by this very packet. The father was furious, the mother inconsolable, and not even soothed by a letter, which had been left for her by her daughter, stating that they were to be married next day, and return in a week. She vowed she would hold no communication with

a man who had thus violated the laws of hospitality, or with her daughter, who had connived at such disgraceful conduct. By degrees, however, she became more resigned, and felt that she could not entirely discard her only child; but still she spoke with an almost unnatural acerbity on the subject, and told me that she would sooner have seen her daughter dead than married to such an old man, and that her only consolation was that the doctors had informed her that Maria would not, under any circumstances, have lived more than a few years. The daughter, whom I frequently saw, did not appear to take such a dreadful view of affairs. She was too much occupied in caressing and dancing her baby to think of anything else, and as for the captain, he bore his age as lightly as old Charon, and was a remarkably hale and jovial fellow.

On Sunday we attended Divine service at the chapel. On our way there we met, to our surprise, a large number of the islanders proceeding in an opposite direction. each armed with a long pole, having at its end a small bag. We supposed them to be entomologists, and their accompaniments butterfly nets; but although the study of natural history elevates the mind, and raises our thoughts above this world, it occurred to us that they might on Sunday have been engaged in still higher exercises. Our surmises, however, as to their intentions proved to be altogether false, for they were going to collect seabirds' eggs from the rocks, to make

puddings.

The chapel was small, a building partly of wood, partly of iron, and the severest Puritan could not have desired greater simplicity than it exhibited. A raised desk at the farther end served both for reading and preaching; a rough plank on one side was set apart for the authorities; and a sort of gridiron in the centre for their humbler breth-The congregation did not, however, exhibit any greater amount of attention than we usually observe in other places of worship, where the chaff is ever mingled with the wheat. The similarity of avocation, although there are grades. even among hewers of stone, made the differences of character more remarkable. They would have formed an improving study for John Bunyan. There was the musical quarryman, the worldly quarryman, and the sleepy quarryman; and, finally, there were the humble few impressed with the importance of redeeming the time; and the women demurely and attentively following the clergyman, and unless their lips belied their hearts, bringing down blessings on the whole congregation.

I little thought as we sat in this edifice, listening quietly to the pious exhortations of the clergyman, before the end of the week it would resound with uproarious revelry, and the very spot from which the preacher was addressing us be occupied by a barrel of beer! Yet such proved to be the case. The storekeeper, who was one of the principal functionaries, was about to leave his post, and it was resolved to do him honour by a bacchanalian festival. It was to commence with a banquet, for which great preparations were made. except in the superfluous matters of plates, dishes, knives and forks, and was to conclude with dancing and The chapel presented harmony. upon this occasion a most remarkable spectacle. The ladies were attired in every variety of morning and evening costume; and the gentlemen, still more heterogeneous, were some in stiff full-dress, some gay in the highland kilt, while some did not even condescend to abandon their waterproofs and southwesters. The jolly god soon became the presiding deity. Many a man was unmanned that night, many a good stonecutter's blow was struck, and many a little incident occurred to raise a smile or a blush in after The festival might have years. revived the chief of the granite crown, who lay buried alongside, and been an honour to his reign, and would not have been unworthy of the still earlier race who raised the massive cromlech on the rock. George, whose spirits rose with the confusion, did not go on board that

night, and, as I was informed, greatly distinguished himself. Having, of course, no lodging on shore, he was indebted to fortune, who favours the audacious, for providing him with a bed-room. As the sun was beginning to rise in the heavens. and he was searching for a quiet corner, or a soft doorstep, to take forty winks, he met a man staggering along the road with a large can of ale in his hand. With ready wit he accosted the unsteady individual, asked him where he was bound, and receiving no answer, told him he would take care of his tipple for him, and handed him into a convenient ditch, where he remained for the next twelve hours. Then having cheered himself a little with his acquisition, he betook himself to the nearest habitation, where, with such an accompaniment, he found a ready welcome and comfortable accommodation.

The granite works occupy but a small space on the eastern side of the island, although they give employment to about three hundred men. The stone was in repute in very early times, as is shown by its having been employed in the building of the church of St. Enodoc, in Cornwall, which is of Early English architecture, and has been long buried in the sand; but I was informed that a quantity of it, which had been forwarded for the Thames embankment, was not considered hard enough for that structure. The works are being carried on by the London Granite Company, who have rented the island for twenty years. The men employed are chiefly Scotch and Irish, and receive, according to their capabilities, from sixteen to thirty shillings a week. Some complained to me that there was no law in the island, meaning no 'blue' to support its majesty. I think that to the majority the absence of the official is more than compensated for by the non-collection of rates and taxes. In the course of my rambles I observed in many places ancient lines of demarcation, betokening that the land had been more extensively cultivated formerly than it is at present. As early as the reign of Edward II. it is mentioned as

'abounding in pleasant pastures, producing plenty of rabbits, pigeons, and startings, and yielding its inhabitants fresh water,' and in the reign of William III. it maintained 50 horses, 50 horned cattle, 300 goats, and 500 sheep. A considerable number of cattle are still fed upon the moorland, and although wheat will not thrive here, the climate appears to be favourable to oats and barley.

But where I mostly loved to wander was along the west, above those mighty ramparts of granite which defy the fury of the great Atantic. Here I could lay me down upon some thyme-covered slope and gaze over the waste of waters stretching away to Newfoundland and South America, without as much land intervening as would rest a sea-bird's foot. Oh! it was a grand and awful sight to see, as I often did, a storm gathering over that vast expanse; to behold the heavens blackening and descending in a condensed, lurid mass upon the deep, until the two became indistinguishable from one another. If anything could add to the effect, it was the scream of the seamews, who circled round and round above the rocks, uttering strange cries, as of human distress.

One part of the moor near the western coast has been rent by some mighty throes and convulsions of The solid rock has been ruined by subterranean agency, and yawns asunder to an apparently unfathomable depth; some of the fissures are more superficial, and you can descend for a short distance down a passage about six feet wide. with the granite standing like a wall on either side. This phenomenon is supposed to have been occasioned by the earthquake of 1755. A large and beautiful amethyst was discovered far down in the fissure a few years since. The proprietor, who himself made the discovery, sent for a lapidary to extract it, but unfortunately sufficient secrecy was not observed, and the gem was not only stolen, but rendered worthless. by some dishonest and unskilful

During my stay I explored the

greater part of the island, which is about four miles in length by one in breadth, and has been likened in shape to an oak leaf. On one occasion I found what I at once recognised to be the Punchbowl. Miss Sinclair observes that a ruin is nothing without a sandwich, so it appears to be usually conceded that a rock is incomplete without this social addition. But the Punchbowl at Lundy is not a mere rock basin. as is generally the case, but a receptacle so nicely rounded on the convex and concave sides, that it has been supposed to have been an ancient font, although its dimensions do not appear to agree with such a conclusion. It stands as if carelessly thrown aside by the course of a small stream, which, leaping from ledge to ledge, and from pool to pool, or winding through grassy slopes, blue with forget-me-nots, adds greatly to the charm of the locality. Slaking my thirst at the clear rivulet, the water of which would have at any time been sweet and refreshing, but which beneath the scorching sun seemed like the nectar of the gods, I proceeded a few yards, and climbed along a bluff forehead of rock, pink with sea-lavender, until I could look over a dizzy precipice into the surging sea. I was looking down a vast chasm or rent in the rocks, and I observed that its ledges were speckled over with white, as if they had been covered with flowers. These little dots were seagulls and kittiwakes, who had taken possession of every point where a lodgment could be effected for the important purpose of laying and There they hatching their eggs. sat in thousands of thousands, as demure and immovable as if the fate of empires depended upon them. In the centre of the chasm a very remarkable pillar of rock arose from the sea, and from my lofty position I commanded a good view of it. Its summit was as flat as a table, and appeared to afford most convenient accommodation, for it was perfectly black with the backs of puffins, who sat all huddled together, also engrossed with the cares of incubation.

The vast number of the sea birds

which frequent Lundy at this season would cause an ordinary person to suppose that this island was their constant home; but such is not the case. In August they depart in a mass, with the exception of a few gulls, and do not return until the following May. Their habits in this respect are similar to those of so-called migratory fish; they live separately during the greater part of the year, and only congregate and visit the shore at breeding time. They sometimes, however, appear suddenly in vast numbers on a certain day, seeming to come from all parts of the channel, and departing again almost immediately. assemblage takes place in December, or a little later, and has been a subject of much interesting speculation. The most probable theory is that they meet for the purpose of pairing, as embryo eggs have been found in some of them at this period.

The birds which congregate at Lundy may be said to consist of kittiwakes, gulls of various kinds, puffins, guillemots, commonly known as 'mers,' and razor-billed auks. The three last kinds are exclusively sea birds, and live entirely on fish. They are of the penguin tribe, and are so well adapted for diving that they can overtake their prey in its native element. They have immense bills, and not being incommoded by tails, stand looking very grave and solemn along the rocks, like a party of little old gentlemen with very large noses. Their flight is ungraceful, and their wings being small and placed far back, contrast very unfavourably with the long crescent pinions of the gull. The kittiwake is a very elegant little creature, resembling a gull in miniature. Its name is derived from its quest, 'kitti-wake, kitti-wake,' which it utters in a wild, melancholy key almost human, and harmonizing in tone with the mournful voices of the The gulls are by far the deep. strongest and most ferocious members of this feathered community, and think that a few eggs, or even a young puffin, is not an unsavoury addition to a fish dinner. This is perhaps the reason why the puffin burrows in the ground, or tries to dispossess the rabbit of its hole when about to lay her small white egg. The auks and guillemots designated by the islanders, from the form of their bills, razor-bills and pecker-bills, so much alike are they in other respects. It is surprising that both species are not extinct, for their eggs are in great demand both among gulls and men. A regular system is pursued by the collectors; each man has a certain range or 'bench' allotted to him, and this he clears every second day, for sea birds do not seem to possess the shrewdness of their sisters on shore, but continue to lay in the very places from whence their former eggs have been removed. I was told that sometimes as many as a hundred and fifty dozen are collected from one bench in a fortnight. This practice must tend greatly to diminish the number of these birds. especially as they lay but one egg, and deposit it on the bare rock, although if that be removed they will lay another. Guillemots' eggs are about the size of those of geese, although the birds are little larger than a pigeon, and are of a somewhat conical or pegtop shape. They are white, blue, or verdigris green, and are covered with dark marks, as though inscribed with hieroglyphics by the hand of Merlin. What mysteries of the sea are writ upon them I cannot say, but it is remarkable that two have never been found exactly similar. It requires a practical eye to distinguish between these eggs and those of the razorbills, but the latter have always a white ground, and are more round than those of the guillemot. The gulis make nests, and lay four or five spotted eggs of a chocolate colour, and somewhat smaller than those above mentioned. Still smaller are those of the kittiwake, which are white sprinkled with red, and so delicate that a slight pressure of the hand will crush them to pieces.

One of the keepers of the lighthouse, who had acquired a taste for ornithology, informed me that the sport of hawking was again becoming fashionable, and that some fine peregrine falcons are to be found at WOL XIV.—NO. LIXIX. Lundy. It is remarkable that there are two eyries of them in the island at present; the same number there were in the time of Queen Elizabeth, when these hawks were considered the best in England. Their eggs, which are seldom to be obtained, are the colour of mahogany, and a little larger than those of plovers.

The gale continued with more or less violence for a fortnight. During this period the men on board were up all night to be in readiness to start in case of the wind veering to the north. One morning the appearances were so threatening that nearly all the vessels weighed anchor, and made for ports higher up the channel; but our men, unwilling to leave us on the island, still held on. At length the gale moderated, and in twenty-four hours afterwards the sea had become so smooth that we were able to round the northern part of the island. The coast is loftier than that of Cornwall, but does not exhibit the bold architectural forms we there admire; its heights are equally precipitous, but not so symmetrical. We have here nevertheless some combinations of ludicrously artificial appearance. The Templar rock, a name which reminds us that Lundy once belonged to that order, consists of a very remarkable head and face of granite overlooking the sea eastward. The Mousehole is a circular perforation through a jutting point of rock, and near it is the Mousetrap, which should be called the bird-trap, for it resembles on a large scale the brick trap set by boys for sparrows and larks. In some places we find overhanging rocks, the position of which seem to set all the laws of gravitation at defiance; in others cyclopian walls, built as it were of regularly squared blocks. On one part of the coast a massive natural rampart runs up the grassy slope so evenly that it is difficult to believe it was not intended to divide the lands of contending proprietors. At another point a square slab of granite stands upright facing the Western Ocean in so conspicuous a position that I am surprised it has not been used as an advertising

medium. In rowing in our boat round the northern coast, we kept inside the Hen and Chickens, which are small rocks nearly covered at high water, and lying at some distance from the shore. We soon passed the Constable rock, a pillar of granite standing on the coast, said to be the petrified body of some Cornish giant, and reached at the extreme north the Gannet rock—so called from a few of the birds of that species being occasionally seen there—a vast mass separated by some convulsion from its better half. which remains on shore. The rocks in many places appeared to have been undermined by the sea, and in some caverns had been formed penetrating to a considerable extent. Wishing to explore some of them, we directed our course to the first, which appeared promising and approachable. To reach it we had to row through a semicircle of lofty rocks, cut into innumerable narrow ledges. These were lined with rows of sea birds, who sat demurely tier above tier, like spectators in a theatre waiting for the performance to commence. We passed close to some of them on our way in; they made no attempt to move, but only quietly turned their heads and watched our operations with an air of unconcern which seemed almost impertinent. They were particularly numerous owing to its being evening, at which time they return from their daily excursions, having been sometimes forty or fifty miles to sea. We were not successful in our attempt. The cave had a very lofty but narrow entrance, and we proceeded far enough to discover that it was divided into two corridors; but the men considered further investigation hazardous, for the waves were heard roaring and lashing in the darkness within, owing to the ground swell, which generally prevails on this coast. We were therefore unwillingly obliged to desist from our The next cave we enterprise. passed presented to us a remarkably picturesque appearance. The lower part of its entrance was narrow, but it expanded above, and disclosed dark shafts of rocks suspended, as it were, from the roof, a striking effect being produced by the contrast with the light granite without.

Proceeding farther towards the west we arrived at a cavern of such large dimensions that we rowed into it without danger or difficulty. On entering through a lofty natural arch, we found ourselves under a vast dome formed of clusters of dark green shafts, with sufficient uniformity and variety to produce a very beautiful effect. The wall of rock opposite us had a rosy colour, which I at first attributed to the setting sun, but afterwards found to belong to the rock itself. On either side of this large chamber was another of smaller size, communicating with the sea without through a wide opening, and in the centre of the roof of each was an aperture almost circular, through which the light streamed down. Through the rosy rock, opposite the main entrance, there extended a long gallery, piercing completely through one of the largest of the promontories which surround the island. Through this the sea foamed and broke with vast commotion. and down it the heaving waves poured cataracts of surf, which, added to the booming of the water inside the cavern, produced a very awful effect, and caused us to imagine it possible that our little boat might be capsized. The waters beneath, although beautifully clear, looked uncomfortably dark and deep, and the coldness of the cavern, though at first grateful, seemed after a time to add to the terrors of these halls of Neptune.

The northern and western coast of this island are especially fatal to vessels, many of which caught in gales fly for shelter to Lundy Roads, and are dashed to pieces, nothing ever being known of the disaster except by a little drift-wood washed ashore. I have heard many thrilling stories of hairbreadth escapes from vessels sinking, of one or two men being just able to jump on a jutting ledge of rock before the ship struck when all their companions were all unched into eternity. We passed on our way a diving vessel at its sad work, and were informed that

it found constant employment at Lundy, and that the divers made a very comfortable living. As the twilight approached the sea became glassy, the wind fell to a zephyr; and as we were anxious to proceed on our expedition, we determined to weigh anchor without delay. gave the order immediately on our return, and at ten o'clock our white canvas began to rise into the air, and the clanking of the chain, the clicking of the windlass, and the chorus of the seamen's voices broke the stillness not unmusically. It was a lovely summer night, which seemed but a softer, diviner prolongation of day; and the moon shone so brightly that we could trace the features, and almost the tints of the lofty coast above us, with wonderful distinctness. It reminded me of what the old Greek poets had said of 'holy night;' and I could not retire below, but continued to pace the deck, occasionally exchanging observations with the man at the helm. Brown presently took his place, and we fell to yarning, for he had been a sailor all his life, and had an incredibly large stock of tales about his fortunes and misfortunes in various parts of the world. He was a man gifted with an unusual amount of observation. and noticed and remembered all kinds of little incidents in domestic arrangements and maritime adventures Sailors having in general few anxieties, and little to amuse or exercise their minds in their daily toil, are more wont than landsmen to recall and muse over the scenes of the past, and Brown had not long taken his post for the nightfor he never retired to his berth when we were under way-when, as I settled myself upon the booby hatch, he began to wander back to some of the events of the past.

'It was such a night as this, sir, only there was a trifle more wind,' he observed, holding up his hand, 'about four years ago, while I was spending a few days at home before joining my ship, that my brother, who kept a small coasting craft for the conveyance of passengers and goods, came to my house at Barnstaple at about eleven o'clock at

night to ask me to take a gentleman across to Tenby for him. I thought the hour very inconvenient, and wanted to know whether he could not wait until the morning, but he said the gentleman insisted on going that night, and without delay. So I went and looked up the crew at their homes—for of course it was cold pie there, sir, and the men did not sleep aboard—and in about half an hour I got the sails up and all ready. Well, sir, the gentleman soon came down, and a porter brought with him a hamper and a portmanteau from the hotel. He was a stout, elderly man, not altogether bad looking, but, sir, I never heard any one going on as he was, cursing and swearing, and abusing them as I knowed to be the best people in the town. I could not make out at the time what it was all about, but I afterwards heard that he had been at a ball in the town, and had been misconducting himself to some of the ladies. He had behaved very improper indeed. that is for a gentleman, you know, sir—for he was a man of education and I know one who, if he had been there, would have unshipped his head for him. And so, sir, the gentlemen got together; and notwithstanding all his rage they turned him out of the room, and he swore he'd have their lives, or, at least, the life of one of them. But I suppose he thought better of it, for he said afterwards that he'd either have their lives or leave the place at once, and then he sent off the porter for a boat.

'Well, sir, he got on board, and talked and stormed, I not knowing what it was all about, and thinking him mad drunk and talking nonsense; and indeed I think he had taken a little too much; but when we got a little way out, he went down below and brought up his hamper and opened it. There were in it half a dozen bottles of beer, and as many of brandy. He then began opening the bottles and asking me to drink, but I refused, saying I never took such liquors; but he said that men like me always drank. He made up for it, however, by taking a hearty draught

himself, and inviting the men, who were not loth to follow his example. But as they turned down glass after glass, I soon saw that I should have to manage the vessel all by myself, and was obliged to interfere. He seemed much annoyed at this, and presently went down again to where his portmanteau was, and came up with a loaded revolver. with which he said he had intended to shoot the gentlemen at the ball. I thought such a weapon in the hands of a man in his state very dangerous, and that something serious might occur; so I asked him to let me look at it, and when I got hold of it, you may make sure that I did not let him have it again in a hurry. I told him that there was something the matter with it, and that I would set it to rights for him, and I locked it up in the sail-room. By degrees became more talkative and noisy; going on about his wife, poor woman, who had left him two years before, and saying he was a yachtsman. "Yes," he repeated; "I'm a yachtsman, and I'll show you what we yachtsmen do;" and without another word, he stripped off his coat and waistcoat and all his clothes. I made sure he was going to jump overboard, but he went and stood up in the middle of the deck. "Now, boys," he called out, " bring your buckets and throw water over me, but don't throw them at me." And so they did, and thought it fine fun, and they heaved water over him until I thought he must be half drowned, and hoped it would sober him. But just before we reached Tenby he saw some men he knew in a boat to windward, and began to shout and holloa to them, and called upon me to port the This I refused to do, as I might run the vessel aground. He then took to swearing and threatening'me, and using awful language, but I told him there was no good in his abusing me, as I knew my business and should keep the vessel in her He did not forgive me for this all the rest of the way, and left without even a "thank you," although only for me, I don't believe he would ever have arrived at all. I heard afterwards that he was a man

of property—a partner in a large firm, and well known in the neighbourhood. He was always going on expeditions with pilots, and taking hampers with him. The last thing I heard of him was, that a passing vessel observed a skiff drifting up channel with no one at the helm, or apparently on board, and on sending a boat to examine her, they found this gentleman, and the rest of the crew, lying on their backs perfectly insensible, among a

heap of empty bottles.'

We anchored in Tenby Bay a little before eight in the morning, and shortly afterwards, while I was dressing, I heard Arethusa on the deck, evidently in a state of great excitement and delight. She is naturally a very demonstrative child, and very observant; and both her mother and myself agree that she will be a remarkable woman, and perhaps marry very advantageously. Emily considers rank indispensable. but I should not refuse my consent provided there were money. My wife, who is indefatigable in educating her in ladylike habits and religious principles, thought a little repression necessary on this occasion, and putting her head up the companion, observed, 'Not quite so loud, Arethusa, dear; you really must not make so much noise.'

'Oh, but ma, it is so beautiful! Do come up and look at it.'

'At what, my dear? You really must not make so much noise; it is not ladylike. What is it?'

It's a great blobber, ma.'

'A great—? Arethusa! where

did you hear such a word?'
'Yes, it is, ma,' persisted Arethusa; 'George told me it was.'

'It is what we calls a blobber, mum,' interposed George, touching his cap.

'I do not wish to see it at all,' replied Emily, returning to the saloon, somewhat ruffled, and asserting that yachting was making Arethusa quite vulgar.

I at once went upon deck to see what had led to such unpleasant consequences. Alongside the vessel, held by a rope round what I may call its waist, lay in an apparently fainting state one of the largest

and most remarkable jelly fish or zoophytes I had ever seen. Even Emily, whom I called, forgot Arethusa's misdoings in gazing at this wonderful creature. Imagine a halfopen mushroom-it is remarkable that the same shape should be common to the lowest forms of animal and vegetable life - with a cap about two feet in diameter, and a stalk consisting of a cluster of eight small stems. It was perfectly clear and colourless, except round the circumference of the cap or umbrella, which was scalloped more regularly, and dyed with mauve more brightly than ever lady's dress. The stems or peduncle seemed to proceed from a kind of transparent moss, or 'cauliflower' as the men called it, under the head, and were joined together again about half way down with a belt of similar Each of the stems description. ended in a 'fan,' something re-sembling in form a triple-edged sword, and used apparently for steering. The whole is propelled through the tide by the alternate expansions and contractions of the 'umbrella,' which expels the water with great force.

This remarkable zoophyte would probably be surprised if it knew that it was called by naturalists the Rhizostoma Cuvieri, and that its mode of feeding itself had occasioned great dissension, and some little ill-feeling among scientific brethren; one party being of opinion that it receives nourishment through its mouth, and the other through its legs. The generality are in favour of the latter conclusion, but fish, as large, I am told, as herrings,

are sometimes found under the 'umbrella'—' self-digested,' asserts the one party; 'tenants at will,' insists the other. I cannot presume to give my opinion as to how our gelatinous friend obtains his living: but of his proportions I can speak from observation; and George, who had been long employed in fishing about this coast, told us they had sometimes hauled these creatures up in their nets of as much as two or three hundred weight. We observed several of them swimming or floating past us; and it is remarkable that they were generally in pairs, and all the time we were so unceremoniously examining the one we had caught, another was distinctly visible in the water beneath, waiting for its companion.

Our steward was to join us at Tenby. Up to this time we had not had any servant on board but Simkins; and I think it but due to her to record here how thoroughly and conscientiously she performed all her duties during this time. had often heard my wife assert that she was invaluable, but I had never before known her real worth. Although she did not rise very early in the morning, she soon made up for the time thus lost. She scrubbed and polished Arethusa, till the whole vessel resounded with cries for mercy. She dressed and rated my wife; laid the cloth for breakfast; vanished into the pantry, made the tea, accused the men of stealing the eggs and cutting the butter: and was back again triumphant before I could turn round with a detailed account of her discoveries and achievements.

ANSWER TO CHARADE IN THE JUNE NUMBER

(p. 528).

Ward-robe.

THE GENTLE CRAFT.

An Ccho.

(WITH AN ILLUSTRATION.)

A H, little maid, with the dimpled cheek,
That never has known a bitter tear,
All your thought is fishes to seek—
Roach and gudgeon and dace and bleak!
Wait till you come to twenty year.

Charlie may help to hold the rod, Grasping it thus your cast to steer, Lest the top-joint, with a needless nod, Teach to the float behaviour odd— Wait till you come to twenty year.

If at a bite the float should throb,
Trust his teaching, although severe;
Heart may flutter and throat may sob—
But you don't get a catch for every bob:
Wait till you come to twenty year.

Twenty times over the season may pass— Charlie may still be your only dear— But you'll find all fishing is not, alss! By the riverside, on the sunny grass: Wait till you come to twenty year.

Try the swim again and again—
Only provided the swim be clear;
Just at present your only bane
Is when the lilies your float detain:
Wait till you come to twenty year.

The daintiest line that ever was dipped
Has brought the angler a basket queer;
Like the lithest rod that was ever unshipped,
And the prettiest stream that ever was whipped:
Wait till you come to twenty year.

I have angled in times gone by, Little maid with the eyes sincere: May you have luck no worse than I, When in the river of life you try: Wait till you come to twenty year.

Meanwhile, fishes alone to catch,
Give your mind to your angling gear:
Time enough for a different match
When looks, not hooks, will the prey attach:
Wait till you come to twenty year.

Ah! little maid with the eyes of blue,
With a little lover so watchful near,
Hundreds there are that envy you—
And hundreds of boys that envy, too,
That little lover, as I would do,
Could I go back to twenty year.

Yes, little maid with the dimpled cheek,
Pure as the heaven of the upper sphere,
I but murmur an old man's pique—
Ah, to think of the love I'd speak,
Had I but come to twenty year!

MORAL.

Poor old dotard! and is this al!—
All the wisdom and all the cheer
Sights like this innocent pair recall?
Sighing, 'Could I but backward crawl
To the pure enchantment of twenty year!'

NOTE BY THE POET.

Dear little maid, with the dimpled cheek,
Though at your poet thus they sneer,
Do not think him a mean old sneak:—
Twas because I love you my words were weak;—
But I'll tell you all in the Kalends Greek,
When we've both come to twenty year.
T. H.

POPPIES IN THE CORN;

OR, GLAD HOURS IN THE GRAVE YEARS,-No. L

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE HARVEST OF A QUIET EYE,' &c.

WANTED a string to tie this handful of essays together, and as I passed through the cornfields I was confirmed in my choice of the above general title. For there they were, the vivid glad flowers in the sober and grave corn-ranks; laughing up here and there with, seemingly, no further end than mere enjoyment, amid the steady utili-tarian life of the tall dull-green wheat-lines. Here and there that scarlet flash, heightened by the satin black centre, caught the eye; and, unless it had been the eye of a soured heart, certainly brought a softening of pleased consciousness into its dullest and hardest abstraction. Here and there the idle poppies, but everywhere the useful corn.

And so, I thought, it is in life, especially (to be egotistic for a moment) in a life, like mine, made of sweet grave days, myriads of swaying solemn years, hushed and quiet in colour, never speaking above a whisper; tall and straight, affording no room to exuberances and superfluities of growth; turning

blue air, and broad sun, and cool rain all into useful corn: orderly, monotonous, ear like to ear all down the long ruled rows. Some ears, it is true, blighted and black with smut; some poorer than they might and should be; still, to a casual glance, even row matched with even row in perhaps a wearisome uniformity. But then I find an analogy when I look at the cornfields, and lo! to break the routine and sameness, the surprise of that glad scarlet flower among the long interminable lines of grave ears, not straight and formal, but spreading and exuberant in growth: one close at hand, another flash a little way beyond; a little cluster here; a galaxy there. And the eye rejoiced to see them: it did not grudge the space they took—these holidays of the wheatfield - from the patient, humdrum, sober, useful corn-stalks. A field all poppies would have been sad to see, and tiring to the eye; a field all poppies, with the strangled corn sending up only a spindled spike in tufts here and there. But, the

field being chiefly corn, the innocent gladness and glee of the flowers pleased the eye and refreshed the heart.

And now I scarce need interpret my parable. Most lives that have a serious useful purpose are made up of days and years that upon the whole are uneventful. monotonous, grave in colour, and subdued in tone. Day after day, long ranks of them, each much like its fellow: almost wearying the heart, at times, to look backwards and forwards, and trace the perspective of those long ranks composed of the corn-bearing hours and days. I might say more than here I shall say, of the sad patches of smut, and blight, and barren land in those lives which have the highest work to do. But the tradesthe schoolmaster's, man's, clerk's, the doctor's, the lawyer's, the mechanic's, the statesman's, the clergyman's life—each has this in common, that it is made up of days bearing fruit more or less valuable. but days, upon the whole, as like as two ears of corn, and wearying at last by their unvaried sameness. Again, each life has this in common, that it has poppies in the corn; glad hours in the grave years.

And I, who have before this tried to gather in a little harvest of useful corn, am now minded to go out into the fields, and pluck a handful of these same poppy hours. Here an hour, and there a day, and further on, a three weeks' clustertimes or scenes merely of recreation, pleasant to remember, to imagine, and to write about-poppypapers, without much use; -and yet I bethink me that poppies and recreations are not without an office; they rest and soothe the overworn body, mind, and brain, and gather up its energies for new corn-growing. And see, what long lines of wheat (more or less full in ear) I can contemplate in all the sermons written by this pen. Let, then, these light essaylings have the room of the poppies along those sober series.

I had lit upon a galaxy of these bright hours in a sketch which I dare hope may yet claim a place in the memory of those who read itsince it appeared but a week or two ago in the Holiday Number of this magazine. I had not time, however, to pick half the flowers from that unusually large patch—three weeks - of holidays among the workdays. I left my parson with wife and children just at the end of his journey, and comfortably housed in a lodging, with a cheerful balcony and a good sea view. I gave him leave to indulge in a little halfmalicious gratification, at seeing the arrivals by the second boat still tramping the streets, and toiling after lodgings—a toil made the more severe by the many small parcels, bags, and bundles which were distributed among the members of the hunt. And, lightly running up the steps and up the stairs, after that first visit to the edge of the hoary sea, you saw how already the holiday had begun its work. sprightly man, as young and eager as his two boys, you would hardly recognise in him the bent back, and seamed brow, and dragging walk, into which he had gradually drooped at his curacy of Multum-in-Parvo.

For the first day or two the life is very indefinite; unsettled per-haps. But the parson does not want to be settled: he has for a long while now gone along in one even groove; it is pleasure enough for him to be able to saunter about and reconnoitre, and stare into the shops (a great enjoyment, if his home be in the country, with no more interesting emporiums than that of Jones the saddler's, and Ray's the general shop for tea and corduroys, flour and boots, pickles and gingham umbrellas). He loves to stare at the shop windows, only a horrible thirst for buying all sorts of natty little matters comes over him, and makes this recreation dangerous. He had better have his wife at his elbow. Nervously after such a saunter does he extract that silver-paper parcel for the wife, and, hoping for impunity by means of this proved first thought for her, proceed apologetically to land from his pocket this little fardel containing just what Beatrice has wanted so long:-and then of course it

would not do to have left Eva out. The boys he need not mention now: they indeed have secured their prizes, and are long ago off and away with them. This is mildly borne, even graciously received, at first; but, repeated too often, the wretched already self-convicted man quails under his wife's reproof; and sneaks away again with Beatrice and Eva, like liver and gizzard, one under each wing, for a walk on the Parade. Indeed there is, especially, as I say, if you are generally out of the way of shops, an exquisite delight in the mere act of spending money. An overmastering pleasure, a keen relish, in the simple process of buying: without any regard to the need or value of the thing bought. To stroll down the bazaar, stopping at this stall and that, until some foolishly over-eager stallkeeper bears down upon the victim, with 'Can I show you anything, sir?'—driving him away disgusted and sulky; much as though an unskilful birdcatcher were to pull up the nets just ere the bird had hopped in. At last to pick out an object, having been for once allowed a good previous penn'orth of examination of the articles; and to have to look up and even summon the vendor:—it is quite pleasant to have the nets brought together when you are ready to be caught. Or (having first secured the free-gratis exhibition which is to be had outside the window of the bookseller and dealer in nicknacks) to remember or discover that you want some small matter (even a penny paper may sometimes serve the turn), and to gain rightful admission to the wellspread banquet within; and so to secure a leisure and full survey of this counter and that, and the glass bookcase with the clean new books of the season: furtively, perhaps, and a little guiltily to glance at 'Punch,' to peep into the 'Times,' to take up 'London Society' or the 'Cornhill' (your own periodicals await you, you know, at home). All this, I say, you do a little ashamedly, if you have but come in for a 'Standard,'—but bold and unabashed are your movements if a shilling has been laid out now, or if

you have, from time to time, been a dealer here to this large amount. Merely to look is delicious; to buy is almost an excess of enjoyment, especially, I think, to buy for others. Who knows not the zest of the return, after a week's run to London. with pockets and bag full of all sorts of articles, little and big: these for the wife; this for the son; that for the daughter; nor have the pleased servants been forgotten? How anxiously you (the most eager and pleased of all;—we have good authority for giving the palm of enjoyment to the giver himself; and this is true, I think, even in minor instances;)—how impatiently, I say, you chafe at the delay of that loitering boy, to whom you entrusted the carpet bag; how importantly you unstrap and unlock it, surrounded by a pleased circle; with what relish you extract the neat parcels, and watch, with a grave but deep interest while they are undone. Oh misery, if the gown of brown, and the petticoat, so to speak, of silver paper, having been removed, the choice article is found to be in several fragments! But let us hope that this never happens.

I have, however, sauntered away from my subject. Still, I shall not aim at extreme method in these slight papers. Poppies, you know, must needs spread unrestrained, for all that tall corn which keep so straight and in such regular rows. Sermons must keep to the point; holiday thoughts may roam where

they will. But the girls have been for a bath; and they run up to you rosy, and sparkling-eyed, and dank-haired (one black and one golden, of course), and with cheeks cool and already hard and firm as the white of a salad-egg. They positively can't wait till dinner-time: they must have a bun now. Exactly (to tell the truth) your own feeling: still you give expression to a grave murmur as to spoiling their dinner; and then enter the pastrycook's. Delicious sight! a large tin of newlaid buns, just served up and hot. With sternness worthy of Lycurgus, or Brutus even, you limit the repast to one bun apiece; for what can be

more disappointing than to have thought out and provided a peculiarly appetizing dinner, and then not to have it enjoyed? No fear of not to have it enjoyed? No fear of that now. however. You are all really like wolves long before dinner time; several furtive glances at your watch have been indulged in since one o'clock, and two seemed as though it would never Why do we choose such queer times for dinner by the sea? There are who fix it even at three or four. At home such hours would be highly uncomfortable. suppose it is partly to get the long morning and evening, and partly to get the upsetting of ordinary everyday habits. After dinner (again I blush to write it) you do feel slightly torpid; and then the thing is to draw the arm-chair to the window, to unfold the 'Times' or the 'Standard,' or to cut the leaves of the periodical, and leisurely and dreamily to enjoy the placidity and contentment of body and mind. Probably you doze, anyhow you are as good as asleep, lulled by that far monotony (the sea is at low tide), of the dull plunge and raking withdrawal of the never-ceasing shallow The eves dwell every now and then, with tranquil and restful enjoyment upon the hushed-toned, twinkling space of water, the colour, under this cloudless sky, like that of a turquoise under tissue paper. The dear comfortable wife is seated on a hassock by your chair: her head rests against your leg; she is pre-tending to tat, or perhaps has secured Anthony Trollope's or Mrs. Oliphant's last effort—if effort be a fitting name for writing so easy and so pleasant. There are yet some wholesome novels, some names which, you may feel secure, will at least protect you from the danger of a mental draught of neat brandy heightened with cayenne. The parson and the parson's wife rarely find time or much inclination for novel-reading at home; it is at the seaside that draughts of this light sparkling beverage, this lemonade of literature, are taken and enjoyed by them. It is all part of the change; and many a sweet fresh spring in the heart's depths is thereby freed from leaves which choked it, and set to run pure and bright again. Your old love-ecstasies and agonies; your young dreams of noble aims and attainments; that sweet, if unreal time,

'When all the world is young, lad, And all the trees are green, And every goose a swan, lad, And every lass a queen;'

the pure, wholesome novel, read in your holiday, will pleasantly bring these back again. And there are arrears of such, stale to others but new to you, to be made up. One of these, perhaps, the wife then is reading or running over; and so the old ones are comfortable. The boys are busy over the rigging of that ship that was a little faulty in sailing today, but that to-morrow is to be quite perfection. The children find an unfailing source of delight in the balcony. There is (only of course you don't know of this) the excitement of leaning over and trying to catch a sight of the inmates of the next room; there is the interesting appearance of a baby in the adjoining balcony, and of other children who shyly eye your party, which again shyly ogles them. On the other side (innocent that you are in your arm-chair) Gerald has actually popped his leg over, and run across the balcony, unspied by an old gentleman who was dozing over his port.

But another morning has found you yourself a bather. Own it or not as you like, but there is a secret apprehension about this first entrance in propriá personà into the salt sea. You want to be warm beforehand, but you mustn't be over hot. You first at the proper temperature, and, come with a slight inward flutter, ask when there will be a machine ready? You find, perhaps, that there are only twenty waiting, and that, by great good luck, you may have half a double machine in two hours; or possibly you are happy enough to find that yours can be the next turn but one. This is about right; it would have been a little startling to find that you were at once to be carted off and flung into the deep. So you sit on the sand, and draw your book from under your arm, and bask in the

fervent sun. Very soon, it seems, your turn comes. A dry strip of carpet is thrown into the machine; three towels are stowed into a corner of the seat. You bolt the door, and are instantly shot forward against the further opening. Happily that, too, was bolted, and you had not far to go. You recover yourself, and with firmly-set legs and extended elbows commence the process of undressing. You are rather glad that the journey to the sea is somewhat long. There is rather a coldblooded feeling in the undressing while the hungry water flops about the wheels, impatient for its prey. At last the halt is made, and you stand upon the threshold. You asked for a good plunge, and sure enough the swell washes and laps over the top step. It looks rather terrible; so grey, deep, and cool, you can't make up your mind for a minute or so; but after all the thing must be done. Here goes. You take a deep breath, a headlong plunge, and emerge, gasping and happy. The ordeal is over, the enjoyment begins. So you swim out into the calm depths, and reluctantly leave the now friendly and good-natured element after your full quarter of an hour (for you bathe for health, not only for pleasure), and stand dripping and glowing on the step. The wife is waiting for you on the Parade. She also has had a dip, and you go together for a pleasant constitutional, striking a little inland, taking thin diagonals across the hedge-framed fields. Here beans with their green gloves on, a little point of the leather sticking out at the end of each stiff finger; here the ripening canary-seed cones making a variety from the familiar barley or oats; here a wide field,

"Where thick with white belis the clover hill swells,

Far down to the full-toned sea.'

Then another morning may well be devoted to the sands—ay, many smother morning. I do not mean to suppose that my client cares to become one of the swarm on that human fly-paper which those sands human rtalized by Frith must be held to be. No; he likes to wander away from the throng of men, probably

with Beatrice and Eva now, and to become transformed with them into specimens of Leech's 'common objects by the seaside.' At first it is enough to pace slowly the slants of washed white glittering sand, and to pick up very common objects indeed. Here he pauses at a strewing of many sea-treasures in a far-stretching strip. So clean and spick and span new the pebbles and the little chalk marbles are, that they please at first, just as the daisies and buttercups when fresh in the Spring, although soon, like these, passed by for rarer discoveries. But now those purple periwinkle shells are noticed, and those of soft, bright yellow are quite prizes; and the little cowries are picked up, and the cones of spar, and the black skate's eggs, and the pellucid pebbles -agates, if not diamonds, of course. So Coventry Patmore's Bride:-

'Her feet, by balf a mile of sea, In spotless sand left shapely prints; With agates, then, she loaded me (The lapidary called them flints).

And the dry, long fringes of whiteybrown seaweed, or those of the same colour but broad-fronded, flat, and sweet-scented when drying. Then, of course, the great find of the cuttlefish, which is so good for tooth-powder, though no one ever yet knew anybody who had tried it; and still more extatic, hailed by a cry of delight from both girls, the mass of brown-yellow seaweed, depending from the strong, leatherlike stem, round and lithe. This is carried off in triumph, to act as a weatherglass, and will hang for many months, no doubt, in the pantry of the little inland home, no longer supple and beautifully wet and gleaming with sea, but mouldy and shrunk and shrivelled and marred.

However, Madam Beatrice, the enterprising and the lover of change, is impelling her father to that tract of low chalk rocks, overgrown with dark slippery weed. Nothing loth, the trio leave the firm, dry slopes, and cross the ribbed, moist sand, and gain the slippery terrace—a realm of new and inexhaustible delights. What a fund of amusement at first for you all (it is more con-

venient, I find, to address you) in merely walking on those fat pods, and hearing the profuse pops. But you go on to higher and more intellectual delights, slightly dashed, for a moment or two, by Eva's slipping over the ankle into a concealed store of water; but then no one ever takes cold with sea-water, and Beatrice has lit upon one of those wide, clear, delicious sea-pools. Quite a little lake it is, and what a field (rather to mix the simile) for exploration! How exciting to watch the live-stock which inhabit itthose rapid shrimps; that quite big olive-shelled crab, scuttling across the pond sideways, and hiding within the weedy fringe; and this tiny white fellow, burrowing so hastily into the sand. Then the miniature groves of all-coloured seaweed, the lovely scarlet, the rich bronze, the deep green, all so beautifully spread, far better than half an hour could effect with paper and pin. Oh, how melancholy to see the wet lump which it looks when extracted-that fringe of colour, just now wide-spread and undulating in the movements of this tiny sea! One is never weary of watching the wonderful beauty and music-motion of the rich-coloured sea-growth, seen to such advantage picked out upon the clean white sand. Then the limpets, stuck so obstinately on the chalk-rocks with their straight and thin green hair; and the treasures to be found—those delicate, long valves, lying snugly within the channels that they have somehow bored with their frail instruments in the soft chalk. But chief of all. those fleshy animated flowers, the sea-anemones, wide open and vivid in hue, and basking in the sun. And so back over the popping weed, laden with treasures, to the more than ever welcome

Indeed there is so much to do that I might weary the reader before I had set down a fourth of the items of enjoyment which so quickly pass the short three weeks at the sea. That person has been indulgent so far, because there is a pleasure in recalling pleasant days; and the simple programme of the

seaside holiday is much the same for And if you can't this year get within hearing of 'the longed-for dash of waves, why, it is something to find in your periodical the little vignettes sketched, and the little incidents indicated, and the divers trifles set out, that at the sea prevent leisure from being idleness, and that give full employment, although no toil; change of occupation; absence of any compulsory work, whether of conscience or of necessity. One wouldn't care to have a very long spell of such a life of trivialities, though they may be of deep interest for the few holiday weeks: hence three weeks are more of a holiday than three months at the sea. You could not without uneasiness give so large a tract of ground to the poppies; and so at the very beginning you would be sketching out some plan of graver At least your reading (if you be a parson) would be divinity instead of novels. But this short and soon-fleeting time of employed idleness, you feel that you have earned; you feel that yourself, and your parish too, will be the better for it. Why, a horse that has got poor and tottery, and below its work, is it wasting its time when it is turned out for a month to grass, and to munch its feed of corn every day? Nay; doesn't it trot along and do double the work-double in quantity and better in qualitywhen it gets into harness again after the recess?

And so with you. Don't be ashamed if Miss St. Bile should see you on the sands with your little Go on with that famous sand castle that you are so busy with, and (let it be frankly confessed) so eager about,—for it is not, honestly, only amusement for the children. Dig the moist firm sand, pile and pat the citadel, the flanking walls; dig the most deep, and scoop out chambers in the castle. Then watch, with excited interest, those waves lapping nearer and nearer: now, great event! the moat is filled; now the subtle enemy undermines and openly attacks, and the wet sand settles down to smoothness again.

Or go, with Harold and Ambrose,

to try that new craft that they have built or (somewhat aided, surreptitiously, by you) have just bought. Stand by the wide rippled pool, hardly the least excited of the party, almost longing yourself to launch the white-sailed gallant vessel; running round eagerly to the other side of the water, rejoicing in seeing her scud leaning sideways in the wind, swift and true to the smooth shelving shore to which she is bound. Wander with them over those alopes of dry herbage, blue with bugloss, or pink with valerian. after the painted lady, or any other butterfly, moth, or beetle that they may want just now. Go out elate with pointed hammers, to search for fossils in the rock or in the chalk, and be the search for ammonites and stone sea-eggs the great business of life for you at such times. Forget, for the time (you shall remember all again in due season), the lapse to the meetinghouse of Biddy Williams; the three months' course of sick visits at one bedside, where you could never get any answer brighter or more confiding than 'yes,' and 'no;' the little misunderstanding with the principal farmer and churchwarden; the quarrel with the old choir because you refused to allow Luther's hymns to be sung to the tune of Rory O'More. Forget all these little worries, which had assumed exaggerated proportions, and stand upon the step with the children, waiting for the donkeys to come up, and sharing in the anxiety that 'Jem Crow' or 'Robin Hood' may have been secured for this or that excited aspirant to-day. Tuck the two tiniest cosily in their goatchaise, and be not ashamed even to accompany them for a turn or two up and down the Parade. Take the wife and the girls out for some glorious expedition. You driving in an open trap, and the boys mounted on their ponies, and delighting to gallop past you, or to race with each other. Attend the sweet solemn cathedral service (I am supposing Canterbury, perhaps, as your goal): go over the building afterwards—not, if you can help it, 'with verger clad;' visit the

Dane John and St. Augustine's College. Then resort to the 'Rose,' and pitch into that huge half Cheshire peculiar to hotels, and into the new crisp-crusted bread, and flank the repast with foaming Bass. Back again, a little quieter, the noisy mirth hushed, but serenely happy and content.

Again, take a boat; let wife, boys, girls, enter unsteadily, and stow them where they may; let the lines and the bait be ready, and launch over the rattling pebbles into the smooth deep water. How clear it is! as you lean over the side, you

' See the deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple seaweeds strown.'

You can discern the wavy ridges in which the brown sand is moulded. You put your hand into the green, glassy surface; the water parts from your wrist in a smooth transparent curve; the boat leans, and your arm is wet to the elbow. But before this you have buckled to an oar: now Harold, and now Ambrose has taken stroke from you: half an hour of the unwonted exercise has. however, made you feel glad that the fishing-grounds were reached. Then all is important bustle and excitement. Girls and boys too have each a baited line. The float bobs; mother and father watch, anxious as the intent angler himself; suddenly it ducks beneath the surface, and the hauled line reveals a tiny wriggling dab, or perhaps a small whiting, or may-be an eel, impossible to be handled. Even these may please at first; but soon they become too common, and familiarity breeds contempt. The excitement is reawakened and redoubled when the happy lands a fine grey mullet, weighing at least a pound, upon the deck. We don't care for dabs after that; the interest, if less continuous, becomes deeper and more absorbing; you need not have taken that book to read while the children were fishing. Home, after fair success. See, now you have got more into the swing of the rowing; the boat flies over the water; you soon emerge from the long line of solitary cliffs and unpeopled sands, to the shore dotted with stragglers; to the bathing-machines, the crescents, the Parade, the jetty. Pleasantly had wife and daughters been singing old songs as you bent back and leant forward, in a rhythm of motion—

'Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time.'

This song was both sung and acted. Well pleased you wend your way to your lodgings; and Mrs. Fruin cooks

the fish for dinner.

But the Parade in the evening deserves at least one word. is the band, of course, and there is a dense assemblage of the whole visitor population gathered about it when it plays, promenading up and down during the pauses. It is As amusing to note the company. I said, you would rather not be bothered with any acquaintances by the seaside. Still you get to know and name people after your own fancy; and perhaps, year after year returning to the same wateringplace, you are pleased to recognize them again. What a perfect model of Mr. Mantalini, for instance, I remember to have for several summers met at a seaside place; and by this appellation he was always known among ourselves. I wonder if the same thought had struck others. But you pass and repass the same groups or stragglers on these evenings. Here comes the pretty face that you learn to look for and like to steal a glance at as she passes; here that spick-and-span clergyman who always looks as if he had been just taken out of a bandbox; here those three young men with the astounding coats and trousers; here that tall lady in a green shawl; here that thorough old paterfamilias. The boys are in high enjoyment; they have given you the slip, but you meet their merry, roguish eyes now and then as At last you pace up and down. God save the Queen' announces the end of the evening's entertainment, and the band strikes its encampment, and marches off. numbers on the Parade decrease: there are some twos and threes for the close and serried ranks. linger still for some time with your

The evening is clear little party. and cool; the sea an azure green. crisping all over into the cleanest white crests; the tall vessels pass majestically along the horizon; the tiny pleasure-boat sails are pisked out distinct against the now purpling water. The sun sinks lower, the clouds grow resplendent. What a sunset! But even as you watch he dips and drowns, and the unearthly lustre dies out; the clouds lose their vividness, but keep their glow; the sea becomes pallid and grey. The sea becomes pallid and grey. evening star keenly sparkles or burns in the steel-blue sky. The crescent is alive with warm, lamplit windows. The chains of gas have long wound about the streets. You are nearly the last out. Your window shall no longer gaze with lustreless eye upon the sea. You leave the Parade for supper and for bed.

But I remember I have promised a note or two about the Sundays at the seaside. How different they seem from the home Sundays to every one, much more to our country parson! You try the parish church one morning, and the mariners' church in the evening. Next Sunday there are yet two others to visit. In one you were disgusted by finding, perhaps, that you had to pay at the doors, as at a theatre, for seats; or you had to stand, with a long crowd of others alike forlorn. in the aisle between the high pews until some time after the service At last the doors of had begun. certain empty pews were opened to you. Long galleries —a threedecker-bad music; a general coldness and absence of any heartiness or external aid to devotion. You feel that you may go further and fare hardly worse at least. Then in the evening you happen upon a church without pews or pew-opener. Pleased, you take your seat. There is a heartier appearance here certainly. How richly the coloured glass burns and glows out of the hushed grey of the arches Clear voices singing and walls. a hymn are heard drawing nearer; a procession enters the church; the congregation rises. Ah! this is one of these Ritualist churches. is it? At any rate, however good

a Protestant you are, you feel that the contrast with the morning's service is surely favourable. Indeed, who would not prefer beauty and warmth to starvation and baldness in externals, but that some dishonest men have not only taken a hint from the gorgeous ceremonial, but have tried to smuggle in some of the errors in doctrine, of Rome?

It seems strange, in the seaside church, not to see the familiar faces, nor to be carried on in the usual routine of the home services. seems strange to the parson not to have to read over his two sermons, nor to hurry off to his school; strange to be sitting as one of the congregation with wife and children. Strange also, if he has been hunted out, and persuaded to assist in the service: strange to look upon the sea of faces, not one of which is known. except by sight, to him. After such service performed, he is amused, in the week, by the side-look and halfaudible whisper, 'That's the clergyman who preached at St. Peter's last Sunday.' He becomes a sort of lion for the time of his stay.

But that stay comes to an end. Again the corded boxes, the bundle of spades and fishing-rods, the rugs and coats, are piled for the journey. Many treasures are now on their way home. There will be these to show, and all the events of the long absence to talk about for a long time

to come. And though there is not the wild glee in the young hearts. and the excitement in the older, yet there is nothing at all of dulness. How much there will be to see, every one thinks, when they get home; and everything will be so new again; and it will be so delightful to greet the dear old trees and to see how the flowers have grown. The journey is very pleasant: its charms are not so new as at first; but then it is delightful to look out for the familiar points again. And for the father of the family, why, he is quite another man. The worries that seemed to him so big have wonderfully decreased in magnitude; the work that had got to fag him so is entered upon with pleasure and alacrity. His spirit and body are full of new energy; his mind seems full of new or fresh ideas. It was, I say, as well for his people as for himself that he got this thorough change. pleasant to see the old familiar faces, as the fly winds through the village: how home-like every field and tree looks. And as he hands out his wife and girls, and having seen after the parcels, enters the dear old garden and the cosy rooms, the heart of each and all glows and expands, and there is vehement kissing, and a unanimous verdict, 'Well, I declare it is delightful to be at home again, after all!



LONDON LYRICS.

A Brawing-Room Ballad.

I N the dawn of a golden morrow May Marguerite went away; Nought of sin or sorrow Had touched that perfumed clay.

Each morning sweeter and whiter, In the city dark she grew; Here, as in places brighter, The clouds rain down such dew.

The splendour and power of Nature Rank'd little in her sight; She was a city creature, Smiling by candlelight.

The nooks where Love might meet her, Fashion from sunshine shrouds; Yet her hue than roses was sweeter, Her motion was like a cloud's.

Wherever the gas glared brightly, May Marguerite tript and flew, O'er the flower'd carpet as lightly As if it blossom'd and blew.

Under her gentle seeing,
In her delicate little hand,
They placed the Book of Being,
To read and understand.

The Book was mighty and olden,
Yea, worn and eaten with age;
Though the letters looked great and golden,
She could not read a page.

The letters flutter'd before her,
And all look'd sweetly wild:
Death saw her, and bent o'er her,
As she pouted her lips and smiled.

And weary a little with tracing The Book, she look'd aside, And lightly smiling, and placing A flower in its leaves, she died.

She died—but her sweetness fled not,
As fly the things of power,—
For the Book wherein she read not
Is the sweeter for the flower.

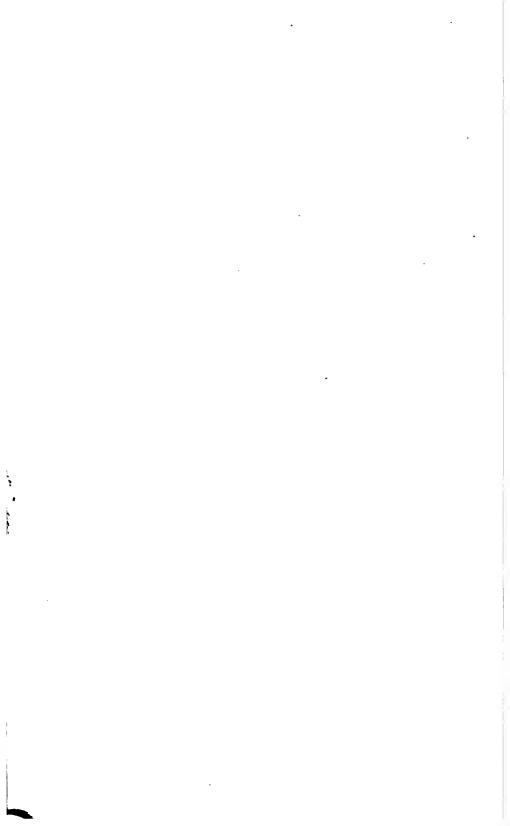
ROBERT BUCHANAN.





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LONDON SOCIETY.

AUGUST, 1868.

EVERY-DAY ADVENTURES.

I.—In Search of Energy.

THE vital forces of the human body-I trust the reader will not take fright at this beginning; let me assure him, or her, as the case may be, that I am not about to write a pathological treatise—the vital forces of the human body, I repeat, are said by those who understand all about them, to be more active in the summer than in the winter. Being a person who knows very little, or perhaps I might truly say, nothing at all, about the vital forces of the, &c., I am bound to accept the dictum of those who do know about them. I cannot say, however, that I experience in my own person that remarkable activity of vital force in the summer. On the contrary, the warmer the days get the feebler grows my vital force, and the less I feel inclined to exert myself. We who dwell in these northern latitudes are apt to be indignant with Italians, Spaniards, Negroes, and others, who dwell in the sunny south, because they are lazy, and prefer lying on their backs, and dozing during the greater part of the day, to doing work. I suspect, however, that the indignant fit only comes upon us in the winter. I am ready to confess that in the height of summer when the sun is fiercely hot, and the air is drowsy with the warmth of his beams, I can fully sympathize with my dusky brethren of the south, which is at all times so much sunnier than this island of

ours lying out in the cold of the northern sea. It is so easy and convenient to

' Compound for sins we are inclined to, And damn the sins we have no mind to,'

I feel certain that if every month of the year were as hot as this month of June has been, I should not be able in the course of twelve months to earn my living. I made wonderful resolutions for this month of June. I remembered that it had thirty days. I laid my plans, apportioned so many days to so much work. I flattered myself that when the thirtieth arrived, I should have accomplished various works which would bring me both fame and money. Here is the thirtieth, and I have done nothing. My play is all but a virgin ream of foolscap. It would be purely so but for the words 'Act I. Scene 1,' written on the first page. My poem is a scrap jotted with tentative rhymes-love, above, pure, endure, entwine, mine, eye, sky, faith-here I gave it up in despair, not being able to find an appropriate rhyme. My article, why this is my article, begun at the last moment, while there is yet a day of June left.

If the late arrival of my copy should put the editor of 'London Society' to any inconvenience, I beg to assure that I have not failed for want of effort. I have argued, reasoned, wrestled with myself every

VOL. XIV .-- NO. LXXX.

waking hour. My existence for the last nine-and-twenty days has been of a dual kind—mental self struggling with physical self. When I get up in the morning Mental says to Physical,

'Now, Physical, you must buckle

to, and go to work to day.'

To which Physical replies, 'All right! Let me have breakfast, and then I'll begin in earnest.'

Breakfast concluded, Mental says,

'Now, Physical!'

'Don't be in such a hurry,' says Physical; 'wait till I smoke my

pipe!'

Physical, tempted by the warm sun, takes a walk in the garden and smokes. He finds that tobacco and hot sunshine in the morning are

somewhat enervating.

'All right,' he says to Mental, 'let me doze a little under this tree. and then I'll be ready to begin. He dozes a little, and when he wakes up, discovers that it wants only half an hour to luncheontime. 'It is no use beginning now, till after lunch. Claret is very refreshing in this weather.' Ptakes two or three glasses and feels drowsy. Must go out for a walk and shake the lethargy off. Sees a number of people holiday-making,
—an infants school marshalling for the Crystal Palace, a band of brothers of the Ancient Order of Oddfellows, going off gaily in a van to Epping Forest, flage flying, brass band blowing,—ladies and gentlemen on horseback bound for the Park. Thousands are out in the streets taking their pleasure. Why not he? After all, there are still twenty-nine days of the month left. A single day wasted will not matter So he wastes the day, promising Mental, who can no longer protest, that he will positively begin to-morrow.

But to-morrow, like yesterday, has its excuses. When to-morrow can think of no other excuse, it says, 'What a shame to be in-doors on a fine day like this.' So away goes P—— to idle and loaf about and persuade himself as he best may that he will be able to do work

some day.

I find among the pleas which one

is apt to put in against work in the summer time are the number of people who call and interrupt you. and the number of letters requiring answers which you receive. I never deny visitors, having a morbid fear that I may lose something by not seeing them. For much the same reason, I don't like to leave letters unopened. What if there should be among them, requiring immediate reply, an offer of 45,000l. for a drama; or an invitation to dine in Belgrave Square? It was only the other day that I became impressed with the truth of the saying,-I should like to know who said it,that letters in time answer themselves. I wish I had been convinced of this earlier in life. I should have saved myself much time, and been richer for it to-day.

I had reduced myself to this last excuse—visitors and letters—when I resolved to run away from visitors and letters, and seek a quiet place in the country. A quiet place!—where shall I find one? I don't know how it is, but whenever I think of a quiet place, the name of Stoke Pogis rises to my mind. I suppose it was the Elegy that gave me the notion of quietude in connection with Stoke Pogis, where

'Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, And waste its sweetness on the desert air.'

I have often thought of going to Stoke Pogis, but to this day I have not the most distant notion where the place is. It may be in Northumberland or Middlesex for all I know. If you were to wager me a thousand pounds to a penny that Stoke Pogis is in Cornwall, I should be afraid to take you. I never saw the name in any railway guide; I never knew anybody who had been there and seen it with eyes of flesh. I have heard it mentioned facetiously often; and I have laughed with other donkeys at the fun which is supposed to lie in the very sound of the name. I think I should have gone to Stoke Pogis for quiet the other day if I had known how to proceed. But I was all at sea as to its whereabouts. promising myself a voyage of discovery in that direction some day, I ran away from visitors, letters, &c., to Winkleton.

Winkleton is in latitude I forget which exactly, if I ever knew, and longitude next to nothing. It is on the sea. For half the day at Winkleton it is very low water indeed. The tide is a long time in coming in and an equally long time in for the reason that going out. it has a long way to come and a long way to go. A prominent feature of Winkleton-something in the nature of a long nose—is its ier, which runs a long way out into the sea on a hundred pair of wooden legs. (What a jumble of metaphors—a long nose running on wooden legs! If I had time I would alter that, but I haven't.) This wooden ses-serpent-centipede —there, again!—carries on its back a single line of rails, along which twice a day, as the boat arrives and departs, a single horse draws half a dozen trucks containing cockney birds of passage, who can neither fly nor walk. A great sensation in connection with this horse-marine railroad is created when a man goes down it in a single truck by the aid of a sail: when there is a good breeze the truck goes along bravely; when it fails the man is seen ignominiously pushing his four-wheeled bark through the iron billows.

When I arrived at Winkleton the other day I encountered at the railway terminus a few stray visitors in sea-side costume—that is to say, straw hats and white shoes. They had an uncomfortable, fish-out-ofwater, look—all conscious that they had come too soon. You know how the guests look and feel who arrive too early for a dinner, an evening party, or an entertainment. They look as if they did not know what to do with themselves,—they feel awkward, as awkward as the first man at a masquerade. They are half inclined to go away again.

Ill news travel fast, they say, so do bad manners. I saw no particular signs of London civilization at Winkleton; but I had scarcely set foot in the place, before I heard one Winkletonian saying to another, 'I'll have your hat.' This is the latest London chaff, the successor of 'Not for Joseph.' There was something intelligible in slyly saying. Not for Joseph,' when some flagrantly objectionable proposition was made to you. I have heard highly intellectual people say 'Not for Joseph.' with an evident appreciation of the wit of the saying. I have heard that the locution has penetrated even to the palace. But what on earth is the meaning of 'I'll have your hat?' I don't think

that piece will run.

Winkleton is a quiet place and no mistake. It has only one thoroughfare, and one side of that is fringed by the sea; the other side by shops and lodging-houses of all shapes, sizes, and degrees of raggedness, reminding one of Jack Falstaff's army. The shopkeepers seem to purvey exclusively for holiday folks. They sell white shoes, hoops, drums, mugs inscribed 'A Present from Winkleton,' sand spades, &c., &c. The one-horse character of the place—to use a Yankee phrase—is well indicated by the fact that if you want wine and cigars you must go to the chemist for them. Winkleton cannot support a wine-merchant and a tobacconist sole and simple. I asked a grocer for wine, and he took his stand upon the British article. When I hinted at Bordeaux at the reduced duty, he declared with contempt that he would not keep the stuff in his shop. He was proud, however, of his ginger and black Winkleton has several current. hotels, all too large for the place as it seems to me. If an architectural Cuvier or Owen were given the Imperial Hotel, to construct therefrom an appropriate city, he would probably build Scarborough. Scarborough could pick Winkleton You can get a very out with a pin. good dinner at the Imperial if you order it an hour in advance; but if you take the Imperial by surprise, it will confusedly mutter cutlets, and you will find that cutlets are three neck-chops in a plated dish. There is no place of amusement in There was a theatre Winkleton. once in the pre-Adamite times, but it was swept away by the flood, a memorable high tide at Winkleton, which in the most inspartial manner

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also swept away a Methodist chapel. The Methodist chapel was rebuilt;

not so the theatre.

The comedian, Harley, used to relate his experiences of Winkleton. When a very young actor he was engaged at the theatre there for 'heavy business,' at a salary of one pound a week. The season was disastrous, and after the first week the ghost ceased to walk, that is to say, the salaries were not paid. Harley and his companions were penniless. Lodging-house keepers and shopkeepers were very suspicious of actors in those days (I believe they were equally distrustful of the literary genus - mind, I don't say genius), and the actors were turned out of doors. They wandered about the town one evening in despair, not knowing where they were to lay their heads that night, when the husband of their inexorable landlady called Harley behind a bulkhead and whispered-

'If you won't let on to my wife, I'll let you sleep in one of my

bathing-machines.

And Harley lodged for three nights in a bathing-machine, until his 'benefit' came off and he was enabled to bid good-bye to Winkleton.

I think Winkleton would be all the more attractive if it had a theatre, or a lecture hall. I make the enterprising inhabitants a pre-

sent of the suggestion.

The daily life of Winkleton flows in a calm, narrow channel. We get up very early in the morning because the flies won't let us rest. Flies are the bane of our existence, by night and by day. The flies of the morning have wings, the flys of the day have four wheels. It is a terrible tax upon your politeness to be asked at every turn if you will take a drive. At first, before you get used to the pertinacity of the flydrivers, you say, 'No, I thank you, to every solicitor. After a while you take no notice, and are quite relieved to find that the drivers are not at all offended.

There is a constant going to the well at Winkleton. Maidens, men, and boys are for ever on the trot with pails and hoops, and pitchers, and barrels on wheels. Half their time seems to be spent in drawing and carrying water. The pump is the high cross, the rendezvous, the news exchange. Jacob sits on the rail swinging his legs, and makes love to Rachel filling her pails. Up-town meets down-town there. and exchanges the court circular of fashionable and unfashionable arri-Small spring carts come in from the country laden with potatoes, and strawberries, and new-laid eggs. Men go up and down with baskets on their heads crying, 'Fish O!' No other excitement until the London post arrives, when the postman goes round and delivers the letters. Immediately after this a trooper on a tall horse is seen cantering away to Guntown with a quire of newspapers under his arm. It is always the same man, and I have a theory that he can't read, and that it is on account of this qualification for the office that he is selected to carry out the newspapers. If he could read, he might loiter on the way and peruse the military intelligence.

About Guntown. It is a sort of camp devoted to costly experiments in gunnery. It is distant about three miles from Winkleton, and all day long we can hear the booming of the guns. One day, when a big gun sounded, I incautiously said, in the presence of an inhabitant, There go our taxes. The inhabitant looked round cautiously and said—'I would advise you, while you are a resident here, to say nothing against Guntown.' Saying this significantly, and muttering 'officers,' I understood him, and never breathed another word against Guntown. But now I have left Winkleton, I feel at liberty to re-mark that the way in which they burn powder and throw away shot at Guntown is reckless in the extreme. One whole day they fired guns whose every charge cost 25l. Some of the charges I was told cost 40l. For all the good many of these experiments are, the government might as well employ men to light their pipes with twenty-pound notes.

Now and then a sensation is created in Winkleton when the public crier goes round. The loss of a silver watch one day gave me an opportunity of seeing and hearing the public crier. He was not in livery: far from it. His trousers were very dilapidated in the posterior quarter, and, as if anxious that this should be patent to the public, be wore no coat. He wore a flat cap, he had a dirty face, and he carried a bell. He was evidently not in the habit of combing his hair. One of the first principles of elocution he understood and prac-He was deliberate, and marked his periods. This was the way in which he cried the watch. The dashes, be it understood, mark a pause of some seconds:-

Take notice—a silver watchwith the maker's name-engraved on the plate—number ten thousand -one hundred-and twenty-fivelost—this morning—in the shrubbery between nine-and ten o'clock.-Whoever-will bring the same—to the Ship Hotel—will receive—ten shillings—reward.' And then on his own account, as a bit of facetiousness, 'That's all I was told

to say.

That silver watch was an object of great concern to the whole town. It was talked about at the pump, at the reading-room and in the coffeerooms of the hotels, and was a sort of Speke mystery to Winkleton until it was found and restored to its owner.

Feeding time at Winkleton is between two and three P.M. The weather being fine, the cages are all open, and you may walk round and see the lions stuffing themselves. The ready sole and the nimble chop are the staple of pabulum. The cages are much crowded, for the cubs are numerous and voracious. But let me get away from this flippant metaphor.

Materfamilias, not very well off, with a large family around hermouths to feed, limbs to clothe, feet to shoe, is a spectacle I cannot look upon without admiration mingled with compassion. What pleasure can it be to her to come down here with all those impedimenta? None: but she does her duty. Talk about soldiers at the post of danger! what is man's best bravery, his highest devotion, to the patient unselfishness of a mother? I see scores of middle-class mothers here all slaves to their children-mothers whose holiday is a toil. I can but say, 'Bless their honest hearts!' as I

pass them by.

Nothing to enliven the afternoon but invitations to take flys and bathe. So few seem to accept these invitations, that I wonder how the flys and the bathing-machines manage to exist. Nothing to do until tea-time, when all Winkleton resounds to the clatter of cups and saucers. Winkleton approaches this meal with a cheerfulness and certainty of success which are not apparent at the dinner hour. It is evidently more practised in the feat of taking tea—is more sure of its grip when it uses the teapot and the bread-and-butter knife. Chops are definite and limited articles. There is no limit to tea while there is hot water in the kettle. And there is no pièce de résistance like a quartern loaf. Butter, like gold, can be spread out fine. As to milk, you can say, when it runs short, that you prefer your tea without. That blessed tea meal! But for tea one half the poor folks would not be able to cheat themselves into the belief that they have meals at all. You will guess by the strain in which I am writing that there are not many rich people at Winkleton. The swells don't come here. Winkleton is not fine enough for

When the shades of evening fall upon Winkleton, the chemist's apprentice, having shut up shop, comes outside and plays the accordion. He flings his hands up and down as if the notes were sticking in the corners of the box and required to be shaken out. This is the only public musical entertainment that we enjoy. The young man's répertoire reaches no later date than that of 'Champagne Charlie,' which is a somewhat gaspy tune on the accordion.

And now what can we do but go to bed? Nothing-absolutely nothing.

Here, then, at Winkleton, I had

found a quiet place. I had escaped from letters and visitors; and certainly there was little temptation to roam about and waste time. Still I couldn't settle down to work. I felt that I was at a holiday place, and that holiday-making was proper to it. I always feel the same thing in Paris. I never could work in Paris. I have tried often without success. You no sooner sit down to your desk, than the hr-r-r-r of a military drum arrests your ear. You run to the window to see what is going on. You see everything going on except work. Away you rush to the Boulevard or the Champs Elysées. The Champs

Elysées are a sort of magnet, an animal magnet, irresistibly drawing every human animal towards them. Go where I will in Paris, I find myself eventually in the Elysian Fields. So at Winkleton, I was constantly under the magnetic influence of the pier, and the shrubbery, and the beach. I had decided that there was nothing to see, but I was always going to see it. So I have returned to town; and as the heat and the disinclination to work still continue, I intend to give up all thoughts of labour and devote myself to idleness. Perhaps Industry will feel jealous and rush to my arms some day.

ANDREW HALLIDAY.

THE LIGHTS ON GWYNETH'S HEAD.

CHAPTER L

A NORTHERN COAST.

THE tide was out, and the air that blew over the long stretch of yellow sand was very fresh, and gentle, too, for March, which month does not always come in like a lion, but sometimes inverses the proverb. There was a boat high and dry on the beach; there was something that looked like fishing nets; and there were two or three-figures dotted about the sands.

All this Lucy Fernham saw from the drawing-room windows of the big, irregularly-built house which stood in its own grounds, nearly a quarter of a mile inland, and which belonged to Sir Trevor Pole, master of the Redfield pack. There were a good many guests assembled in that drawing-room, and of these Lucy knew that she was the star and . centre. She would have told you so very bitterly. She remembered, only twelve months ago, looking out of a cottage window on a wilder coast than this, and being superciliously questioned respecting the road by one of these very gentlemen who paid court to her so deferentially now. Neither, as a queen, did she always spare her subjects.

'You must remember, my lord,'

she would say to Lord Charles Fairstairs, 'just such a coast line as that, with the bits of white flecking it, down at Gwyneth's Head, you know, where you lost your way.'

And my lord would fidget and stammer, and mutter internally 'the deuce!' and outwardly twist the thing into the most winning of compliments. For Lucy was an heiress. I don't think she was any happier for that. Sometimes the fact seemed to have got into her life and poisoned It was always before her. She read it even in the invitation of Sir Trevor and Lady Pole, for had they not a son? And was not Sir Trevor notoriously half ruined by the foxhounds? She read it in the group of gentlemen that always gathered round her; in the deference which poor quiet Lady Pole showed to her; and she saw it, plainer than ever, in the tall figure of her uncle, Mr. Geoffry Fernham, as he came through the folding doors of the inner drawing-room, smiling when he caught her eye.

He was a wonderful old gentleman; straight as a dart, his hair quite white, his manners perfect, and his wealth fabulous. This was the accepted version of him. one knew exactly where he had originally sprung from, or, indeed, much about him. Venturous theo rists affirmed that his money was the result of mercantile speculations; others, that it had descended to him in the form of large estates in North America. But, at any rate, it doesn't so much matter where money comes from, if it is an existing fact; and Geoffry Fernham's social status was unquestioned. He went everywhere; was rather deferred to than patronized; and if, through age and unconfessed infirmity, his popularity had at all threatened to decrease, he had recently sent it up above its former level by adopting his niece, and causing it to be understood that she was his sole heiress.

As he came through the folding doors this evening he saw Lucy, as usual, like a queen holding a little court, and rather tired of it, just glancing towards him as he made his way with his accustomed quiet grace to a prie-dieu near her. For this extraordinary old man never lounged, or if he did, no one ever saw him do it.

They were talking about the Redfield hounds, and the next day's meet at the Cross Roads, which was to be the last meet of the season.

'Ah!' said Mr. Fernham, 'that's a place where they would have buried a suicide some years ago—for punishment, I suppose. It's odd.'

Nobody liked the interruption, unless, perhaps, it was Lucy herself; but young Trevor Pole, out of politeness, asked, 'What is odd,

Mr. Fernham?

 The prejudice that existed—and still exists—against suicide. Death is generally a painful word,' said Mr. Fernham, carelessly, as though to him all words were alike; 'but of all deaths the one called natural must be the most terrible. In your own hands the work would be instantaneous, and, properly managed, painless; taking place at the very moment when life ceases to have anything to offer in return for the burden of living. There was rather a good story in "Blackwood" touching on this. It's a long time a go, and was only the story of a

A very sensible dream. though. Suppose a man—take Sir Trevor here, for instance—has had his day, enjoyed all his good things in his time, and has now only to give up to his son, and sink into insigni-Well, instead of dragging ficance. on the shadow of a life that was once good, suppose he ceases to be. There is no necessity to use hard words. He might simply cause to be. No one need inquire about him. He was; his son is. There is great simplicity in the theory.

Mr. Fernham looked up as he finished, saw the discomfort and perplexity on the faces around him, and his own lost its dreamy, ab-

stracted expression:

'But you were speaking of the meet,' he said. 'It will be a splendid day for it. You can see that the sun will set without a cloud, and the wind is as it should be. Lucy, you will ride?'

'To see them throw off,' seplied

Miss Fernham.

There was a chorus of exclamations at this from the gentlemen.

Mr. Fernham listened, and one white hand shaded his mouth. I think that the curl on Lucy's lip might have found its reflection there, only without bitterness. Bitterness involves, to a certain extent, suffering; and in Geoffry Fernham's creed it was not worth while to exalt the little amusements of social life into channels for irritation.

'Perhaps Lucy is right,' said the old man. 'She doesn't care for leaping, and I do not. I was mad enough in my young days, but

now----'

'There's not likely to be a leap worth the name in to-morrow's run,' interposed Trevor Pole, junior. For which speech his guests and companion courtiers could have broken him upon the wheel, for why not, at least, make believe there were gallant things to be done?

'Unless they take the Mallet's

Collar,' put in Sir Trevor.

'That reminds me,' said his son,
'I met Archer Denison prowling
about the Mallet's Collar this morning. I asked him here, sir.'

A dead silence followed this speech. It was certain that Miss

Fernham had looked up with a sudden change of countenance at the name young Pole uttered; but that might have been mere accident. Anyhow, there ran through the courtiers an instinctive feeling of jealousy and dislike to the new comer. Each one of them flattered himself that he was getting on so well with the heiress, and here was, at least, a possible rival. Had she known him before? What made her turn so pale when his name was mentioned? The evening had grown dull, and couldn't recover itself. Lord Charles was consigning Mr. Denison to a broken neck over the Mallet's Collar; Sir Harry Dedham anathematised him as a pushing bore: and little Brandt—so called because he measured some six feet three—apostrophised him as a conceited jackass.

Lord Charles Fairstairs smoked a good deal that night, enveloped in a wonderful suit of green velvet, slightly dimmed; but he only asked one question. viz.. 'Can he ride?'

one question, viz., 'Can he ride?'
To which Mr. Trevor Pole, as soon as he understood the pronoun, replied most satisfactorily, 'Who? Archer Denison? Not he. At least, I should say not. He's a capital fellow, and all that, but he's had a different training from ours. He's going in for an R.A., you know.'

Altogether, I would not have given much for Archer Denison's chance, if his day's enjoyment had at all depended upon the new acquaintances to whom he was about to be introduced; but it did not. Sir Trevor Pole, standing at the breakfast-room window with a dogwhip in his hand the next morning, saw his new visitor sauntering about on the lawn with the two Fernhams, and he threw up the window in a temper.

Why can't they mount?' he said to his son, who leaned against the window with a cigar in his mouth. 'And why haven't you made the most of your chances there, Trevor? I can tell you I am hard enough pressed; and Lucy Fernham is worth winning, by all accounts, instead of leaving her to those dandies, and now bringing down this Denison to add to the number.'

'And cut them all out,' added young Pole through his teeth.

'I must give up the hounds,' said the baronet.

'I shall be sorry for that.'

Lucy Fernham sings with you,

rides with you, flirts---

Trevor broke into a laugh, and puffed out a cloud of smoke. Now the baronet couldn't smoke himself, and hated tobacco, so he drew back a little, and said, peevishly, 'But if you addle your brains with a detestable narcotic the first thing in the morning, no wonder others get before you.'

Trevor straightened himself and flung away his half-finished cigar.

'Lucy Fernham doesn't flirt, sir; that's a mistake. She condescends to let a fellow weary her. I believe Denison is an old acquaintance—knew her when she was poor, and that sort of thing. It doesn't matter whom she marries, however, since it certainly won't be me.'

'Yet you might have a chance if we 'join forces for Italy, which we are sure to do. I shall go to economize.'

'So does Mr. Fernham,' said. Trevor, with a laugh.

The baronet laughed too.

'See that our economy isn't after his fashion, that's all. I can't afford it. Here comes Gladiator; you take care of him, Trevor; he's too good for you.'

'I'll take care,' replied Trevor,

nodding to the compliment.

Once fairly on the road, Mr. Denison fell back from his place at Lucy's side, and kept behind. He knew that he had been a good rider years ago; but he knew also that Miss Fernham had no idea whether he was or not, and he watched har rather curiously. At first she rode on indifferently enough; but at a point which brought the Cross-Boads in sight she just turned her head and gave one glance at his general appearance.

'I'd give something to know what she thinks of it,' said Mr. Denison to himself. 'Not that it

matters to me though.'

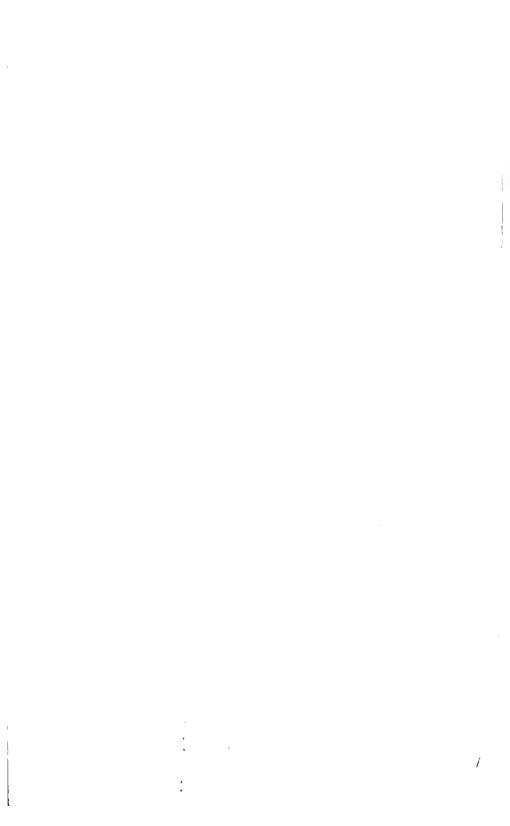
And there were the hounds dotted about amongst the yellow gorse, and the horsemen lighting it up with.

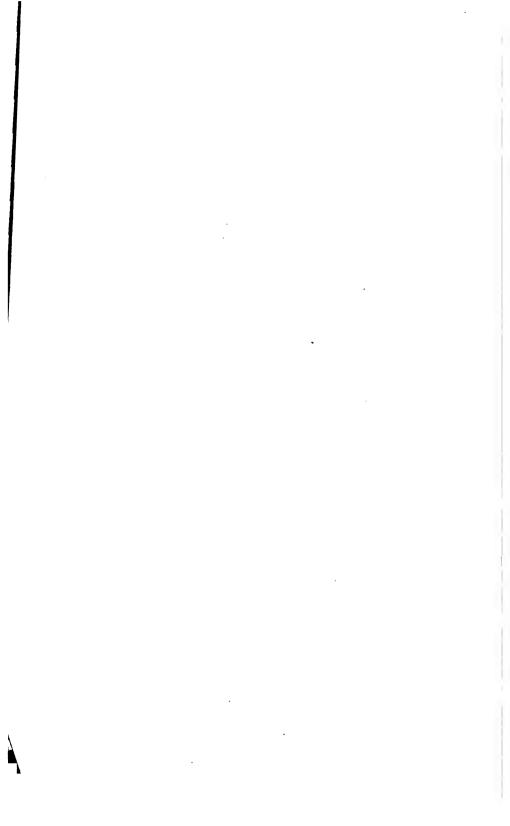




Drawn by W. Small]

THE LIGHTS ON GWYNETH'S HEAD.
[50] the story





bits of vivid scarlet, which it is the fashion to call pink—and on the horizon to the right the long low coast line of dull red sand; and in front the purple moor.

'It's worth coming to see,' said Sir Trevor. 'Take my advice, Miss Fernham, and follow the hunt. It won't take you into any mischief

to-day.'

Somebody interrupted him to ask a question about the earthstoppers, and when he turned round again Lucy was in front with her uncle and Archer Denison.

'I thought Trevor said he couldn't ride,' muttered the baronet. 'He shouldn't have had the bay if I had

known.

But whatever Lucy meant to do, Mr. Denison had no intention of being in at the death. At the first check he found himself still close to the Fernhams, and looking on while some dozen horsemen craned their necks over a fence in front. One by one they reached the weakest point, looked, and rode on. Mr. Denison saw Lucy watching them with a gleam of expectation that faded into something like actual sadness as each one turned away.

'I'll do this one leap,' he thought;

and then go home.

'Use the snaffle,' said Mr. Fernham, who was looking at him; 'not the curb. The old bay is plucky, but I've ridden her and know her tricks. She'll swerve at the whip

and answer to the spur.

Archer nodded and took the leap. After this the hunt saw no more of him. He turned the plucky old bay, much against the equine will, and rode slowly home. He got his sketch-book, and wandered off along the shore and over the rocks, till the sun began to sink, and the sound of the sea to get fainter as it crept away. He was thinking of many things: of his profession and its greatness; of the hollowness of the world and the poor pitiful dreams which after all only mock us with their false colouring. And turning suddenly round a sharp rock he found himself face to face with Lucy Fernham, and stopped.

At first they stood looking at each other without a word; then some-

thing came over Archer Denison which he could not control; a sort of brief madness, it seemed to him afterwards, and he put out his hand and said softly, 'Lucy!'

She just looked at him and sat down on a big boulder, covering

her face.

'Don't, Archer! It's like the sound of the sea on Gwyneth's Head. Oh, how I wish I was back again!'

'Back again where, Lucy?'

'In the dear old cottage with my aunt—my duenna, as you used to call her, you naughty boy! But I forgot,' said Lucy, getting up with a forlorn resumption of her dignity, 'I am Miss Fernham, and you are Mr. Denison. Richard isn't himself any more. I feel like the little girl in "Punch," Archer. The world is hollow, and my doll stuffed with sawdust; so, if you please, I'd like to be a nun.'

Archer might have laughed at the plaintiveness of the poor little unthroned queen, but he saw Mr. Fernham at a little distance; and so he said, hastily, 'Lucy, you called me a naughty boy just now. Think me a boy, if you will; your brother, for instance. I want to know if you are aware what you are doing; if you understand all these devoted

alayes of yours?'

'I understand that they want my money,' said Lucy, simply.

'And since they cannot all have it, may an old friend ask which is the favoured one?'

Lucy was silent a little, and then she said—

'I am very miserable, Archer.'

' Why?'

Because I have learned to doubt. If any one is kind to me I think at once it is "money." It's very shocking, I know, but I can't help it. I cannot believe in any one. Now what do you think of me? I am worldly, of course, and you give me up. This is another thing the hateful money has done for me.'

'Lucy,' said Archer, 'when you and I picked mosses in the Kentish woods last May you were as poor as

I was.'
' Well.'

'Well. Things are changed. I

do not give you up; it is the other way. I am poor. Are you quite certain that this universal doubt of yours would never, in any case, touch me?

The painful red came up into

Lucy's face.

'I-I am sure of nothing, I believe. How can I be sure?

'Good-bye!' said Archer.

'Not yet. Not in that way. Archer! Consider; my lesson has been "Non e vero" so long, and I have learnt it so well!'

'Good-bye!' repeated Archer. 'At least we are friends?'

Archer could not answer, for Mr. Fernham had come up; and shaking off a rather odd, foreign-looking individual with a polite' Poste restante, Napoli, for the next fortnight; afterwards Rome, and speaking a few matter-of-fact words to the artist, he walked off with his niece.

At the drive gate he paused. 'You have known this Mr. Denison before, Lucy?'

' Yes.'

'But then he is poor.'

'He is-

A half smile on her uncle's lip checked her.

' Never mind,' said Mr. Fernham. 'He is a phœnix, no doubt. But, Lucy, I did not bring you away from Gwyneth's Head to give you to a struggling artist.'

It was on Lucy's lips to say, 'I wish you had left me there,' but she

refrained.

Fernham. 'I have put you in a position to choose for yourself. Choose well, if possible; at any I want to see you rate choose. married before I-die.

The word came with difficulty: it was hateful to him: it embodied the sublime climax of that suffering from which all his life he had sought

to escape.

'However,' he finished, 'we will talk no more of it now. See, there are the lights springing up. Let us

go in.'

Archer Denison, glancing towards Lucy that night, went off into a fit of abstract contemplation of the girl who had sat on a big boulder, only a few hours ago, and covered her

It was altogether different now: she was holding her court; far away above him; bestowing her favours with tolerable equality upon Lord Charles, Sir Harry, and Colonel Brandt; Trevor Pole looking darkly For Mr. Denison she had not a word; and he could not know that she would go to her room with a sore heart when it was all over, to look out towards the sea creeping back again, and cry for the days that were dead.

CHAPTER II. BY LAGO D'AGNANO.

'Let us go into the country somewhere, uncle. This is too like the Ladies' Mile; only for the flowers."

Mr. Fernbam had taken rooms on a breezy primo piano, professing always to economize, and keeping the joke up with immense enjoyment. He had escorted the untravelled English girl amongst the lions with praiseworthy industry; amply repaid, as he told her, by the sight of her fresh enjoyment. They had been through Castellamare to Sorrento and 'done' Tasso's house; they had walked the paved streets of Pompeii. heard all about the skeleton of the priest before his altar, with the sacrificial knife still in the bony fingers-seen the fountains in mosaic; the temples and the great amphitheatre, which young Trevor Pole said made him wonder if his horse Gladiator was being properly attended to. They had submitted to be half choked with sulphurous clouds at the top of Vesuvius, and had inspected the 'Devil's kitchen.' Lucy's sake Mr. Fernham had even mounted again the hundreds of steps to St. Elmo and San Martino -and now he was riding, rather wearily, if the truth must be told, beside her in the Villa Reale, watching the carriages creep on, three abreast, and the exaggerated 'swelldom' of the exquisites who rode at a snail's pace beside them. And with the Fernhams there was the Redfield party over again; the English milord Charles, the little sol-dier, and the baronet. No one knew why they had all fancied Naples at this peculiar time; each of them agreed that it was 'odd;' and each of them sneered at the others for persevering idiots who had no chance.

'I'll tell you where we'll go,' said Lucy, Mr. Fernham, suddenly. we'll drive to-morrow to-

Lucy, bringing her sunny head so close that it almost touched his white one, whispered, 'Hush! I don't want these men. We'll go

alone; you and I.'

And they went alone, along the coast to Bais, Pozzuoli, and the smoking Solfatara; till Mr. Fernham, suddenly putting his hand into his breast-pocket, said, 'My dear, I forgot; here is a letter for you. You shall read it here, by the little Lake d'Agnano,—it's pretty, is it not?-and I'll go away while you enjoy it. I wanted to see this place once again; to say good-bye to it, he added, looking at her with an odd mixture of melancholy and jest. Lucy, I have hated suffering all my life, but I did suffer here, once, and up there amongst the trees there is a memento of it.

At another time Lucy might have puzzled herself a little over this speech; but she held her letter in her hand, and knew that the writing was Archer Denison's. While she read it; while two tears gathered in her eyes, but never fell; while the beautiful little lake was blurred, and its emerald setting a dismal mass, Lucy went back a year of her life, blotting out the interval with that passionate despair which is so vain Archer had and so intolerable. sent her only a few foolish verses, but they sounded to her like a farewell for ever. Moreover they came from Gwyneth's Head; and she knew that he must have seen the letter which she had written to her aunt in the first flush of her pleasure in the scenes which already were beginning to weary her. Angry that he should have seen this; angry with him, with herself, with everybody, she read the lines again, thinking that she would tear them up into small bits and fling them into the lake :-

' Se orange and myrtle are fair for you, And your northern eye can gaze On a wave half dark with shimmering blue, Half steeped in a golden haze.

And your cup is filled to the brim, you say, Filled with life's sweetest wine; Thus I take from your hand, so far away, A sting you cannot divine. For your sun-lit wave creeps chilly and slow To break on a northern shore; I would it had parted us long ago For ever and evermore.

' Your dreams are amongst the clustering vin e That fringes some southern bay; Shall I tell you now what I see in mine As I read your words to-day? The shadows that fall from a feathery tree, On a Kentish lawn to play, That are touching your cheek so tenderly With the softest kiss of May. But when I see it, duil grows my pen,] And weary my heart, and sore; And I wish the wave had parted us then Por ever and evermore.

'Your hair is touched with the glimmering gold As the shadows come and go; Like memory's light on a story told In the twilight, long ago. From the dear, dear life that was all a dream, I turn to your words again; And my heart, where sweet lay the golden gleam, Grows chill with a sudden pain.

For the wave is between us now, you say, Since the fair May dream is o'er; I would it had swept us apart that day For ever and evermore.

'Well, Lucy, you have been long enough over it. I hope it's a pro-

Lucy folded her paper with wonderful calmness, considering that a moment before she had meant to tear it up and throw it into the lake.

'No, uncle.' A shadow passed over Geoffry Fernham's face. There were few of his acquaintances and enviers who would not have started back aghast from the thoughts and speculations which had occupied him during that solitary stroll. It was not his habit, however, to indulge in unpleasant reflections, so he shook them off and said, good-humouredly, 'Lucy, I wish you would make up your mind. Here are four suitors at your feet; honourable, true men, holding good positions. They may not be very clever, but what of that? They are average. I was considered above that, and what has my cleverness done for me? I shall go out of the world without the regret of a single soul. Mind, I am not mourning over this. My object has been to enjoy to the very full all that life could offer, and I have done so. The question is not concerning me, however, but you. These gentlemen are all in love with you, Lucy.'

'With your heiress, sir,' said

Lucy, involuntarily.

Mr. Fernham smiled—a very odd smile, that somehow seemed to give

a ghastly look to his face.

'At any rate they are my friends. They are going on with me to Rome. I should like you to be civil to them.'

'I will be civil to them.'

'I wish you would like Lord Charles. He's a very good sort of fellow. Try, Lucy. Hitherto, you have done nothing but queen it, but that cannot go on. I have motives for wishing to see you settled. Give Lord Charles a chance, my dear.'

Lucy did not answer, but she crushed Archer Denison's envelope into her pocket rather savagely. Yes, she would be civil to her uncle's friends. After all, he had some right to complain of her. She would forget all about her past life and the little cottage at Gwyneth's Head; and as to Archer, it was worse than childish to wear a sore heart for a man who openly declared that he wished they had never met.

So Lucy tutored herself into subjection and tried to like Lord Charles. He was good-natured and attentive; she could not help seeing that her will was law to him. She wanted to get to Rome in time for the Easter splendour, and he managed this for her. He even went with her to hear the music in the Sistine Chapel, and the first Miserere in St. Peter's, though he hated music, and couldn't see the use of being made miserable by such melancholy sounds; and on Easter-Day he, constitutionally an indolent man, submitted to stand from eight o'clock till twelve in St. Peter's, to hear the Pope celebrate High Mass. might have seen the hopeless weariness in his face if she had thought of him, but she did not. From the blast of silver clarions which heralded the Pope's entrance, to the moment when the papaltroops drew up in the Piazza outside, under the balcony from which the benediction was to be pronounced, she forgot all about her companions.

As for my lord, he never spoke to her; the dead silence of so dense a throng had something awful about it to him; and when the cannon sounded from the Castle of St. Angelo, and the seventy or eighty thousand kneeling figures rose up after the Pope's blessing, he, stolid Englishman as he was, almost joined in the huzzas that followed, so great was his relief that the thing was over. It was at this moment that Lucy, starting from him, uttered a sudden cry,

'Archer, Archer,—I am so glad!'
She checked herself at once, but
Lord Charles had heard; had
recognised that 'snob' of an artist,
and seen his face light up.

'Are you glad?' said Archer. 'So am I then. It's a strange place

to meet in, is it not?'

He was holding her hand still, and Lucy, hardly knowing what to do, turned with a slight gesture of introduction to Lord Charles.

'How de do, Mr.—ah— Densil?' said his lordship. 'Impressive sight, I suppose. Can't say I care very much for it, myself. Stage trickery, rather.'

'You will call, Archer,' broke in Lucy, hastily. 'We are on the

Piazza di Spagna, and----'

'Thank you, but I'm afraid I must be a very unsocial animal just now. I am going to shut myself up and work hard; harder than such happy fellows as you, my lord, know anything about.'

Lucy swallowed the little sting of pain, anger, and self-contempt, as

best she could.

'Well,' she said, indifferently, 'I dare say you are right. Good-bye.'

'Good-bye.'

My lord, walking sulkily by Lucy's side, made a solemn resolution that before the day was over he would have his answer, let it be what it might. Months afterwards he used to reflect what a lucky chance it was for him that Miss Fernham turned restive on the score of propriety, and insisted on dragging poor meek Lady Pole with her to the evening illumination of St. Peter's.

Mr. Fernham had been out all

day, no one knew where. He came in before they started, and went straight up to his niece, drawing her on one side.

'Settle it with my lord to-night,

Lucy.'

He spoke in such a strange tone that she looked up at him and started at the dead whiteness of his face.

'You are ill,' she said. 'I will not go out.'

He laughed.

'I never was ill in my life. Don't you take fancies, Lucy, but go, and come back to me,—that is, come back to-night Lady Charles Fair-

stairs elect.

But Lucy was both tired and excited, and in no mood to take any notice of my lord's efforts to draw her into a confidential dialogue. There was, or she thought there was, something oppressive in the air; and she will never again think of that broad temple of fire against the starless sky without the shudder of a nameless terror creeping over She was haunted all the time by the strange white face that had looked down at her and laughed; and she was glad when Lady Pole confessed to being tired, and they turned homewards.

Lucy did not know what she was afraid of, but she was afraid. When she had said good-night to Lady Pole, and seen her walk away with my lord, she stopped a moment to still the unusual beating of her heart, and to tell herself that it was the heat, and the fatigue, and excite-Then she went ment of the day. into her own room to take off her bonnet; and from thence to the drawing-room. No one was there. A small pan of coals smouldered on a tripod on one table; for Mr. Fernham was chilly in spite of the warm weather. A taper still burnt upon a smaller table; and there was a smell of sealing-wax in the room. Going up to this latter table she saw a neat pile of papers tied together and labelled; and near them a note addressed to herself, in her uncle's hand.

Still fighting off that strange terror of she knew not what, Lucy broke this open, and read it, ' MY DEAR LUCY.

'I have been a consistent man all my life. When I took you from your aunt I promised to leave you all I had. So I do; and it is—nothing.

There is only enough to pay my debts. I have had money, and have used it-to purchase every good thing which the world could sell. I saw you when my popularity was a little failing; and I adopted you, as the phrase is, for three reasons. I should thereby regain importance, experience a novel sensation, and make a good match for my niece. If I have not done this last, it has been your fault, not mine. And my money is gone. I thought it would have lasted longer, but it is gone. have always determined that when life could no more give me the full measure to which I am accustomed. I would know no meaner portion. I would cease to be. If you have neglected your chances with Lord Charles, and wilfully thrown him over, I cannot help it. I have still done you no harm. And in that case go back to your mother's sister; you are no worse off than the girl whom I took away and to whom I have given at least one brilliant year in her life. Good-bye. I am about to lock myself into my You need take no steps. I room. have borne about with me for years the means of a death, painless—even luxurious—and certain.

'Your uncle, now—when you read this, no one!'

In the morning all Rome was talking about the Piazza di Spagna, and the English milord who was rich and yet not rich; who had destroyed himself. And in a fortnight's time, before Lucy had recovered from the shock of the most terrible thing that had ever happened to her, there lay on her table three of the thinnest possible bits of pasteboard, with 'P. P. C.' scrawled at the bottom of each. Out of the four faithful and devoted knights, only Trevor Pole had asked permission to see her, and offer her his clumsy sympathy and his good-bye in person. And day after day in sore bitterness and desolation there came up in Lucy's heart the thought

that surely Archer Denison would write or come to her before she left

But Archer was at the Café Greco. absorbed in his studies; and if fragments of the nine days' wonder reached him, he caught no names and took no notice. When he did hear what had happened, it was too

CHAPTER III.

WHERE THE WAVE BREAKS WILDEST.

On Gwyneth's Head, cold, desolate and beautiful; a dark mass with a granite face on its summit; the lines sharp cut; the stone lips compressed with a sort of strain upon them; the whole face bent forward in an attitude of watching. And the autumn wind was freshening; the waves lashing themselves up before it, dull yellow on the coast, green and clive green farther out. Many a boat had been stove in; many a fisherman had gone to his long home here, under the calm face that never changed and never rested The old people from its watching. who had lived in the little town before it grew into the quiet, aristocratic watering-place told the story of the granite face with unquestioning faith. It was Gwyneth, a fisherman's wife, who had gone out to watch through the stormy night for her husband's boat, and had never come back again, but watched there for ever, turned to stone by the sight of the broken boat on the rocks below.

In these later days a little lanternshaped turret stood on Gwyneth's Head; and when the warning lights shone out at night, the lowest of them just touched the stone face here and there, like the white lights

of a painter.

They were lighted now, though it was daylight and they could do but little good. And below the rock, close to the pier, a crowd had gathered-a silent crowd, almost immovable, except for the glasses that were passed from hand to hand and the occasional half-smothered exclamation. This crowd was watching the steamer from L--; and apart from it, on a seat sheltered a little by the cliff, there were two ladies watching also. The vessel had been at first only a dark speck upon the waves, but she was fighting her way nearer. The men on the pier said that she was nearer, certainly; that there was a chance for her. she could only make out the lights on Gwyneth's Head and keep clear of the rocks, there was a chance for her; but howshe rolled and pitched! and what madness to start in the teeth of such foul-weather signs!

' I am glad there's no one belonging to me in that vessel,' said the elder of the two ladies on the seat. ' Have you had enough of it, Lucy?'

Lucy Fernham turned her eves for one moment from the sea like some one in a dream.

' Do you want to go home, Aunt Rachel?'

'Why,' said the old lady, drily, 'it's not the very gentlest breeze in the world, my dear.'

At this juncture some one offered Lucy a glass, which she took

eagerly.

There seems to be a good many on board,' said the owner of this, 'One may steadying it for her. almost distinguish faces.'

So one may. Lucy, giving back the glass, said to her companion,

quietly,

There is some one belonging to vou there. Let us stay, Aunt Rachel.

The old lady looked at her niece and refrained from questioning. Lucy was odd—the result probably of that shock in Italy from which she had never recovered.

As for Lucy, when the glass was once more offered to her she did not even see it. She saw nothing outwardly but the waves that leaped up on Gwyneth's Head, and fell back in spray into the boiling caldron beneath; and mixed up with this, like a confused dream, there came the May-day in Kent; the meeting on the sands at Redfield, when she sent him away; the vast kneeling crowd in the piazze outside St. Peter's, and a white-haired old man in a balcony uttering the Easter benediction. If she could but have had a small part of her life back again! But now it was too late; he

would never know how true she had been in reality to her old faith in him; and here, underneath the lights on Gwyneth's Head, was to be the end of all!

'Lucy, wake up! There's no

danger now.'

A great shout rose up from the hitherto silent crowd; there was a swaying to and fro towards the wooden steps of the landing-stage; a policeman or two to keep off the press; and a few moments after that, a voice she had thought never to hear again was speaking to her, and a hand whose touch somehow brought back the Kentish lawn was

holding her own.

They did not talk much. The wind howled after them, and the roar and slush of the mad sea on the shingle would have drowned any voice of ordinary pitch. Aunt Rachel was a discreet old lady; once within the familiar room at the little cottage, she turned to Archer Denison, putting on her spectacles and looking him over as if he had been a natural curiosity, and said-

'So you have been hunting everywhere for the runaway! What simpletons men are, to be sure. As if the Poles, or any such people, would care about her now! But, Archer, she isn't satisfied with Gwyneth now. She wants to go gallivanting off as governess. It's all a pretence, I know. She has had a taste of grand life, and wants more. But there, I'll go away. See if you can make her hear reason.'

Archer Denison sat silent for a minute looking at the lights which he had once thought he never

should reach. 'Old Gwyneth gave me a rough welcome,' he said. 'You didn't

think I was in the boat, Lucy?' 'I didn't think about it. I knew.

Some one gave me a glass, and I saw you.

' Were you frightened?'

She hesitated a little, and then said, 'No.'

'Í don't believe you; I won't. You know why I didn't come to von in Rome? You got my letter last

'Yes. I had your letter.'

'What is all this about governessing? You used to be happy enough with Aunt Rachel.'

'That is no reason why I should be a burthen upon her. I am older now, and I am able—

'Yes, a valiant woman. Will you come and be a burthen upon me,

Lucy answered, readily enough, 'No, I will not.'

But he only laughed.

'I am not afraid of you now. You were almost my promised wife before they made an heiress of you. and nearly spoilt a good man's life—that's mine, you know. But you cannot doubt me now; there's nothing to doubt about: no motive but the old one. I'm not so very poor, Lucy, and am rich in hope.

What do you say?'
'Well, have you settled it?' inquired the spectacles round the

door.

'Yes,' replied Mr. Denison.

'And she is not going to be a governess amongst the pomps and vanities?

'No; she is going to marry a man of genius; to be great sometime. And we are not going to travel about any more just now. When we go to Italy next you shall go with us, Aunt Rachel; but for the present—this is a very aristocratic place, you know, in the seasonwe shall be content to settle down under Gwyneth's warning lights.'



FOR CHARITY'S SAKE.

A Reminiscence of the Royal Botanic Garbens.

WITH a heart of cast-iron And Bessemer nerves, From few forms of danger Your bachelor swerves; But of trials that beset him The greatest by far Are the perils attending A Fancy Bazaar.

Those Gardens Botanic
I faced without dread,
Not a notion of buying
Came into my head;
Since I had not a want,
Why on earth should I fear
If their nothings were cheap, or
Their nothings were dear?

"Sweet garden of girls!"
How pleasantly crowded
One eddies and whirls!
And is tempted by Houris,
By Peris enrapt;
Still in danger of trapping
But never entrapt!

So I mused, while my heart
A flint I could feel,
And my Bessemer nerves
The perfection of steel;
When a voice sweetly tender,
A soft pleading eye,
Caused both to surrender
With, 'Come! you will buy?'

'Twas an anti-macassar!
A thing I detest:
They slip from one's sofas,
One's feet they infest,
They wisp and they tumble,
And each its part plays
In the torture attending
A bachelor's days.

Yet the price I inquired.
'Not much,' she replied.
'And wherefore?' With blushes
Her dimples were dyed;
And her answer had wheedled
A churl of his pelf—
'I cannot ask much, as
I made it—myself!'

Now, how could a proffer Like this be declined? Those eyes had bent o'er it, Those fingers entwined; Of its knots and its meshes Each secret she knew; 'Neath the sun of her smiles, Pretty blossom, it grew!

And could I refuse it?
The answer is clear,
I clutched at the treasure,
And still hold it dear:
P'raps the price that I paid
Was sufficiently high,
But,—when Charity prompts
'Tis a duty to buy!

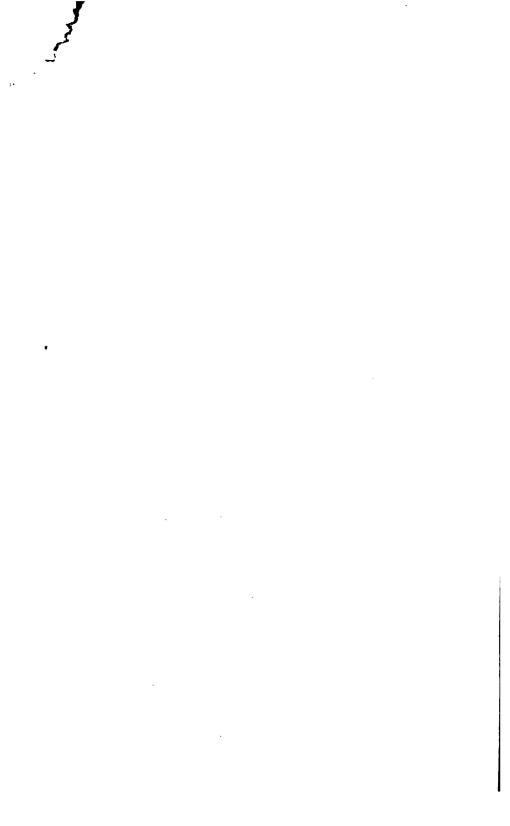
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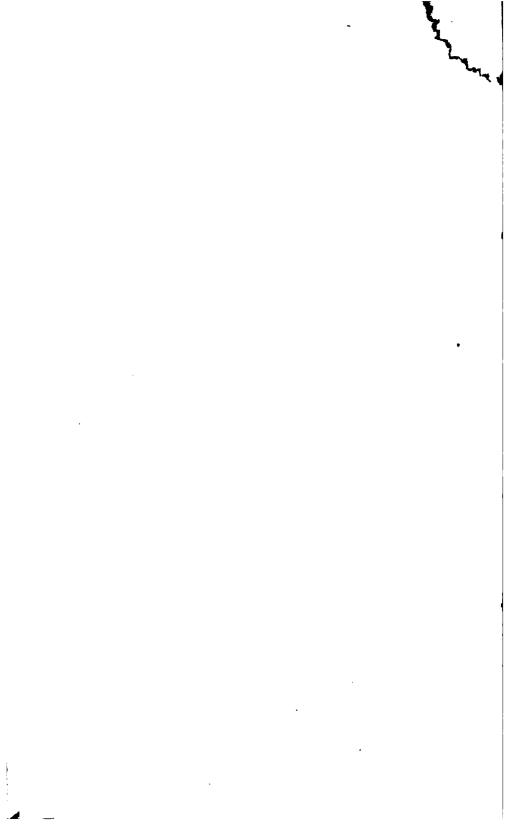
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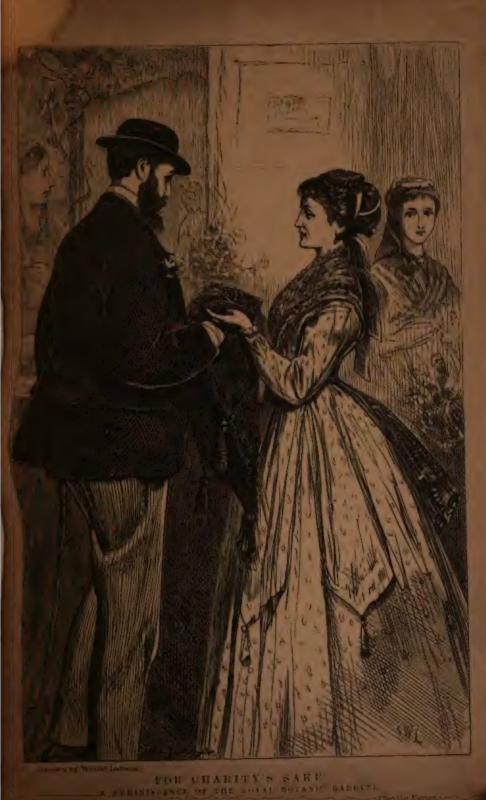
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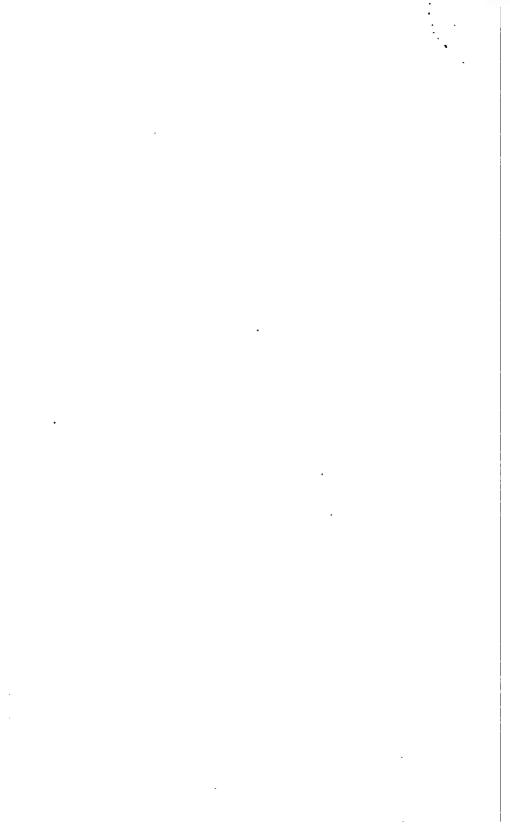
THE DEBATE IN THE LORDS.

THE debate in the House of Lords on the second reading of the Suspensory Bill was not only a matter of ephemeral politics, but was a great his orical event. Men who heard it declared that they had never heard the like, and that it was a scene which must needs stand pre-eminent in the memories of a life-time. A great debate in the Lords is always a rare intellectual treat. An hereditary chamber, though recruited from time to time with some of the most illustrious men of the day, could hardly be expected to enter into rivalry with an









elective chamber which is supposed to represent the chief living in-tellects selected throughout the country. Yet we can hardly recall a three-days' debate in the Commons which surpassed the three days debate in the Lords. Both the matter and the manner were better. For most purposes of literature and history the debate in the Lords possesses altogether a sur-passing interest. The intricate passing interest. The intricate Irish question—and the Irish question is really a very intricate question, not to be disposed of by offhand remarks, but knit up with a great variety of important considerations—was discussed from a higher platform, and in a more thorough way, and with a calm, and at times even a philosophical vein of thought, with an abated violence of party spirit, and an added stateliness of eloquence.

And indeed the glorious chamber itself, so splendid with all manner of splendour—statuary and painting the purple and gold, the throne with its majestic associations, the serried phalanges of nobles, the crowded alleries—amply furnished forth both stage and scene worthy of the great personages dealing with such high matters of religion and state. The splendid eloquence of the Earl of Derby first kindled debate, as it ever has done, into energy and life. Lord Derby, apparently, is as happy in quitting office as most men in obtaining it. He will always be the guardian angel of any Conservative ministry. It was pleasant to see his cheery face, to hear his cheery voice, both indicating the quickest and keenest intellect with which mortal was ever endowed— to see the positive agility with which he moved about the House, defying grim gout, and taking up his seat on the woolsack by the Lord Chancellor's, whose set, heavy face was absolutely illuminated as he listened to the irresistible Earl. Lord Derby complained of the gout in his speech; and men said it was a very good sign, for if he had really been suffering he would not have complained. Last year, when he might almost be said to be endangering his life by coming down to the House, he came down;

and though noble lords saw much, they heard little or nothing of physical indisposition. There was some sort of agreement respecting the general management of the debate between the leaders, convenient enough for the House, but not the best for general interests. It was arranged that speakers on different sides should follow each other; but a practical result of this was that the minority were able to bring out all their best speakers, while good speakers on the ministerial side were left unheard. It was also a matter of regret and complaint that young peers had no chance of speaking. The old hands kept the debate entirely in their own hands, and rigorously excluded every novice. There were one or two very good men who were expected to have spoken; but it was not given to them by their seniors that they should speak. They must bide their time; but when will they next have so wonderful a fieldday?

If Lord Derby's was the most remarkable speech of the first evening, that distinction certainly belongs to the Marquis of Salisbury for the second. Lord Salisbury speaks in admirable style, keen, fluent, self-possessed — the full, polished style of the cultured man of letters, who brings the adroitness of the strife of the pen into the conflict of It was pleasant to find debate. Lord Salisbury speaking and voting with his natural party; and it was impossible also to resist a feeling of compassion for the isolation and unhappiness which seem to belong to Lord Carnarvon. Lord Salisbury's character as a thoroughly honest and religious man is as marked as his character for intellectual excellence. He is a great territorial magnate now; but when he was a younger son, and a very genuine member of the order, the most brilliant lures of place and profit would not avail to draw him from the straight path which he had marked out for himself. It is a character cast in such a mould as this which maintains the honour and credit of public men. The great night of the debate was the last night. It was opened by the Duke

of Argyle, whose fate it was to come into collision with his two parliamentary foes. Lord Derby and the Bishop of Oxford, by the first of whom he was corrected, and by the second answered. Of recent years the Duke has greatly improved as a speaker, and the persevering audacity with which he was ever ready to combat the mighty champions of the opposite benches has made a cham-pion of himself. Ledies in the gallery rather like the style of the Duke of Argyle-his red hair, which harmonises with his rugged determination. He speaks at first very much after the style of those Presbyterian ministers of whom he is so devoted an adherent; but towards the close of a long speech he can warm up into a genuine debating manner and real eloquence. He brings into debate two elements which never fail to raise its character, and are too often missing from it, strong sincerity and real thoughtfulness. As a clear and accurate reasoner, the Duke is inferior to no peer in the House, and indeed to very few of our public He is also a man of clear, definite religious convictions, which he never shrinks from avowing; and in this debate, though the reporters missed the phrase, he called himself a Protestant of the Protest-Yet it was impossible to ants. listen to the Duke dispassionately without detecting that 'unfairness of mind ' with which party spirit so often distorts the finest characters. Even this great speech was marked by special pleading, misrepresentation; and in the case of the Duke of Argyle modesty is always 'conspicuous by its absence.' To him arose the Bishop of Oxford, whose countenance, it has been well said, 'expresses the amenity of countless doves combined with the sagacity of innumerable serpents.'. One could not help feeling that, upon the whole, his speech was pitched in less high a key that of the Duke's. He made some of the Whig lords exceedingly angry. It was no secret that some of them intended to vote straight with their party even against their convictions, thinking that in a very decided minority they could do no harm. It was said at the Duchess of --- 's party that this was the case, and that the Bishop would expose it, which he did in a very fine vein of episcopal warning. think that Mr. Spurgeon arrogates too much to himself when he says that the Bishop mimicked him in the House. The Bishop read the extracts in the sort of unctuous vein which the Reverend Mr. Stiggins might be supposed to use, but there was no personal mimicry of C. H. Spurgeon. It was the speech of a consummate debater and thorough man of the world, thrown as much as possible into the tone becoming a bishop and the spokesman of bishops.

When he sat down, amid a diapason of cheers, the House steadily poured forth through its portals, leaving Lord Shaftesbury making an unintelligible speech, vindicating an illogical determination not to vote at all. Lord Shaftesbury can speak very forcibly—I am glad to see his speeches respecting the working classes, of whom no man can speak with greater authority than himself, are just collected into a volumebut now he spoke in that needlessly noisy and impassioned way which repels rather than wins attention. I was glad to get away into the dining part of the building and get some dinner, on this occasion substituting strong tea for wine. A few faithful bishops on their benches, a few sentinel peers on either side of the House, with some ladies in the gallery interested in some personal friends below, alone were left while Lord Houghton, Lord Bandon, and the Duke of Richmond were speaking as well as they could, but not well, and young peers who could speak well were not allowed to do so. House was filling up fast when I returned. Some little sensation was caused when the Duke of Edinburgh, fresh returned from his Australian voyage, gaily passed along the floor, nodding and shaking hands here and there. Then Lord Russell spoke, as usual so low in voice, and yet so perfect in articulation. it was lamentable to see so old a man deliberately retracting everything which he had deliberately written only a year or two ago, and

so diminishing rapidly the small stock of respect which belongs to his political character. When he sat down, the great event of the evening came off—the speech of the Lord Chancellor. I have heard the criticism-and indeed it was made by a friendly peer almost directly the speech was over—that it was too long. In one point of view it was too long. The orator whose sole object was to please would have omitted the extracts, passed over tachnical and legal portions, and addressed himself more to the feelimgs, and less to the reason of the audience. But Lord Cairns knew that he was in charge of mighty interests, and that he was to lay hem clearly and completely before the country. the country. He was pleading a cause with which he himself was peculiarly identified as an Irish Protestant. He was addressing a mighty andience beyond those walls wherever the broad wings of the press might bear his anxious words. He was vindicating his own personal claims as a great legal and political chief, his own title to a proud separate niche in the parliamentary history of his country. Therefore, long as the speech certainly was, I defy any man to say with truth that any portion of it was irrelevant, or could well be spared. One is grieved to hear unfavourable reports about his state of health. He looked pale and worn, frequently lifted a glass to his lips, as is the manner of Mr. Gladstone. and once or twice his voice betrayed weakness. His physical energies were taxed to the utmost before the conclusion of his speech, and his peroration was lacking in the magnificent intenstion with which he had delivered occasional passages in the earlier part of his speech. Yet how grandly his voice, after the puny tones of Earl Russell, surged throughout the building, commanding silence and rapt attention in every part! So fixed was the attention that as the minutes flew past it almost seemed that the musical chimes which proclaimed the quarters were increantly repeating their carillon. Then the booming strokes of midnight slowly reverberated

through the building. At this moment it was an exciting scene. galleries were crowded with ladies so crowded that many were standing in the doorways-and the bright eyes 'rained influence,' to use the old chivalric phrase. Round the throne were clustered many of the greatest notabilities of the day. among whom were the Premier and Dean Stanley. Opposite the throne, the strangers' gallery was densely thronged, and below the ministerial side was densely crowded, and flowed over into the opposition At last the Chancellor benches. concluded with an effective allusion to the coming elections:—'My lords, by the result of that appeal we are prepared to abide; and be that repeal what it was I sult what it may, I, for one, have confidence in the true heart and faith of the country. But be that result what it may, a nobler cause for which to fight, a fairer field in which to stand or fall, no ministry and no statesman can desire.' As the impassioned tones of the orator died away there arose a scene which has not been often parallelled in the serene atmosphere of the Upper House. Again and again the applause arose, and I confess that I, in common with many around me, took part in that tumult of acclaim. Two noble lords, Carnarvon and Somerset, on whom the Chancellor's words had left a sting, attempted to speak; but Lord Carnarvon was hardly allowed to attempt an explanation, and as for the exhibition made by the Duke of Somerset, the less said about that the better.

Hardly had the overpowering effect of that noble oration subsided when Lord Granville brought us back to the region of common things with the coolness of a Nisi Prius advocate, charging the Chancellor with showing an evident reluctance in approaching the core of the subject. After this audacity I was unable to believe in the fairness or sincerity of anything which Earl Granville had to say. While he was still speaking one of the windows was opened, and the fresh breeze of morning stole in, freshening up the fevered scene, and we saw the sky aglow with the primal light of more. The division

is taken—two to one in favour of the Government. Presently the mob-for such it was, though consisting of the most refined and gentle Englishmen in the land - poured forth, of members and strangers, the right reverend prelates being distinguished by the little bags in which they carried their lawn rai-ment, and ladies rolled away in their open landaus and barouches, enjoying the freshness and fragrance of the first hours of light. Here, within the shadows of the great Hall and of the great Abbey, the scene was solemn and fair; the sky was as yet untainted by smoke, and the buildings showed their clear outlines in a way that, for a brief space, made Loudon resemble a continental city. And so, as honest Pepys says, 'home and to bed.' And as we lay our head, a little weary with that ten hours debate, upon the pillow, less, perhaps, from political sympathies than from a keen sense of intellectual enjoyment, we think our last murmured accents must have been, 'Thank God we have a House of Lords!

THE BOYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

It cannot be said that very much has been attempted at the Opera this season either in the way of origination or revival. It must be said indeed that upon the whole there has been a decided want of novelty. Madame Rey-Balla has added one more to the many Marguerites with whom the public is acquainted; but though she is perhaps the most prominent of the few new appearances, she utterly failed to evoke enthusiasm. Nothing has been felt for years, and for years to come we may have to look in vain for such hours as those in which Adelina Patti suddenly won her fame or Mdlle. Nilsson more gradually but not less certainly made her way to lyrical pre-eminence. These two prima donnas give the operas in which they perform their main freshuess and vitality, well supported by the still beautiful but capricious voice of Mario and the increasing excellence of Mongini. We are not unmindful of imperial Lucca; and those who have watched the long and brilliant career of.
Madame Titiens not only admirethe case and great power which sheconstantly exhibits, but are now on-grateful terms of intimacy with their favourite. But Patti and Nilsson, so different in style and yet so surpassing in power, are thebright stars of the respective houses. Patti, with her radiance of youth and happiness, makes the very best Zerlina upon the stage, but we-question whether she is the best heroine for Gounod's operas. The fact is that the one proper home of Gounod's music is the Theatre Lyrique; and Madame Miolan-Carvalho was obviously before his mind's eye when composing his music. The result is that his operas are exhibited at the Lyrique with a fulness and energy that have been never attained elsewhere. Indeed 'Faust,' as performed at Covent Garden, is reduced and emasculated as compared with the Parisian representation. The 'Mirella' seems to have dropped out of mind this season, and the same fate will probably attend the 'Romeo e Giulietta." Public opinion both in Paris and London seems to be uniform that, despite the occasional beauty of this opera, there is a fatal absence of freshness and originality.

It is pleasant to see how Mdlle. Nilseon has gradually grown familiar with her English auditory, and has gained in strength and courage. She is a better actress now than she We have heard it was last season. said indeed that though great as a songstress she is inferior as an actress. Even if this were the case we should still say that it would be at least as pleasant to see Christine Nilsson as to see a Lucia or a Somnambula. But she is a great actress, hesitating, as great actresses often do, between Tragedy and Comedy. See her in a morning performance as Lucia, and not many hours afterwards as Cherubino, and the contrast is most striking; the thrilling passion and energy of Lucia, contrasted with the arch humour, the frolic, impudent grace, and matchless melodies of Cherubino. Neither Beaumarchais when he wrote the play, nor Mozart when he devised his heaven-born composition, could have thought of

anything finer.

How admirably too has old Drury borne the stress which operatic needs have laid upon it, and has come out wonderfully well in displaying capabilities as an opera house. Mr. Mapleson has afforded a fine ethical specimen of the good man struggling with adversity. Despite that disastrous fire and its long train of misfortunes, Mr. Mapleson has exhibited extraordinary energy and courage. Never for years have the casts been so strong as at Drury Lane, nor the enthusiasm more genuine. We have indeed heard melancholy instances of persons coming hundreds of miles to hear Lucia, and then being obliged to retreat from the overflowing portals. Pleasanter morning hours we have never spent than at such seasons. Titiens, Nilsson, and Kellogg in the same opera form the most remarkable combination that has been seen for years. The Saturday nights, in their comparative slackness, show the increasing prevalence of the wholesome fashion of going out of town from the Saturday to the Monday. The size of the house is perhaps more to be regretted by Mr. Mapleson than by his subscribers. It must be too small to be very remunerative, but in the comfort and luxury of all its arrangements there is nothing to be desired. It is even pleasant to have a change of scene. especially when the scene is associated with old glories and traditions. For the sake of Mr. Mapleson and Lord Dudley we hope we shall soon see the rising glories of a new opera house which may not ill compete with the splendid fabric with which the Emperor and Baron Hausmann have adorned Paris. It will then be gratefully remembered how in a season of misfortune and depression the lessee gallantly contended against many difficulties, and presented us almost with the culmination of artistic and lyric genius.

The lovers of music will note with pleasure how thorough and increasing is the critical appreciation of fine music. There was a time when wits and novelists could be merry about Italian operas, the bravuras of foreign singers, the affectation which led people to a fashionable amusement which they could not understand or care for. and the supposed immoralities of the lyric stage. All this is essentially old-world and untrue. No one can for a moment doubt the genuine and intelligent love of operatic music that obtains among the habitues of that musical quarter so unmusically situated, and that the opera is in fact a matchless educational instrument. You are as quietly and pleasantly at home there as in a drawing-room. We like and understand our foreign singers, and, despite our insularity, they understand and like us. And in quiet hours, looking back how we caught the blossom of the flying season, we see that there can hardly be any hours of purer or more elevated enjoyment than those passed in morning and evening performances of the Italian Opera.

MR. KINGLAKE'S CRIMEAN WAR.

Mr. Kinglake's book has been much talked about; but the last two volumes, as would very naturally be the case, in the impression produced upon the public mind, cannot be compared with the success of the earlier part of the work. Great interest is attached to the books which Mr. Kinglake writes, and to Mr. Kinglake himself. He is known to have spent years over the study of this short war; to have examined the localities; to have talked with Todleben; to have constructed the most splendid maps; to be a man of strong feelings and opinions, which he never hesitates to express, and to express also with very remarkable powers of expression, both of invective and keen. lancinating sarcasm. You see the work lying about everywhere, and yet few are the people who have really mastered it. The death of The death of poor Lord Cardigan has somehow taken away a good deal of the interest which belonged to the relation of the Balaclava charge. Certainly the popularity of the work, though still considerable, has much

diminished. And to find the reason of this we have not far to go. We are sadly afraid that Mr. Kinglake is a bore. No abilities and good qualities can save him from this terrible imputation. The story stands still. The action is too slow. There is a falling-off in all items of The hate toliterary condiment. wards the French Emperor is no doubt as quietly intense as ever; but the lapse of years makes a difference, and it is difficult to bring it out with the same amount of energy. We have the same jeers at the Company that buys, collects, and sells opinion. We are still finding the Muse of History dictating through the lips of Mr. Kinglake oracular judgments concerning men still living, as if they possessed the accum-ulated weight of centuries. Those who will most steadily stand by and applaud the work are the friends of Lord Ragian. The public did Lord Ragian great injustice in his lifetime, when his own lips were sealed for most purposes of self-defence; and it is really poetic justice that so stalwart a champion is raised upunless, indeed, the glorification is so excessive that it gives mainly a merely poetic halo. The leading theory of Mr. Kinglake's work, that the French were always in the wrong, and the English always in the right, is too patriotic a sentiment that we should venture to dispute it for a moment; but perhaps the 'intelligent foreigner,' of whom we have lately heard so much, would desire to arbitrate and discriminate before arriving at so broad a generalization.

The military critics have in great measure taken the discussion of the work out of the hands of the merely literary critics. They are certainly the most competent to discuss the battles, and detail the plans of the All agree that Sebastocampaign. pol might have been taken at once: that there was miserable mismanagement, and that the English forces sank into mere contingents to the French forces. The moral is obvious, that we had far better fight our battles by ourselves. Mr. Kinglake comes to write the history of that disastrous Crimean

winter—and what a time he is in getting to it!—he will have a still more earnest moral to enforce. Happily, the Abyssinian expedition 'mended our ways,' and in some measure has wiped away the reproach that accrued to us from those evil days. Still, as outsiders... and Mr. Kinglake is after all are outsider himself, and has committed some of the errors of an outsiderwe have a right to ask, on literary grounds, why Mr. Kinglake should devote five hundred pages to a month's events; why he should give a hundred pages to an account of a one day's bombardment—a bombardment also which led to nothing? Asa work of art we cannot at all accept the history. We can only take its on its own merits—a work sui generis. In this sense we take it as a contemporary chronicle, genuine, honest, life-like, with a Froissartlike volubility and detail. But a contemporary chronicle might be something better than this. There was a wise old Greek once, whowrote the annals of the contemporary war that raged around him. year by year; but he is not considered an annalist, but as the prince and founder of philosophical history. Mr. Kinglake is not at all unlike Froissart; but he is certainly not a Thucydides, and has very little about him that recals the philosophical historian.

ART EXHIBITIONS OF THE SEASON.

We all go to see pictures, and we all criticise pictures, and the criticisms, whether talked or written. especially when written, are not very satisfactory to one's mind. When a man has spent a long time among oils and water-colours he is then able to follow the processes of art and analyse the intention of a picture to his own satisfaction and to the possible instruction of those who will attend to his remarks. There is no royal road to the knowledge of art; and so it happens that very few and very brave are those who arrive at a true independent judgment and do not echo the fashionable verdict of the moment. Of all delightful, bewildering, and most fatiguing operations a long morning in a picture gallery is the most delightful, bewildering, and fatiguing operation. As children, in the deep midsummer days, chase butterflies and gather flowers till they sink asleep on the meadow, so we are allured on from room to room, from picture to picture, until we sink into a seat and proceed to restaurate ourselves with the iciest beverages. At the Royal Academy dinner—the most delightful dinner of the season, where one so greatly desires and finds it so very hard to get an invitation -Sir Francis Grant, the President, denounced some unfortunate man who had ventured to consider this year's exhibition as a very average affair. Although aghast at my own presumption. I venture to coincide with the unfortunate man, as opposed even to Sir Francis Grant. As a rule I greatly love our Academy. As a rule I infinitely prefer it to the French salon. I rejoice that we have a fine national school of painting, which, for the most part, resists that dominant French influence which just now is so potent in all European and American art. am glad to hear that demands increase, that pictures rise in estimation and value, that most pictures are sold at once, and that sold pictures represent capital. Still the Academy does not strike me as being particularly good, and the most renowned names in the Academy are, least of all, particularly good. Instead indeed of lingering over the work of Royal Academicians one goes to the pictures of young and rising men, to see what vigour and freshness of thought they may have struck out. There was a time when a picture by Millais would have excited fervid enthusiasm; but who has been greatly attracted by any one of Mr. Millais' five pictures this season? Mr. Millais works quickly, and leaves great spaces where work has not been required. But Mr. Millais cannot now excite pre-Raphaelite fervour. Indeed we should find it hard to discover a single picture that is strictly pre-Raphaelite in the whole Academy. Still the school has lived its day and done good work in its day. The

usual space is taken up by the portraits, and the portraits are not very satisfactory. At the risk of being unfortunate, I must say that I think Sir Francis Grant has hardly done justice to Miss Grant. But the fact is that portrait painting as an art is nearly lost. We have no great portrait painters now. What modern could we name without absurdity, as we name Holbein or Vandyke? How miserably deficient is the merely mechanical part! Even the pigments perish within a few years. Those only of the other day are faded, while the colours of three hundred years are still vivid and true.

The mention of the portraits recalls us to the Exhibition of Portraits at the South Kensington Museum. For our own part we consider that this is the most important collection of the year. It is to be the last of the kind, the last of the chronological series suggested by the Earl of Derby; a suggestion which adds one more to the important public boons conferred by Lord Derby on his country. The interest of this collection hardly equals that inspired by the two previous exhibitions. The reason is twofold. We have escaped from a purely historical atmosphere into a region less pure and calm. The other collection gave us history; this gives us politics, with a pervading flavour of biography and memoirs. Then, again, there is a great fall offin art; the first collection gave us the works of great foreign artists; the next year the works of our own painters, culminating in Reynolds and Gainsborough, but the third year has nothing equal to show. The inferiority of our modern painters is painfully illustrated by the supplementary collection, which has many famous pictures, and gives us a historical view of the progress of the art. Still the interest is very great, and those who would really understand the influences which have modelled this age and will model the next will derive a large measure of positive instruction from the careful study of this exhibition. There is many a page of literature and biography on which a new light may be shed with the help of the countenances which, as it were, bend down to lend it a measure of interpretation.

Yet the year is certainly not without its leading picture. We shall not, however, go for it to the Egyptian Hall. M. Doré can paint figures, though we deny that he can paint faces—and, as if knowing this, he so often gives us the averted face. He has given us three wild, imaginative paintings, which show how much he can do in oils. But Mr. Hunt's ' Isabel' is the picture by which the year will most certainly be marked. Mr. Hunt said, in his studio at Florence, to a friend, who has elsewhere mentioned the fact. 'How they will pitch into me for making her dark and Etruscan and giving her large feet!' But the Isabel is the true Italian Isabel, and, as Mr. Hunt said, 'She could have cut his head off, and the delicate blonde couldn't.

The mention of this great picture brings us back to the Academy and to Mr. Maclise's illustration of Keats in the 'Madeline Prayer' (Eve of St. Agnes). This picture, with some half a dozen more, will make an ineffaceable impression. Such are Mr. Poynter's 'Catapult,' which really illustrates Livy; Mr. Armytage's 'Herodias,' which really illustrates the Bible scene; Mr. Leighton's 'Acme kissing the eyes of Septimius,' which really illustrates the genius of Catullus. There are others; and for our own part we have duly marked our catalogues, and are prepared to discourse; but our readers have done the same, and it is now almost too late to move for the reversal of any We notice with much opinion. pleasure in the home landscapes and in the many scriptural subjects an increased tendency towards simplicity and naturalness.

RECENT LITERATURE OF THE IMAGI-

In attempting a cursory glance at recent literature of the imagination there is one work which especially challenges attention. We need hardly say that we allude to George Eliot's 'Spanish Gipsy.' Every one knew that, like all our most brilliant prose writers, this accomplished

and remarkable lady possessed a vein of real poetry; and truer scintillations of this precious ore might be discovered throughout her novels than in most of those mediocre volumes of poetry which are con-stantly issued mainly for the benefit of paper-sellers and compositors. But still very few of us were pre-pared for the announcement that she had formally entered the lists and advanced her claim to a name among English poets. We advisedly say poets instead of poetesses, for we feel sure that this writer would desire to waive all considerations of sex and chivalry, and that regard should be given to the absolute merits of her productions. experiment was a daring one. It was much as when Walter Scott, having succeeded in poetry, betook himself to prose, or as Thomas Babington Macaulay, having succeeded in prose, betook himself to poetry. George Eliot's success will hardly be inferior to that of either of these illustrious writers. has succeeded with credit, and something much more than credit, and her fine poem—for such it really is -ought to be received with infinite honour and praise. Its merits are very striking and easily enumerated. The plot is planned with the consummate care of a great novelist. The Spanish colouring is rendered with the perfection of a great artist. There is a real learning exhibited in depicting the genius of that age which would do credit to any investigator of history; there is that native shrewdness and wit which has been so often indicated in many of this writer's favourite characters; there is also a pathos, a passion of tenderness and a passion of force, with which this great authoress has also made us familiar. It is almost impossible to appraise these merits too highly; but at the same time we cannot say that we are thoroughly satisfied, or that the author has really scaled the high and difficult summit of poetical renown.

Perhaps it will not be difficult to analyze the reasons why this disappointment should almost inevitably be the case. It is not that great poem for which it is sometimes said that our age is waiting. There are indeed many links and associations by which the poet endeavours to bring the age of which she writes into closest connection with the age in which she lives. There are many passages into which she subtly interweaves the problems, difficulties, and various intellectual moods of our own day. But, after all, the interest is too remote, the colouring too foreign and antique, the fable both too trite and too fanciful to make this poem in any degree representative of our own age, or satisfy any real mental or spiritual want of our times. The central idea of the poem—that of a highsouled gipsy chief who wishes to gather the wandering tribes of his race into a settled community, and build them up into an African empire-almost reads like a libel and caricature of that modern notion of 'nationalities' which has lately played such an excessive part in European politics. The idea of a heroine flinging off all loyalty to her lover for the sake of allegiance to a father, never known, but instantaneously discovered and recognised on evidence which an able crossexamination might satisfactorily demolish, is an old one and tolerably well worked. The character of the inquisitor, whose fierce creed overrules his humanity; the character of the Jew astrologer, in his pride of intellect and race; the character of Don Silva himself, who in his passionate love forfeits his honour as a soldier and his hopes of salvation as a Christian; the character of the poet Juan, a summer troubadour on the surface, with love and wisdom in the depths, are none of them original, though drawn with extreme skill and power. Throughout the work we chiefly admire the intense literary ability which is everywhere manifested; but a feeling of this sort is not the feeling with which we ordinarily study the masterpieces of great poets.

We do not give the plot of the poem, but at the same time we warn our readers that the interest of the poem depends, very greatly on the dramatic evolution of the plot. We may observe, however, that the action

of the piece is really exhausted in the fourth act or book; and the last act is somewhat bare and ineffective compared with the highly-wrought character of its predecessors. We shall attempt briefly to indicate some especial features in the work. Many highly-poetic passages are easily to be severed from the context. There are many sentences which from their depth and acuteness might easily pass into the proverbs of a nation. It would be easy to gather together, almost at random, a cluster of pearls. Thus-

Speech is but broken light upon the depth Of the outspoken: even your loved words Float in the larger meaning of your voice As something dimmer.

Juan, the poet, is beloved by a pretty maid, and sings her a love-song. He explains to her that he loves her in the song, but not out of the song. The strain merely belongs to his poetic character.

We old, old poets, if we kept our hearts Should hardly know them from another man's They shrink to make room for the many more We keep within us.

As she leaves, Juan sings the briefest but prettiest of the lyrics—

'Came a pretty maid,
By the moon's pure light,
Loved me well, she said,
Eyes with tears all bright.
A pretty maid!

'But too late she strayed;
Moonlight pure was there;
She was nought but shade
Hiding the more fair,
The heavenly maid!'

The inquisitor detects the strangeness of the lineage of the foundling child, Fedalma.

I read a record deeper than the skin. What! shall the trick of nostrils and of lips Descend through generations, and the soul— That moves within our frame like God in worlds—

Convulsing, urging, melting, withering— Imprint no record, leave no documents of her great history? Shall men bequeath The fancies of their palate to their sons, And shall the shudder of restraining awe, The slow-wept tears of contrite memory, Faith's prayerful labour, and the food divine of fasts cestatic—shall these pass away Like wind upon the waters, tracklessly? Shall the mere curl of eyelashes remain, And god-enshrining symbols leave no trace of tremors reverent?—That maiden's blood Is as unchristian as the leopard's." But we must not venture on more extracts, though it would be most delightful to do so. We cannot judge of the building from a stone, or of a statue from a single finger. Nevertheless it is possible to detach from the coronal separate gems of matchless value.

We will say of 'Constance Lorn. and other Poems,'* that there is here a real vein of genuine poetry, although it requires some little insight to discern this amid the Tennysonian echoes with which the book abounds. Mr. Caldwell is an Anglo-Indian, and, we strongly suspect, a competition Wallah. The little poem which gives its name to the work, a short one, shorter in-deed than others in the volume, gives a very unflattering account of a young woman who jilted a younger brother in order that she might marry the heir. The incident is not improbable, and, for the matter of that, not perhaps uncommon; but we confess that we can hardly understand how the younger brother, who is represented as 'upright,

with plain truth written in his face," could reconcile it with his notions of propriety to commit suicide instanter. These poems, of a narrative and idyllic cast, are less distinctive and valuable than those concerning his travels which Mr. Caldwell gives from the fresh mint of his own feelings and experience. Those are eminently pleasing verses which the author writes off Pernambuco and beneath the Southern Cross, and sailing up the straits of Bab-el-Mandeb. There is one piece written in the form of a letter, entitled 'The Fall at Courtallum,' which gives a clear, vivid picture of some Indian scenery and manners. We are glad to see that Mr. Caldwell does not disdain the old Pope couplet, which is best adapted for this species of composition. Our young poets have too much disclaimed this old-fashioned metre, and we are glad to see signs of returning sense on the subject. trust we shall meet the author again, and in the meantime we quote one of his shorter pieces.

THE TWO.

Jack, when that Manilla's lighted, give the fire another stir;
I am cold.'

'Well, when I asked her, " Fes," she said, and---

Bother her!

On that string you're always harping! She is fair enough, I know, Lovely, as you are love-sick; but,—excuse me saying so,— Has Ceylon no other beauty?'

Yes, for there's Miss Margaret.'
There you go now !—thought you'd say so, thought you'd fay into a pet.
But, old chap,—to turn the subject,—do you recollect the day
When we first now Margaret Howard on the road that skirts the Bay?
Ha! a pretty change of subject! What Bay, Burry?

You forget? Forget Galle Harbour?

'I forget it! not at all!

Grand Galls Harbour, crag-fringed, palm-fringed, with the ships all racking there
On the swell that, beachward breaking, fills with hasy spray the air.

I forget it, think you, Harry! Why, 'twas there that I, you know,

Homeward-bound, on board my steamer, said good-bye to——'

'There you ga.'

There is one more volume of poems to which we had intended to have devoted some discussion. This is 'The Earthly Paradise,' by Mr. Morris. But on reflection we determined that we would not mar our pleasure in perusing it by the profanation of any critical purposes. We mean to take it with us to the

* 'Constance Lorn, and other Poems.' By Robert C. Caldwell, London, A. W. Bennett, lawns and woods and waters; it shall beguile for us the summer hours, and there shall be no arrière pensée of reviewing to mar that enjoyment. George Eliot greatly surpasses this poet in culture, force, and power of metaphor; but Mr. Morris sings as naturally and continuously as the birds, and it is this bird-note, the real poetical music, that we miss in George Eliot.

If we could discuss recent fiction

we should have much to say respecting that singular literary partnership which has produced 'Foul A novel that has been dramatised in one theatre and caricatured in another must needs have real force in it. Mr. Reade is a spasmodic writer, and gentlemen afflicted with literary spasms are not the most agreeable in their authorship. Still he is a man of genius and sensibility; and it is easy to see that all the desperate lovemaking and the picture-painting about the island are due to Mr. Reade. On the other hand, the points, the claptrap, the sensational scenes, the theatrical situations which are heaped up by a riotous theatrical imagination are no doubt to be attributed to Mr. Dion Boucicault. We need hardly say that there is an utter absence of any ethical aim or even of any serious purpose whatever.

It is like getting out of a crowded, rattling street—rabble, gas, cabs, and policemen—into a quiet, well-ordered home, to take up Legh Knight's 'Tonic Bitters.' We may sincerely congratulate Miss Knight on having produced such a novel as this, so life-like in its portraiture, so sincere in feeling, so elevated and useful in tone. Simply regarded as a fiction, it is one of the very best novels which we have seen for an age, and much is to be learned from its serene humour and cheerful wisdom.

OVER A FRENCH COUNTRY.

BY WAT. BRADWOOD.

DOUCEVILLE Grand Handicap, 500 francs each, 200 ft.,
and 10,000 francs added.' 'Why,
the race will be worth 600 to 700
pounds, with a score subscribers and
perhaps eight starters! I shall have
a shot at that, and do the Exhibition
at the same time—pay all expenses,
and clear 600 pounds net, to start
acut ecasen upon.'

So I built eastles in the air as I lounged over the front advertisement page of 'Bell's Life,' on a Saturday afternoon at the end of the summer term at Oxford.

'This ought to suit your book, Frank,' quoth Dick Mayne, to whom I had thus half aloud communicated my ambition; 'it will give you something to do during the Long, and keep you out of mischief.'

'When do the entries close?' I saked; for Dick had unceremoniously taken the paper out of my hands, to judge of the matter for himself.

'June 29th; that is Thursday next. You haven't much time to spare. What foolers to set entries so long before a race; five clear weeks! Why, the race won't half fill at that distance of time. All the better for you; you will have a weaker field, and all the better chance for the added money: it is well worth having by itself slone. What shall you enter? eh, boy?

'How far is it? Give me the paper, you rude bear; I haven't half done with it.'

Wait till your betters are served, young 'un. Three miles and a half the big race;—there, there's a little race; two miles and a half, soo francs each, and ',ooo added, which you haven't even read out. You might run both the nage; old Pirate for the short race, and the mare for the long one, if you think she can get so far in good company.'

My stud was a limited one, and I by no means set up for keeping regular steeplechase horses. My vanity had first been tickled by winning a college grind or two upon one of my own hunters the previous year, as a freshman: later on I had ridden a winner at Aylesbury, in the veteran race, though my own old horse ran nowhere in the Undergraduates' Plate; a friendly farmer, who had trained a horse or two near Wolverton, had put me up, much to my delight, for a mount or two in the autumn; and after one or two wins over hurdles and country

alike. I began to entertain rather an exalted idea of my own capabilities as trainer and jockey. Up till Christmas of that year I had ridden nothing of my own really in public (for Aylesbury is half a private meeting, and almost entirely exempt from race-horse duty); but during the November of that date I had become the purchaser, at the instigation of my friend the farmer, of a certain little chesnut mare that had lately earned to herself an evil reputation in the town of Blisworth by kicking herself clear of the harness, shafts, and tout ensemble of the local doctor's four-wheeled 'trap.' The little devil was at a discount for the time being, notwithstanding her undeniable make and shape, and I became her purchaser for 27l., with the view of using her as a cover hack, and perhaps educating her as a light-weight hunter. No one in the place knew at the time of her real definition and pedigree, nor had my agricultural friend any idea of the jumping capabilities which she subsequently displayed, or I opine he would have speedily transferred her to his own stud.

However, she came up to Oxford. and stood at Charley Symond's, and soon had plenty of work to do as cover hack. Before long I found that when out for a general ride she had no disinclination to follow a lead over small fences and hurdles; in fact, she displayed so great an aptitude for jumping, that I withdrew her from her more menial occupation, and gave her some regular schooling over Symond's farm, and a few half days with the hounds; and after fewer falls than usually fall to the lot of a novitiate in fer ing, she became handy enough for me to venture upon the Bablock Hythe drag with her, and, still better, to win it the first time of asking, and that easily, showing a rare turn of speed in the last two or three water-meadows.

She also showed her heels to a fair field of Oxford screws in a catchweight scurry on the flat, at the end of the day, at the Merton grind; and I began to think that, malgré her size (she stood barely fifteen hands), I had a nice rod in pickle for the

Undergraduates' race next Ayles-Dick Mayne, who, bury meeting. as a heavy weight of fourteen stone odd, went fairly to hounds, and had an eye for a steeplechaser, though he never risked or wasted his own steady weight carriers at such a game, entertained even a higher opinion of the mare than I did, and tried to persuade me to keep her as a good thing for the Liverpool; but my ambition was less than my conceit, and I preferred keeping her for Aylesbury, for which she looked to all appearances a good thing, and bid fair to gratify my long-cherished desire of winning the Undergraduates' Plate on my own cattle. For some time she was dignified by no cognomen, but was designated when wanted as 'the little mare,' till one day in February, when I was schooling her from Sturdy's Castle, with the Heythrop pack, a well-known 'vet.,' whom I had called in to examine the mare when I had first bought her, and who had endorsed my opinion that she was sound, and was barely five years old by her mouth, rode up to me and told me that he thought he had found out her history and pedi-gree; that a friend of his, a trainer from the Berkshire downs, who was out that day, fancied that he could recognize in her a certain filly, Blue Bell, by Daniel O'Rourke, out of Mayflower, who had been bred in the midland counties, but never trained, in consequence of the following unfortunate occurrence: she had been foaled contrary to expectation during the last week of December, 18—, and by rule of the turf took her age from the following ist of January, and became, in racing parlance, a 'yearling' before she was a fortnight old. Any other horse foaled but a week later, after New Year's Day, would rank for that year as a 'foal,' nor be styled a yearling till the following year. This inopportune birth of the Mayflower filly of course ruined her for competition in any weight-for-age racing, where, as a two or three year old, she would have to meet on even terms horses that to all intents and purposes were really a twelvemonth older, and more developed than herself; and this, added to diminutive size, found her so little favour, that she fetched as a 'two-year old' a paltry twelve guineas at Tattersall's, when put up for sale with several other really contemporary yearlings, and after a summer's run on a farm, she was put into a breaker's hands, sold to a butcher, rattled about by his lad for morning orders, and then transferred to the doctor's phaeton above alluded to, from which, as I have shown, she speedily kicked herself free.

All this I gleaned from the 'vet.,' the trainer, and a little later correspondence with her former owners, which within the week fully established her identity as Blue Bell, 6 years, by Daniel O'Rourke, out of

Mayflower, as aforesaid.

The trainer, struck with her appearance, pressed me hard to send her to his stables for preparation for the engagements which I had in view for her; but I, confining my aspirations to 'hunters' races only for the present, for which the qualification of 'not having been in a training-stable' for some definite period is generally required, prepare her under my own care, or rather in truth under that of Adam Bone, an old family studgroom, who had been especially sent up with me by my careful mother to 'take care' of me and my horseflesh.

Blue Bell turned out all that I could wish; she won a brace of college grinds, and justified the odds of 2 to 1 on her for the Undergraduates' race by winning, hard held, by a couple of lengths: she also won a hunters' race at a suburban steeplechase meeting, and tempted my ambition to put her for the principal handicap at a well-known south country meeting during April. The handicapper favoured her with 10 st. 8 lb. only, and deeming the thing a moral for her, I backed her, contrary to my usual custom, for as much as a 'pony' for the race. She and my pride both got a fall; not that it was her fault, poor little lady! far from it; but I, who had got to fancy myself quite able to dispense with the usual 5 lb. allowance from professional to gentleman riders, rode in a careless way close behind a nasty shifty brute, denominated Maniac, who seldom or never got over a country without some refusal or display of vice. I knew his tendencies well enough. and still more that his swerve, when it came, was invariably to the left. yet in my thoughtless folly I put none of my wisdom into practice when it came to the scratch. The course was a 'left-hand' one, i. c. a curve to the left. I noticed that all other jockeys took for the first mile an unaccountably wide sweep to the right at each bend, but in my stupidity never divined the true reason thereof. Closely I shaved the flags on the left, Maniac close on my whip hand, and while I was chuckling and hugging myself towards the bend of the first round of the ground that I was saving at each turn from the rest of the field. the time of retribution came. Maniac's temper failed him at last, and with a sharp swerve at a small artificial fence in the turn home, he knocked myself and Blue Bell in a heap into the ditch, whence we were extricated uninjured, after the race had swept over us, by the mass of the British populace that invariably spring out of the ground as it were to crowd round the scene of any catastrophe upon a race-course, no matter how far distant from the grand stand booths the fall may have been.

This was about the end of the season, and beyond that she had won cleverly at Bullingdon some few times during the summer-time, Blue Bell had had little asked of her for more than two months, up to the date of the interlude in question between Dick Mayne and myself.

Pirate, the horse alluded to by Dick, was a fair middle-class steeple-chaser, the joint property of both of us. He had won two or three small local hunt races in his own country in weak company under a former owner, and had then been promoted to handicap duty over three-mile courses and further, in which he disappointed his owner. Dick had a shrewd eye for a horse, and

from seeing the animal run during the winter in a big, long-distance handicap, for which he only ran the ruck, tiring to nothing in the last half-mile, and showing temper, divined that a two-mile course, and to make his own running, might produce a different result with him, and persuading me to go shares in him, obtained him for a hundred pounds; and the animal soon satisfled Dick and myself that he could 'stay' two miles, though three were too far for him, by winning a couple of sol plates over the shorter distance, with his ears cocked, in the commonest of canters, and thus still further augmenting my score of winning mounts for the season.

The inevitable result of the conversation above referred to between myself and Dick was a stroll armin-arm into Holywell Street, an inspection of the stables, and confabu-

lation with Adam Bone.

That Blue Bell could be got fit for the race in question there was no doubt. She had been in regular exercise during the whole summer, and would take but little 'windingup;' but Pirate had had such an easy time of it for the last ten weeks that it really seemed a moot point whether he could be brought fit in time, and but for the fact that his rather currish temper was better suited by ruaning him rether in 'jolly' condition than 'fine drawn,' his case would have been hopeless.

However, Dick and I made up our minds to go, gave orders to Adam to get his charges as fit as he could during the ensuing month, and lossed down to the river, where the college eight, in training for Henley regatta, then imminent, were growling at 'bow's' absence, and gave me ne cordial welcome for keeping them thus waiting half

an hour beyond time.

The French handicapper was even more lenient than I had anticipated, and the announcement of ro st. 6 lb. as Blue Bell's weight, and rr st. 2 lb. for the Pirate in his race, decided us upon 'accepting.' Thus it was that on the evening of the 3rd of August Dick Mayne, myself, and Creaswell, of the same college, whose name has

ere this been chronicled in the pages of 'London Society,' after a social and elaborate feed at the Grand Hotel, and a drawling drive in the craziest of fiacres, disembarked at the Parisian terminus of the Chemin de fer du Midi en route for Douceville. The journey was tedious and sultry; no need to inflict its recapitulation upon the reader. The principal hotel of the fashionable watering-place which was our destination was extortionate, yet not so uncleanly as might have been anti-We had engaged our cipated. stabling some weeks in advance, and Adam, after much tribulation at the diet and language of 'furrin' parts, had arrived with his atud some three days before us, so as to give them time to recover the effects of the journey and voyage.

We had telegraphed to him of our advent, and had scarcely returned from a morning swim that soothed the weariness of our midnight travel, and commenced a heavy dejouner à la fourchette, when Adam, with the privileged indifference of an old family retainer, stalked into our breakfast-room, and, with a hope that 'Master Frank' was well, and his 'sarvice' to the 'gen'lmen,' began to grumble indiscriminately at rail, road, sea voyage, furrin lingo, and furrin victuals, and furrin corn; the condemnation of the latter item seemed the more important item of the lot, and we were aghast to hear that the cats offered for consumption at the stables which we had bespoken were mouldy, husky, 'not thirty pounds to the bushel, not they, never seed such rubbish, fit to

break a 'orse's wind in no time.'
Having worked up our anxiety to concert pitch, Adam stolidly added, by way of parenthesis, 'that he knowed how it 'ud be afore he came,' and had brought a sack of 'his own' corn (my mother's), to set the French ostlers at deflance; moreover, having little faith in French locks or continental probity, he had also brought 'in his pocket, not to pay no dooty,' a brace of good English staples and padlocks with which to secure the night-hours of his nags. The latter were well, 'leastways Pirate had had a bit of a cough,

but it was most gone,' and 'the ground war as hard as nails, it wur.' The latter contingency seemed to disturb neither of my compamions, who had come to look on, and not to ride; but it made me think for a minute or two upon the possibility of a broken bene or two if I chanced another such a cropper as when I had last ridden Blue Bell over a country. As to the horses, though both of them were good performers through 'dirt,' they were, moreover, sound on their legs as when they were foaled, and had no objection to hearing their feet rattle. As matter of precaution, Adam had brought new elastic bandages to take unnecessary strains off the back sinews.

After breakfast we hired a 'trap' of the most nondescript construction, drawn by a pair of lumbernecked, slack-loined French screws, and proceeded to reconnoitre the course, some two miles distant. did not come up to my idea of a stroplechase course; at first sight the obstacles looked mere nothings, but on closer examination I could see that, though in hunting the veriest your could have jumped any of them, some of them were so awkwardly planed or approached as to make them really critical when taken at saving pace, especially up an awkward horse, or by a rider that had no 'handa.'

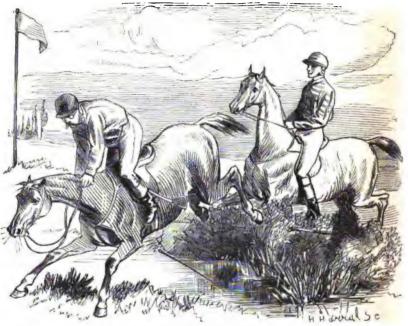
I rather signed massif upon my powers of handling a house at a fence, but my constit was fostered rather by the fact that the two horses in question, on whom most of my late mounts had been, had mouths like silk and manners like M.P.'s (always excepting those of the Opposition and John Bright, upon the bear-garden night of May 7th, 1868). The soil was light and sandy, calculated to raise a considerable dust in the teeth of tailing horses, but making the going softer than Adam's lucubrations had led me to anticipate. The fences were There was a very of all varieties. low stone wall, with ditch towards, taken on a sharp curve, a brook of about ten feet intersecting the course, and thus to be jumped twice each time round, a post and rails of no height, but with a longish drop

on the farther side, and four or five ordinary thorn fences. On the further side of the course there were four or five obstacles of an anomalous and decidedly local character they were each composed of a broad three-foot bank on the near side and a wide and deep-dug ditch on the far side; no stick or stone of any sort used in their composition, but pure earthworks. If taken at a fly.' they would be decidedly the biggest jumps in the place, and, from the want of a very visible margin to the commencement of the rise of the bank, a horse's eye might be deceived in the take off, or be thrown out of his stride when hurried at them. By a hunter accustomed to a bank country, such as Surrey, South Berks, Holderness, and some such parts of England, they would easily be taken 'on and off, but, from their very simplicity. they might well, in the hurry of racing, confound a steeplechaser who had never seen the like before. The whole lot of them lay close together, with, on the average, not more than one hundred yards beween each of them. In the whole circuit of the course, of two miles in length, there were seventeen The ugliest of all I have fences. still to describe: a bonû fide double. am ordinary hunting-fence, but most uncanny for steeplechasing - the first fence after the brook on the near side of the course to the spectators—consisting of a low post and rails, raised bank, and rails again at the bottom of the bank, by no means too big a fence for a fresh horse to take in his stride at a fly, but enough to trip many a tried one, or puzzle a clumsy one to hop on and off at racing pace. The 'run in' was a short three hundred yards of grass up a stiff incline. By the time that we had finished reconnoitring, Adam came up, riding Pirate and leading the Blue Bell saddled for me, and we proceeded to give them a gallop of a mile and a half over the light sandy garden soil that lay beyond the further side of the course, and we took them, for the sake of practice, over the line of banks and fences of which I have spoken, taking a track parallel to the course

and, so far as it extended, exactly similar to it. I was pleased to find how easily the Blue Bell negotiated these obstacles, novel though they were to her, running up to the top of the banks like a rabbit and then, without the least hang or pause in her stride, dropping herself over the ditches beyond, and going on instantaneously in her stride. Evidently this sort of country suited her, and unless her antagonists were equally au fait at this sort of fences she would gain several strides upon

them each time they came round this side of the course.

So far satisfied, we drove back to our hotel, leaving Adam to follow slowly; and I, finding myself at scale some two pounds overweight, after a rather loose diet for the last three or four days, proceeded to flannelize and to 'lard the lean earth,' as I ran a couple of miles in heavy drift sand along an unfrequented part of the beach, where I hoped to escape observation. On my return, Dick informed us that



THE GREY WINS.'-P. 116.

no less than three of the gendarmerie had turned out, carefully to scrutinize my movements from the main road, which ran a quarter of a mile distant, and having watched me to the end of my performance, had departed, shaking their heads in earnest confabulation.

We abjured the table d'hôte for the evening, and patronized an ornamental café that fronted the esplanade, such as it was. I turned in early, for the sake of my nerves, but Dick and Cresswell returned to the salons of the café; and while the former employed the later hours in winning, after some close fighting, a couple of francs from a seedylooking scoundrel at the 'cannon' game of billiards, the latter boldly pitted himself at écarté against a monsieur, who introduced himself as 'Le Comte Mayonne,' and who, after cutting and turning up kings with wondrous facility for the space of an hour and a half, cleaned our friend out of eleven hundred francs, and was only prevented from still further increasing his plunder by exbaustion of Cresswell's

breeches pockets, and Dick's crusty refusal to 'lend him a damned halfpenny to play the fool with that

blackguard.'

The racing did not commence till 3'30 P.M. upon the morrow; and the first race upon the programme was the 'Prix de l'été,' of two and a half miles, in which Pirate and I were to perform. The result of this race would give us a fair inkling into our chances for the second, the big race; for though Pirate's betterknown merits had caused the handi-

capper to flatter him with 11st. 2lb. on his back, whereas Blue Bell escaped with 10st. 6lb. on hers, yet we knew well enough that the latter could give her companion a stone in private at home, even over a short course, and hold him safe into the bargain.

The Clerk of the Course (an emigrant Englishman, formerly, I believe, the sporting correspondent and prophet of a well-known daily paper, till sundry defaults in the Ring and elsewhere caused him to



'BAR ACCIDENTS!'-P. 130.

seek new and more congenial employment over Channel) managed to get us all weighed in with excellent punctuality. The field was not a strong one—six starters only. The Ruffian, an exported English steeplechaser of fair middle-class pretensions, carried top weight at 12st. 2lb.; and his chance would by no means be extinguished by that burden, on his own account, but for the fact that his new owner, Monsieur Fleurmont, the enterprising and only son of a bourgeois banker

of Paris, had aspired himself to pilot his steed to victory, with about as much pretension to seat, style, or horsemanship as many an affluent tailor or haberdasher who emulously mounts his weight-carrying hunter vice the shopboard, and nerves himself and his inside for a day's jolting and tumbling with the West Kent or Old Surrey fox-hounds.

J. Rosse, one of the best professionals from England, had been retained for Amour Propre, a French performer, one glance at whose suspicious-looking forelegs seemed to belie any hope that he would carry his rist. 7lb. with any success on such hard ground. A young Prussian officer, with a really good seat, rode Blueboy, a perfect hunter, lately sold at Tattersall's for 500 guineas, but rather deficient in pace, and decidedly too 'jolly' in condition to be able to hold his own in a strong-run race. Two other light-weight animals of about selling-race pretensions and English extraction, and ridden by native jockeys, made up the complement of competitors.

We had to start half a mile beyond the stand, come past it, round and in to the winning-post, avoiding the double and nearer brook the first time by starting just in front of them. In the preliminary canter I noticed Amour Propre's very tender way of going, and augured ill for his progress in some of the hard fields; and Blueboy seemed to go too slow to give me any uneasi-Monsieur Fleurmont gave me great hopes from the energetic way in which he jumped up and down in the saddle, and I considered the selling platers already hors de combat. There were two respectable English bookmakers in the enclosure, with whom, at my request, Dick obtained 30 to 10 about Pirate's chances.

We started; at the first fence one of the latter, who had bolted with a lead, whipped short round, shot his jockey on to the further side of the fence without injuring him, and threw all of us out except Blueboy and the other plater. J. Rosse blasphemed horribly as we got straight with all speed, and took the obstacle almost standing, neck and neck, just landing clear of the brains of the dismounted jockey, who was foolishly trying to scramble out of the ditch, instead of lying still till we had cleared him. Rufflan followed us close, passed us like a flash of lightning in the next field, his head well down, pulling like a grampus, his jockey with one foot out of the stirrup and a tight hold of the breastplate. The pace was fairly good, and Blueboy and the plater came back to us before we had gone a mile. Amour Propre

jumped very tenderly, losing ground each time he landed; and by the time we reached the first brook Ruffian was in front, myself second, and the rest close up behind. The plater, who was feeling the effects of the pace, chanced the next fence. and came a 'burster' to the ground; Monsieur Fleurmont, who by this time had begun to gain control over Ruffian, seemed so pleased at his ascendancy, that he stuck in his spurs vigorously and shoved the old horse along at increased pace. soon tailing off Blueboy, who fenced superbly, and Amour Propre, who went as tenderly as a cat on oystershells. Old Pirate was pulling hard at the last brook, and the Ruffian's tail was beginning to elevate itself: he floundered a little on landing, and while his jockey was scrambling back from his neck to the saddle I made up ground, and was close at his quarters as we reached the formidable double. 1 pulled the old grey together at a reduced pace, that he might take it cleanly, on and off. The Frenchman kicked away at old Ruffian, shook his elbows, slacked his rein. and charged to do it in a fly. Of course the poor old beast, dead blown, could not rise to it; he struck the near rail, chested the bank, rolled in a heap sideways through the next rail, blundering forwards to my left at the same moment, just in time to shove his head under Pirate's hoofs as the latter dropped neatly off the bank over the further rail, and tobring us both staggering and scrambling to earth a dozen yards further The Frenchman, with his leg imprisoned under Ruffian, who was too blown to stir yet awhile, shouted like a maniac. The crowd cheered and shricked with delight at the catastrophe. I had held tight to old Pirate's reins, and was not long in getting back to the saddle, but before I could sit down and set him going again Blueboy and Amour Propre were past me, sailing six lengths away. Pirate raced over the next two fences in first-rate style and charged the last fence but one, a deep drop, alongside of Amour Propre, whose tender legs could not

stand this last infliction at increased pace, and down the old sinner came, shaking Rosse considerably. The Prussian, who was not such a fool as I had hoped, was shoving Blueboy along at a better pace than I gave the animal credit of possessing, evidently determined to make no waiting race of it. Pirate took the last fence a couple of lengths in the rear, and then, answering at first to my call upon him, stretched his neck and shot up in a hundred yards to Blueboy's girths; but the cheering of the crowd as we came close to the stand seemed to recall former races and punishment to his memory and to evoke his sulky temper; laying his ears back, he would try no more, and was beaten a length by the judge's flat. The performance was not a bad one, considering his fall and disappointment at the start, but no doubt he could have won easily had his heart only been in the right place in the last dozen strides.

Disappointed though we all were at our failure in this race, the form of Blue Bell, as compared through Pirate's capabilities, looked good enough to give us great hopes for the next race.

Dick, knowing so well Pirate's uncertain temper, had trusted him with no money of his own; Cresswell, who had replenished his finances by drawing eight hundred francs from me, had the pleasure of handing over two hundred of the same to his friend the Count, who had cordially renewed his acquaintance on the course in the morning, had professed himself an enthusiastic admirer of 'Le Sport,' and had in the most accommodating manner laid the odds against the grey to a point longer than those currently offered by the English bookmakers in the Ring.

A local race of no direct interest to ourselves, except for the multitudinous 'croppers' which it evoked, came next for decision. Then followed the pièce de résistance of the whole meeting, the 'Grand Prix de Douceville.'

Out of thirty-seven horses handicapped for the event, twenty-two had accepted, and a baker's dozen of the same now came to the post, set forth on the card as follows:—

	st.	lb.
1. The Duke of Arran's Beelzebub	12	3
2. Nat. B. Robinson's Merry Lad	11	9
3. Mons. Rousillon's Coup Juste.	11	7
4. — Coup d'Œil.	11	4
5. The Duke of Arran's Maynooth	11	4
6. Le Comte de Margaux's Epsom		
Downs		1
7. Mons. Henry's Canaille	11	0
8. Mr. J. Daudle's Coverside	10	10
9. Le Vicomte de Canazou's Crayon	10	7
10. Mr. Frank ——'s Blue Bell .	10	6
11. Mons. Burke's Garryowen	10	4
12. Comte de Vellane's La Gloire.	10	0
13. Mons. Morrette's Vanity	10	0

As will be seen from the list, many of the horses were of English birth and nomenclature; all were of English blood. The owners also comprised many English as well as continental sportsmen. The riders. with the exception of Nos. 3, 6, and 7, who were steered by their owners. were all ridden by natives of the United Kingdom. The owner of No. 11, though designating himself a Monsieur, was an acclimatised Irishman. The Simon Pure of the Duke of Arran's two was Maynooth, who was ridden by a 'gentleman rider, perhaps one of the best, whether of professionals or otherwise. that could be found anywhere; but whose claims to the real title of 'gentleman' rider were, according to the notions of some of us, if not of the Grand National Steeple-chase Committee of England, to say the least, open to criticism. True, he had ridden a winner of the Liverpool, and was closely connected with the stable of a certain sporting peer, whose repute, whether social or moral, was none of the most exalted. And 'Mr. James' could, when wanted, 'stop' a horse with a skill that would do credit to the best rope-trick performer among pro-fessionals, if we may judge from the eccentric running of this identical Liverpool winner in 'Mr. James's' hands during the autumn previous to the victory; and Mr. James, though precluded by his denomina-tion of 'gentleman' from legally claiming any remuneration for his services, which it must be con-

fessed were always worth having. was not by any means above taking indirect pay for his mounts. As a matter of course his 'expenses' were allowed him, and those on a most liberal scale. The usual way of squaring accounts with him was for his employer for the time being to put him on a pony (25l.) to a shilling upon his mount, or to back the horse for him for a 10l note, which 10l., in the event of the bet being lost, Mr. James was, as an understood thing, never expected to pay. One unsophisticated owner of horses, to wit, my friend the farmer, of whom I spoke a few pages back, obtained the services of Mr. James to ride for him a farmers' race. Estimating that functionary by his official designation rather than by his real character, he never dreamt of insulting him by offers of payment, thanked him with great empressement for undertaking mount, and offered to show him such hospitality as his farm at the Old Grange could afford, (good cheer, as I can prove from experience). Mr. James, with nonchalance, declined the proffer of a bed and provender, and intimated his intention of taking up his quarters at a firstclass hotel in the neighbourhood. Just before the bell for saddling rang, Mr. James requested the loan of a 101. note from the farmer, which was of course instantaneously complied with. The race was won, and the farmer pleased, although the latter opened his eyes slightly at receiving by post, a day or two later, abill as long as his arm from the landlord of the Royal Hotel, sent in to Mr. C--- 'by Mr. James' directions.' He paid it without demur, assuming such dealings to be the custom with 'these gen'lmen riders.' Nay, more, highly esteeming the skill and jockeyship of Mr. James, he made a further request for the favour of similar services a week later. While weighing in, Mr. James, as on the previous occasion, made his request for the loan of another 10l. note, and the farmer, while complying to oblige his friend, remarked that this further sum made up 201. which he had advanced.

'Eh, what?' quoth Mr. James.

'I thought I lent you another 10l., sir, the last time you were so good as to ride for me at —, and then this will make 20l.; you are quite welcome to the advance, I'm sure, sir, if it is of any convenience to you.'

'Ten pounds, eh! advanced?' said Mr. James, in astonishment; 'didn't I win the Clayhithe Stakes

for you that day?

'To be sure you did, sir; my duty to you, and right well you rode too; and I hope we shall do as well

again this time.'

'Well, then, if I won, what the -l more do you want?' and the worthy farmer, opening his eyes and mouth wider than ever, held his peace and said no more. He assisted his gentleman-jockey to carry his cloths and weights to the paddock, and saddled in solemn silence. Mr. James differed with the farmer as to the qualities of the horse he was riding, and though requested to come through strong' a mile from home, made a waiting race to the last fence, and was beaten for speed in the run in. A new light came into the farmer's agricultural brain, and as he informed me a few months later, when, to his then surprise I declined his offer of reimbursement of travelling expenses when I had come to a suburban meeting to ride for him, 'Such jocks as that Muster James cost a deal more than a real professional, and won't ride to orders after all. They know too much for me.

Maynooth was made the favourite at 5 to 2 for the race. Vanity, Merry Lad, and Crayon were also fancied by the public. Blue Bell started at a fair price, of 10 and 12 to 1, and I put on her more than I usually risked upon a race, 201., in confidence, and on the strength of the long price. Except by our clique she was hardly backed at all, but one of the bookmakers, who had seen her run on a previous occasion, rather 'saved' upon her, suspecting her merits, and prevented her standing at even a longer price, as she might well have done considering how little money really was in-

vested upon her.

Cresswell, disdaining a share of my 11 to 1, accepted a liberal 3000 francs to 200 from his friend the Count, who professed himself anxious to give his 'cher ami sa revanche' for his losses hitherto. Adam and Dick superintended my weighing-in and saddling, and Blue Bell was so cocky that she nearly brained an inquisitive monsieur who was prying in the vicinity of her heels just at the critical moment when Adam tickled her in tightening the surcingle.

We had to go once round and three-quarters round, starting half a mile beyond the winning-posts, crossing each brook twice, and the

double twice also.

Beelzebub made the running at a tremendous pace for the first two miles, to serve his stable-companion Maynooth, who delighted in a strong-run race. The latter and myself lay close together all through the first round, well up in the front rank, and casualties to Garryowen, Crayon, Coup Juste, and Epsom Downs, the rider of the latter of which cut a pure 'voluntary' at the first brook, reduced the dimensions of the field somewhat. The pace told upon most of the others; and by the time that Beelzebub resigned the lead to his companion, a little more than a mile from home, there were only the favourite, Merry Lad, myself, and Vanity left in the race: the rest had either fallen, lost their riders, or pulled up from hopeless pursuit. The earth-banks and ditches, which I have described before, on the further side of the course, had favoured Blue Bell immensely in the first round, so much so that, for the time being, the pace at which she negotiated them brought her up alongside of Beelzebub, from which position I pulled her back so soon as we again encountered the more ordinary fences. As we approached them the second time, I felt that it was time to increase the pace and take advantage of her aptitude; and closing with Maynooth at the first bank, had gained a couple of lengths of him before he had landed and got again The 'gentleman into his stride. rider' set him going, and he was at

my girths by the next bank, but the same process was repeated at each bank, and by the time the last was cleared and we were in full sail for the brook, I had a lead of three lengths, and Maynooth was none the better to the pace at which he had been pushed in the small enclosures to make up for lost ground after each landing. He and Vanity now made a push to collar me, and landed over the brook not a length in my rear, themselves neck and neck. We reached the double, on and off which Blue Bell hopped like a cat.

'Out of the way there,' hailed James to Rosse, who was riding Vanity, as, with all the importance of a Liverpool winner riding a duke's favourite, he picked his place on the bank, slightly in Vanity's track, and expected the latter to

make way for him.

' See you d-d first,' quoth Rosse, stolidly, as they both rose to it half a length in my rear, on the whip hand, amid the yells of the French cannoned heavily canaille, and against each other as they landed, Vanity blundering clean on to her head, and Maynooth bounding off on to Blue Bell, saving himself from a fall but nearly spilling us instead. We both got to work again at once, Maynooth a length ahead, Vanity losing a good three lengths by the catastrophe, and coming on alongside of Merry Lad. By the next two fences I had made up my lost ground, and shooting a neck in front as we came to the last fence, had the satisfaction of seeing that James was hard at work upon his horse to enable him to hold his own. Blue Bell had lots left in her. and quitting him without an effort in the straight, galloped home an easy winner by two lengths, with hardly a spur-mark upon her; Merry Lad and Vanity third and fourth, but each pulling up after the last fence.

Old Adam relaxed his stolid features to a smile of welcome as he met Blue Bell to lead her back to the enclosure, where I weighed in all right, and received the chagrined congratulations of one or two of the French stewards.

Meanwhile Mr. James, having also weighed in, found himself furiously assailed by the aggrieved rider of Vanity, who, though a lighter weight than the gentleman rider, was a wiry sort of customer, full of pluck, and went at his enemy like a fighting-cock, planting well between the eyes, and splitting his nether lip before they were separated. Rosse loudly inveighed against James's unjustifiable jostle, which, he averred, alone prevented him from winning (not that I think he could have had any chance against Blue Bell, who won with plenty of weight in hand). and stigmatized James as 'one of they "gen'leman" thieves as takes the bread out of our mouths.

M. Morrette, for whom Rosse had ridden, being one of the stewards, the arm of the law was not called in, and order was restored; Rosse led away in conversation by his employer, and James provided with towel and cold water to repair da-

The 'Ring,' such as it was, won largely by the victory of Blue Bell; for our clique, who alone backed her, were but modest speculators. M. Morrette was eager to buy her, but my enthusiasm for her prevented my accepting his liberal offer of nearly eighteen thousand francs for her; however, the affair led to a deal, and, before the day was out, Dick and I disposed of old Pirate, whose currish temper had not struck M. Morrette's observation so much as his style of galloping and really fair performance in the first race, under the difficulties of a fall for which he was not to blame, and a disappointment to boot at the first fence. Dick protested that he was such an uncertain brute that though sometimes he might win by a mile, yet that if a donkey got alongside of him in the last hundred yards, he would lay his ears back and refuse

to try. After a fair amount of haggling, we considered ourselves wellrid of the horse at fifteen thousand france (800), infinitely more than he would ever have fetched in England, and a clear saving of the expense of taking him home again.

The rest of the racing had little interest for us, and before the race was done we turned to leave the course, having at last found Cresswell, who had been missing for an hour or two, and, on his appearance, we elicited by degrees the fact that, to his disgust, his friend the Comte was non est by the time that I had weighed in, having left his side for a minute as I passed the post, to 'speak to a lady,' and been invisible ever since. His suspicions having been at last aroused by the non-appearance of his friend and his three thousand francs, he had appealed to a commissary of police, who, after a description of the personnel of the Count, informed Cresswell that he had been sold by a well-known 'escroc,' who, if he would attend to prosecute, should be duly captured and punished; for the French lawbetter in this respect than our own —punishes 'welshing' as fraud, instead of tacitly endorsing it, as do our authorities of Great Britain. However, no news of the 'escroc' were forthcoming by the morrow; and deeming that 'le jeu ne vant pas la chandelle,' we left him in peace, and returned to Paris by an afternoon train: thence, after an idle evening in the Mabille, a morning start for the coast, and brisk northwest breeze that disturbed our intestinal equilibrium more than we bargained for, of our day's sojourn at Long's, inspection of central fires and cartridges, previous to a journey by the 'Limited,' for the campaign of the 12th, perscribere longum est.



SKETCHES AT HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

PEEPS about the Opera are interesting but contradictory. Inspecting the Great Pyramid is monotonous and easily-compassed work in comparison. The traveller, with lamp and guide in a great theatre such as Her Majesty's Opera, must on the very threshold look closely to his feet, for he quits the domain of friendly daylight, like Columbus. on a queer voyage of discovery, and he tempts darkness and dangers of no less insidious and formidable character. Terrors await him in a theatre as in the realm of the gnomes, or in the winding passages of a wild feudal castle, mighty in its brooding recesses. He dives hidden, deep recesses seemingly endless vaults, where gigantic water-pipes, of a certain dusky gloss, lie wreathed and curled about like snakes. Here he lights upon the nearer or remoter glitter of some tinselled scene, answering with the instant and faint glow to the coruscating, inquisitive summons of the passing lantern. Shining gems suggest treasures which black serpents lie supinely guarding. Quitting this eternal 'property realm of darkness and of night' the explorer mounts to the singular barrel-loft, and he therein gropes his way as amidst the pulleys and the cordage of some first-rate lineof-battle ship. Through traps in the roof he looks down upon a diminished world below. He must twist himself through a network of ropes and pass in array the series of suspended beams extending through three lofty stories. All forms an apparent tangle, in comparison with which the ropes of the 'Flying Dutchman' would cease to be a puzzle. The traveller must shudder along dizzy single-plank bridges at an awful height. He must essay a line of yet more awful slenderness for his feet than a single pine laid for a pass betwixt mountain-peaks amidst clouds. He traces indeed something that suggests the spiderwork architecture of a dream, with genii as the propelling and the notto-be-contradicted force. Painfully

must be insert himself between scissor-like beams at the risk of the sudden closing through him of the gleaming glaives; and he must struggle into recesses which the unguided eye would never have discovered, but through which he finds the only outlet to escape. He must peer, with his handkerchief over his nose, like some neophyte Rasselas, into grim iron tanks like caldrons for crocodiles, and he must essay the perspective of Egyptianinterminable store-reoms. choked with the forgotten glories of the spectacles of the bygone time.

Nor is this all; for when at last, wearied with constant but most devious locomotion, he finds himself once more approaching daylight, he will be told, and with truth, that he has seen a good deal, but that he has not yet penetrated to onehalf of the wonders of Her Majesty's Opera; and by the time that the querist reaches the stage-door and descries the familiar, welcome street again he will feel that he does not understand one-quarter of the vivifying system which is at work in the immense establishment, waking it all to the daily life the effects of which we with so much pleasure witness safe on the other side of the orchestra. For the orchestra line is a rigid line which divides the real from the aërial world—the world of facts from the world of fancy.

The feelings of an imaginative or contemplative person are entirely dissimilar when he is before or behind the scenes at a theatre. single door, a step, makes all the Wax-lights and white difference. pocket-handkerchiefs, carpets and carriages, give place to dust and devils, to cobwebs, canvas, and carpenters. You have left the realm of silks and perfumes, and are now in that of water-jugs and pewter pots. Behind that silk-covered door is a workshop, all dishabille, paper caps, and grimy hands, with inter-jected respectability. The change is sudden. You have no middle world of preparation between a Mayfair drawing-room and a Whitechapel factory.

That phrase 'behind the scenes.' applied indeed as it can be to all the scenes of civilised life and to all the double-sided personal history which men lead in the world, conveys much, but it will never hint the strangeness and the dinginess of the half of a theatre behind the curtain. Even the initiated, though as it were 'to the manner born,' do not altogether get over the dif-You sink suddenly in the ference. transfer two-score degrees in your estimation of a theatre. If seeing things on the wrong side be a pleasure, this is surely such. Suppose a grand picture in its great gold frame be suddenly turned, and you are set to view the wood and black canvas, such is the reverse of the medal of a theatre-all gold on the one side, all mould on the other. Narrow passages with smoky ceilings and walls of no colour in particular-which means of any colour -rings of black surrounding the gas, each jet now burning, according to the order of the Lord Chamberlain, in a little wicker globe as it looks; blank doors on which paint is a tradition, rattling doorhandles of green brass, convoluted gas-pipes (rusty and crusty), and fractured white plaster here and there gashed, and here and there disclosing the ribs of lath; bare floors, obscure glass, and a general impression as of an old house without any furniture in it—this is what a theatre is on the other side of the curtain. You look and wonder what inestimable values there must be to protect with those ostentationaly paraded firemen's buckets, lettered T. R. D. L., 'T. R. C. C.,' or 'H. M. T.

We advise no stranger to prove these recesses without a guide, and unless he be present, past Mr. Sprules the hall-keeper, on properly authorised business, otherwise a cold fear will seize him, and, like Sancho, the wings of his spirit will droop. He will surmise an accuser in every face. A stranger in the private part of a theatre betrays himself. Like Cassio, he is 'known by his gait.' He is in a new world;

he is 'taken aback.' as the nauticals call it, in his endeavours to make out the odd sort of place in which he finds himself. He feels that he ought to have no business in that queer place. A great theatre is like the War Office without the war, and like Chelses Hospital without the pensioners. You have all sorts of lights—all light, half light, no light. You have daylight when you approach doors or descry windows, gaslight when you intertwine among passages or ascend barrack-like staircases, knocking your head against low ceilings, tapping for the expected invitation to enter at wrong doors whence strange apparitions disclose a head to somebody else, perhaps when you have gone on or are out of sight; perhaps half a mile, as it were, off. You puzzle amongst odd nooks and unexpected corners, thinking that you have got into all sorts of buildings at once, from the Tower of Babel to Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle; and here and there the effect is of a cobbler's stall, 'serving for parlour and kitchen and all,' or hall. You move about with much the same distrust as you would in a private lunatic asylum, where you are not sure an incoherent, uncomfortable surprise may not await at the next turning, or a maniac rush out, saluting you with a thrust in the ribs, with an instant after his ultra-polite 'beg your pardon.' Avenues promise a way through them but

'Break it to the hope.'

You come upon dark steps which lead you up apparently only for the purpose of leading you down again. You discover to your astonishment that the entrance to rooms is through cupboards, and in opening an apparently stately dining-room door you suddenly come upon a fireless fireplace in your face. All the designs of building seem inverted in this literal wild 'House that Jack built.' The constructors appear to have been seized with the 'Bricklayer's Delirium, if physicians admit such a disease, and to have left off everything just at the moment of completion, and to have essayed upon something else exactly at the wrong end of it. Crazy furniture, crippled furniture, upholstery worn to skin and bone, and a miscellaneous collection of things which were once of use but which are now mere lumber are scattered in all parts. You stumble over chairs and tables in the most ridiculous places; a sofa perhaps in a cellar and a broom amidst satins. As you walk about theatre your observations in the daytime are only disturbed by the mumble of distant conversation, whether in the heavens or deep down below you cannot tell. great chapel-bell will toll or a sparrow twitter. Loud laughs assail from round corners: you will occasionally encounter dim figures singing an intermittent snatch from an opera, indulging in exaggerated flourishes—

And nascent tenors short excursions try.'

A shrill, affected scream, half real half unreal, from a female voice startles now and then in the dark, and you are struck with surprise at a rush-bottom chair placed upright in a doorway sometimes. A chivalric or knightly suggestion is possibly gleaned from the sight of a property-banner spotted with hazy spangles, and standing upright in the angle of some passage that may lead (for we are in Mr. Bradwell's Property Realm) from the Pyramids to Polly Hopkins's.

The Opera stage during performance at night is the strangest and the most exciting spectacle possible. Look around and you will perceive the components of the most singular world in the liveliest action about you. Your back is to the dark curtain, which undulates in the draught which comes from the front of the house. It is as an enormous dusky sail, the summit of which is concealed in theatrical grey clouds through which the gas-comets flash. Looking up you distinguish in the roof a sort of misty sky of gas, crossing which you discover monster beams of dark wood extending to an unknown distance like the flaming yards of a ship; for the places of these antennæ are marked out by long lines of gas jets all flaring and brilliant. Suspended to

ropes are lowered, to different distances, the rows of lights technically called the 'gas-battens.' Pullevs creak, tackles are stretched in weblike confusion to the right and left. We have all the bustle and all the complicate and cumbrous machinery of a factory at busiest work out of the season of work, namely, at night, by torchlight. Huge iron windlasses, with their revolving wheels, click like so many capetans to the distant, dull-sounding scrapes of the fiddles in the orchestra. Phantoms of scenes ascend, by invisible agency, in a dusky red light which looks a cloud pulsating in its alternations of fog and flame from over the 'Valley of a Hundred Fires.' These are the 'cloths,' which rise with a slow, majestic motion to the revolutions of the barrels. One behind the other, each disclosing flatly as the other withdraws, up they go; and on either hand at the margin of the stage and among a crowd of people you discover the 'wing-ladders,' which are a series of tall ladder-like frames, black with the gas and the dust of unnumbered seasons. Lengths of gas-hose, brass 'connections,' rows of bright starry lights, blue clouds and amber strips of water, the columns of a cathedral (for 'Robert le Diable'), the stems of a pine-forest (for 'Der Frieschutz'), property statues with flat noses and one staring and perhaps one hazy eye (for 'Zampa' or 'Un Ballo in Maschera'), yawning traps, opening in the floor with a grind, through which strange hoarsely issue, stray rocks dismembered, to the contradiction of all geological truth, from their appropriate group—a very kaleidoscope of a world all this constitutes.

Carpenters in corduroy, grimy gasmen, and people as if from out of the street, intermingle with gentlemen with their hats in their hands and in full evening dress. As adjuncts in the crowd behind the scenes, and keeping on the outskirt of the scene, may be mentioned potboys and perhaps a fairy with a silver star in her forehead, broad-faced gods with a general red-ochrey effect, bandits with roseate foreheads, raven ringlets,

and unendurable eyes hard as nether millstone, a king (in the ballet), with a crown on his head perhaps, and with drapery about his shoulders like an amplitude of red window-curtain, a goatherd with luxuriant whiskers blacker than coal, but with no goats, one or two female attendants called 'dressers,' perhaps a cracked teacup in the hands of the shortest, and a whole cloud of a princess in the shape of fold upon fold of spangled gauze-lisse with a 'mademoiselle' in the middle of it.

Two or three together, or more generally all in a group, busily occupied in talking and laughing, you may observe the ballet, always reappearing under a new form. Most appropriately the distinction of a ballet is its legs. Even now there are restless feet, but gossip is uninterrupted, as if a given quantum of talk was to be got out before the authoritative words, 'Now, ladies, to your places!' from the Régisseur de la Danse is heard. The loudest laughter generally covers the sienderest occasion for it. Side by side are unconsciously poséd the most unlikely people. Here extremes are fused into an identity, and the most contradictory elements go to make There are up the uniform scene. brilliancy and beauty, spite of the disappointing contrasts, sometimes. The stage-world is as equally an imperfect world as the great world. Two beautiful fairies, except that the young face of one is perhaps too evidently marked with earth's anxieties for the expected cherubic expression, and that the shoulders of the other are somewhat too rounded and unlikely for the celestial court, where form is perfection -these with a very low corsage. with pink silk pantaloons and flowing hair—Eves to tempt or damsels to delight—pass with their arms twined in a theatrical embrace. The Opera stage is a chessboard where kings, knights, and pawnsall perhaps except bishops—meet upon equal terms. The most opposing spirits decline amiably. A devil with a visage the truest product of the influences of Styx, now, since the eye of the public is not upon him, with no necessity of

being infernal, saunters sideways, all fiend out of him, with the dissatisfied nonchalance of a melancholy dandy. Shaking hands with a Moslem, who does not at all seem to dread the fiery contact, another devil, perhaps, asks some sudden question about Epsom, and enforces his query with a familiar but commanding poke of his spear, red-hot with the reddest of foil. Apollo takes snuff and blows his nose with a coloured pocket-handkerchief. A minister of vengeance in hurried but subdued whispering argues (to him) an important point concerning eighteenpence with a fat muse; who, to cut short the argument, assumes a decidedly naying seat upon a set piece, which seems fortunately placed there for the purpose of only holding one, and of enabling that female one to 'sit it out.' Baffled for a moment, but intent, the minister of vengeance, because there is money in the case, perseveres. A. laugh at something which you do not catch passes amidst a group composed of a Peri, two Cupids, a Courtier of the time of Louis XV. and a Huntsman in green, with a boar-spear, and brown boots of extraordinary apparent mouth. Hard words and much accusing and repudisting gesticulation are exchanged, concerning a misused cresconted slipper, on the ledge of a rock which overhangs a dreadful precipice, between a 'malignant and a turbaned Turk' and his expostulating 'dresser,' who had climbed to that bad eminence, urged by the wardrobe-keeper, compelled again by the stage-manager, anxious for the interests of the 'management.' But the misunderstanding is put an end to opportunely by two stage-carpenters, who, mindful only of their business and obeying simply the master machinist, with much indifference displace the disputants by lifting the whole mountain, and carrying it seven (supposed) miles off, where it is set upright in seventeen yards of the Egean.

One of the most edifying assurances is that of our innate English dulness in the midst of so lively a scene, for there is a group of black-coated gentlemen with an

air of intense abstraction - unmoved, unamused, all Saturnian Gambols and gout do not agree, for possibly all these gentlemen are from the clubs. Gravity looks out with the greatest composure at the springs and the spinning of the principal danseuse, all white skirt and flourished legs. You may also mark, a little removed, with also his admiring group about him, the twists and turns of a middle aged Cupid, costumed airily in a sky-blue tunic, and freshly shorn for the Olympian heights. world of artists are persuaded that the hirsute have little with the happy. Barbes are from the barbarians. 'They had their name thence.' No beards are allowed to all of the class of Apollo or to the winged.

The activity about the stage increases. A murmur is heard in the depths of the house from the other side of the curtain. Rows of gas are carried streaming over the stage. Wheels click livelily amidst the skyborders. Strange shapes, or scenes, or 'cloths,' accend and descend mysteriously, seeking for the 'set,' as which the stage manager and the stagemen call it. Fairies betake themselves to their bowers or flowers. Demons disappear. All the black-coated gentlemen move to the passages which communicate with the front of the house. There is a buzz of preparation—then silence. Immediately succeeding is the clapping of hands of the prompter and his assistants. The crowd on the stage reluctantly loosens. The last thing is the authoritative voice of the stage-manager-'Stage clear!' All is now a plain space; a bell rings, and the mighty curtain ascends whirring.

A REHEARSAL AT HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

Our grandfathers and grandmothers, nay, our fathers and mothers, know the Opera House only by the name of the Opera—meaning the only place possible of the kind in England. It was also recognised universally as the 'King's Theatre.' At the fine old period of Operathat is, at the close of the last century and the beginning of the present—the King's Theatre had its 'King's Side,' and its 'Prince's Side;' designations for the two sides of the house, looking towards the stage, which are still retained. At that glorious time for opera, when all the world of fashion was to be seen in the one place night after night, old King George the Third and the Queen Charlotte, together with the Princes and Princesses, and chiefly the Prince of Wales with his following of fashionable, if fast men—to apply the modern term-these were the constant visitors to the Opera. The 'King's Side' is the left-hand side of the theatre looking towards the stage, and the right when viewed from the stage; and the 'Prince's Side' of the Opera Houses, and of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, is on the right-hand of the snectator, when he looks from the centre line of the house.

But now to describe that quaint scene, abounding with the most absurd juxtapositions and inappropriate successions—a rehearsal of a grand opera, taking place, we will say, at either of the two Operas, 'Her Majesty's,' now located at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, and the 'Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden; both in full rivalry, and both hard at work, filling all the streets between Temple Bar almost on the one side, and Trafalgar Square on the other, every midnight nearly of this gorgeous summer, with innumerable carriagelamps-glancing, and doubling, and interweaving, and gliding reverse ways like fireflies. Buzzing, humming, rolling of wheels, bawling of names, 'startling' with indistinguishable expletives the 'drowsy night; screams, gleams, laughter, rolling and grinding and racing, and thundering of wheels, impatient for advance or for retreat; jingling of hack-cabs, slapping of the aprons defiant, impatient Hansoms, minor jostles at the street corners, tussles and bustles up at the theatre doors, white ties, grambling, conflict, and clatter of all sorts of vehicles, distinguish the breaking up nightly almost, since they play so frequently, of the two Operas. They elbow each other—the one in Bow Street, puzzled now with its formidable, unwelcome neighbour; and the other radiant and self-satisfied in its yellow silk and gold, with Shakspeare—up there in the

dusk unseen at night—over the 'Old Drury' portice in Brydges Street, contemplating calmly and pensively, and, in appearance, only attentive to his pose. That great man, puzzled with the strange Italians.

The Opera-stage at rehearsal is



A SKETCH IN THE CRUSH-ROOM.

all in undress. Carpenters and costumiers mingle. 'Don Giovanni' is in a round hat, and you cannot tell him from 'Leporello.' The ladies move about in the half-light; and when they have sung their portion of the scene, amidst very many unmusical interruptions, very frequently, but very naturally, they

betake themselves to the chairs which the stage-manager has kindly ordered for their accommodation in the proscenium. There is a crowd of the supers at the sides of the stage, and in the entrances, or perchance forming a margin or border of people round about the group of central figures, or the 'principals.'

The stage-manager is all in his glory on the occasion of the rehearsal of a grand opera, when in the language of the 'call,' or the summons (which has been conspicuously figuring at the stage entrance, or in the hall, for some days previously) 'everything and

everybody' have been named as required.

But mark you, Mr. London Society, this is only a rehearsal at which you can see our stage on the stage—'

'The very thing. We intend, through the pencil of our artist, to



BEHIND THE SCENES AT A REHEARSAL

offer a little sketch of these operatic people in our pages. In Hamlet's words, my dear sir, "Let you but only show, and we will tell you the meaning of it."

'We will show, sir. But pray be discreet, for we never admit strangers to rehearsals, or to be present behind the scenes. For "there is danger in it."

'Therefore the more greatly am I

obliged. Tell me, if you please, the names of some of those people whom I see sitting or standing on the stage. Really you have converted,—(querist looks round)—'the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, into a magnificent opera-house—all gold and glitter—like a dream of El-Dorado.'

'I hope we may find it more than a dream, sir. But managers some-

times make their voyages to the golden lands, carrying the gold there and bringing none back. Thanks to the hard, grudging, unreasonable system prevailing in this country in regard to the arts, while all the other arts are endowed in some way or other, poor Music!the fairest sister of the five-is left without any help out of the government, or any purse; is denied "subvention," and left to private enterprise. Abundantly fostered sisters are the others; while in view of the calamity of last December poor Music is the Cinderella of the Arts. Though the fairest sister of the five—as I have said before: and as no nobody can contradict.

'Ah! you have touched me there. That conflagration was grand, and of a place with glorious memories. But the operatic Cinderella will arise out of the ashes, and will probably be conducted to high fortune and to her palace, like the Cinderella of the fairy tale, by another—Prince.'

'Well, sir, we shall be found

grateful----'

'But tell me, now that there seems a cessation in the business of the scene, and the stage-carpenters are "setting" (as I think you call it), who is that gentleman standing and talking at the side, to whom the people come and go?"

'Who is that? Why that is Mr. Mapleson, the director of Her Majesty's Opera; one of the most indefatigable of the caterers for the public; to whom distance is nothing, and space between Liverpool and Lyons or Bond Street and Berlin to be swept over in the sorting of a hand at cards. This gentleman abounds in vigour, resource, readiness, and practical talent. He has done so many things that are difficult, that I really do not know which to enumerate first.'

'That, surely, is Titiens.'

'It is she. The queen of song, beyond all comparison. Only remember the characters she sustains, and you will become aware of her varied powers. Semiramide, Medea, Norma among the severe heroines of tragedy; the Countess in 'Le Nozze

di Figaro, and Mrs. Ford in Falstaff. attest her versatility. There is no singer in Europe who wears the vocal diadem or endues the professional ermine with the more fully assured right than herself. She is very able and clever in very many ways, apart from her own queendom of the stage. As to her private charities—and the solicitations to them, we might add—why they are boundless! She is so well known for her kind, charitable, and considerate disposition that she is overwhelmed with applications. For her bounty in one shape or another is free as air. And the professional work which she gets through is enormous; as the advertisements in the public papers in the season assure.'

'And that little, sprightly, cleverlooking lady, with the small face, and the large monsieur at her side, —surely her father. Very parental

and very tender he looks.'

'You make a mistake in the latter remark. The lady is Sinico, and the supposed father is the husband—an amiable man who loves his wife's acquirements. Sinico is known to everybody as being one of the cleverest, and one of the most useful of singers. Her Susanna is a treat. She excels even in tragedy, for she plays Leonora in 'Il Trovatore' capitally.

'Who is?—Ah! I thought so, now she turns this way. Surely that is the delicious Trebelli-Bettini. She who could sing the heart out of a stone image. One hardly knows whether she is a soprano or contralto. She has many characters, and plays them all well. Azucena (where she makes herself look ugly and old, if either could be possible), Rosina, and Nancy among the women. Arsace, Pippo, Pierotto, Cherubino, Urbano among the males,—these are her characters. Am I not right? I was always interested in Trebelli-Bettini.'

'And her setting is a good, well-wearing setting—I mean her husband, Signor Bettini,—a very excellent tenor, who sings charmingly. There he is yonder. The gentlemanly man with glasses.'

'But surely that is the fascinating

Christine Nilsson, who first turned the heads of Paris, winning golden gifts from the Emperor of the French, and then flashing gifts from the Empress of the French-I mean jewels; and, when she came to London, stole into the English heart, for the English people listen to her wonderfully beautiful singing with charmed attention. Christine Nilsson is a very choice specimen of womankind. Stockholm, which surprised us in 1847 by sending us Jenny Lind at the time when she was most wanted, to recal the flying eagles to the standards of the operatic Lumley, and to sweep them in triumph through the fields of admiration of this country and of America—Stockholm had another wonder in store for us in 1867, and offered us Christine Nilsson as an operatic boon, of the acceptance of which we very soon availed ourselves. Why what can, could, or would you do against such sirens as are here collected? Let them begin to sing, and you are chained. Notes are changed away into gold every night at the Opera. "Music hath charms" indeed. Do you not think that Ulysses, that sage closer of his ears, who had recourse to cottonwool at the most difficult point of his passage through the sirens, and hardened his heart and steeled his front against the allurements of the singing sisterhood — do you not think that even the Grecian hero would have been unable to resist if he had been assailed by Titiens, Nilsson, and Kellogg-three wonderful women with their voices? Men must be amused, look you. Men must be entertained, you see. And if Mozart, Weber, Cherubini, Flotow, Verdi, Donizetti, Auber, and Bellini cannot delight and instruct. I do not know who can or will. What are prudence, and valour, and pride, and self-resistance against the seductions of the opera? "All the world's an operatic stage, and all the men and women merely players and singers." The best resolutions sometimes avail not against anything, and least of all, occasionally, against the attractions of the opera.

'You need not be too enthusiastic.

friend interpreter, in favour of your opera. But by the settling of the band into their places, and by the look of Mr. Arditi, who glances right and left, and behind, to see that the harmonious flock of which he is the ever careful shepherd are in their places, another act of the Opera is to be commenced. What a stage, and how miscellaneously occupied; with the indiscriminate streams of daylight, even of sunshine and of gaslight mingling and crossing like the bends and the bends sinister of heraldry! Hush!—hammers! Are these

'Of busy armourers, accomplishing the nights?' for these are your "night-men," or "cellar-men," as you call your scenic carpenters, I believe. Or are they

'Closing rivets up?'

'Neither. They are only the carpenters grafting a stage tree, and turning a poplar into a plantain, under the watchful eye of Mr. Tucker, the master machinist; while Mr. Grua, the veteran Régisseurone of the respected Opera Old Guard-looks up with an apprehensive glance that a hovering cloud, somewhat shaky, may come down with a run, or that there may be foul play with a "connection" midway up one of the wing-ladders. Dreadful things to happen, either, by-and-by in the surprised eye of the public,—"There are no more fearful wild-fowl living than your lions!"

"Who are those three in a group, talking earnestly to Mr. Dan Godfrey, in uniform, just come off parade, with another "Mabel Waltz" in his pocket. I see his Band of the Grenadier Guards behind in the dusk, close to Copenhagen, "setting jib," to use the nautical phrase, with their long-extending brass "noses," for which in the crowd and press they have difficulty to find places, especially since I see, from the threatening aspect of the Stage Band, that it is coming on to blow, and that we may expect operatic stormy weather.'

'The three respecting whom you inquire are, firstly, Santley, the great baritone; Gassier, the Figaro,

the Assur, the Mephistopheles, the all sorts of things of Her Majesty's Opera; and Mr. Edward Stirling, the able stage-manager and operatic general of division, who could throw you, if it were needful, by four hours' notice, a whole battalion of the ballet to operate on the right flank of Covent Garden. There is Mongini, the robust tenor, and Gardoni, the elegant tenor, and Muscovite Bossi, and Casaboni, and Lyall, and Agretti, and the rest. There is Bradwell, the property master, superintending, in his serious way, the planting of Margherita's Garden. There is Mr. Coombes, the master tailor, with both his "men and his measures." And now there is Arditi in the orchestra, exhorting, directing, encouraging, showing the often-trodden way into nightly fields of moving or majestic harmony. Where will you find such a band? Where such a leader? The worthiest in the world after the aristocratic Costa, who has a "Handel" to his name, and in whose great public musical career there is every honour to be counted except his (operatic only, of course,) treason to his royal master, Lumley, in the days when the Deluge came, and when band, chorus, artistes, conductor, all had. by a grand plot of twelve months' secret ripening, abandoned Her Majesty's Theatre by going over, as an entire army,

'the general camp,

to the enemy in the shape of the then bran-new "Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden." Such a mighty operatic treason was never seen; for there was not a soul left in the "Old House" (the transference having been so secretly and successfully contrived), but four of the business officials-" faithful among the faithless found,"-Mr. Nugent, principal of the box-office; Mr. Hargrave Jennings, secretary and auditor; Signor Grua, régisseur; and Mr. Fish, with Mr. Lumley, the director and proprietor. How Mr. Lumley retrieved himself,-how he improvised band, chorus, principals, and a whole opera when left to himself on the eve of his season,—how he revenged himself in the bringing of Jenny Lind to London and in her triumphs-how, all sufficient to himself, he could be everything,how Signor Persiani, M. Galotti, and one or two others who are now removed from the scene, and who shall not be mentioned, had bitter cause, in the failure of their speculation, to regret—some their revolt against Lumley, and others their personally futile policy—"Lo! are they not written?"—and if not written, shall they not be written, when time shall be ripe, by those who best know—in Operatic History?

HARGRAVE JENNINGS.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF THE DANCE. A set arranged in Eight Figures by Com Hood. (ILLUSTRATED BY FLORENCE CLAXTON.)

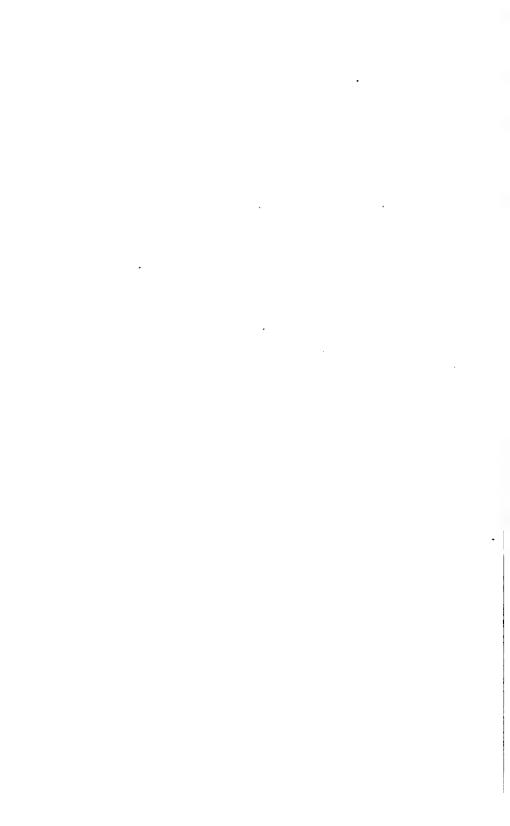
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THE DANCE PASTORAL.

I. THE MEANDER PSEUDO-RUSTIC.

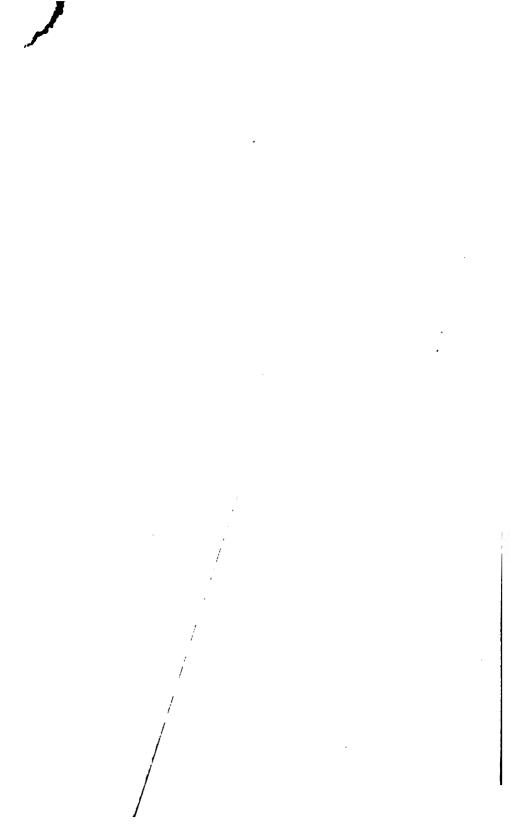
In the solemn old days when the shoon were high-heeled, When full-bottomed wigs the beau's tresses concealed, And dainty silk stockings and breeches revealed His grace—or deformity crural, The belle was called Phyllis or Chloe; the beau Amyntor or Corydon. Quite comme il faut It was held at that period (long years ago)

To ape what was classic and rural.





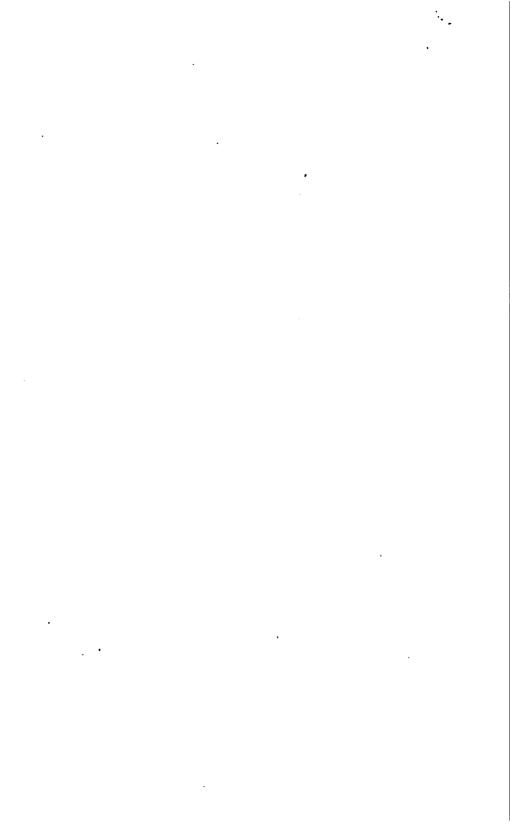
THE DANCE PASTORAGE THE MEANDER PRIMOREST





THE DANCE PASTORAL -THE HOP PIC-NICIAL

departs by bronton Charton ?



They sang of their woes to the streams and the rccks—Confided their loves to the herds and the flocks—Invoked the nymph Echo, that regular 'Vox,

Et,' so runs it, 'præterea nihil!'
Through pastoral scenes on high horses they rode,
And Cupid and Venus addressed in each ode,
As if still those deities held their abode
On the famous Olympian high hill.

And they danced what they thought was a pastoral dance, As like the real thing as a penny romance

Resembles society's doing;
With sliding and gliding and measures profound,
And five-minute curtseys quite down to the ground,
And trailing and sailing around and around,

And 'booings, and booings, and booings!'

For down at the harpsichord some one they set, Or a wheezy, uneasy, old long-legged spinet, To knock all the tune he could manage to get From out its cavernous recesses:

And Phyllis and Corydon taking their place
Would glide through the measure with infinite grace,
Each wearing a stereotyped smirking grimace
And the grandest and greatest of dresses.

And the others looked on taking snuff with an 'Ah! Stap my vitals!' Quoth Daphnis, 'How beautiful, la!'
'How rural,' exclaimed Melesina.

Then each struck an attitude, looking as neat

And sweet And complete

As the figures you meet

On Dresden's most exquisite china.

Ah, me! what a sham all those pastorals were, Not a trace of sweet Nature's reality there; For painted and powdered and patched was the fair,

And padded and powdered the noodle.

For skies painted ceilings, and curtains for trees,
And for daisy-starred turf polished boards, if you please;
As for lambs they were shams, though in pictures one sees
An occasional curly French poodle.

Sham graces, sham faces; sham nymph, and sham swain; Sham wooing, sham suing; sham love, sham disdain; Sham mountain, sham fountain; sham wood and sham plain; Sham passion, sham pleasure, ay, even champagne,

The lot of each sham belle and sham beau! How little such pastoral pastimes agree

With the genuine simple Arcadia, where he Lay under a tree

Piping softly, and she
With a crook tied with ribbons sat listening with glee—
Such a pair unimpeachable fruitlessly we
Should their current of life aught but nectar in see—

An example of 'Arcades ambo.'

No garlands of woodbine or white-blossomed thorn
Did the brows of the old pseudo-rustics adorn;
No natural blossoms by them were e'er worn:

From the jewels of Flora they turned them in scorn
To the gems at their ears and their knuckles—

YOL. XIV.—NO. LXXX.

Gems upon stomacher, bosom, and wrist—Gems upon neck, upon chest, upon fist—In ring, brooch, and bracelet, in droplet and twist: To show of what baubles their treasures consist, No occasion from topknots to flounces was missed, Nor from masculine breastpins to buckles.

But the days of their dancing at last are no more,
The rusty old rustics have passed from the floor;
For Time—(who's a shepherd there's no getting o'er
By hook or by crook)—came to fold them.
So they turned up their toes 'stead of turning them out,
And their pastoral dances are dead past a doubt,
Though in pictures at times you behold them.

2. THE HOP PICNICIAL.

Who ever forgets his first pic-nic, ah, who?
When the grass was so green and the skies were so blue,
When you loved—and as yet the sensation was new—
When they put in the note (under-scoring it too)
That 'some one's expected'—they didn't say who—
'So pray come and join in our party, now do!'

And to join them delighted you scampered.
When under the trees you all came to a halt
For a dinner 'sub Jove'—'neath heaven's clear vault—
And although you'd forgotten ('twas nobody's fault)
The knives and the forks, and the mustard and salt,
And the corkscrew so needful for wine and for malt—
Your bliss, like your food, was unhampered.

And then when the dinner has all disappeared, When the dishes, as well as the cloth, have been cleared; When the claret-cup, circling, has gaily careered, And all are—although not inebriate—cheered,

The cup, it gives way to the couple;
For a dance is afoot, and you your partners take,
For you're bent on the grass a foot to shake—
Yet not because Age compels it to quake,

But that Youth has made it supple.

Then the curate is asked—for the curate is there, With a long black coat and with short black hair— If he'll strike up a tune for a dance in the air (A dance upon nothing's another affair)

And the curate consents with much pleasure. He was chiefly invited because he could toot. In a sort of a way on a kind of a flute, So he sits himself down on a gnarly old root, And tooting away, with the heel of his boot.

Beats regular time to the measure.

Now for showing your grace in the mazy quadrille A dance on the grass may be capital. Still In a waltz and a polka the work is up-hill—

A labour undoubtedly tiring:
And yet you ne'er weary of doing your best
To keep up the caper without any rest,
To show of what vigour and skill you're possest—
That your merits may be (if the truth is confest)
On the rustic spectators most fully imprest

Who stand in a circle admiring.

And then you retire to the shadiest nooks, And there follow low whispers and smiles and sweet looks, With none to o'erlook you, excepting the rooks,

And 'tis sticks and not scandal they carry. For from pic-nics full often a flame there proceeds-(Not to mention the flame that with rubbish one feeds, To boil up the kettle for tea-timely needs), And a jump through a ring and through settlement deeds May spring from a dance in the woods or the meads, Where a pas de deux not unfrequently leads To a 'Do, pa, permit us to marry!'

So to show off your grace in quadrille is your chance, When daily in La Pastorale you advance If you're wise you will not try the old country dance-

Be cannot be danced in the country. It's rather a labour-as must be avowed-To show all the graces whereof you are proud To think by Tempichore you are endowed, When round you the plain-spoken peasantry crowd And utter their comments upon you aloud: To hear the grand manner in which you have bowed! Called neat by a neatherd—yet not to be cowed— Requires not a little effront'ry!

Yet happy, oh happy, twice happy to prance With the partner you like in a green carpet-dance, Where the carpet is Nature's own spreading! No fear of the pallors and ills that befall From a long London season of rout and of ball— For your roses (instead of beginning to pall) Grow brighter as if you'd been capering all . The way between Flushing and Reading!

So here are three cheers, with a 'hip-hip-hooray!' For the pastoral dance of our own present day-Ay, better, far better in every way Than the antique sham-pastoral measures, for they

Were of youth and of love the disheart'ners. If I had my way for each lad and each lass All life like a pic-nic should merrily pass, And marriage resemble a dance on the grass, Where the young folks may choose their own partners.



MEN WHOM I KNEW AT OXFORD.

The Man who 'shut up a Bon.'



HAVE known a great many A originals in my time, but few equal in point of originality to Francis George Hay. He and I were two of a batch of eleven, ten commoners and a scholar, who matriculated together at Lichfield College, Oxford, nearly twenty years since. I suppose that of all whom I could call my friends by the time I had put on my bachelor's gown, there were few for whom, in a comparatively short time after we had resided together as freshmen, I entertained, first a greater liking, and later, a more sincere regard. To this day I don't know the cause which led him to pitch upon Lichfield as the college which was to enjoy the privilege of having his name on its books. Certainly it was no personal friendship for any

one of its Dons. He had no personal acquaintance with any of them, and not even Whitbread himself was a more thorough-going defender of undergraduate independence against what we used, in those days, to consider arbitrary tyranny. I never knew either the one or the other, for instance, conform to the repeated request to ring the porter's bell on coming in at night instead of kicking the gate, notwithstanding numerous hints that ringing was the legal means of obtaining admittance. In those days stern rules existed against hot breakfasts, and the introduction of food into college for undergraduate consumption except through the authorised medium of the kitchen and buttery, at what we were pleased to consider a most exorbitant tariff;

and other points on which Dons insisted, and to which we objected. To these rules in general Hay was one of the most determined and systematic objectors. I have already mentioned his persistent refusal to ring the gate-bell. The hot breakfast rule he opposed in an equally practical manner, by having hot sausages, steaks, &c., from a neigh-bouring inn passed through the windows of a ground-floor room which he would borrow for his larger entertainments, or by hauling them up in a basket to his own first-floor window, which looked into a quiet lane, under more ordinary circumstances. This same rule, by-the-by, prevailed in other colleges than Lichfield. Many will recollect the breakfast party in a neighbouring college. whose host entered the room very late, having been detained in quad, as he came out of chapel, by the sharp but good-natured Mr. Sub-Rector Tommy Dale, and kept in the most delightful conversation. the concluding remark of which was—' Well, good morning. I hope the breakfast hasn't all got quite cold.'

But the Dons of Lichfield, I suppose, didn't take as kindly to Hay as the undergraduates did, and didn't go out of their way to be civil to him. Had they done so, the constant war which prevailed between the two parties might have been avoided. I certainly had none of the spars with them which were incessant with Hay, and didn't always consider Hay in the right, merely because he was an undergraduate. But I was by no means the only undergraduate to whom these battles afforded entertainment. My own reason for matriculating at Lichfield was the recommendation of a friend who had shortly before graduated there, and who assured me that it was, as indeed on the whole I found it to be, a very quiet, peaceable, comfortable little community. And accordingly I chose it as the college which was to have the honour of receiving my battels and putting me through as many lectures in Sophocles and Herodotus as I could be induced to attend towards achieving a pass in the great-go schools.

Whatever wind, then, it was which blew Hay there, it was the introduction just named which, by taking me there, brought us together at Oxford.

And now if you ask me what all this is going to be about, I can only answer, with Canning's immortal knifegrinder, 'Story, Lord bless you! I've none to tell, sir.' But I think that a few bond-fide incidents of life at Oxford, which, I will answer for it, have not previously met the public eye, may not be without interest to the numerous class for whom college stories have an attraction.

'I do not want a hero;' for Hay is a host in himself. Was he not, moreover, named Glaucus, not only from the colour of his eyes and after one of those heroes of Homeric notoriety among whom he used to make such terrific havoc in Terry's lecture-room? My friend Hay was a man who had the knack in a singular degree of concentrating, without any effort, the attention of a whole room upon himself, whether at lecture, wine, breakfast, or on any other conceivable occasion. At lecture, for instance, the construing of any ordinary individual was attended to or not attended to, with calm indifference; but who can forget the preparatory 'H-hem,' and pull up of his shirt-collar which invariably followed Terry's 'Mr. Hay, will you go on?' in the lectureroom? Hay was far from being a brilliant scholar; but I verily believe he would not unfrequently throw in on purpose a sententious mistake, or bad construe, to rouse the ire of poor Terry, who did not in the least see that he was being chaffed. One of his most successful draws was as follows, and occurred one morning when Cicero's 'Tusculan Disputations' were suffering translation.

'A-h-hem. Ubi, where—igitur, therefore—sunt, are—mortui, the dead? Non possunt, they cannot—esse, be—nusquam, nowhere——'(Long pause, and look round the room with the appearance of ineffable wisdom, and then the addition)—'They must be somewhere,' followed rapidly by 'Thank you,

Mr. Hay, we can dispense with your interpolatory comments, from Terry, who clearly thought that Hay was seriously trying to eluci-

date Cicero's meaning.

Hay used to say--'If any one ever asks me, "Did you take a first class at Oxford?" I shall certainly be able to say, "No—but I shut up a And so he did over and over again, and every Don with whom he came into contact. On one occasion, having been to morning chapel, he suddenly, while the bell was ringing, took it into his head to go in the afternoon as well. Afternoon chapel was not as strictly insisted on as was the case with morning chapel, and didn't count towards the 'eight chapels' a week which we were expected to 'keep.' But Hay had mislaid his gown, and saw the opportunity for a rise out of Maddison, the Vice-President, who was his special aversion, and whom he bullied, in a quiet way, whenever he could, for the calm, philosophical view he took of everything. So he proceeded to chapel, and during the service kept looking in a piteous way at his gownless shoulder, as if he had suffered some wrong. At last Maddison's attention was attracted, and Hay's object gained. Maddison's keen eyes soon discovered that Hay had no gown on; and, on going out of chapel (which the Vice-President always did first when the old President was not there), waited outside the chapel door. Hay, fully aware that he would do so, made a rush up the staircase next to the chapel door, as if he didn't see him. Maddison ran up after him and caught him upon the first landing, which of course Hay intended him to do all along, when the following colloquy ensued:-

Mr. Hay, you were in chapel

without your gown.'
'Yes, sir, I was.'

'You were in chapel this morn-

ine?

'Yes, sir.' (Meekly, as if he was a most regular attendant at morn-

ing chapel.)

'Then it was not absolutely necessary for you to attend in the afternoon.'

To which Hay, with dignified and crushing severity, and with frequent

pauses, replied-

'I thought it better, sir,—to attend a place of—h'-hem—divine worship—even without my—h'-hem—academical costume, than to ab-

sent myself altogether.

Who could risk breaking a second lance with so redoubtable a champion? Of course Maddison, like a good-natured fellow as he really was, turned round and went downstairs, leaving Hay master of the field.

But it was in what was known as the 'Hall Lecture,' which, to our intense annoyance, took place—as its name implies-in the hall, in compliance with an ancient college statute, every Tuesday and Thursday at the unearthly hour of one o'clock, that Hay would most dis-tinguish himself. This function was superintended by a tutor known as 'The Greek Lecturer,' Hendry by name, a jolly, pleasant man whom everybody liked, and with a sense of the humorous and a power of chaff which made him sometimes almost one too many for Hay. I don't recollect any performance of Hay's under these auspices which would especially interest any but classical scholars, though I could mention plenty that are to this day gratefully remembered by many of his friends; but I am induced to refer to this institution, as an illustration of the way in which Hay got up' more than one of his lectures, when he got them up at all. The method in this instance was adopted by about a dozen of us. The subject was the 'Ion' of Euri-We none of us thought it a pides. pleasant or delightful play. I've never looked at it from the day we arrived (to my joy) at its last line to the present time, and my only recollection of it is that its hero had to sweep out a temple, and thought it very hard lines. Hendry, too, may like to know how some of the results were arrived at with which he was favoured during its progress. If he happens to meet with this narrative he will be enlightened, though scarcely surprised. We used to meet in Hoper's rooms about a quarter to

one o'clock, when from a Latin version which my copy contained underneath the Greek text, I used to translate as fast as I could into English as much as we thought would suffice for the day's lecture. Hay always, as much as he could. avoided construing on these occasions; for although, with a Clarke's Homer with a Latin rendering underneath the Greek, which he possessed, he would ponderously pronounce the Greek words and translate them from the Latin after his own fashion boldly enough, he had not been able to pick up a secondhand copy of the 'Ion' like mine, and, far from good in Latin books, was worse off as regards If he was knowledge of Greek. not asked to 'go on' till the hour during which the lecture lasted had nearly expired, he would reply with great solemnity, when asked, 'I have not read any further, sir; and, if remonstrated with, would continue, with deeper solemnity still, 'I prefer, sir, to read a little with care, to preparing a larger quantity superficially. But if put on early, he would most ingeniously spend some minutes over so small a portion as would occupy any one else scarcely as many seconds, and all the time assume an air of such profound wisdom, that although Hendry perfectly saw through it, it did even him, who was not wont to be done. Other people certainly could not do with him what Hay did. A languid individual, named Luff, one day came to doleful grief at his hands. He had seen how Hay could vanquish Hendry with his 'I've not read any further, sir,' and so, one day when he had construed about three lines in a very so-so manner, and showed no inclination to go any further, he replied to Hendry's renewed, 'Won't you go on, Mr. Luff?—with, 'I think I've construed enough, sir.' He was, however, decidedly shut up by the rejoinder of the good-humoured Hendry (who was Vice-President of Lichfield for the year), who turned the tables on him as he never did on the more privileged Hay, by extemporising, without a moment's hesitation'There was a young person called Luff,
Who thought he had construed enough;
"Very well," said the Vice,
"Then you'll write it out twice;"
Which astonished that person called Luff.

The whole lecture was convulsed at Luff's expense, and, what's more, Hendry made Luff write out the lecture twice, to his great disgust. Hay would certainly either not have allowed matters to come to this pass, or would have had the tact to get out of it. Certainly such a contretemps never happened to him, though he was a far worse scholar than Luff; and, what's more, he knew what a poor scholar he was, for soon after he took his degree he observed to me, 'Ryder, I used to have a respect for the University of Oxford, but one day I entirely lost it;' and to my inquiry on what day the University suffered that calamity, he replied, 'On the day they let me through my "Great Go."' Hay managed his 'Great Go' without a pluck, but he was plucked for his 'Little Go,' and vanquished an examiner thereon: for, at a subsequent meeting, Hay managed to refer to their encounter in the cock-pit, and in reply to the examiner's polite expression of regret at the necessity for refusing his testamur, about which, however, he said he had had his doubts. Hay said that he thought he might as well have given him the benefit of the doubt.

Nor did even poor old Dr. Bradford, the venerable President of Lichfield, escape an encounter with Hay. The old gentleman scarcely knew the name of a man in the college, but seemed to live in a little tranquil atmosphere of his own, almost as much out of the University as it was out of the world. I believe no undergraduate but Hay ever did such an unheard-of thing as to call on the President. But Hay did it. and this was the cause. He had a supper engagement out of college, and had let Great Tom ring out the last of his one hundred and one strokes before he was outside the college gates. Most men would have quietly given up the supper party-not so Hay. He forthwith went to the Vice-President's rooms

to get leave to go out, and not finding him in, went to the rooms of all the resident fellows in rotation. Not one happened to be in college. So, nothing daunted, and not to be dissuaded by any one, he boldly pulled the President's bell, and re-After a few quested to see him. minutes he was told that the President was just going to bed, but if his business was urgent, he would see him. His business was urgent. and in less than a minute Hay had succeeded in horrifying the poor old gentleman by the appalling tidings that there was not a single fellow within the walls, and in obtaining, notwithstanding his horror, his permission to go out of college.

But the most characteristic proceeding which I remember of Hay's was this. He had asked me to go to his rooms one evening about nine. saying that if he was not in punctually at nine, he would not be long before he returned. About a quarter past nine I was waiting in his rooms, when I heard stones coming against the window, and on looking out soon discovered a fellow skulking under the trees opposite, whom I charged with throwing them, which he impudently denied. As, however, I watched the rascal, and directly afterwards saw him throw a stone, I went down to the porter, and told him that there was a fellow in the lane throwing at the windows. He immediately got one of the scouts to keep the gate, ran round, caught the fellow, and lugged him into college. In another minute some halfdozen of us were holding a drumhead court martial on him, and had just arrived at the decision that the most proper course to pursue would be to put him under the pump to begin with, when a kick came at the gate, the porter unlocked it, and in walked the missing Mr. Hay, who was speedily made acquainted with the facts, and with the finding and sentence of the court. I believe that if Hay had been one of the original members of that self-constituted tribunal he would have advocated the cold-water cure which As, howwe thought advisable. ever, he was not given to doing things like other people, he looked at the fellow with a most stage sternness, and said. 'How dare you. sir, be found throwing stones at the windows of this college? Vice-President could not have done it half as well.) 'It would serve you right, sir,' he continued, in most solemn tones, 'to put you under the pump, as these gentlemen have suggested. But I shall deal leniently with you this time, sir. Take him to the buttery,' he continued, turning to one of the scouts, 'and give him some bread and cheese and beer. And if ever I catch you, sir, throwing stones at any of the windows of this college again, sir, I shall summon you before the Vice-Chancellor, sir, to answer for the same.' The descent to the anticlimax of buttery beer from the sublime justice of a ducking under the pump was too much for our risible faculties, but we all felt that the sell for ourselves was quite as good a joke in its way as the penalty we had proposed to exact from the offender, who certainly had a lucky escape; for if Hay had not come in when he did, pumped on he would have been to a certainty, for the pump was temptingly near, our natural instinct prompted its use, and it would have served the fellow right.

In dealing with the Dons when he did not bully them, the dignified way in which Hay treated them was vastly amusing. On one occasion he asked Maddison's leave to go to town in the middle of Term, assigning no other reason than that he wanted to see the Great Exhibition (of 1851). Maddison politely informed him that he could not give him the required permission. 'Never mind, sir, he replied; 'far be it from me to wish to interfere with the customary regulations of the college. I had made an appointment to meet a friend at the Crystal Fountain at one o'clock to-morrow morning, so I must write and apologize to him, and explain that the regulations of the University prevent me from keeping my appointment. Good morning, sir;

good morning.'
At last the time came when an end was to be put to the differences

between Hay and the Dons of Lichfield. He triumphantly passed his 'Great Go,' and spent three weeks afterwards in Oxford in 'keeping his Master's Term,' and attending Divinity Lectures. During this time he said he thought he ought to be able to pick up again some of the money he had spent in getting his degree, and he had not done it very cheaply, for he had always entertained his friends, who were many, both in and out of college, with heartiness and liberality. His idea was to see something of the colleges and their treasures himself, which undergraduates do not usually see as strangers do who come to be lionized, by acting as a guide to visitors, the terms he proposed being a guinea from each such visitor, clear of all expenses and tips, in return for which he would give his own services as cicerone, a dinner in hall, and the use of a cap and gown for the day. But the plan did not seem to take, for Hay found no strangers to whom to show the wonders of Oxford. At least he would have done it as well as the old scamp who used to lionize (e.g.)Magdalen, after this fashion :-

'This yere College is Mag'len, and 'as forty fellows and thirty demies, which is arf fellows; and, as the demies as got 2,000l. a-year a-piece, you may reckon 'ow much the fellows 'as got. The fellows occupies theirselves in various ways;

some on 'em likes teachin', and others takes curacies; but others, which is most on 'em, prefers goin' round the walks with their 'ands in their pockets. These yere are the walks. They are five miles round. You can go round if you likes.'

Divinity Lectures led the way to a country curacy, and down in the country Hay soon became as popular a man as he had been in college, with his rich as well as with his poorer parishioners. He spent a. Sunday in Oxford when he put on his Master's gown, and preached a sermon of marvellous erudition in one of the parish churches for one of his old friends the fellows of Lichfield. Not long afterwards he took to himself a wife. His courtship, I believe, was not marked by any very romantic incidents. He has numerous little pledges of affection, who are, I doubt not, as original little beings as was their father before them; for though I never saw him till the day on which we both matriculated, I am sure he was a quaint child. If this record of his 'sayings and doings' meets his eye, he cannot fail to recognize his portrait, rough drawn as it is. I think he will also recognize the hand of the artist, and may be reminded, I hope not unpleasantly, of days and Terms which we spent together in a place which most love who do not come away from it disappointed men.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES IN THE HOLIDAY NUMBER (pp. 62, 63).

- 1. Drum-stick.
- 2. Shakespeare.
- 3. Land-lady.
- 4. Breast-plate.
- 5. Butter-fly.
- 6. Port-sea.
- 7. Ward-robe.

- 8. Time-piece.
- o. Bank-notes.
- 10. Queen-bee.
- 11. Ring-let.
- 12. Passion-flower.
 - 13. Ram-part.

MY EASTER VAC.

BY ONE OF THE OXFORD 'EIGHT.'

THE University race was rowed on Saturday, April —,186—: for the result see the papers of that day. What they say, and how they account for the (to them) unexpected arrival of the Oxford boat at Mortlake before Cambridge, I do not know. It would be an interesting study to compare the aquatic articles of the various sporting papers written the week before and the week after the race-almost as interesting as the perusal of Mr. Disraeli's speeches delivered before and after his adoption of a 'truly liberal policy.' To a competitor there is no more unsatisfactory amusement than that of reading accounts of a race in which he has just rowed, and which, whether won or lost, he is congratulating himself is well over and done with.

The somewhat tedious festivities which follow on the race being over, I started on Tuesday morning to that delight of the East London, shrimp - consuming excursionists, Harwich. Poor old Harwich! I fear it is doomed. At all events so thought Mr. Secretary Croker some years ago, who wrote the following graphic description of Harwich as it appeared to him while staying with Lord Rivers at Mistley Hall.

'Old Harwich stands
Between two strands
Along the sea and Stour;
With a round redoubt
To keep foes out
If it had but a better door.

'In winter nights
Two harbour lights
Might tempt a stranger in;
But he'd go, I doubt,
To the right about,
If he could but see the inn.

'The Assembly Booms
Are dark as tombs,
But the church is light and gay
With epitaphs,
At which one laughs,
Like the moral of a play.

'The market's shut,
The prison not.
The gardens smell of lobscouse;
One could not pass,
For the length of the grass,
The door of the Custom House.

'Indeed, if mowed,
Each street a load
Would yield of excellent hay;
And the Esplanade,
To those who wade,
Is passable once a day.

'In the Library
No books there be,
But a harpsichord out of tune,
Toys, bonnets, lace,
An aiderman's face,
And a plaster Laccoon.

'The harbour's view
Is fine, 'tis true,
If you knew but where it lay;
But the houses are placed
With such exquisite taste
That they all look the other way.

'From flithy slips
You may see the ships—
We counted just thirteen;
Two in the mud,
And two in the flood,
And six in quarantine.

'From Mistley Hall
'Tis what they call
About six miles in a carriage;
But as long as I may
At Mistley stay,
Be hanged if I go to Harwich.'

A frantic attempt has been made of late years to revive Harwich. Unfortunate speculators have ruined themselves by trying to establish a watering-place there; and the Great Eastern Railway Company have made an energetic attempt to reestablish the old communication with Holland. The success of their undertaking is as yet doubtful, to say the least.

Well, on Tuesday morning, April 7. I took the train for Harwich. due course of time—at least, in course of time (for it was the G. E. R.)—we arrived at Harwich, I need hardly add at dead low water-it always is low water at Harwich. business was to find lodgings for a few days: this was soon done, and I set off to see my 'ship,' for this was the object of my journey to Harwich. Her history is this:—After various trials of small craft such as usually fall to the lot of the tyro yachtsman, I came to the deliberate conclusion that all those 'splendid sea-boats peculiarly adapted for shooting or fishing' one sees advertised for sale in the sporting papers are a snare and delusion. They had at all events proved so to me, owing parhaps to circumstances 'over which I had no control;' but still I made up my mind not to start a yacht until I could become the owner of a craft fit to keep the sea in—a quality which I do not believe any craft under twenty or twenty-five tons at the least can possess.

Now the limit of my ambition was fixed far below this by a stern deficiente crumena, so that the probiem I had to solve was this: what is the best sort of boat I can devise which will be large enough to go short voyages up and down the coast in, small enough to be managed safely by one, which will in fact give me the greatest amount of amusement at the least amount of money? One great reason which decided me on choosing the small craft I did was the bother and annovance I had experienced with the extra hand you are always obliged to carry in any craft but the merest cockleshell. You want two hands for a ro-ton cutter as much as you do for a vessel twice the size; and the annoyance a casual 'hand' invariably causes does away with all sense of enjoyment or independence.

The result of my cogitations was the subject of this journal; and I will introduce her to my readers without further delay. I had seen her from the train as I entered Harwich, lying, or rather standing, in the soft mud of the Stour a short distance from her builder's yard. To begin with her dimensions: she is 25 feet over all, about 8 feet beam, carvel built, of oak below the water-line, and red pine above. All her skin and decks are of 11inch plank. This thickness of planking, involving as it does proportionately stout timbers and beams, may seem absurdly heavy; but I had determined that my boat, though small, should be as strong as one twice her size. I knew that she would have to lie about in all sorts of positions and on all sorts of ground, and would probably experience rough usage of various sorts in the course of her existence;

so I determined to be on the right side, and build her as strong as oak and copper could make her. She was decked all over, of course—a cabin top running for 9 feet aft of the mast, raised a few inches above the deck. This was barely visible above the gunwale, just giving height enough to the cabin to let me sit up in it, and so low that it hardly offered any resistance to the wind in going up to windward. A water-tight well aft was made for me to steer from when the cabin top had to be closed; this was the only point in which the builder had not followed my instructions. He had made this water-tight box to stand in, instead of putting a water-tight bulkhead at the after end of the cabin, as I had ordered, and so dividing the boat into two watertight compartments. I was put out about this at the time, but his arrangement has answered better than I expected.

Her stern was ahort, not to say unsightly; her appearance was rather spoilt by this, but I determined to sacrifice that to convenience and safety. I was repeatedly told that she was not a beauty; but there was a strong, business-like appearance about her which pleased ma.

As I then saw her, she stood up on the mud with the help of her legs—for ships like men stand on their legs occasionally. She was all newly tarred and painted, and her mast and standing rigging all set up.

I found out in the course of the next week what a vast deal there is to be done before a boat in this state is ready for sea. It took me a full week, with the help of an ancient tar, to cut and reeve her rigging, to strop blocks, put in ballast, and do the hundred and one things which always turn up at the last moment on such an occasion.

The intelligent reader will doubtless ask, why not have had all this done before you came down? And such was the indignant remark of my factotum, Mr. Dash, the builder, on hearing my determination to sail forthwith. Perhaps some of my

readers will appreciate a desire on my part-which Mr. Dash utterly failed to do—a whim I had to fit her out entirely myself. I did not, indeed, build her, but I had done as much towards it as I could. I was by her side whenever I could spare a day during that eventful three months: but a distance of a hundred miles, and stern duties which for some months never allowed me a day's absence, compelled me to get other hands to build her, and to trust to Mr. Dash, who was a ship and boat builder in a small way, to carry out the plans I had spent much time and thought in drawing out.

At six o'clock the morning after my arrival at Harwich, old Tarbarrel and I set to work to strop the mainsheet-block,—we stropped that and a great many others,—all of my own making, for I had spent my leisure hours for weeks in making blocks and odds and ends of all sorts. Well, we stropped, and we spliced, we cut, whipped, sewed, seized, moused, wormed, and knotted till our hands were sore

and our rigging made.

He was a curious old fellow, my 'mate:' an odd mixture of shrewdness and obstinacy; with a powerful sense of his own wisdom and my ignorance on all matters connected with the sea, on the rigging of boats in particular. If I wanted a thing done one way he was sure to want to do it the opposite way; if I bought one sized rope he would be sure to recommend another sort. However, we got all finished at last, though I had to get three hands on Saturday to make up for the stoppage to the works caused by the preceding day, which was Good Friday. To set up and reeve our rigging when once made was an easy job; and on Saturday evening, at seven o'clock, I had got all my traps on board, and cooked and ate my first meal on board the 'Foam.' The last day's work was the hardest of all; it took me the whole morning, with the help of a man and boy, to collect and stow away the ton and a half of iron pigs and ore which form the ballast of the 'Foam.' I ought to have had an iron keel and kelson for her. I find now,-for it is difficult to find room to stow enough ballast under her cabin floor. Owing to her floatsome' nature and full bottom, she requires a great deal of ballast to keep her down in a strong wind. Another ton will not be too much. Some day she must have some pigs cast to fit her timbers properly; for the present she has to put up with a collection of square pigs, old shot, bits of anchors, and lumps of iron ore-any scraps in fact which I could find lying about the shipwright's yard. Ballast costs money: the value of old iron has been impressed on me of late, and I shall in future look with greater interest on rusty heaps of old ballast. Casting keels and pigs costs more still; and this was why the 'Foam' had to put up with the awkward-shaped scraps I put in her; as for lead, I might as well think of ballasting her with silver.

There are some curious old things lying about these old ship yards, old iron that has been in the bottoms of ships for generations (of ships, not of men). I stumbled on a curious old gun, among other things, of a shape and pattern more wonderful than even a modern Armstrong. It was hard to find which end was the muzzle, so firmly was it stuffed with rust and rubbish. It had probably been dredged up off the coast years ago; and may, very likely, have formed part of the armament of a Dutch or English vessel, so many of which fought and sunk each other off the Eastern coasts two hundred years

900

Another curiosity I turned up at the same time was a strange-looking mast or spar, which attracted my notice by its bright green paint. It was about the shape and size of a brig's yard, rather thicker, and tapering off to a point at either end. Turning it over I found that it was hollowed out, a skin of an inch or two thickness being left. I inquired what it was, and was told the following story about it:—A West Indiaman, commanded by a Harwich master, fell in, several miles from the West Indies, with a native

Indian floating about in this queerlooking craft—for it had once been
an Indian canoe: the poor Indian
was nearly dead with hunger and
fatigue—having been carried out to
sea by strong winds, and would
have soon perished of hunger or
been washed overboard by the waves.
He was landed at one of the West
Indian ports, and presented his
canoe to the English captain who
had saved his life. Thus the canoe
found its way to Harwich; and
being presented to a relation of
the captain's, it was straightway
painted that bright green colour
which is the delight and admiration of Harwich artists.

The canoe had been finally carried off by a high tide and deposited in the yard in which I was hunting

for ballast.

To continue my journal. Saturday night found us with all my traps on board the 'Foam.' I had determined to spend a day or two on board before I started on my voyage, just to collect things, and see that I did not go to sea without any of the necessaries of life, at all events. I had bought my crockery, consisting of one plate and a two-penny basin, and had got on board everything I could think of to make my new abode just habitable for the present. As yet I had no fittings whatever in my cabin-no cupboards, lockers, berths, or seat. All this I had left to be finished as occasion and experience suggested. I could not expect to be very comfortable in this state of things; but my main object had been achieved—to get the boat fit for sea, and be ready to start on Monday morning. My bed, the first night, was on the bare boards. I was expecting to find it cold at night, for there were hard frosts and a bitterly cold N.E. wind blowing; but I may mention here that on the coldest nights I never found any difficulty in keeping warm. With my railway rug wrapped round me I was as warm as in bed, even though my cabin top was always open a foot or In a confined space a man keeps himself warm. I soon found that on board ship the best way is to turn in soon after dark, and get

up soon after the sun. Dressing does not take long when you have nothing but your coat to put on. In washing there is a change, certainly, from shore life. Economy in fresh water is one of the first things one learns on board ship. A quart or two of fresh water is all that can be spared for tub, teeth. hands, &c., where every drop has to be brought on board, and where there is not a superfluity of room to stow it away in. Salt water, I need not remind my readers, is almost totally useless for washing purposes. My breakfast finished on Sunday morning, I prepared for a call from the man I had engaged to go with me my first trip. He was a respectable, steady master of a barge trading between Harwich and London. He agreed to go with me for as long as I liked at four shillings a day, with his 'grub' found. This I thought reasonable enough at the time, though the sequel will show that I had not made so good a bargain as I thought I had. The rest of Sunday was spent in reading, cooking, church, 'and so to bed.'

How appropriate are those lines about the mean-looking painted structure which the good townspeople of Harwich conspired together to disfigure their churchyard with, some five and thirty

years ago!

From church I turned straight into bed—this night not on the boards, but in a comfortable hammock I had rigged up between the mast and the after bulkhead. This was a production of my own, this hammock, of which I am not a little proud. It is made entirely of string, and is copied from one I had seen used by a planter from the West Indies, who tells me they are much used there to sleep in under verandahs.

I had arranged with my 'mate' to start as soon as the ebb made the next morning. I should not be afloat till high water, and the ebb would help us to get out of the dock into deep water. At three o'clock on Monday I woke, and put my head out to see what sort of a morning it would turn out. It was pitch dark and bitterly cold, blow-

ing hard from the N.N.E. This did not look promising, so I went below. lit my lamp, and waited for my mate. It was past his time, and I began to fear that he had given it up as too coarse a morning to start; but in a few minutes I heard a thump alongside, and I jumped on deck to hand his traps on board out of the skiff. 'Coarse morning this, Blowing hard outside. had been up the last hour, watching for the wind to moderate out at sea. 'Shall we make a start or not?' I said. We agreed to get her out into deep water, at all events, and see how it was when the day broke. So we set to work, got our anchors up, and cast off our moorings. It was no easy job to get her out of the shallow water to the pier-head, which was about a quarter of a mile off. I stayed on board and punted along the bottom with one of my long sweeps, while he towed in the skiff with a line fast to the bowsprit. The wind was straight ahead, and we got on very slowly. At last we got to the pier, and casting off the skiff, we set to work to bend the This will seem rather a curious proceeding, to have to bend sails just before starting for our voyage; but it was the only thing I had not had time to do on Saturday, and with such little bits of duck as my sails were, it was not very hard work to bend the lot in I have not half an hour or so. mentioned the 'Foam's' rig as yet. She is rigged as a cutter at present; rather under-masted, but not enough so to make it safe to go to sea alone in her. It takes two hands to manage her comfortably in a strong wind. I said she was built for me to manage alone; so she was, but not with her present rig. I must have a very different rig for

At six o'clock all was ready, and we looked round to see how the weather looked for a start. I was bound for London, so it would not do to make a start unless the weather was pretty favourable. It was now broad daylight, and the wind had moderated considerably. 'Fine day after all, I expect,' said my mate. 'This will be a rare wind for us if

it keeps moderate.' So we decided to have a try at all events; and casting off from the pier, we made one or two boards to windward, and then bowled out of the harbour with the wind on our quarter and a strong ebb running under us. It struck six just as we passed the church. The wind was about N.N.E.—the best we could have, just enough north, or, as sailors call it, nothe, in it to prevent it kicking up such a tremendous sea in the Wallet as north-easterly winds generally do.

The Wallet is one of the passages from Harwich to London; for, as you probably know, the North Sea is not as open as it looks; and it takes as long to learn your way among its thousand and one shoals and sandbanks as it does to learn the direct road from Paddington to Millwall. It looks as easy a matter to draw a straight line from Harwich Harbour to Shoeburyness and keep to it, as it is to walk across a level field; but such a course would lead you over some miles of sands and banks, one touch on which would probably 'do' for the little 'Foam, or any other ship either. The English Channel may be crossed and recrossed in almost any direction with your eyes shut, it is so deep and free from shoals. But the North Sea is more like a salt-water marsh, which dries, all but the channels, at low water, so shallow and full of banks is it in comparison with the deep 'gut' which separates us from France. The Channel may average sixty or seventy fathoms in depth; often it is ninety or a hundred. The North Sea is not, I think, more than twenty anywhere.

Leaving Harwich Harbour, we kept along the shore in this Wallet channel for some ten or twelve miles, the shore gradually receding from us as we neared the mouth of the Colchester river. Here we fall among sands with a vengeance. On the chart it is hard to find any water at all—on the sea it looks easy enough. The point to look for is the Spit-way buoy, our course lying through a narrow channel which connects the West Swin with the Wallet. The Swin is the great

high road to London river for all ships bound to London from the 'norrard.' Once in this, you are sure of plenty of company. Sometimes, on a day like this was, for instance, with a fair wind up or down, it is as crowded as Rotten Row is on a fine afternoon in May. About this time (11 A.M.) we began to feel the flood-tide, and for the next seven hours this invisible but powerful tug drew us all up towards London, adding some two or three knots an hour to our pace over the ground. The little 'Foam' looked rather insignificant among all these great towering hulks; but she put her best leg forward and held her own with the fastest of them. The crews all ran to look over the bulwarks at us as we ran by some of the slowest of them; most of them had some facetious remark or other to make, which amused themselves apparently, but was generally lost to us. Passing the Middle Swin light-ship and the Maplin light-house we drew into the river to the westward. Here the crowd got thinner; some we had passed, and some had disappeared towards the south, bound to Kent and ports south of the Thames. The Maplin light-house is one of those little octagonal red boxes set on piles, several of which are now placed on sands up and down the coast; it is placed on the edge of the Maplin sands, which stretch out for miles from the shore, and are fringed with a row of buoys to mark where the deep water of the Swin channel begins. You may distinctly see the line of this sharp bank of sand, owing to a peculiar shape and motion which the waves, even in the calmest weather, assume just where the deep water ends. A little to the west of the Maplin lighthouse are the marks by which the measured mile we see so much about in the papers is measured. There are two pairs of tall beacons fixed in the sand on the shore side of the deep channel. The mile is measured by starting with one pair of these beacons 'in one,' that is, at right angles to the ship's course, and finishing with the other two in a line.

Southend pier is the next object;

it is remarkable only for its length. being, I believe, a mile and a quarter from end to end. Off here, we passed a vessel about half a mile off which appeared to be on fire; it was enveloped in a thick cloud of white smoke. But as it was sailing along merrily, and no one seemed to notice it, I asked my mate what it meant. 'Only a cargo of bones,' 'Wait a few minutes till he said. we get to leeward, and you will be able to judge for yourself.' sure enough it came: such a whiff! enough to make us hold our noses. though half a mile off-what must it have been on board? It is the lime, I suppose, contained in the bones, which gets heated when stowed in large quantities and causes the smoke which I saw.

She was soon out of sight, though we saw the train of white smoke behind her for miles. In our discussion on these matters we nearly ran upon a wreck sunk in the middle of the channel—a barge, as we saw by the top of the spleet and mast, from which still fluttered a bit of bunting, as if in mockery of the wreck below. This is not an interesting part of the river, and we began to think about dinner; so we got the stove under way and cooked our dinners; one at a time, for no time must be wasted with a fair wind above and a fair tide below. Nothing can be said of the 'scenery of the Thames below London, however much we may admire it above. It is dull, ugly, and monotonous but what did that matter to us? we were bowling along at eight or nine knots, and every now and then tacking up a reach where the river perversely runs straight away from London instead of towards it. It was in these boards to windward that we found how much more ballast the 'Foam' required; she heeled over under the puffy gusts, until her decks were washed from stem to stern. As the afternoon got on the wind showed signs of dropping; but we determined to hold on till the tide turned against us and stopped our way. At six o'clock we were slowly drifting past Greenwich Hospital, and in a few minutes we saw the vessels all swinging to the tide.

Just opposite Limehouse we let go our anchor: a mile or two short of London Bridge certainly, but not so bad for a trial trip—nearly ninety miles in twelve hours exactly. If we had not had so much to do before we started in the morning, we should have easily got to London Bridge. We found a comfortable berth between two knots of barges moored to the Conservancy buoys; the lot ahead of us, curiously enough, were, like us, 'Harwichers.'

It was a lovely evening—an evening which one must be on the water, it always seems to me, to enjoy thoroughly. Few people perhaps would choose Limehouse Reach to spend an evening in; but I am afraid I was meant to be a bargee or lighterman, and have not fulfilled my destiny in not taking to that line of life. At all events I am as fond of scenes 'below bridge' as I am of many a beautiful reach above. Turning over such thoughts as these in my mind, and watching the ever-changing scene that is incessantly going on on the broad Thames, I began to get sleepy, and turned in as soon as dark came on.

BONES AND I; OR, THE SKELETON AT HOME.

By G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE,

AUTHOR OF 'DIGBY GRAND,' 'THE INTERPRETER,' 'THE GLADIATORS,' ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

SHADOWS.

COMING events cast their shadows before, says a favourite adage of that proverbial philosophy which is often so quaint and truthful, sometimes so contradictory and far-fetched. In the present instance the maxim, I think, is contradicted by our individual convictions and general experience. For my own part I protest I am no believer in presentiments. That is a beautiful fiction of poetry, completely unsubstantiated by the prosaic events of life, which represents the predestined sufferer as one who

'Still treads the shadow of his foc.'

while the arm of the avenger, uplifted though unseen, intercepts the light of heaven ere yet its blow descends. Poets, no doubt, lay their foundations on a basis of truth, but, as befits their profession, do not scruple to raise a superstructure in magnificent disproportion to the limits of their ground-plan. I will appeal to nine people out of every ten whose lot it has been to sustain severe affliction—and I think that is nearly nine-tenths of the human

race—whether they have not found themselves staggered or prostrated by blows as sudden as they were overwhelming; whether the dagger has not always been a more deadly weapon than the sword, the marksman behind the hedge a more fatal enemy than the battery on its eminence, the hidden reef a worse disaster than the adverse gale, and whether their hopes, their happiness, or their fortunes, have not failed them at the very moment when the false waves smiled serenely at the calm skies overhead—

'Like ships that on a summer sea' Have gone down sailing tranquilly.'

No; these forthcoming shadows need not disturb our repose. They owe their origin neither to heart nor brain, but proceed from liver, and I should think must be quite unknown to him who 'lives on sixpence a day and earns it!'

What a life we should lead if we could look an inch before our noses! Of all curses to humanity the bitterest would be the gift of foresight. I often think a man's progress to-

wards his grave is like that of a sculler labouring up-stream, we will say from Richmond to Teddington Lock. By taking the established and conventional course he avoids collision with his kind and proceeds in comparative safety. By certain side-glances and general knowledge of the river, which we may compare to the warnings of experience and the reasonings of analogy, he obtains an inkling, far removed from certainty, of much approaching trouble to which his back is turned. By observing the track of his own boat rippling the surface many a yard astern, he learns to guide his course, just as he would correct his conduct by the lessons of the past. Now the stream runs hard against him, and he must work his way foot by foot with honest, unremitting toil. Now he shoots along through slack water, much to his own content and self-approval; but under no circumstances, however formidable, must be completely relax his efforts, for the current would soon float him back to the place from whence he came. Many a scene of beauty, many a lovely nook, and sunny lawn, and fairy palace glides by him as he goes—fading, vanishing, shut out by the intervening point, to leave but a memory of their attractions, dispelled in turn by ever-recurring beauties of meadow, wood, and water.

So he plods steadily on, accepting the labour, enjoying the pleasures of his trip, and nearing with every stroke the haven he is to reach at last.

However healthy and invigorating the toil, however varied and delightful the passage, I think he will not be sorry to arrive at Teddington Lock, there to ship his oars, moor his boat under the willows, and so, lulled by the murmur of the ever-flowing waters, with folded arms, upturned face, and eyes wandering drowsily heavenwards, fall peacefully asleep.

But the shadows which cross our path to our greatest deception and detriment are those for which we so willingly abandon the substances whereof they are but the fading phantoms, as the dog in the fable

dropped a piece of meat out of his jaws to snatch a like morsel from the other dog he saw reflected in the water. Every day men grasp at clouds as did Ixion, bartering eagerly for that which they know to be illusive the solid joys and advantages of life. How many people in the possession of sufficient incomes deprive themselves of common comfort in an attempt to appear richer and more liberal than they really are! How many forego the society of friends in which they find honest pleasure for that of mere acquaintances with whom they have scarce a thought in common, because the latter, perhaps themselves sacrificed to the same illusion, move in a higher and more ostentatious class of society! With one the shadow is a reputation for wealth, with another for taste. Here it is a house in Belgravia, there a villa on the Thames; sometimes a position in the county, a seat in parliament, or a peerage long dormant in a race of squires.

Whatever it may be the pursuer follows it at the best speed he can command, finding, usually, that the faster he goes the faster it flies before him; and when he comes up with it at last to enfold the phantom in his longing embrace, behold! it crumbles away to disappointment in his very arms.

I have seen Cerito dancing her shadow-dance; I have famous watched a child following its own retreating figure, lengthened to gigantic proportions in an afternoon sun, with shouts of wonder and delight; I once observed, perhaps the prettiest sight of the three, a thoroughbred foal gallop up to some park palings, to wince and scour away from the distorted representation of a race-horse it met there, in the wild, graceful freedom of a yet unbridled youth; and I have thought of the many shadows that lure us all, between the cradle and the grave, only to impose on us in their fullest signification the different sentiments of disbelief, dis-illusion, and disgust. When Peter Schlemihl made his ill-advised bargain with the devil, that shrewd purchaser quietly rolled up his victim's shadow and put it in his own pocket. When Michael Scott, in the completion of his education at Padua, had mastered certain intricacies of the black art, his fellow-students observed to their consternation that while they walked in the college gardens with the wise north countryman,

'His form no darkening shadow cast Athwart the sunny wall.'

The first step in supernatural learning, the first condition for the attainment of superhuman power, seems to have been the dismissal of so inconvenient and unmeaning an appur-

tenance as a shadow.

How many people have I known. and these not the least endearing and capable of their kind, over whose whole lives the shadow of a memory, though growing fainter day by day, has yet been dark enough to throw a gloom that the warmest rays of friendship and affection were powerless to dispel! Sometimes, indeed, that darkness seems dearer to them than the glories of the outer world; sometimes, and this is the hardest fate of all, they cling to it the closer that they feel the illusion has been to them a more reliable possession than the reality. There is a world of tender longing, bitter experience, and sad, suggestive pathos in Owen Meredith's lament-

'How many a night 'neath her window have I walked in the wind and the rain,

Only to look on her shadow fleet over the lighted pane!

Alas! 'twas the shadow that rested—'twas hersel/ that fleeted, you see—

And now i am dying—I know it! Dying—and where is she?'

The shadow he had worshipped so fondly was not more fleeting than the dream on which he had anchored a man's honest hopes, and wasted a man's generous, unsuspecting heart.

Then we see our shadows at points of view so peculiar to ourselves, in lights that so distort and disguise their proportions, it is no wonder if for us they become phantoms of formidable magnitude and over-powering aspect. The demon of the Hartz Mountains is said to be nothing more than the reflection or

shadow of the traveller's own person, as seen under certain abnormal conditions of refraction against a morning or evening sky. Such demons most of us keep of our own, and we take care never to look at them but at the angle which magnifies them out of all reasonable proportions. When you see mine and I yours, each of us is surprised at the importance attached to his spectral illusion by the other. Yours seems to me a diminutive and contemptible little devil enough; and doubtless, although you never may have entertained a high opinion of my mental powers or moral force of character, both are fallen fifty per cent. in your estimation since you have been brought face to face with the bugbear by which they are overridden and kept down. If we could but change shadows we should both of us get back into the sun. Alas! that all the magic art of Michael Scott himself would fail to effect such a trick of legerdemain. Alas! that we must bear as best we can, each for himself, the gloomy presence that makes us so dull of cheer, so sad of countenance, and so cold about the heart.

Men adopt a great many different methods to get rid of their respective shadows, approximating more or less to the conclusive plan of Peter Schlemihl aforesaid, who sold his outright to the devil. Some try to lose it amongst a crowd of fellow-crestures, all with the same familiar attendants of their own; others struggle with it in solitude, and find themselves halting and maimed after the conflict, like him who wrestled of old with the angel at Penuel until the breaking of the day.' One thinks to stifle his tormentor in business, another to lull him with pleasure, a third to drown him in wine. None of these remedies seem to answer the purpose desired. Blue books, bankers' books, betting-books are unable to break the spell; over the pages of each he throws the allpervading gloom. Neither is he to be worsted by the gleam of many candles flashing only less brightly than the sparkle of Beauty's jewels and the lustre of her soft eyes in 'halls of dazzling light.' On the contrary, it is here that, may be from the force of contrast, he asserts his power with the greatest determination, coming out, as is but natural, under the vivid glare thrown on him in a stronger and more uncompromising relief. To steep him in wine is often but to increase his dimensions out of all reasonable proportions, and at best only gets rid of him for a night that he may return in the morning refreshed and invigorated to vindicate his sovereignty over the enfeebled rebel he controls. There are means of dispelling the darkness, no doubt, but I fear they are not to be found in the resources of study, certainly not in the distractions of dissipation nor the feverish delirium of vice. It must be a warm, genial, and unusually generous disposition which is not warped and dwarfed by a shadow cast upon it in youth, or indeed at any period of life; but for animate as for inanimate nature there are black frosts as well as The latter evaporate with the morning sun in light wreaths of vapour and perhaps a few tears sparkling like diamonds, to be succeeded by brilliant sunshine, unclouded till the close of its short winter's day; the former, grim, grey, and lowering, parch and wither up the life of every green thing, drawing her shroud, as it were, over the cold, dead face of earth ere she is buried in the darkness of approaching night.

It is hard upon youth to see its rosy morning overcast by the shadow; but it has many hours yet to look forward to before noon, and can afford to wait for brighter weather. Far more cruelly does age feel the withdrawal of that light it had trusted in to cheer its declining day, a light it can never hope to welcome again, because long ere the shadow shall be withdrawn from the chilled and weary frame its sun will have gone down for ever into

the ocean of eternity.

People talk a great deal about that physical impossibility which they are pleased to term 'a broken heart;' and the sufferer who claims their sympathy under such an abnormal affliction is invariably a

young person of the gentler sex. I have no doubt in my own mind, nevertheless, that a severe blow to the fortunes, the self-esteem, the health, or the affections, is far more severely felt after forty than before thirty; and yet who ever heard of an elderly gentleman breaking his heart? Anything else you please, his word, his head, his waistcoat-strings, or even his neck, but his heart! Why, the assumption is ludicrous. If you consult the statistics of suicide, however, you will be surprised to find in how many instances this most reckless of crimes is committed by persons of mature age, though it is strange that those whose span in the course of nature is likely to be so short should think it worth while to curtail it with their own hand. There is another shadow, too, which, apart from all finer feelings of the heart or intellect, has a pernicious effect on our interests and welfare. It is east by our own opaque substances when we persist in an inconvenient attitude, commonly called 'standing in our own light.' Parents and guardians, those who have the care of young people, generally are well aware of its irritating persistency and disagreeable consequences. It is provoking to find all your efforts thwarted by the very person on whose behalf they are made. After much trouble and the eating of more dirt than you can digest in comfort, you obtain for a lad a high stool in a counting-house, an appointment to the Indian army, or a berth in a Chinese merchantman, fondly hoping that in one way or another he is provided for, and off But after a your hands at last. while behold him back again, like a consignment of damaged goods! He has been too fast for the clerkship, too idle for the army, not sober enough for the sea. With a fine chance and everything in his favour, he 'stood in his own light,' and must abide by the gloom he has himself made. Or perhaps, though this is a rarer case, because women's perceptions of their own interest are usually very keen, it is your Blanche, or your Rose, or your Violet who thus disappoints the magnificent expectations you have

founded on her beauty, her youth, her eyes, her figure, and her general fascinations. The peer with his unencumbered estate and his own personal advantages would have proposed to a certainty, was only waiting for an opportunity—he told his sister so—when that last ten minutes at croquet with Tom, those half-dozen extra rounds in the cotillon with Harry, scared this shy bird from the decoy, and he went off to Melton in disgust. Rose, Blanche, or Violet 'stood in her own light,' and must be content for the rest of her career to burn tallow instead of wax.

The shadows, however, which ladies preserve for their own private annoyance cast surprisingly little gloom over their pretty persons while they are before the world. A new dress, a coming ball, a racemeeting, or a pic-nic, are sufficient to dispel them at a moment's notice; and though doubtless when these palliatives are exhausted, when they put their candles out at night, the darkness gathers all the thicker for its lucid interval of distraction, it is always something to have got rid of it even for an hour.

That women feel very keenly nobody who knows anything about them can doubt. That they feel very deeply is a different question altogether. In some rare instances they may indeed be found, when the light they love is quenched, to sit, by preference, in darkness for evermore; but as a general rule the feminine organization is thoroughly appreciative of the present, somewhat forgetful of the past, and exceedingly reckless of the future.

For both sexes, however, there must in their course through life be shadows deep in proportion to the brilliancy of the sunshine in which 'Shall we receive good they bask. at the hand of God,' says Job, 'and shall we not receive evil? thereby condensing into one pithy sentence perhaps the profoundest system of philosophy ever yet submitted to mankind. The evil always seems to us greater than the good, the shadows more universal than the sunshine; but with how little reason we need only reflect for a moment to satisfy ourselves. There is a gleam in which we often fondly hope to dispel our shadows, delusive as the 'will-o'-the-wisp,' a light 'that never yet was seen on sea or shore,' which is cruelly apt to lure us on reefs and quicksands, to guide us only to eventual shipwreck; but there is also a glimmer, faint and feeble here, yet capable of dispelling the darkest shadows that ever crossour path, which if we will only follow it truthfully and persistently for a very brief journey, shall cheer us heartily and guide us stedfastly till it widens and brightens into the glory of eternal day.

CHAPTER XII.

Amongst all the works of our great poet, works in which criticism, searching diligently for flaws, discovers every day new beauties, surely this noble poem is the very crown and masterpiece.

Compared even with the productions of his own genius, Guinevere always seems to me like a statue in the midst of oil-paintings. So lofty is it in conception, so grand in treatment, so fair, so noble, so elevating, and yet so real. As the Californian digger in his 'prospect' washes, and sifts, and searches, till from a mass of rubbish and impurities he separates the nugget of virgin ore, so from the lavish confusion of rich material to be found in that collection of early romance called 'La Morte d'Arthur' the Laureate bas wrought out a poem precious in its own intrinsic merit as the purest metal that was ever beaten into a crown of gold. One other has been over the same ground before him, the great magician who with a wave of his wand has created for us gleaming blade and glittering hauberk, mail and plate, and managed steeds caparisoned, lances shivered to the grasp, sweet pale faces looking down on the mimic war beneath, and all the pomp, panoply, and prestige of an ideal chivalry, when

'The champions, armed in martial sort, Have thronged into the list, And but three knights of Arthur's court Are from the tourney missed. And still those lovers' fame survives

For faith so constant shown;

There were two that loved their neighbours'
wives,

And one that loved his own,"

Alas! that the very first of these in arms, in courtesy, in personal advantages, and, but for the one foul blot, in honourable fame, should have been Lancelot de Lac, the ornament of chivalry. Alas! that the lady of his guilty love should have been that

'Flower of all the west and all the world,'

whose rightful place was on the bosom of 'the stainless king.'

Their fatal passion, that grew so insensibly in those fair May-days, long ago, when the pair

'Rode under groves that looked a paradise Of blossom, over sheets of hyacinth, That seemed the heavens upbreaking thro' the earth,'

has struck root now, deep, deep in the hearts of both, and spreading the deadly upas-tree, has blighted every other sentiment and affection beneath its shade. There is no happiness for Lancelot without Guinevere, no sweetness in the breath of evening nor speculation in the stars of night, no gladness in the summer, no glamour in the greenwood, no glory in the day. Her whisper lurks in the hollow of his helmet when he shouts his warcry, her image rouses his desire for fame and points his trusty lance. But for the keen, unholy stimulant his arm would be nerveless and his courage dull, while all the time

'The great and guilty love he bare the queen, In battle with the love he bare his lord, Hath marred his face, and marked it ere his time.'

Yes, there is retribution even here for the sweet, seductive sin. 'The worm that dieth not, the fire that is not quenched,' begin their work long ere the cup has been emptied of its tempting poison; and the one gnaws fiercer, the other burns deeper, in proportion to the capability of good from which the sinner has fallen—in proportion to the truth and tenderness of the tortured heart that seems meant for better things.

And Guinevere. Who can fathom that woman's anguish, her shame. her self-reproach, her bitter, hope-less remorse, for whom the holy plighted love that should have made her shield, her honour, and her happiness through life, has been pierced, and shattered, and defiled by that other love which drags her to perdition, and to which she yet clings closer and closer with a warped instinct of womanly fidelity for the very sorrow and suffering it entails? The sense of personal degradation is perhaps the least of her punishment, for it is her nature when she loves to merge her own identity in another; but what of her children, if she have any? can she bear the clear, guileless faces, the little hands clasped in prayer on her knee, the loving, trustful eyes of those simple believers to whom she, the sinner, is in the place of God? Many a woman, hesitating and hovering on the very brink of ruin, has been withheld by the tiny clasp of an in-fant's hand. If that last chance should have failed her, such failure has been ever after the heaviest and least endurable of the penalties she has brought on herself.

But she may be childless, she may be spared the bitter pain of estrangement from those who are indeed part and parcel of her being. What, then, of her husband? The man whom once she believed she loved. who has cherished her, trusted her, given up for her sake many of the realities and all the illusions of life, whose care has surrounded her so constantly, every day and all day long, that, like the air she breathes, she can only be made sensible of its existence when withdrawn, whose indulgence was perhaps so unvaried as to escape notice, whose affection, expressed by deeds, not words, she has forgotten because it has not been repeated, like that other love, in burning whispers every hour. So she not only strikes him a deadly blow, such as his bitterest enemy would scarce deal in fair fight, but poisons her weapon besides, and leaves it sticking in the wound to burn and rankle and fester, that every passing hand in careless jest or wanton outrage may inflict on him mortal agony at will. Once perhaps she was proud of that brave, kind face, which she could not imagine blanched by fear nor clouded with shame. Can she bear to think of it now, quivering at the chance allusion of every idle tongue, warped into agony, like that of a man shot through the lungs, when her own name is spoken, purposely or otherwise, by some impertment gossip or some rancorous, ungenerous foe? His sorrow has become a jest; that offence will soon pass away to make room for fresher scandal. His home is broken up; he can make himself another. The woman he loved has left him, yet there are plenty more as fond and fair ready to pity and console; but his trust is broken, and not even in an angel from heaven can he believe This is the worst injury of The strongest, the purest, the noblest of earthly motives to welldoing has failed him, and from henceforth the man is but a lamp without a light, a watch without a mainspring, a body without a soul. It is well for him now if he have some lofty aspiration, some great and generous object, to lift him out of his depth of sorrow, to rouse him from his apathy of despair. only can he wrestle with the demon that has entered into his heart, thus only cast him out, and, trampling on him, so rise to a higher sphere than that from which he has been dragged down. In self-sacrifice and selfdevotion he shall find the talisman to set him free, not at once, but, like other permanent results, gradually and in the lapse of time, so, mounting step by step and gaining strength as he ascends, he shall look down from the unassailable heights of forgiveness on the lesser souls that can never reach to wound him nowforgiveness, free, complete, and unconditional as that which he himself pleads for from his God

And here it is that the character of Arthur, as drawn by Tennyson, exemplifies the noblest type of Christianity, chivalry, and manhood with which we are acquainted in the whole range of fiction. Poetry has yet to disclose to us a more god-

like, more elevating sentiment than the king's pardon to his guilty and repentant wife. It breathes the very essence of all those qualities which humanity, at best a little lower than the angels,' is everstriving unsuccessfully to attain. There is courage, abiding by the award of its own conscience and appealing to a higher tribunal than the verdict of its kind; there is contempt for consequences; there is scrupulous, unswerving persistence in the path of duty, such as consti-tutes the soldier and the hero; there is large-hearted, far-seeing benevolence, that weighs its own crushed happiness and blighted life but as dust in the balance against the wellbeing of its fellows. Above all, there is that grand trust in a better world and an immortal identity, without which man, despite hisstrength of will and pride of intellect, were little superior to the beasts of the field. Such is the diapason, so to speak, of this mighty march of feeling—the march of an unconquered spirit and a kingly soul; while through it all, ever present, though ever modulated and kept down, runs the wild, mournful accompaniment, the wail of a kindly, tortured heart, of a love that can never die-

And in thy bowers of Camelot or of Usk
Thy shadow still would glide from room to

And I should evermore be vext with thee, In hanging robe—or vacant ornament, Or ghostly footfall echoing on the stair. For think not, though thou wouldst not love thy lord.

Thy lord has wholly lost his love for thee. I am not made of such slight elements. Yet must I leave thee, woman, to thy shame.'

How wonderful, how exhaustive, and how practical seems the familiarity of great poets with the niceties and workings of the human heart! It has been said of them, prettily enough, that

'They learn in suffering what they teach in song.'

God forbid! If it were so, their lot would indeed be unenviable; and what an eternity of torture would such a genius as Byron, or Shelley, or Tennyson himself have condensed into a single life! No, theirs must be rather the intuitive-

knowledge that springs from sympathy with all things, animate and inanimate, in summer and winter, in light and darkness, in sorrow and in joy—a sympathy receiving freely as it gives, and thus cozening them out of nine-tenths of their own private sorrows, which such finer temperaments as theirs would otherwise be too sensitive to endure.

The wide scope of this sympathy, the facility with which genius can handle extreme centrasts of the same passion with equal skill, is, I think, finely exemplified in the two poems of 'Maud' and 'Guinevere.' I have already compared the latter to an exquisite piece of sculpture. The former seems to me like a wild, fanciful, highly-coloured painting, in which some true artist has striven to embody the unattainable conceptions of a dream. Was ever colouring mixed on palette more vivid and glowing than this description of a lover waiting for his mistress in her garden:—

There falls a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate;
She is coming—my leve—my dear!
She is coming—my life, my fate!
The red rose cries, She is near—she is near!
The white rose weeps,—She is late!
The larkspur listens,—I hear—I hear!
And the lily whispers,—I wait!

Is there not in these lines, besides grace, sentiment, pathos, tenderness, a wealth of pictorial fancy, such as Landseer himself has not outdone in his magical representation of clown and elves and stars and flowers grouped round Titania in Fairyland?

As in 'clear-faced Arthur' is rendered the ideal dignity of love, so in Maud's hapless suitor we find exemplified its mad enthusiasm and passion. With both, self is unhesitatingly sacrificed to the welfare of another. When the fatal shot has been fired, and the exile faces a foreign shore in utter hopelessness that he shall ever look on the face he loves again, the pity for himself that cannot but chill his sorrowing heart merges in anxiety and tenderness for Maud. Even now—perhaps now more than ever—in grief, danger, and privation, his first thought flies to the idol for whom

he has built his life into a throne, that she may reign there unrivalled and supreme. May his be the shame, the sorrow, and the suffering!-such is his wild, pathetic prayer—and let the treasure of his heart go free. If there be danger, let it lower round his unprotected head. If there be punishment, let him bear it for both! Ay, though she may never reward him for it. never even know it; for in this world these two are surely parted not to meet again. What of that? She is still his queen-his goddesshis love-the aim of his existence, the darling of his care.

'Comfort her, comfort her, all things good,
White I am over the sea;
Let me and my passionate love go by,
But speak to her all things holy and high,
Whatever happen to me.
Me and my harmful love go by,
But come to her waking, or find her asleep,'
Powers of the height, powers of the deep,
And comfort her though I die.'

Surely this is the pure, unadulterated metal. Alas! that it should sometimes lack the glitter of the counterfeit which women grasp at so eagerly in preference to the true gold. So, in extremity of danger, shattered in battle against the chosen friend and comrade whose treachery was only less galling to his noble heart than the disloyalty of his queen, beset by

Of heathen swarming o'er the Northern sea,' stern old foes of himself and Christendom, erst by prowess of that 'glorious company,'

'The Table Round, In twelve great battles ruining overthrown,'

now panting for reprisal and revenge, menaced with open rebellion by a sister's son, his army melting, his adherents failing, his sceptre sliding from his grasp, Arthur can yet provide tenderly and carefully for her safety who has brought down on him all this shame, ruin, and defeat.

And many more when Modred raised revolt, Forgettul of their troth and fealty, clave To Modred, and a remnant stays with me. And of this remnant will I leave a part— True men who love me still, for whom I live— To guard thee in the wild hour coming on; Less but a hair of this low head be harmed. Fear not: thou shalt be guarded till my death.'

Well might the Queen, when he had passed from her sight for ever, reflect bitterly on the comparative merits of lover and husband, having, like all such women, proved to extremity of torture the devotion of both.

'I wanted warmth and colour, which I found In Lancelot. Now I see thee what thou art-Thou art the highest, and most human, too, Not Lancelot, nor another.

Could she but have seen him as he really was in the golden days long ago, when her court formed the centre of all that was bravest and fairest in the world of Christendom, when her life seemed one long holiday of dance and revel in the lighted halls of Camelot, of tilt and tournament and pageantry of mimic war, held in honour of her own peerless beauty, in the Lists of Caerleon, of horn and hound and rushing chase and willing palfrey speeding over the scented moors of Cornwall, or through the sunny glades of Lyonesse, of sweet May mornings when she went forth fresh and lovely, fairer than the very smile of spring, amongst her courtiers, all

'Green-suited, but with plumes that mocked the may,

to walk apart, nevertheless, with flushing cheek and eyes cast down, while she listened to his whispers, whose voice was softer and sweeter than fairy music in her ears! Could she but have known then where to seek her happiness and find it! Alas! that we see things so differently in different lights and surroundings-in serge and velvet, in the lustre of revelry and the pale, cold grey of dawn, in black December frosts and the rich glow of June. Alas! for us, that so seldom till too late to take our bearings, and avoid impending shipwreck, can we make use of that fearful gift described by another great poet

'The telescope of truth, Which strips the distance of its fantasics, And brings life near, in utter nakedness, Making the cold reality too real!'

but still reality, and, as such, preferable to all the baseless visions of fancy, all the glitter and glamour and illusion of romance. We mortals must have our dreams; doubtless it is for a good purpose that they are so fair and sweet, that their duration is so short, the waking from them so bitter and forlorn. But at last most of us find ourselves disenchanted, weary, hopeless, memory-haunted, and seeking sanctuary after all, like Guinevere, when Lancelot had gone

Back to his land, but she to Almesbury Fled all night long by glimmering waste and weald.

And heard the spirits of the waste and weald Moan as she fied, or thought she heard them moan.-

And in herself she moaned-"Too late! too late!"

What a picture of desolation and despair! Mocking phantoms all about her, now jibing, now pitying, now goading her to the recklessness of despair. Before her, darkness uncheered by a single beacon, behind her, the sun of life and love gone down to rise no more, and, lifting helpless, hopeless eyes above, I 'A blot in heaven, the raven flying high.'

Deep must be the guilt for which such hours as these are insufficient to atone!

But the queen's penance hath only just begun, for the black drop is not yet wrung out of her heart, and even in her cloister at Almesbury it is remorse rather than repentance that drives the iron into her soul. As it invariably does in moments of extreme feeling, the master-passion takes possession of her once more, and 'my Lancelot' comes back in all his manly beauty and his devoted tenderness, so touching and so prized, that for him too it must make the sorrow of a life-time. Again, she sees him in the lists, best, bravest, and knightliest lance of all the Round Table. Again, sitting fair and courtly and gentle among dames in hall, his noble face none the less winsome, be sure, to her, for that she could read on it the stamp of sorrow set there by herself as her own indelible seal.

Again she tastes the bitter torture of their parting agony, and her very spirit longs only to be released that it may fly to him for ever, far away

in his castle beyond the sea.

This, with true dramatic skill, is the moment chosen by the poet for the arrival of her injured, generous, and forgiving lord—

' While she'brooded thus, And grew half guilty in her thoughts again, There rode an armed warrior to the doors.'

And now comes that grand scene of sorrow and penitence and pardon, for which this poem seems to me

unequalled and alone.

Standing on the brink of an uncertainty more ghastly than death, for something tells him that he is now to lead his hosts in his last battle, and that the unearthly powers to whom he owes birth, fame, and kingdom, are about to reclaim him for their own, he stretches the hands of free forgiveness, as it were, from the other world.

How short, in the face of doom so imminent, so inevitable, appears that span of life, in which so much has been accomplished! Battles have been fought, victories gained, a kingdom established, a bulwark raised against the heathen, an example set to the whole of Christendom, and yet it seems but yesterday

They found a naked child upon the sands Of wild Dundagil by the Cornish sea, And that was Arthur.'

Now in the height of glory, in the fulfilment of duty, in the prime of manhood, such sorrows have overtaken him, as must needs whisper their prophetic warning that his task is done, and it is time to go. Where he sees not, cares not. True to himself and his knighthood, he is ready now, as always, to follow the path of honour, wherever it may lead, and meet unflinching

* Death, or I know not what mysterious doom."

Arthur, dethroned, ruined, heartbroken, mortally wounded, and unhorsed, will be no less Arthur than when on Badon Hill he stood

High on a heap of slain, from spur to plume, ked as the rising sun with heathen blood,'

and shouted victory with a great voice in the culminating triumph of his glory.

For him too at this supreme moment the master-passion asserts its sway, and even that great soul thrills to its centre with the love that has been wasted for half a lifetime on her who is only now awaking to a consciousness of its worth. He cannot leave her for ever without bidding farewell to his guilty queen. So riding through the misty night to the convent where she has taken refuge, he looks his last in this world on her from whom in his great loyalty of affection neither her past disgrace nor his own approaching death shall part him for ever. With that instinct of pure love which clings to a belief in its eternity, he charges her to cleanse her soul with repentance and sustain her hopes with faith, that

Hereafter in that world where all are pure We two may meet before high God, and thou Witt spring to me, and claim me thine, and know

I am thine husband.'

Thus, with all his soul flowing to his lips, this grand heroic nature blesses the guilty woman, grovelling in the dust, and moves off stately and unflinching to confront the doom of Fate.

Then, true to the yearning nature of her sex, yearning ever with keenest longings for the lost and the impossible, Guinevere leaps to her feet, the tide of a new love welling up in her wayward heart, fierce, cruel, and irresistible because it must be henceforth utterly hopeless and forlorn. With her own hand she has put away her own happiness; and what happiness it might have been she feels too surely now that no power on earth can ever make it hers again!

Oh! for one word more from the kind, forgiving voice! Oh! for one look in the brave, clear, guileless face! But no. It is never to be. Never, never more! She rushes indeed to the casement, but Arthur is already mounted and bending from the saddle, to give directions for her safety and her comfort.

So she did not see the face,
Which then was as an angel, but she saw—
Wet with the mists and smitten by the
lights—

The dragon of the great Pendragon ship Blaze, making all the night a steam of fire. And even then be turned; and more and more The moon's vapours rolling round the king, Who seemed the phantom of a giant in it, Enwound him, fold by fold, and made him grav

And grayer, till himself became as mist Before her, moving ghostlike to his doom.'

'I think I like it better without your explanations and remarks,' observed Bones. 'There is a proverb, my friend, about "refined gold," and "the lily" that you would do well to remember. Hang

it, man! do you think nobody understands or appreciates poetry but yourself?

Perhaps I have over-aired him lately; but it seems to me that Bones is a good deal 'above himself.' If I can only get him back into the cupboard, I have more than half a mind to lock him up for good and all.

TO NATAL DIRECT.

I SAY, Ramsay, will you come with me to Port Natal some day? said my friend Gurney, suddenly, as we were lounging through the London Exhibition of 1862, feeling—must it be confessed?—rather bored, and perhaps a little tired of civilization.

'Port Natal!' I rejoined, 'where

the d—— is that?

'In Africa, my dear friend. I thought you wouldn't know. What a pity we never learnt geography! Most interesting study, I am sure; I am so sorry it was neglected in our school days. I feel quite low about it sometimes.'

'Africa,' I whistled, slowly, rudely interrupting my friend's maudlin display of feeling; 'that's a long way off. What are we to see when we

get there? Ostriches?

'Don't be flippant,' said Gurney, majestically; 'we shall see noble man, the Zulu, of whom even you must have heard, the puzzler of Colenso, the bishop's grave ideal of human intelligence, clad in his native dress of touching simplicity, a girdle of three sheep's tails and a feather in the hair. Perhaps it is an ostrich feather,' continued Gurney, meditatively, 'but I'm not quite sure of that. You expect one to be so confoundedly accurate, I don't like to say so for certain; but one thing I do know, and that is that the feather is de rigueur; the sheeptails girdle doesn't matter much, and may be dispensed with on ordinary occasions.

I don't know that I particularly

panted for the highly-intelligent Zulu: savages fatigue me; but when Gurney proceeded to enlarge on the shooting to be had in Natal, I did get to feel a little interested in the prospect of riding down springboks, 'sticking' pigs, and shooting tigers; so to Natal we determined to go.

As a kind of preliminary, we took 'course' of Natal products displayed in the colony's court in the Exhibition, for which I hope we were the better. Certainly the very creditable display there interested us in the infant colony, and my only difficulty was to hold Gurney in check, and prevent him from starting instanter. As to myself, what with reading guide-books, listening to Natal talk, hearing colonial life-discussed, I felt as if I were slowly but surely losing my identity, and being changed into an amalgam of coffee, cotton, sheep, sugar, and arrowroot. I never felt so full of information on any subject in my life, and hope I never may again, for undeniably taking in information, however praiseworthy, is terribly fatiguing. Circumstances upon which I need not here dwell compelled us to defer our expedition, when on the very eve of a start, for many months; but finally, on a fine June morning in 186-, we found ourselves inspecting the ship 'St. Antonio' in the London Time being no object-I am afraid both Gurney and myself come under the head of 'loafers about the world at large'—and being accustomed to yachting all

our lives, we at once discarded the idea of going by steamer, preferring the chances of a lengthened voyage and a few hardships to the certainty of the stench of hot oil, which seems inseparable from the existence of a steamer, however efficiently conducted.

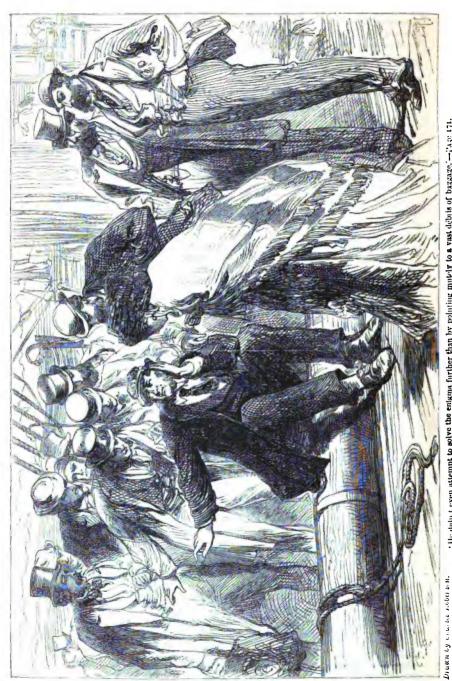
We, therefore, guided by stern former experiences, personally inspected the various rival vessels advertised as about to sail for Port Natal, and finally chose the 'St. Antonio' as being the most commodious of those to start at an early date.

Here I may remark, for the benefit of my unsophisticated readers, that the man who, accustomed to the punctuality of large companies, expects to start punctual to a minute by a sailing ship, will undoubtedly experience a shock when, on reaching Gravesend in frantic haste, he is coolly informed that the object of his search is still grinding her fenders against the London Docks. If, highly irate, he turns his steps to the latter busy but singularly dirty locality, he will be informed that, 'owing to circumstances over which the owners have no control,' &c. &c., the departure is unavoidably postponed for 'a few days,' 'a and so on, probably all the various terms consecutively.

Of course all this, and a great deal more, did my friend and I experience: like the Children of Israel of old, we lived with our loins girded in daily expectation of a summons, with the trifling difference that whereas they spoiled the Egyptians, the London hotel-keepers spoiled us.

At length, on a glorious June afternoon, we found ourselves for good on board the 'St. Antonio' (which even we had begun to regard as a modern 'Flying Dutchman,' doomed never to leave the London Docks), now lying off Gravesend, with the blue-peter flying at her fore. Leaving Gurney to what seemed a very abortive attempt to reduce our Gravesend boatman's charge to something within the bounds of reasonable extortion, I went below, hoping to find in our cabin some at least of the necessaries the outfitter had assured me he had despatched on board several

days previously. Of course I found nothing in the cabin but vacant space and dirt. Equally of course I went in search of the steward, whom I at last discovered sitting on a spar surrounded by a furious crowd of passengers, each of whom wanted him to find his own particular baggage and carry it to his own partionlar sanctum. As it was far easier not, the steward wisely took no notice of the touching appeals. In-deed affairs seemed too hopelessly complicated for one man to grapple with them singlehanded. Anyhow he didn't even attempt to solve the enigma further than by pointing mutely to a vast débris of baggage, which suggested a miniature volcano concealed in the hold which in a state of eruption was vomiting forth camp-stools, gun-cases, chests, and mattresses in place of the legitimate lava. Luckily at this moment Gurney reappeared on the scene, and took such active measures that in a short time some of ourcabin furniture was extricated from the chaos, and before long we got our home below in something like ship-shape order, and made ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit for the night. Having achieved this desirable result, we lighted our cigars and strolled forward with Mr. Psugar-planter of large experience in Natal, with whom I had some previous acquaintance, and who had just come on board. On the deck the demon of discord seemed to be reigning supreme; unhappy passengers, less lucky than ourselves. scrambling for necessaries; children screaming, mothers scolding, pigs and poultry in their own way, and at the top of their voices, bidding a noisy farewell to their friends, all contributed to make the ship a second Babel. From the top of a barrel a gentleman was gesticulating wildly to a surrounding group of intending emigrants, and addressing them, certainly under difficulties, upon the country they were about to visit. Whether this man had ever himself been in Natal, or any other colony, was to us more than doubtful, as his information was simply a most glowing guide-book



He didu t even attempt to solve the enigma further than by politting mutrify to a vast debits of bazzage. -- 1.1.5° 171.

réchauffé (how well I recognised the passages!), the intervals between the purloined pages being filled up by trite aphorisms, such as 'stout British hands smoothing all difficulties,' a 'contented heart being a

perpetual feast,' and so on.

'I greatly doubt,' said Pwe strolled away, 'the advisability of glossing over all drawbacks (many, very many of which exist) to the intending emigrant. Better far to place the colony in a fair light, to speak freely of the difficulties he must encounter in soil and climate, and suggest a remedy. A poetical description of scenery in a guidebook may serve to cover over poverty of soil; but the truth is that the emigrant can't see the poetry of the thing when his crops fail, and then he becomes disgusted with the land of his choice. Perhaps no British colony can be made a better subject to read about than Natal, for as a sample country it is unequalled, the ground, rising as it does in terraces from the sea level, facilitates the production of an immense variety of crops; but as an old settler myself, I know that that man represents the colony as we all hope to see it, not as it is, though of its future I do entertain the greatest hopes.'

'Guide-books generally do omit the failures,' I said, laughing, as I picked up a prostrate child who in his hurry to escape from the vigilant nurse tumbled over a rope at my feet, and set up a very mournful howl at the unhappy result of his escapade; but que voulez-vous? peo-

ple like rose colour.

A little further on, at the break of the poop, we found the captain addressing the usual short speech to his crew, whose powers of comprehension seemed slightly obscured by previous potations of beer, a cask of which stood open under the forecastle. The most impressive part of the oration seemed to be where the commander, throwing back his coat, desired the audience to 'judge from his appearance' as he always 'acted up to it.' This, if he implied that he was dirty at the time, and intended to remain so during the voyage, was most certainly correct. And now can any of my readers

inform me why merchant captains should so generally affect a costume savouring of the reduced itinerant preacher? The black cloth coat, rather threadbare, the worn pants of antiquated cut, the black satin vest, are common to both parties. Why, if in the present age it be judged impossible to shorten or trim sail in our old friend 'blue cloth, not adopt the free and easy shootingjacket, which has at least the merit of comfort? I have even seen some attempts made to introduce that most hideous of head-gears, the chimney-pot hat. We have reached the age of 'iron ships' and 'steam appliances,' but heaven defend us from an age of 'bill-toppers.' the taste of the British sailor on the subject of dress is unique. I have often remarked that the height of human happiness to the ordinary seaman (British bien entendu) on landing after a voyage is, firstly, to get drunk, secondly, to possess himblack satin vest, richly flowered, the most approved pattern being a green and blue tree, which, springing from the lower button of the garment, stretches its branches upwards, apparently depositing a harvest of red and purple fruit in the waistcoat pocket. Where the wonderful and unique garment is manufactured I leave to curiosity hunters and antiquarians to dis-

But to proceed. Darkness now closing in, I descended to the cuddy. where a feeble attempt at tea was laid out; but the Thames air did not prove keen enough to induce us to partake of sour bread, very salt butter, and tea without milk. Most of the passengers had come below, and were beginning overtures of friendship to each other. Some one or two of them were men who, like ourselves, simply wished to add Natal to the list of places explored and shot over, but by far the larger number were married men with their wives, or young fellows who hoped to wrest from the soil of Africa the wealth denied them in the more crowded paths of the Old World. Two military officers were amongst us, who had been ordered to join their regiment in Natal on the shortest notice, one of whom was poring over a borrowed chart to see in what direction his destination lay. Of course Gurney rushed to his assistance—the fellow seems to like taking trouble for its own sake—and I heard him parting with much of the valuable information we had obtained with such praiseworthy diligence—in an extempore lecture on Natal, which I could only hope was as useful to others as it appeared gratifying to himself.

Another short stroll on deck, and we return to court Morpheus, that most fickle of gods; but prior to turning in, Gurney had forcibly to expel a young gentleman who, having apparently indulged in 'one parting smile' too many, had turned into my friend's berth, boots and all.

At daylight the tramp of many feet, the dull thud of ropes thrown down overhead, and a Babel of voices, most of them indulging in most unparliamentary language, effectually roused us out, and proclaimed that we were under weigh. On reaching the poop, we found that the steam-tug that had been shricking at us from some little distance during the night, had already got hold of our tow-rope, the old town of Gravesend was slowly receding from us in the grey of early morning, and the neighbouring Indiamen loomed vast and gaunt through the haze as we glided on our way. At nine A.M. we all assembled at the breakfast-table, but found, considerably to the detriment of our tempers, that the improvement in fare, promised so plausibly by the captain the evening before, had certainly not yet begun. Meanwhile Gurney had gone on a little voyage of discovery on his own account—he always makes a point of personally inspecting the live stock in any vessel we may happen to be in; but shortly returned much depressed in mind, with the unwelcome news that the 'cow,' of which the captain had spoken so magniloquently the evening before, was a complete myth, and that the live generally was comprised within the very narrowest possible He added, too, confidenlimits. tially to me, that the cook was

drunk, and he had been credibly informed that the state was chronic. Here was a nice position of affairs! My dear happy reader, who, if you ever have a domestic crisis in your admirably-regulated household at home, have only to slip into a neighbouring club, or dine at the 'Wellington, and who, although I am sure you have the very best temper in the world, look in indignant amazement at even one badlycooked dinner—how little can you realize the sensations conjured up by the prospect of a possible one hundred days' voyage with a drunken cook, scanty live stock, and no cow! We were 'roughing it' with a ven-Of what use had our geance. boasted experience, our 'thorough investigations' been? Alas! we could only acknowledge ourselves taken in, repent at leisure, and bear our trials as patiently as our different dispositions would allow. At about two P.M. the hoarse voice of the pilot was heard hailing the tug, and immediately after the order loose the sails' announced that the 'St. Antonio' was to try her own wings to a north-east breeze. As sail after sail was piled on her, she gathered way, and forged past the little 'Walter Scott,' who gave us three cheers as she crossed our stern. Somehow it is always with a sharp pang of regret that one sees the tug paddle drop away, and leave us to our own devices; then one realises in earnest that the voyage has commenced, and we must only pray for a tight ship, fair winds, and plenty of canvas. The breeze, however, fell light after passing the Downs, and we were forced to bring up off the South Foreland and lower topsails. The same weather pursued us down Channel, so that it was on the sixth day after leaving Gravesend that we found ourselves off Plymouth. Short as had then been our stay on board the 'St. Antonio,' it had been long enough for us to realise the fact that the supply of fresh provisions was lamentably scanty, and that no cook had been provided to dress what little food there was. So we petitioned the captain to put into Plymouth, and rectify matters,

which finally he consented to do, though the most hopeful of us hardly expected much result from the concession.

We stayed at Plymouth just long enough for a run on shore, and a farewell draught of ale, and again we weighed anchor, and ran out of the eastern passage with a fair breeze. We had had the satisfaction of seeing the cook, in his habitual state of coma, lowered into a shore boat. He had never roused himself out of his drunken lethargy but once during our run down the Channel, when a sudden freak of culinary zeal had seized him, and produced a howl of execration from the crew, for he had attempted to make their pea-soup with salt water. and to cook the boatswain's plum duff in his own dirty stocking. Our new chef, however, was heralded in a great flourish of trumpets by the skipper, and we awaited his advent with great anxiety. His first appearance gave us a disagreeable shock, for I question whether a rougher-looking disciple of Soyer could well have been found even in campaigning days in the Crimea, when white caps and aprons, and the legitimate insignia of office were at a discount. When I saw the big. brawny, dirty-handed fellow clambering on board by the mainchains, my hopes felt to sink down to zero; but they revived, and I felt disposed to look on him quite approvingly, and vote a faith in cleanliness and white aprons a foolish prejudice, as I saw him suddenly pursue and assault with much praiseworthy vigour a steerage passenger caught in the act of purloining one of our precious fowl. quite felt to love this brawny Hercules. Alas! alas! subsequent events forced the conclusion on me that he simply regarded the culprit as poaching on his particular preserves - cribbing his perquisites. However, pour le moment, our chef's zeal made a very favourable impression, and we longed for dinner.

'He is evidently a man of resources,' said Gurney, admiringly. 'He has an eye to business. Take my word the fellow will work great transformations.'

'Transform the tough old Plymouth cocks that have just reinforced our live stock into juicy young chickens, for instance,' I said, laughing. 'I hope he may.'

Hereupon Gurney muttered something so unpleasantly personal about 'scoffing,' that I went below, to graze dutifully on Hope's pastures till the eventful hour of dinner which was to declare our fate.

Well, it came at last, and we sat down-to pea-soup and beef-steaks. Whether our artist considered the materials too unworthy of his skill to waste care on, and, in disgust, spoiled them, it didn't much matter to know; but what was certain was that the so-called pea-soup, when the covers were taken off, was discovered to be simply a tureen of grease, and the steaks had been apparently first dipped raw in hot water, and then shoved up the galley funnel to brown. In one fell stroke Hope's pleasant visions were dashed cruelly away-in those fatal steaks we read our future fate, and had to resign ourselves to it with a shudder. Sadly we paced the deck that evening, and felt inclined to the 'blues,' when, as night was closing in, we backed the main-yard to discharge the pilot, and as Gurney and I threw away our cigar ends, preparatory to turning in, the Lizard light, the last speck of Old England, was twinkling on the horizon. As we turned to go below, Gurney waved his hat, exclaiming pathetically, 'Farewell, England! with all thy faults thou brewest well thy beer.

Fast, however, now came the fresh north-east breeze, and the short chopping sea changed soon into the long roll of the Atlantic, and one by one our fellow-passengers vanished from our view. Little by little, however, they gained their sea-legs, and afforded a fine field for the study of human nature. Amongst them there were three young gentlemen, whom I may call Tomkins, Simpkins, and Perkins, who, as soon as terrible sea-sickness would permit, invariably appeared on deck armed to the teeth, in costumes which Nathan alone could have supplied. Whether they had

formed a very bad opinion of us all, or were afraid of pirates, remained a mystery; but they undoubtedly lived in a state of preparation for all contingencies. Their proposed plan of operations in Natal seemed rather extensive, for after 'purchasing a sugar plantation ' (to be somewhat imprudently at once left in Kaffir charge), they were to strike through the continent on a route of their own, discover the 'true' source of the Nile, and other trifles, finishing off by reaching India per overland route. They were good enough to ask Gurney and myself to accompany them on their path of glory, but we 'declined with thanks. course all their wonderful stores had been lost or spoiled before they spent much time in Natal; and I may perhaps take this opportunity of impressing on any intending emigrant the absurdity of burdening himself with superfluities of any description. As a rule, the articles, whether of clothing or furniture, most adapted to the climate can be got reasonably cheap in the colony itself; and one is saved the trouble and anxiety of transport, and the chances, the almost certainty, in-deed, of loss. However, Messrs. T., S., and P. had to buy their experience, and did so at a pretty dear rate, I fancy. The last time I saw them at Natal they were decidedly low, and had not then at least got as far as the Nile.

The monotony of a sea voyage is proverbial; and ours in the 'St. Antonio' proved no exception to the rule; and I need not tire my reader by a long account of our endeavours to while away the time, how we varied our flirtations with the ladies, and our practical jokes on Tompkins

and Co., by miserably abortive attempts at fishing, private theatricals, or catching porpoises. The ménage on board did not improve, unfortunately, by age, like winesand I find, on referring to my log diary (every one feels it a religious duty to keep a diary on board ship, where there is generally no-thing to chronicle), that for some time previous to our arrival at Natal crockery and glass became gradually and sadly amongst the things of the past, that we were reduced to using our private cabin tumblers at the cuddy table, and that one ingenious sailor reaped a silver harvest by cutting beer bottles in two with a string, and selling them as tumblers to necessitous Of course the reader passengers. must not hastily infer from the above particulars that all sailing ships to Natal are equally badly found with the 'St. Antonio.' The line of which Messrs. Rennie are owners. for example, amongst others, gives, I believe, every satisfaction to the public; and I need hardly say that the Union Company's steamers are I only relate my own well found. experiences; and I can say it was with feelings of unmixed pleasure that one fine morning in September, after a passage of ninety days (I have taken less time to reach India and Australia), I heard, on going on deck, that we had overshot our destination in the night, and that ere evening we would be riding safely at anchor in Durban roads.

Perhaps in a future article the reader will accompany me on shore, and we can peep together behind the fantastically-shaped bluffs that as yet hide from our view the fair 'land of the Nativity.'

R.



THE WALTZ.

(A Duet for Music, with Waltz accompaniment.)

'(ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS HUARD.)

HE. The music stirs, her footstep flies,

SHE. So near, so dear! I meet his eyes,

HE. Her beauty swims before my eyes,

SHE. He sees not through my love's disguise;

HE. I clasp her mine to win and wear

SHE. Whirl'd through the dance alone I dare,

HE. So near, so dear-so false, so fair!

SHE. To meet his sigh upon the air.

HE. Her voice has music's changeful key,

SHE. No other's voice so dear to me,

HE. The airy dance less light than she;

SHE. No other noble, true as he;

HE. I gaze and mark as on she flies,

SHE. All else around me fades or dies,

HE. Another's image in her eyes.

SHE. Deep in my soul his image lies.

HE. 'Mid dazzling light and sounding strain,

SHE. Torn from his side my days are vain,

HE. We move united once again,

SHE. Gold is but dross, and life a pain;

HE. But when the ray, the tone depart

SHE. But oh! the world is strong to part

HE. Fly hand from hand, and heart from heart.

SHE. True hand from hand, true heart from heart.

HE. Then bid the harp be strung once more,

SHE. The music dies, the spell is o'er,

HE. Gleam, dazzling roof and shining floor!

SHE. He so shall clasp me never more.

HE. Wake, wake the light and sound the strain,

SHE. I dream his heaven of love in vain,

HE. Oh! let me dream her mine again!

SHE. Alas! I drop to earth again!

ELEANORA L. HERVEY.

TWO HOURS IN GAOL.

IT was the cool of the evening of a summer's day as we approached the grim outworks of the huge City prison at Holloway. Close beside it is the residence of the governor of the gaol, and there inquiring, we were informed that he was at that moment busy in his garden. we discovered him—the dreaded enforcer of the law's just sentence, the responsible custodian of as much of brute ruffianism and vicious cunning and daring villany as suddenly let loose would merge the town in horror and dismay, the mighty potentate at whose girdle, metaphorically speaking, hung the master-key of five hundred fast doors, behind which captive men and women sadly pined or defiantly scowled—there he was, serene and at his ease, with the cuffs of his sober-grey garden jacket turned back, pottering about a rosebush, and with nothing in his appearance to denote him any other than a prosperous elderly gentleman with a taste for flower culture.

Our visit was not altogether unexpected, and after a cheerful greeting and a brief chat concerning chiefly the favourable weather and the ravages of slugs, and similar garden pests, the governor courteously invited us to follow him. Parting his private garden from the prison is a tall and massive pair of gates, within which a warder sits constantly. These opened to us, and then was revealed a trim gravelled courtyard, and at the end of it a second pair of gates, smaller, but more formidablelooking than the first. More terrible, too, to contemplate, as every luckless wretch must, who, for a period brief or prolonged, is doomed to lodge here. It is a frightful gate. We were informed that it was modelled after that which guards the entrance to Warwick Castle; but it might have been the portal of the castle of the celebrated man-eating old giant Blunderbore, for, standing bolt upright against either doorpost, was a dragon, not cut in dull cold stone, but carved in wood, and painted by a man who knew, at least, how a dragon should appear, with

fiery eyes and fiery tongue, and scales like plates of blue steel, and claws the like of which were never seen. Each dragon clutched a great black key, and grinned as he glared down on whomsoever might be entering in at the gate in a manner calculated to strike direct terror to the heart of those new to crimeful ways, though there probably are those so hardened in sin, and so familiar with the gate of Holloway Gaol, that the guardian dragons may have no terrors for them, and they may return the threatening glare of the monsters' eyes with the most cool and self-possessed of winks.

It is in at this door that every prisoner must pass. Just within is a capacious stone-paved lobby, the most conspicuous furniture of which is a patent weighing machine and a standard measure. Here it is that every prisoner is stripped, and examined, and weighed, and measured, the full particulars being entered in an enormous record book that reposes in a cupboard near at hand. I saw the book, and some of the most recent entries. Therein is written not only the particular crime and the adjudged penalty of it that on this last occasion consigned the unfortunate to limbo, but also all known previous convictions against These ranged from one to forty, but we were informed that the average of previously convicted cases did not exceed five per cent, which was an item of intelligence that agreeably surprised us. We were likewise told that when winter's frost-bite made itself felt, the numbers of prisoners increased immediately; which was sadly significant of what want may drive an honest man to. Further the record book revealed to us-and the governor endorsed its evidence—that the most numerous class of criminals were of the breed known as 'cockney Irish,' the descendants of Irish people who settled in London two or three generations back.

On a criminal entering Holloway Gaol, the examination and weighing and measuring at an end, the newly-

captured gaol-bird is taken to a room where there is a deep and capacious bath, and a rack containing suits of prison clothing of various sizes. No matter a prisoner's condition in life. whether he be an outcast, gutterbred boy, whose only home is a prison, or a lithe and light-handed prig by profession, or the wingwhiskered City swell of elegant exterior and handsome dress, brought to grief, perhaps, by the discovery of his first and only desperate forgery—here is an end to his worldly Here are the baths, and all comers enter them, and the water they contain is the water of oblivion. It is all over with the fallen swell. Up to this moment he may have clung to his black coat of respectable cut as a last poor something that buoyed him, at least in appearance, above the herd of low thieves in greasy fustian; now he must abandon it, and take unto himself the plumage of the common gaol-bird. It is not a nice-looking plumage. It consists of a coarse shirt, and a tight-fitting suit of slate-coloured woollen, of the style vulgarly known as the 'skeleton,' and from the shoulder to the elbow of the right sleeve of it is exhibited in a showy border the initial and number of the ward in which the said gaol-bird's particular cage may be found.

Before entering the bath-room, the prisoner strips and leaves his clothes of the outer world at the door, and they are gathered up and thrust into a string net, and so they are baked and purified, after which inventory of them is taken, and they are ticketed and stowed away until the expiration of the prisoner's sentence shall legalize his claim to

them.
On the same floor with the bathroom are a set of cells called 'reception cells,' for the use of prisoners
who may be brought in at a time
inconvenient for their medical examination, indispensable before they
may be admitted to the body of the
prison. There were two such cases
on the evening of our visit. Just
outside the doors of the reception
cells were two bundles enveloped
in a net, and reposing on each a
pair of miry, dilapidated shoes, the

property of the individuals who had come in late. On cell number one being unlocked, there was disclosed, suspended in a hammock slung from wall to wall, a quick-eyed, bullet-headed youth of the true thief type. He appeared perfectly comfortable and at his ease. The cell being for temporary usage only, was unfurnished except for the hammock, but that was provided with a nice clean woollen rug, which the young thief had pulled up as high as his ears, still shining and inflamed through recent acquaintance with hot water and yellow soap. The cell was arched, and. as well as my memory serves, about seven feet wide and ten feet in depth. The walls were whitened, and at the end, by the wall, was a narrow window barred with iron bars. Nevertheless, with the mellow sunlight streaming in, the place altogether appeared such a clean and sweet little bedroom that, assuming the story suggested by the netted bundle and the slipshod tattered boots outside the door to be true—a story involving the hideous squalor of a 'blind alley' at Cow Cross or Seven Dials, and the unspeakable horrors of a twopenny lodging-house-it seemed that the young gentleman in the hammock, at present, at any rate, had not much reason to bewail his hard fate. Quite kindly the governor spoke to him:-

'Well, lad, what are you here

for?

'Bit o' beef, sir,' the lad curtly replied, at the same time disengaging a hand from the folds of the blanket to respectfully tug at a forelock of shorn black stubble.

'Stealing a piece of beef, do you mean?'

'Yes, sir. I----'

'Silence. Go to sleep.' And the young thief was left to his repose.

The door of the next cell was unlocked, and on a precisely similar hammock reclined a precisely similar lad, except that he had carroty stubble on his head instead of black.

'Well, lad, what are you here for?'

'Bit of meat, please sir.'

'You and another lad did it between you?' 'That's it, sir. He-

And the door was Silence. closed, and the key turned in the

heavy lock.

'Is this their first offence should you imagine?' we inquire of the governor as we traverse a passage leading towards another part of the building. But the governor shrugs his shoulders.

'Not by any means; nor their last, I'm afraid. There is not much chance of us seeing the last of them -until they are sent away.'

'Sent where?'

Penal servitude. That's the com-

mon ending.

'Well, it is not very surprising that it should be so. It is one thing to make a man regret his misdeeds, and another to place at his disposal a means by which he may preserve himself against a repetition of them. As you say, offence after offence is recorded against him, each one adding an additional clog to his unlucky feet that possibly, if they had a reasonable chance, would gladly turn

to honest paths.

But at this the governor made a grimace that stood as representative for the laugh he would have uttered had he not felt the restraint of that inexorable rule of his own imposing -silence. 'There you are mistaken. he whispered softly; 'we are much more humane than you imagine. The prisoner who shows an earnest disposition towards amendment is never turned penniless and helpless out of this gaol. If he proves to us his disgust for dishonest courses, and his willingness to work, we are able, thanks to a certain fund, to place the means of doing so in his hands. Sometimes a few shillings is sufficient for the purpose, sometimes we are induced so to invest several pounds. A large number of the younger prisoners have a fancy for going to sea. A young man came to see me only last week. He came here just one of these homeless outcasts boys who thieve that they may not starve, of whom there are thousands in London, and he expressed a wish to be sent to sea, out of harm's way. He proved himself a good lad, having worked his way up to the condition of second mate, with a fair prospect of becoming something still better. He dined at my table last Tuesday.

'Have you many boys here at present?'

'Singularly few. We have cell' accommodation for sixty; and our average number, for some time past, has been only sixteen. Come this way, and you shall see them.

And, wondering all the while, we did as invited. How was it that the percentage of juvenile criminals lodged in Holloway Prison was so small? When we asked the governor the proportion his boy-lodgers bore to the whole, it was in full expectation of receiving an answer that should warrant the natural alarm at the rapid increase of crime amongst lads of tender years. Where were the scores of humble imitators of Claude Duval and Dick Turpin, who, having perused the veracious records of the exploits of these and similar heroes of the gibbet, make desperate efforts to emulate them by murderously assaulting crippled old women, or running off with errand money confided to their care by too trusting masters? We referred to the governor for an explanation. 'It is easily accounted for,' said he. 'They find that they have to work when they are here.' We were about to follow our last question with another as to the way in which a young thief contrived to choose his prison, but this was rendered unnecessary by the sudden recurrence to our memory of a conversation, bearing on the same subject, that recently had taken place between a boy thief and a prison commissioner. 'How is it,' the latter asked, 'that out of nine convictions against you eight are re-''Cos, turned from one prison? please, sir, I always prigs in Holborn,' was the candid rejoinder. When that salutary law for which the reader's humble servant has for so long a time been asking is passed and comes into operation, and the governor of Holloway Gaol counts amongst his inmates one or two of those dirty scoundrels who gain their bread by the sweat of juvenile morality-by means of the penny weekly number system—a proper

punishment would be to make them the drudges of the boy criminal ward—to compel them to wash their victims' shirts and socks, and scrub their cell floors, and be generally responsible for their personal cleanliness.

The cells in which the boyprisoners are confined are precisely similar to those of the adults; and it being now after work hours the greater part of the sixteen lodgers were 'at home.' Those we spoke with did not seem very much hardened in crime, which, by the way, is a long way from meaning that they were not conversant with crime. Boys are not like men, they are less reflective, and in nine cases out of ten have no care or responsibility beyond what is strictly personal, consequently they are less impressed with the hardship of their condition, brooding on which is as likely to produce a hardening as a softening effect. As a rule, the condition of the boy-thief while at liberty is a most miserable condition, and after the first 'restlessness' has wore off he finds that it is more comfortable to be in prison than out.—a frame of mind scarcely calculated to bring about penitence and reformation.

There is one point, however, on which the boy-thief is, or pretends to be, especially tender, and that is concerning his mother. To be sure there is no getting over the stern, and fact that no body is so perfect a master in the art of dissembling as the intelligent, low-cunning little London thief. Let his gaoler assume never so severe a manner in his dealings with him, before he has talked with him three times he will have discovered his weakest feature (and even prison governors are not free from them), and shape his manner and conversation accordingly. Thus, with all due respect for Governor · Weatherhead and his admirable system of management, he undoubtedly has a natural tenderness for boys, and his prisoners know it. Like a sensible man he knows that until a boy has grown utterly abandoned he will not forget forget 'mother;' and it is certain that, in wery many cases, it is a sacred chord

that may be played on with charming and even miraculous effect; at the same time it is not impossible that his amiable weapon may be turned against him, and he may be imposed on. Every boy we examined cried at once when his mother's name was mentioned, and the creditable exhibition of emotion was almost invariably rewarded by an encouraging pat on the head with the governor's benevolent hand. There was one case that came under our notice in the boy way that was somewhat peculiar. He was an incorrigible young ruffian, we were informed, and had been in prison very many times. He had only arrived at Holloway that morning, and being set to work in the brickfield, before he was an hour there was guilty of foul language towards the officer in command, and was condemned to the 'dark cell.' There we found him. A more hideous place as a habitation for a human being with a guilty conscience cannot easily be imagined. Dark is much too feeble a word to describe the black density that shrouded its interior. It is a cell within a cell, and even the outer one is so dark that only by the click of the key in the lock were we aware that the interior door had been opened. 'Come out here, lad!' And emerging from the impenetrable density there gradually loomed to view the desperate incorrigible. He was not a very formidable ruffian to contemplate, being a slim-built boy, with a narrow, white face, which was tearful, and had on it an expression suggestive of a horror of 'bogies.' He had evidently arrived at the dismal conclusion that he was doomed to pass the long, long night in that awful place, and had made certain eccentric and unaccountable arrangements to that end. The collars of his serge jacket were pulled up high above his ears, making a fantastic setting for his grimy, tearbestreamed countenance, while, possibly with a view to economizing all the comfort to be got out of a pair of trousers, he had loosened the fastening of those articles of raiment so that they were all slouched about his feet, the braces of them trailing

behind him like a pair of white tails.

'Well, lad! what has brought you to this? How many times have

you been in this prison?

'Three, sir!' (with a tremendous outburst of grief, and such a screwing of both his fists into his eyes, that every feature of his face, except his wide mouth, was rendered invisible.)

'Speak the truth, lad.'

' Four, sir.'

'Ay, at least four. Why were

you put in the dark cell?'

'For swearin', sir. Leastways, he said as how I swore, sir; but I know he was too far off to have heered me.'

Who heard you is nothing to the purpose; you have incurred the penalty, and you must pay it. How

long are you here for?'

'Six months, sir?'
'What for?'

'Ste—stealing, sir.'

'Have you a mother?'

Oh, yes, sir!—Oh, ye—e—s, sir!'—(with a fit of sobbing that caused the white tails to vibrate strangely.)

'Where does she live?'

'Manchester, sir. Ow—w—w! I was just thinkin' on her when you come, sir.'

Governor, evidently affected. And you can't do better than think of her if she is a good mother. Just picture to your mind what she would think of you could she see you in this disgraceful position!

'Ow--w--w!'

'Will you promise never to swear again as long as you are here if I let you go back to your cell?'

Of course the tearful penitent promised most solemnly, and presently, too eager in his anxiety to change the dark cell for a comparatively light one, to adjust his habiliments, came slouching behind us slipshod over the asphalte floor with the collar of his jacket still shrouding his ears, and his trousers clutched up on either side by the waistband.

The Anti-tobacco Society might discover amongst the inmates of gaols many apt illustrations of the truth of their peculiar arguments. Nothing is more common when a youthful captive is questioned as to the origin of his falling away from the path of rectitude, than for him to attribute it to 'the short pipe,' or to 'bad company and smoking and that,' or to 'going out of evenings and buying cigars. One lad at present incarcerated in Holloway Prison was possessed of such a ravening mania for the pernicious weed, that, aided by another boy, he stole five hundred and fifty cigars. Prisoners will run almost any risk for a chew or a whiff of tobacco. It is known that at Portland the convicts having obtained, through the agency of a 'free labourer' in the stone quarries, a piece of tobacco and a pipe, had a method of disposing of it ingenious almost as it was disgusting. As must be mentioned, smoking was strictly prohibited, very serious penalties being in store for any one who assisted a prisoner to the coveted luxury. The only time when the perilous delight might be indulged in was when in the course of the day's work a sudden shower came on, and the convicts 'knocking-off' for the time, huddled in a shed out of the rain. Then the envied shareholders in a fourth of a quarter of an ounce of cavendish sat in a circle, the 'buck,' or head man, with the pipe in one corner of his mouth and in the other a straw, the other end of which was grasped within the lips of the next man of the circle, who likewise had a second straw in his mouth, the further end of which the third man sucked at, and so on till the number was complete. The pipe alight, the 'buck' took a draught of smoke through it at one corner of his mouth, enjoyed it for a moment, and then blew it through the straw at the other corner of his mouth into that of his next neighbour, and so it passed through, the last man having the envied privilege of swallowing the mouthful, in consideration of his being at so great a loss in consequence of the deterioration in the flavour of the smoke in course of its At the House of Detention the friends of prisoners have con-

veyed them a pipe and a pipe-light and tobacco in the interior of a loaf (on one occasion a cigar and a lucifermatch were found neatly wrapped together in the interior of a roast fowl), and the desperate smoker has been discovered atop of a platform consisting of his table, and his Bible, and his pannikin, clinging tiptoe to the bars of the ventilator by the ceiling, and blowing a difficult cloud through its narrow interstices. It is not so easy, however, to convey tobacco to a prisoner in a close prison such as that at Holloway. But it has been attempted. At stated times a prisoner's friends may pay him a visit. The interview however is hampered by certain restrictions. On either side of a passage about five feet in width is a cage of open wire-work, and conveniently disposed between the cages are screens behind which a warder may be lurking, listening to the conversation that is going on, so as

to check it at once should it take a vague or improper turn. day in the course of innocent discourse between a prisoner and a male friend, the warder's watchful eye detected a feather floating over from one cage to the other, and arresting it midway found at the stem of it a length of fine silk, and at the end of the thread in the visitor's hand a nice little plug of pigtail for 'chawing.' Had the feather settled in the compartment where the prisoner was, nothing would be easier than for him to give a dexterous jerk at the silk, and land the plug on his own side. The miscarriage of the neat little plot meant severe punishment for the would-be receiver, and a month's hard labour for the obliging supplier, and the fact of its being about fifty to one against the trick successfully passing shows how terrible must be the penalty of deprivation from tobacco to an old smoker.

JAMES GREENWOOD.

(To be continued.)

POPPIES IN THE CORN:

OR, GLAD HOURS IN THE GRAVE YEARS,-No. II.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE HARVEST OF A QUIET EYE,' &c.

A DAY AT BOX HILL.

THERE are not many kinds of cereal; there are not many kinds of tree familiar enough to the public mind for fit planting in an essay: the generations of wellknown flowers have their limit: streams and lakes have been often described, and the most you can do for them is to turn what has been said before into a new aspect or a different arrangement: hills and mountains, woods and groves have been spoken of by writers before Moses' time; and there have been watchers and tellers of star beauty and cloud shapes, and sunsets and sunrises: and sketchers of green spring-bits, and chestnut autumn landscapes; admirers and describers of the softly-falling snow, and of the

grey winter fields, also of the leafy summer affluence,—as long as singers sang, or writers wrote. Before Homer men had doubtless said all (we might think) that had to be said, about the thud and thunder πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης; before Æschylus there had been appreciation of and efforts to produce in words,

—'the many-twinkling smile of Ocean,' as Keble has best translated it. The sound of wind, the glimpse-of lightning, the song or the early twitter of birds,—writers and singers have rung the changes on these once and again since the opening of the world's history. Our materials

are, upon the whole, limited; upon eight bells each has to ring his special change. And I suppose there is some individuality, some peculiar trick in the ringing, that does give a certain sense of novelty, or, at least, agreeably varied oldness, to the peals, alike, but different, which the ever-changing succession of ringers evolves out of the same old bells, in the same old belfry. Or, to give a somewhat wider scope, see how few really, and soon counted, are the keys of that piano, the strings of that harp. Yet how endless the combinations of melody which have been, and which shall be, produced from them! twenty-four letters of the alphabet! I have (as a child, let me apologetically say,) mused sometimes as to whether all the possible changes might not, by some one person, be mechanically rung on these; all the possible combinations attained; all the poems written, and all the stories told. Fancy the curious watching for the few prizes among the many blanks. Fancy the emotion of turning out the 'May Queen, or 'Evelyn Hope' (I take smaller and seemingly more possible cases), a 'poem round and perfect as a star,' out of the heap of chaotic jargon, and broken scintillations! But I have learned this much as life went on, that my scheme, however brilliant in conception, was not quite feasible as to execution. And that there is like to be work yet for poets and story-tellers, and (I hope) essay writers, too, as long as this world lasts. In these days of dull machine work, these workers shall thresh their corn with their own flail, and toss their hay with their individual fork. while in our farms that dull, headaching thrum has taken the place of the early-heard and monotonous lulling beat upon the muffling straw; and while in our meadows the whirligig concern drawn by a horse has driven away the gradually advancing ranks of the haymakers, in favour of a display that reminds one of fireworks; an insane Catherine wheel, whirling hay for fire. We can't do everything, I am thankful to say, by machinery; there will be

infinite new combinations if the original material have its limit; else, how could the world go on?

Still, what a wonderful scope the first writer had before him! No commonplaces; all the material untouched; plagiarism impossible; new combinations unnecessary. 'Leaf' and 'grief,' and 'love' and 'dove;'—nay, even 'breeze' and 'trees,' were new rhymes then!* Fancy that, ye poetasters! For it does seem possible to get to the end of the store of new rhymes, else why the forced efforts with which our time is rife? But a Chaucer, what a treasure-house of untouched wealth lay at his feet!

And yet there are advantages as well as disadvantages in having predecessors; and they who follow after that first sickle-sweep into the breadths of virgin corn had the benefit of improved instruments; of lines begun in order; and no doubt we are inheritors of the Past, and ought to begin where our fathers left off.

'I, the heir of all the ages, in the foremost ranks of time.'

Still, where they had a harvest, a gleaning merely seems, in some measure, left to us. So the wizard of the north, apologetice:—

'A lonely gleaner I, Through fields time-wasted, on sad inquest bound,

Where happier hards of yore have richer harvest found.'

Well, all this tirade is to be excused as follows:—I was wending my way through the barley-fields, late in June, and fancies, according to their wont, were, scarce consciously, waiting to be woven into some pattern, taking the barley-stalks, or other surrounding inanimate company for the woof. And I smiled as I asked myself what new thing can remain to be said concerning a barley-field? Its waves of light and

^{* &#}x27;They ring round the same unvaried chimes With sure returns of still expected rhymes, Where'er you find the "cooling western breeze,"

In the next line it "whispers through the trees;"

If crystal streams "with pleasing murmur creep,"

The reader's threatened (not in vain) with "sleep."'

Pors.

shade; its silky tossing; its bearded ears; its martial appearance bristling with numberless spear-points all the changes had been (surely)

rung.

But yet, is it so? Do not new ideas or new fancies connect themselves in new heads, or in old heads at new times, with even the most commonplace and often-seen scenery of life? And so to me, on this day of which I write, a fancy came fluttering light and eccentric as a white butterfly over the million ears of the bending barley. I was thinking of holidays, and of the old time when life seemed all a possible if not an actual holiday. And I thought how that time was, and is not; how that gleeful Spring tones down into a very quiet Summer. This train of thought was either suggested or helped on by the broad barley acres which were divided by my thin path. For I noted how a change had come over them since some few weeks ago. The silky floss, the changing sheen, the ceaseless chasings of light and shade were gone; the silver-lilac, shot with palest green, that the newly-fledged cars upturned to the sky, these were of the past. The grey light of the easily-reflected heaven ran over the field no more in eager race—the awns were all turned down to earth now.

And, methought, is there not a moral for some melancholy Jacques Heads bend, let in this change? the cynic say, as soon as there is Tis but in something in them. the empty flower-time that they can afford to hold them up, stirred by every lightest breath into that toss of glee, that continuous ripple of light and life and laughter. Heads bend, of barley and of men, when they begin to fill; and we look downward as we walk, meditative, moralizing, careful, sedate, sad. Some glad child-hearts still remain under old heads, but, as a rule, the holiday heart, and the holiday time, go as life advances; and the streets of London shall more remind you of the weighed-down ears than of the careless waving awns. Grave men and women!-ah yes, and seldom, but yet indeed sometimes,

that old holiday-feeling comes back, and then it is that a poppy burns out of the corn.

For I must remember my title. Let them bend, the serious, heavy ears; we have to do with poppies now. And you know that these always look up gaily till their hour is past, and a light wind scatters on this side and on that the scarlet flaunt of their wings. And in the gravest life at its gravest period there will yet be some of these flowers. 'Stop, and consider,' says the poet:—

'Stop, and consider! Life is but a day;
A fragtle dewdrop on its perilous way
From a tree's summit; a poor Indian's sleep,
While his boat hastens to the monstrous steep
Of Montmorenci.'

But there is another aspect he sees: he catches sight (no doubt) of some flowers amid even the blighted and unhealthy corn—even among fancies which are morbid and diseased:—

'Why so sad a moan?
Life is the rose's hope while yet unblown;
The reading of an ever-changing tale;
The light pulifting of a maiden's veil;
A pigeon tumbling in clear summer air;
A laughing schoolboy without grief or care,
Riding the springy branches of an elm.'

This is, in very truth, another aspect of life, whose true character lies somewhere between the two, between the morbid and over dull tone and the frivolous and over light. Oh terrible irony of that awful inscription in Westminster Abbey, on a tomb:—

'Life is a jest, and all things show it: I thought so once, and now I know it.'

Ah! we feel how, on the contrary, thou hast now at last realized life's terrible and eternal earnest! Still, there are moods in which this grave life seems sadder than it really is. And there is nothing better, for the stirring up of a mind that is thus getting muddy than a day's genial outing somewhere. And for such outing the pic-nic class is a good one to select from. And in such selection the Londoner, or the near-Londoner, can hardly do better than decide on Box Hill, near Dorking, Surrey.

Let me turn back the pages of

life's volume, and stop at some of the pictures that have found place in it here and there. Let me recall those old days at Box Hill, those pic-nics of the past; for often have I visited it; often, but at wide intervals: as the mad-cap child-(life's quick pendulum first set swinging) as the youth, with tender heart for love, poetry, all things beautiful and noble; as the grave man-life's pendulum settled down into its steady, sober tick. And as I look back and summon those memories, see, they come like a crowd of boys bursting out of school for a halfholiday: pushing and jostling for precedence - (these the younger ones), the taller following with more quiet step. Each shall bring his contribution to my pen, though many be blended here that really were separate. For I had better go there now as a grown man; and the children that tire not,—straining up that hill upon whose ascent I like at times to pause; and the youth that follows the maiden.

with her loitering foot, Hearing one behind it,

—these, that I bring with me, and upon whom I smile benignly, are, I well know, old selves; opened bud, and shed blossom, but fresh, and white, and vermeil at certain times in life, as though the year had not turned, and it were yet sweet Spring or earliest Summer, and not a dry crumpled green leaf had yet littered the grass; nor the ferns, that are not yet withering, had nevertheless begun to grow ragged in the fernery.

How delicious were those old drives to Box Hill; drives, of course, in open carriages, for this was, and is, the best mode of conveyance to such a place and on such an occa-sion. The month,—sweet, uncertain June, or mature but still capricious July, or grave and matron August; the day, how eagerly expected, and anxiously speculated upon! There was a reddish sunset the night before; this is hopeful. But, lo! there has been a shower in the night; the flag-stones in front of the house (at Clapham, say,) are wet and brown: there is a dull, brooding gloom over the sky at six of the morning. The hopeful one of the party spies a coming gleam in the horizon; the despondent member quotes gloomily the old distich: 'Light glaze makes wet days.' A feeling of uncertainty pervades the early breakfast; however, hampers are finished off, and various etceteras crammed in; the carriages are at the door, the packages stowed; the children, like a bunch of bigaroon cherries, are huddled on one seat, impatiently expectant of father and mother, or elder brothers and sisters, or specially honoured guests, to take their places on the best side; these enter; shawls are tucked away, umbrellas and parasols sent in for by this and that distracted maiden: the low carriage-door is slammed, and with hilarious triumph the little ones find the older and more prudent quite committed to the day's plea-Just then the sun bursts out: the blue rift in the sombre aky widens to a patch; umbrellas and parasols are soon in requisition, and before six miles have been traversed the whole width of heaven is one scarcely flecked azure field. And now the great question is, will the Grenfields be there in good time? nay, will they be there at all? Old Grenfield is terribly nervous about rain, and there was that shower in the night, and certainly at one time the day looked un-And it was promising enough. agreed that there should be no start if the day were wet. there is much speculating, and sundry sanguinary threats of cruel chaff, to be visited on the defaulters, if that component part of the day's delight should prove to have been fainthearted.

Meanwhile, how much there is to look at, and to take in with unmixed enjoyment. The father (a City man) has had hard work lately, and long office hours; the treat has been for some time thus put off; even now business had to be rudely compelled to stand aside and make place for this one day; and for this one day enjoyment is to be sureme. How delicious the gradually increasing affluence of leafage! Not just a spindly tree or sickly avenue

here and there among staring rows of white houses, but lush, ferny banks, shadowed with far-reaching canopies of oak, elm, beech, willow. How pleasant the stretches of smooth vivid park and meadow-land; how clean the dotting sheep; how sedate and at leisure the scattered cows! Ah! here is Beddington church: grey and set in grave dark elms, a perfect little village church; and see, a wedding party is leaving the porch: there is a blithe strewing of flowers, and on a sudden then a half laughter and half sobbing of bells peals out from the belfry bars This into the sweet summer day. is left behind;—the dark widespreading yew as a background. and glad and light against it, the white-clad procession moving along the winding path between the still crosses that sentinel the sleepers; moving on to the gate in the broad low wall; there the carriages are waiting, and the strange delight of that first association as man and wife separate from the outer world, snug together; -- is ready for Bridegroom and Bride at the slam of that carriage-door. But they were still pacing along the churchyard path, when the pic-nic party turned the corner round Beddington Park, and lost sight of them. Beddington Park, alas! now it is parcelled out into building ground, and the stately chestnuts, so long secluded in aristocratic grandeur, lighting up with endless tapers for the festival of Spring,-dropping pattering nuts in the silence for the expectant deer underneath their shade, when Autumn called upon them for a contribution to its universal food-stores;—these lordly holders of the land, so long apart from the profanum vulgus,-alas! now they are compelled to endure small parcels of cockney gardens run up to their very shade; and to see puny white villas trespassing on the grand and immemorial privacy of the old park. But in the old Box Hill days they reigned supreme, -an oligarchy, an aristocracy; and how pleasant to whirl by, just high enough to see over the park palings; and there were, sure enough, the grouped and straggling

deer, fallow deer; and that vast, ugly, red mansion, that was yet venerable, as having lodged Queen Elizabeth; also as having one of its wings shut up, and, of course, haunted. Now, this too is utilized; I dare say it is better thus, but it is also somewhat sad to the heart which has yet artist and antiquarian elements; and the glaring new building makes the grey old church beautiful now by contrast, as before

by affinity. However, while we muse, the carriages have whirled on, and they are passing through Carshalton. That was the time when the willows were still the glory of the place, and how our Londoners rejoice at their vellow bending masses! One right over the road as they rattle through a shallow stream crystal clear; two in front of the Rectory; several, and a dark-armed cedar enhancing the gold of their tresses, in the grove and by the square pond opposite the church; one alone on an island in the sister pond; another at the corner by the churchyard. These are gone, but they stood in the old days, and will be pleasantly remembered by many a reader. For if the few only have pic-nic'd to Box Hill, London society has turned out bodily often enough to crowd this road on the way to Epsom Downs.

But we must roll on more quickly through Sutton, Cheam, Ewell, Epsom; and then take the drive more leisurely as the woods about Ashstead are reached. For here the children are scarce restrainable; there are secret copses, hushed and mysterious; there is the cooing of wood pigeons, and now and then the startled flap of the ash-grey wings; there is actually a squirrel racing across the wood path and up that tree; and upon your rounding suddenly the skirt of the wood the pheasants that were feeding in the field run across in full view to cover. Then the flowers: those azure stars of succory, and that canary toadflax, and the affluence of tall various grass; these have worked the youngsters up to a frantic pitch, hardly curbable. But actum est-the game is up,-when, as that clearing is passed, tree-inclosed, and fern-carpeted, there appears a stately spike of purple foxglove spiring even above the tall deep brake. It would be simple brutality to disregard any more the desperation of this last appeal to have the carriage stopped and it is scamper off then with a vengeance. Reginald has secured the prize for Ethel, who bears back the tall sceptre in triumph; but another beyond has been spied, and yet another; and there is the bracken to pull up, and cut through the stem near the root for the oak-tree picture; and there is this flower, and that oak-apple; and, 'Oh, just these young acorns!'—to be snatched: until at last, tired with calling, and frantic as an old hen with her ducklings all over the pond, the old birds give the order to drive on. Then there is the race of young legs, and the crowding up of the flushed faces and the escaped hair, and the examination of the prizes, and the sternly-expressed determination of the parents, wiser if not sadder by experience, not to allow any more halts until the goal be reached.

And now indeed expectant heads are turned towards the front; the lucky fellow who got the seat by the coachman is the more envied his wide and easy view; the whole caravan is on the qui vive for the sight of the first box-tree. And on a sudden, behold, here they are! the carriages, winding slowly up the ascent, are closed in on both sides with box-trees ad libitum; 'not single spies, but in battalions.' And now they wind along a path just close above a fearful precipice (so Blanche tells the nurse on their return); and the short-turfed slopes dip into valleys and rise into hills, reminding Bertram (to the admiration of his parents) of the hills on which the Philistines and the Israelites were camped, with the valley between. And under them now, and all about, glisten the box-trees, with their varnished small cupleaves.

Yes, this was the old way in which we used to get to Box Hill; the old way, and the pleasantest. If the drive took some time, why, you see, it was part, and no mean part, of the day's pleasuring. But now

people can get to Box Hill by train: there is actually a Box Hill Station: 'Tis an innovation, and there seems an incongruity; still I must not say much, for I have of late tried this way too. A pretty station, with a peep of smoke-blue hill clothed with wood, to invite a pause at the end of the platform; a pleasant walk along the quiet country roads and past the gardened homesteads, and under the trees which branch across the road from the dark palings of private mansions; -all the while gradually ascending; - until that gate is reached, and suddenly and abruptly the Hill rises above you; the path winds up it inexorably; the tug of war begins. Here it is that your limbs recall your mature or overripe years to your remembrance; hence those pauses upon the ascent which are so frequently made; although, as you face round, with your hat off, and wiping your expansive brow-possibly, your bald head—there certainly needs no other excuse than that which is at once supplied by the lovely scenery. What a panorama it is, gradually unrolling before you as you reach point after point of the ascent! You are looking down on those trees which just now were above you, and upon the roofs of those cottages beside which you have passed. But the young ones are impatient, and the old ones must trudge on. 'tis done; the summit is reached; and you may afford to pick out a seat on the close dry turf. Delicious air! Delicious view!

'With eyes made bright by what they viewed We emerged upon the mounded plain, As to the breeze a flag unfurls, My spirit expanded.'

Yes, you feel that, anxious father; seam-browed toiler! The petty world seems less burdensome to your heart; its worries, and cares, and work, work, ceaseless work, slip away from your opening mind just now. Things that are good and noble, and high and divine, seem more possible to your heart, more in accordance with it. Thoughts of moral beauty, of things higher than the groove of things higher than the groove of usual life brings in your way, thoughts of, or akin to, 'love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness,

goodness, faith, meekness, temperance;'-such thoughts, if not called forth by the place, the tender beauty. the calm that surrounds you, and upon which you look down, yet do seem in harmony with this, and to underlie it as it were:—to be the words of which it is the music. Ah! you feel, looking down at that little nest among the trees, with its green cool lawn, and its pattern of wellkept garden beds: ah! had you such a retreat, life would surely be less worldly than it is: .t would be easier to fulfil its great end: easier to think less absorbedly of the treasure that moth and rust will corrupt, or death, the thief, break in and steal, and more undistractedly of that treasure that faileth not,which no panics approach, which is subject to no depreciation; -which pays its steady interest of peace here, with what a reversion hereafter not the shrewdest merchant nor the sharpest Stock-Exchange man can The parson can talk even imagine. of it as of an unknown quantity, but that is all he can do; Eye hath not seen—the familiar words come with a refrain of music in your ears.

But a chorus of young voices comes about you; Father, you must be rested now; do come along!' How little tact children have; surely they might have fallen in with the obvious make-believe—and yet not only a make-believe—that you were absorbed in the view. However, you rise a little stiffly from the old molehill on which you were sitting, and stand up, and look about. Ah well! no doubt, if you knew it, the owner of that cottage has his distractions too; in fact, we (who were early enlisted to be soldiers) have each his own battle to fight; and if it's not one enemy it is another. there is something in the neighbourhood of fields and trees, for long lines of hard, impressionless and changeless houses, that seems more compatible with that beauty of holiness after which many sigh who do not strive. Hence partly the connection — in the minds of some business men not satisfied with their life as it is, nor comfortable about it-of better things to come, with some sweet little

country abode in the later years, when they shall have retired, and when (they hope, often vainly,) the world's importunities shall have drawn off their forces, and have left them a breathing time for the serious business of life—and of death. Ah, but when the smokedried tree comes to be transplanted, 'tis too late, generally, to call back old freshness, or to evolve new greenery; it sickens in its new position, but dies at last a little more sere and yellow than when it was placed there out of the city squares.

Thus, perhaps, you muse, as you stand in the fresh air of heaven, far removed from the city smoke, upon the brow of Box Hill. It is all so new, so fresh, that is what you feel; as instead of walking under the trees, you look down upon them; strange to see the expanse of leafage rippling away from your feet, down the hill. You recall Arnold's lines:

Merlin and Vivian stopped on the slope's brow To gaze on the green sea of leaf and bough Which glistening lay all round them, lone and mild.

As if to itself the quiet forest smiled !

Here is plenty of twinkling box; and every now and then a more eager air takes the branches of the service tree, and blows them into silver.

But, I remember, all this while I have left one, two, or three carriagefulls from Clapham winding up the hill; having attained indeed, no doubt, the summit; and have never so much as handed the ladies out of the carriages. Well, they have got out somehow, and it was my loss, for here is sweet nineteen, and there sweet seventeen — and here fifteen, and plaything eleven. All bright and fresh and natural as hedgerow roses; not at all 'girls of the period;' and if any artist drew them from imagination, I would thank him to omit the monstrosities of the present fashions, specially head-dress and bonnet, and to indicate, rather than develop, the prevailing style. They are not dowdies nor antiques, but they are not grotesque and outrageous; and now they have been darting here and there about the soft turf, busy with a thousand new or remembered delights. But for some time they have

been anxiously peering about, and running to peep round the corners to see if 'those tiresome Grenfields' are coming. And then they sulkily and poutingly aver that they are sure now that they have not come; -why it is past twelve, and they were to have been here at eleven. And Percy: much he must care: at any rate he might have ridden over if a shower a fortnight ago was enough to keep the rest away. So Ethel of petulant seven-teen. But the more mature and quiet Enid demurs in her secret mind to that idea, and fancies that a dog-cart might have been found in which two might have been seated, and then John could have come with Percy. And thus they needlessly trouble their minds; for between you and me, dear reader, we were the Grenfield party, as we got out on the platform and toiled up the ascent just now; and you, you know, were old Grenfield, when you stopped to wipe your bald head, and afterwards so unwarrantably dreamed on that turf-cushioned Tis you that have demolehill. layed the party at least a quarter of an hour; let us hope that your back will be broad enough to bear the burden which assuredly will be laid upon it

All, however, is well when that promontory of box trees is rounded, and eyes light up with mutual and glad recognition, and there is the merrier greeting for the suspense, filled with threats of the condign punishment which would have fol-

lowed a defalcation.

But time passes on swallows' wings while the talk and the laughing goes on, and the boys begin to fidget and to look meaningly at their watches. At last obtaining attention, they prevail on the elders to do the same. 'Why, it actually is past one o'clock!' And each and all suddenly awake to the consciousness of keen hunger. Come along: Reginald has found out just the place for the pic-nic; and, to be sure, it would be hard to better it. A smooth lawn of grass, semicircled by the wood, and looking down upon soft heathery slopes, and out upon far hills fitting in with farther

hills; cool glades opening into the skirting leafage, into which those who will may wander off when the meal is done, while those who will may lie at length in a pleasing lan-

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guor, and enjoy the view. So now all is alacrity. maidens busy themselves with the cloth-laying and the setting of knives and forks, also with the arrangement of the estables, which the boys, for their part, help out of the rifled hampers, unpacking, much relish, cold pies, chickens, lobsters, salad, ham, eggs, what not. Bottled Bass, sherry, claret; and Reginald, great at Badminton, has carefully stowed away some ice in flannel, and some soda water, not even omitting a few borage-leaves. Ruddy cherries, and early apricots, and late strawberries, and blooming All is at last complete. grapes. Each selects his plot of sward—this for the view, that for the shade, those for the neighbourhood of Ethel and Enid. Then some serious work commences; girls and boys and old folks too, they feast in their new and spacious dining-room.

' Like labourers, or like eager workhouse folk 🕆 At Yuletide dinner.'

How surprised that dyspeptic old fellow is to find that he can eat and enjoy so heartily! How unromantically Enid has been fortifying herself with cold chicken and raspberry and current tart, not to speak of etceteras. Well, such a hearty meal will have had its share in the benefit of the outing. What says Philosophy:-

If to digest our food we should enjoy it, it should of course be taken leisurely and in a pleasant frame of The cheerful society of friends should not be absent. Chatted food, the proverb says, is half digested.'

Hearest thou this, my dyspeptic friend? Throw dinner-pills and pensine wine to the dogs (I doubt, however, if they would touch them), and take wife and children out for a day to Box Hill! You shall feed like a wolf, and digest like an ostrich, at least for one day. A kindly and a blithe heart makes the stomach's place a sinecure.

But see, the repast is over and done: and Reginald and Herbert and Co. have marched off with some of the empty bottles; indeed, Ethel and Enid are inclined to pout because John and Percy have found themselves unable to resist the potent spell, and have even joined the sharpshooters. The thing is, of course, to fix the bottle well in the fork of a box-tree, or to insert a thin branch up the neck, and then to retire to a fair distance and fire away. And undoubtedly this is an exciting and pleasant employment. I shall not pause to moralize now upon the efficient cause of the enjoyment; I will only appeal to the unbiassed judgment of any candid man, youth, or maiden (Violet and Alice were among the marksmen) who has tried it, whether there is not a zest of delight and a glow of triumph when -yes-your stone flies straight to the mark? Pop-smash-you are the hero of the moment!

' How light the touches are that kiss The music from the chords of life!'

I beg Coventry Patmore's pardon. Let me rather say, in plain prose, 'What mere grown-up boys and girls we are even to the last; and what a trifle suffices to amuse a healthy mind and body!' For to require large matters—expensive toys—for amusement is a sign of bile or stomach being out of order.

However, the bottles, even to the necks, are broken, and the whole party must seek amusement, each in his own way. Three pairs of lovers (Reginald has found an Alice among the Grenfields) stray away into the wood-paths—seductive, pleasant paths, with here and there the felled oak, stripped of bark, making a seat most convenient. But these we will not follow, using for our sunlight the same wise discretion advocated by Robert Browning in his moonlight scene:—

"Hark, those two in the hazel copples—
A boy and a girl, if the good fates please
Making love, say,—
The happier they!
Draw yourself up from the light of the moon,
And let them pass, as they will, too soon,
With the beauflower's boon
And the blackbirds' tune,
And M ay and June!"

Let us turn to see what the younger ones are doing, free, as yet, from that 'wild, delicious pain;' free as air, or as birds, or as a vine before it has put out tendrils. Violet and Dorrie and Rachel are half-way down the smooth-turfed hill, eager in the successful search for wild strawberries. Oh, the glee when one of any size is discovered !—not, though they be sweet, from any particular desire to eat them for themselves, but chiefly from the charm of finding such estables wild and open to whomsoever may come. In sooth, they are charming things still to find; delicately bending, the vivid scarlet ripe fruit, rough with seeds; the smaller green fruit-promise; the delicate five-petalled white flower, with pale gold eye; the triple ducal leaf. Then there is heath, and the pretty little blue or pink milkwort, and the frail, lovely, grey hairbells; there are, too, tiny seedlings of box, also of ash, birch, oak, which are to be carried home as great prizes, and planted in the own peculiar garden.

The elders—those who are mature but not old—who having a large store of love ready made in their homes, need not to set up a manufactory—they amuse themselves mostly by sitting still, by lying about at ease, and lazily enjoying the view.

'On a little mound
Sat the three ladies; at their feet
I sat; and smelt the heathy smell,
Plucked hairbells, turned the telescope
To the country round: my life went well
For once,'

Here you have set before you the occupation of the middle-class, between age and youth. They would come well into the foreground of that landscape for which Keats demands that there be

'Naught more ungentle than the placid look Of one who leans upon a closed book; Naught more untranquil than the grassy slopes Between two hills.'

These are the workers, and for them cessation from work is enjoyment and occupation enough in the embrace of this delicious reviving air, and in the presence of these eyeresting woods and hills.

The old people also are content to

sit quiet and to rest tranquil; the scene and the air have their inspiring charm for them. But they live much in the past as far as earth's enjoyments go; and they are running about, in truth, with those glad hearts and strong legs that are racing over the slopes after fruit, flowers, butterflies, beetles; or they are threading the woods, alternating between those quarrels which (for a day) are such anguish, nay, such absolute despair, and those exchanges of fidelity which, though all the world beside have changed and proved false, yet will these never.—Oh young St. Peter-hearts!

But this is pleasant, to see that genial pair, in the quiet waitingtime of life, in the twilight, but remembering what the sunshine used

to be: content

'With looking on, this ancient wedded pair Sit in the shade together; while they gaze A cheerful smile unbends the wrinkled brow; The days departed start again to life, And all the scenes of childhood reappear, Faint, but more tranquil, like the changing sun,

To bim who slept at noon and wakes at eve.' .

However, the trysting-time draws near; the straggling couples come in by degrees, trying to look unconscious of everybody's conscious-Blanche and Rachel have secured some choice lepidoptera. The boys come up hot and absolutely tired, having gone down to the very foot of that thicklywooded hill, and had the labour of ascent, struggling from tree to tree. A last peep is taken into the thickets of box, so quaint and weird; such bony, blanched stems and branches. leafless underneath and skeletonian. but springing into varnished green multitudinously above. A last look is given to the sweet landscape that is loveliest now because of the breadths of warm, rich sunlight, and the masses of shade; because also of the single or parallel shadows that slant down the hill-side and take every bend and swell of the sward. Then telescopes, umbrellas, hampers are gathered together; these get into the carriages again, and those descend the morning hill towards the little station. For the carriage folk the drive, if not so exciting as in the coming, is yet There is very dreamily enjoyable. a serenity, a pleasant fatigue and languor; there is also a treasure added to the stores of memorythat companion of our solitude. For what says the poet, in lines the first only of which, I think, is hackneyed?-

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever;
 Its loveliness increases; it will never
 Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
 A bower quiet for us.'

And indeed all their stores are not taken in yet. A weirdness grows upon the landscape as they advance; the twilight deepens; heavy scents linger in the air; the moon gathers strength in the dusking sky.

'The twilight shadows grow,
And steal the rose-bloom genial summer sheds
And scented wafts of wind that come and go,
Have lifted dew from heavy clover-heads;
The seven stars shine out above the mill,
The dark delightsome woods lie veiled and
still.'

But home comes at last, and the wreck of the meal for supper, and then bed. And all are wound up for a new spin; and work has gained upon the whole from this day's play.



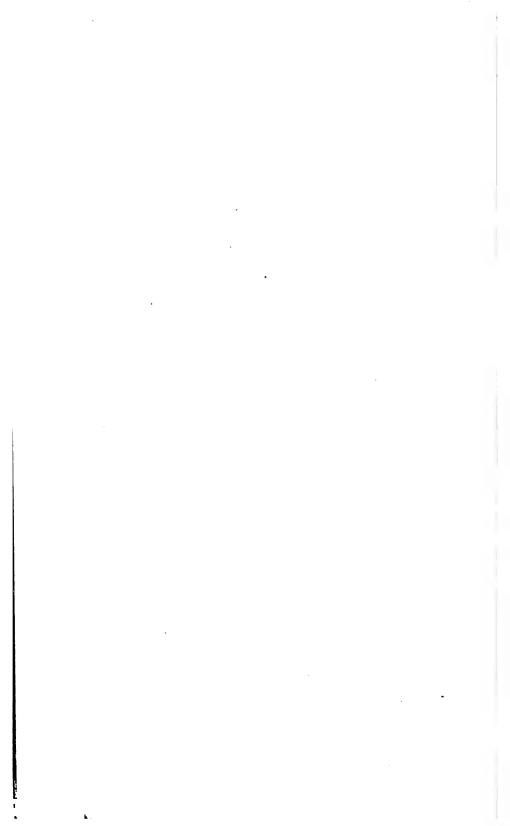




Crawn by R. Nennamie, 1

THE HAPPY CONFESSION

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LONDON SOCIETY.

SEPTEMBER, 1868.

ON THE PRESENT STATE OF THE MARKET MATRIMONIAL.



HERE is nothing new under the sun, says the wise man, explaining that if perchance anything appears to be new, it is only that 'there is no remembrance of former things that were before us.' So the cry 'There never were such times' is not true. Good seasons and bad seasons (even as to seasons matrimonial) have their cycle. The very complaint of the present day as to a great accumulation of single men and a long arrears of single women—yes, and even the very same popular reason for it—was the identical cry of one hundred years ago. Witness the following from Sir Charles Grandison:

'I believe there are more bachelors now in England by many thousands than there were a few years ago: and probably the numbers

a few years ago; and probably the numbers of them, and of single women of course, will every year increase. The luxury of this age will account for a great deal of this, and the turn our sex take to undomesticate themselves for a good deal more.'

What is the reason that the ladies are in as great a hurry as ever to get husbands, but the gentlemen are by no means in as great a hurry to get

To solve this question we must consider that this dearth of husbands is only partial: it is not the complaint of all classes, but only of one. Among our labourers and mechanics, and indeed among our industrial population generally, rich or poor, as in Liverpool or Manchester, times matrimonial are not so bad. The John Hobsons and the Mary Snockses put up their banns as fast as ever. Manufacturers' sons and daughters also marry after their kind much as usual. So we can trace the evil to its source. It is the silks and the satins, not the corduroys and the calicoes, that raise the cry—they are the men of leisure, not the men of labour; the listless consumers, not the active producers, who are so backward in coming forward to the anxious mothers' content.

The simple reason is, men can't have what they can't afford, and there is a time when the ancestral estate or the fortune realised some generations back has been divided and subdivided till little but the pride of the thing remains. Yes, it is Gentility that is at a dead lock. Professions do not pay; money out of trade gives securely only about three per cent, and land pays less still; so the rent of a hundred acres

VOL. XIV.-NO. LXXXI.

may often go for my lady's dress alone, and with 30,000l. in the funds a young couple can barely afford even three maids and Connaught Square. The consequence is that now, as in Sir Charles Grandison's time, we have one large section of society holding on most frantically to the pride and position to which they were born, and reduced to a choice of evils simply to decide what luxury they shall give up first.

Now the very last thing to be risked is loss of caste. In England, as in India, caste reigns supreme. Here, as in ancient Rome, to be poor may be tolerable, but to look poor is the smart. The hardest part of poverty, said Juvenal, is quod ridiculos facit homines, that is, it literally takes a peg out of your consequence, and makes you sing small. No; anything but that. The pleasant smiles of those you meet is as sunshine on your path; the hearty tone of sympathy is as marrow to your bones. There is an atmosphere social as well as material which must be balmy and genial, or it is a burthen to your spirits and blighting to your whole economy. young fashionable knows that if once reduced to a shabby coat with a shabby spouse in a shabby street it is, in one sense, false to say 'A man's a man for a' that,' for he isn't half the man he was, in pluck or feeling either.-What man can show a bold front with a seedy waistcoat? What lady can hold up her head in a dowdy bonnet?

Little wisdom is required to see that in a life-struggle for caste man single has a twofold advantage. Society does not ask where he lives or how he lives, and society expects but little of him. He may be the invitee, not the inviter, for many a long year, and by good luck for a long life. His card need only name his club and say nothing of But man married is his garret. taken to strict account at once. All must be open and above board; while that one-sided hospitality turns to an affair of give and takea modern dinner-party being called 'a return'—notso much a gathering of friends as a meeting of creditors. Fashionable people do not want to

pay visits in back streets, still less to have shabby-genteels meet upon their staircase; and as to out-of-door greetings, 'carriage-people' hate a bow from a mere 'job;' and we heard of a lady mortally offended in a dashing barouche at receiving a friendly recognition, as she said, from a sorry creature who was jogging along at three and sixpence the first hour and half a crown every hour after.

It is silly to say that the luxuries of club-life indispose and spoil men for the purer and quiet home. know a little of club-life. Our friend E- would marry if he could. We have dined with him at the Rag-and-famish, and stepped across with him to dress in a mere garret yclept his bedroom in Berners Street. We have known him confined to his room, that is, boxed up in this garret, with only a dirty maid-of-all-work to ring up, when he can, as his ministering angel, for three and four days together. have seen him lounging at his club many a weary hour with society without friendship, an aggregation of atoms without affinity, ever coming, ever going, shifting and fluctuating as a human stream. We have watched him killing time but not enjoying it, the very picture of unrest, yearning for quiet and repose-a life of smoke and billiards, sherry and bitters, 'Punch' and the 'Pall-Mall.' And yet this is the life 'with none to bless us, none whom we can bless,' supposed to be deliberately preferred to the homes to which such men are but too pleased that their married friends should invite them!

No; it is not married life, it is the mere apology of married life, from which we shrink. Robert South, the last man to be sentimental, speaks of a fond couple in poverty having just love enough to torture each other. That is what men fear. They have always seen that the cost is nothing, the comfortand elegance everything, and money no object, where ladies are in the case. They dread the thought of taking the stylish daughter from Hyde Park Square to broil through September in Oxford Terrace, where all around is dust

and dry leaves, ladders, whitewash, and closed shutters, because they cannot afford to follow the stream out of town.

You may say men's fears are unreasonable, or that many a girl values affection beyond all price, and with the object of her love will share the humblest abode—this may be true of some ladies, but, if so, their style betrays the contrary. Their dress and 'fast' ways in every variety of absurdity proclaim that appearance, vanity, fashion, and to be 'first-rate' is the very soul of their existence. Not a sentiment do you hear akin to Love in a cottage, still less to Contentment on a little, or to Inward resources above the whims and follies of the day.

These traits are not lost upon men, for even the many who find thinking a fatigue receive impressions they know not how from what swims before their eyes. Dresses trailing in the dust, head-straps and chignons worthy of Bedlam, faces bared of all those tresses by which Nature would screen ladies from the rude blasts of heaven and the rude gaze of men-these things men feel, if they do not think, have little enough to do with 'the richer and the poorer, "the better and the worse" of rugged Thus women seem to teach that life is a jest; but men have an idea of life in earnest.

The same staring, impudent style has one weaning element more. In a wife man dreams of having amidst all the shocks of fate one heart and one soul devoted to himself; but to mar this vision we have an affectation of giddiness and effrontery, as if the fair would be the creature of any man who pleased her most.

The present 'fast' style, believe me, ladies, is the most suicidal style you could adopt. It virtually proclaims, 'extravagance is our line; pace is everything;' and all men are aware 'it is the pace that kills.'

We are now speaking chiefly of London life, as also of Bath, Cheltenham, Brighton, and those few towns of England in which alone the strata next above the trade series naturally erop up. But these smaller towns claim little notice: the sons are soon drawn away to professions and to

London; and, save a sprinkling of rich county men, it is in London that nearly all the eligibles can live or earn a livelihood. This congregating of men in London diminishes the chances of the ladies most alarmingly. In other places men could marry as the clergy marry, and be quite easy and comfortable on 500%. Or 600% a year; but double that sum would be required for the same relative position in town.

In London to live near the parks, and sufficiently near your office, is expensive. To economize your income you risk your health. As suburb is added to suburb you cannot even drive into the country, much less walk, and the atmosphere of London, added to its noise and excitement, renders change and out-of-towning actually among the necessaries of life.

Such would be the pecuniary obstacles to marriage even if the value of money were the same as twenty But the scale of exvears since. penses is higher far. For the mild aristocracy of those days we have a rampant snob-ocracy now. Mrs. World still holds her court, but one all of glitter and blazes, and the feathers and diamonds expected are more costly than ever. The mines of Northumberland, the forges of Birmingham, or the mills of Manchester, as also the sheep-farms of Australia and the diggings of California, all pour their lucky adventurers into Hyde Park Gardens or Lancaster Gate. County dignity and London style fade and pale before the luxury of their conservatories or the gorgeousness of their mansions, while by libraries ordered by the yard, and by pictures painted to be the correct thing, the hope is by high art to hide low descent.

Competition rules society as well as trade. No doubt some few persons of family and respectability will say, 'Let these people bid high for their standing, since they cannot have even the semblance of it without: we are safe in our position on cheaper terms.' But the majority are not so philosophical. When the foolish go so fast, even the wisest feel slow. The old carriage of the older families now looks so tub-like,

and the old horses so agricultural. that the very sight of these equipages acts on 'carriage-people' as an income-tax of thirty per cent., while finery of all other kinds soon runs up in the same proportion. In this race of fashion what is a mere canter to the one class is a breakneck gallop to the other; and though the field is daily growing more select as the overweighted fall out, distanced, and are 'nowhere,' still a constant succession of donkeys fall in, doomed, after a short burst and fitful effort, to the same jeers and disappointment

All this makes the exactions of caste daily more severe, especially for married people, on whom Mrs. World aforesaid has no mercy. She virtually says to every young couple, 'You are now some of us, and must live up to the mark, as we are obliged to do; the gentlemen know how high that mark is, and see that modern young ladies seem born and bred to keep the standard as high

as possible.

If ladies were habitually quiet and inexpensive in their style, and domesticated in their habits-if men felt that in married life each, happy with the other alone, would take leave of Vanity Fair, and be comparatively indifferent to its whims and ways-if the wife would be a housewife-if household duties were to employ the lady within, instead of the visiting, the gossiping, and the showing-off without—then there would be more marriages, no doubt. Now don't despise our suggestions, ladies. The home we are describing, however humble it may seem, is a far better one than will fall to the lot of many of you when the sad time arrives that the parents' home is broken up, and the executor drily informs you of the small dividends in the Three per Cents. on which you must cut and contrive to the end of your maiden days. We only remind you to be wise in time. The question is not simply a question of the single or the married state, but a question of a richer or poorer state some few years to come. For where is your The men inherit the provision? estates; the men alone earn money

by professions. Single women nowa-days are doubly poor—poor be-cause safe dividends never were so low, and poorer still because the cost of living and the demands of society never were so high.

At present the ladies will not meet the times, they will not see the future as it must be. 'Fast' with a vengeance, they 'go in' for all or nothing. It is plain to the meanest understanding that any home for their later years in which their butterfly style and trifling ways will not prove ridiculously out of place, is a lot that neither by patrimony nor by matrimony one in twenty can expect to realise. Still ladies shut their eyes, commit themselves to the whirling stream, and in the brilliancy of the possible prize forget the extreme probability of the blanks.

But if ladies will not, as we say, meet the times, let us be fair. Have we any right to wonder? Do not the men do precisely the same? Their own professional earnings are quite on the lottery principle. All the prizes in the church, equally divided, would hardly pay for the education to compete for them. All the fees at the bar would scarcely pay for the circuits and the wigs. men hope against hope, and prefer the mere chance of a higher reward, to compounding for a more certain position in a less enviable line of life.

The anxious mother only does the What though by the cold calculations of prudence her income and expectations require that she should draw off with her daughters to train the honeysuckles and help the parson in some Devonshire cottage, and so make sure of a plain gown and plain pudding to the end of their days, with a far more probable match with the land-agent or the parish doctor. This is as unreasonable as to expect the failing merchant to realize and retire into poverty, when a lucky venturedaily talked of for others, so why not for him? - would keep the carriage and mansion in the family still.

And there is this to be said for the ladies, that the prize matrimonial is at once so dazzling and so rich a prize. Not a few mothers are feelingly aware that when all they have to leave their girls is divided into fractions, and these fractions by safe investments are reduced to their lowest terms, a life of dependence awaits them, from which marriage offers the only escape. Besides, what mother ever forgets the rank and precedence of the married woman, or the triumph of proclaiming that her child is chosen before all.

Yet, strange to say, the marriage desired lies between the narrowest parallels; the gentleman must have the qualifications the least likely to meet together. With the family connections, the profession and the refinement, which are all more or less an earnest of poverty and extravagance, he must combine the income of the plain and plodding sons of busy life. In other wants, if people cannot afford one thing they put up with another—the second best, they say-it must serve. But not so with ladies in respect of their suitors. We rather pity than blame them; but not a jot will their feelings allow them to abate, otherwise, just as the rich manufacturer's daughter is caught by a spendthrift lord, so many a thriving man from debateable ground would be ambitious of the daughter of a needy officer or country gentleman.

But considering how limited is this range in point of standing, tadies look ridiculously high in point of money. At the present day ladies are in a state of strike. The money market is against them. They have too few offers on their own terms, and all others they discourage. They lay themselves out for prizes almost hopeless, till men of practicable income are afraid to offer. Their whole style, dress, and education proclaim them only ambitious to be rich men's wives, and rather bitters than blessings to any one less.

Consequently we are assured by those who mix much with young men, that marriage now enters fearfully little into their plans of life. Time was when the hope of a happy marriage was a stimulus to exertion and a motive to prudence; but nowadays it is set aside as too generally impracticable, and its place sup-

plied by discreditable arrangements. If the ladies are too refined to put up with the habits of a class below them, not so the other sex. Men arrange with some shopwoman to keep house and make some sort of home for them in lonely evenings, pleading it is the nearest approach to married life that they can afford.

Why then do ladies allow their places to be filled by those of whose existence, till these 'fast' days, they were not supposed to know? They well may answer, 'Oh, thou art the cause of this anguish, my mother!'—and father too. Their whole rearing is often a mistake. They are rather accomplished than educated; rather ornamental than useful, born rather for waste than for thrift, started with the ideas and expectations of a peeress, to subside into the hard economies of village or small town life. paternal establishment is one of false appearances. They carry on the ideas and habits of their family, forgetting the estate to support it has well-nigh dwindled away. So the style, taste, and expenses of ladies are altogether out of proportion to the future that awaits them; just as the modern schoolboy's pocket-money is more than he will be able to fritter so lightly as a man.

If parents would only coolly calculate the fortunes they can leave their daughters, and give them ideas in unison, things would soon find their level. Many a chignon would remain on some poor beggar's head; many a flowing robe would be saved from the dirt; and Rotten Row—properly called Rotten would be thin indeed, when deserted by all whose display is an imposition, the mere flickering of an income fast drawing to its close. But men without a farthing to give, and the merest pittance to bequeath, expect a settlement utterly incompatible with the average means of that class of men to which their daughters aspire. They expect, by some matrimonial juggle, to reap where they have not sown, and clear for their daughters at one jump all the struggles of life.

No wonder the gentlemen cry off.

No, they say, to take a penniless girl is one thing; but to take one with all the ideas of the most affluent, is another. If they would marry contented with a home only very much better than that which one day awaits them if single, we then could venture; but the greatest of all misery must be a restless and discontented wife. Remember, we are no advocates for marrying into Let Belgravians marry poverty. with Belgravians still: but pity 'tis that any should be so reared to 'tread the velvet lawns and marble terraces,' when nothing awaits them but the rugged paths and wintry chill of later life.

When things are at their worst they are on the eve of improvement: a bad trade will soon be given up when once men see it does not pay; and though speculators are very persevering, there is a point in the lottery matrimonial, as in all others, where the hopelessness of prizes, and the flood of blanks, puts an end to the game. Already there are symptoms of a change: first, the foreign market long gave relief; and though to go to India on spec. does not answer, still, marriages to settle abroad are less and less in disfavour: again, if not so particular about clime, if the ladies are not so particular about the age, or the charms of the gentleman who is in a position to offer-May and December meet together, and once more the prudential reasoning of Sir Charles Grandison's day applies again-

'Love matches, my dear' (say the worldly wise), 'are foolish things. Mild, sedate convenience is better than a stark, staring mad passion. Who ever hears of darts, flames, Cupids, Adonises, and such like nonsense in matrimony? No: passion is transitory; but discretion, which never boils over, gives durable

happiness.'

So we lately heard a lady exclaim: 'A capital match—a capital match, as to the man, certainly; not at all the sort Miss A. ever wished to marry; but not one woman in twenty does get that.'

The Roman sage of old said that for his daughter he preferred the man without the money to the money without the man. But inthe spirit of Horace, 'the money by all means, the money—with a decent marriage, if you can; but the money:' so says Botten Row, from the top to the bottom.

As to age, if the ladies marry the old, or if they wait till they are themselves no longer young, they well may plead that, not affording the feast of love, they simply put up with a cold collation; they begin married life in the middle, and quaff the champagne without the effervescence. In short, with due regard to the table of caste, anything counts as a marriage, and anything counts as a husband. Matrimony is simply a matter of money: Cupid yields to Cocker, and Venus is quite a woman of business. From the scarcity of able-bodied volunteers, she deals in bounties, and presses into her service such veterans and incapables as you would summon from Greenwich or from Chelsea. A clergyman lately said it was to him quite a heartache to couple such fine young women as presented themselves to such unlovable louts or wrinkled roués as now enact the part of bridegroom.

But though all the second-rate material has been used up, the difficulty still continues, the arrears are on the increase, and still the cry is raised, 'They come! they come!' There is a point at which the numbers of malcontents makecommon cause, and countenance each other in doing something; and will it not be so in the matter in question? Yes; nature will prove stronger than etiquette, or prudence either. To many a woman life-without a husband is life without an object, a profession, a sphere for her energies, or the element in which she is intended to live and breathe. We say to many—not to all -some are strongminded females; more head than heart, rather masculine than feminine; and they find a vent ritualistic, radical, or what Some also, though proper women, are devoted to aged parents; while others subside into good aunts, ready for all family emergenciestake the rising generation in charge,.

and are very mothers to children not their own.

But a large majority of women, having no such sphere, or no such notions, are evidently, by the very yearnings of their nature, rather adjective than substantive, and useless and meaningless while they stand by themselves. They cannot live happily as single women. Every year tries them hard: they grow rather sour than mellow. The once affectionate sisters diverge and grow crabbed, till the same house won't hold them, and they—part.

In many ways Nature asserts her laws. There is with families, as with flowers, a time when certain sorts must be planted out, otherwise the stunted development, and the matted tangle of the pot-bound root does but express the violence done to the distorted natures and the thwarted, nipped buddings of ill-managed flowers of another kind.

Ladies have two alternatives: the one is to marry from a rank beneath their own; and this they will be slow indeed in doing, to the honour of our fair sisters be it said. For, in spite of their slang and their fast style, which are affected vulgarity, and little else, nothing can prove their innate refinement and the real delicacy of nature more than this, that, however little they disguise their eagerness for husbands, those husbands must be gentlemen and nothing else. Their imputed for-wardness is limited to their own order, and, however much they may abate in the age or the looks of their suitor, it is wonderful how rarely an English lady will look on any man from a rank beneath her

The other alternative is, to marry on little and live on little. The smart of this alternative is in the opinion of their friends; but when numbers do the same, they will keep each other in countenance, and the smart will cease.

We are no advisers of marrying

into poverty, either positive or comparative; we have seen its miseries too often; that is, poverty, properly so called, and swarming with brats we cannot keep. We once heard a youth, when told he must work, argue with his father and mother that it was very hard: he never wanted to be born; and to bring a fellow into an expensive world like this, with nothing to maintain him, was a great deal too bad. Still, as to marrying with some sacrifice of externals, and being satisfied to begin with very much less than older people enjoy, we regard every such instance as helping to break up that impracticable scale which is now unfortunately regarded as indispensable for the wedded state.

But for this alternative the ladies must first of all induce the gentlemen to do the same, and to this end the first step must be taken by themselves-their whole style must be altered. Whereas at present they make a show of extravagance, they must change to the guise of eco-They must sue and be sued nomy. in formâ pauperis; and the 'neat and industrious,' the 'striving and deserving' character, will be the best they can adopt. To use their own phrase, they must 'go in for' the domestic and economical 'line.'

In this advice we are not addressing ladies of property, but only the many—alas! the very many—whose present style is a deception, and who, if not married, will have one day to exercise the prudence which now perhaps provokes a smile. At the present time, so complete a deception is nine-tenths of the finery we see, that one sex seems born and bred to impose upon the other. Not a few ladies remind one painfully of the little fairies in a pantomime, who, when the transformation scene is over, are doomed to doff the crowns and spangles not their own, and return to their pinnies and skull-caps—all the toggery their real lot can afford.



A LITTLE DINNER AT GREENWICH.

HAD promised Charlie Lester the last thing the night before that I would come and breakfast with him the first thing the next morning. Lester lived somewhere in the Temple, two stories up. 'Mr. Jones, Mr. Lighthead, Mr. Na-pier, Mr. Lester, were the four names appertaining to the righthand side of the second - floor, painted at the entrance to the staircase and over the door. It will be sufficient to remark that Mr. Jones was deceased, that Mr. Lighthead was on the Continent for the last two years, that Mr. Napier had married, and surrendered both his profession and his rooms, although he did once in a season send to ask for any letters or parcels—an inquiry constantly negatived; and the inference will be made that the rooms were mostly in the entire occupation of Mr. Lester. We were both late birds, but I had a good reason for being late, having to concoct virtuous-indignation articles for a daily paper. I don't know what excuse Mr. Lester had. At half-past ten I was at his rooms. The laundress admitted me. and in answer to my hungry inquiry whether breakfast was ready, said that Mr. Lester was not awake yet, and had given no orders. To burst into Lester's room, to drag the clothes off his bed, to dash some water on his face, to kick over every chair in the apartment were the means instantaneously adopted to appeal to his right feelings and bring him to a sense of his situation.

'Oh, leave a fellow alone, can't you?' said Lester. 'I'm as tired as a dog. What in the world are you making all this noise for in the middle of the night? What is the

matter?

'Breakfast is the matter,' I sternly replied. 'You asked me to breakfast with you, and there is no

breakfast.'

'The mischief I did! I thought you had asked me to breakfast, and I was going to send you a telegraphic message to say I was too sleepy to come.' 'You idiot!' I said; 'do you think I should have put off breakfast till dinner-time? I am not going to do so now. Mrs. Flanigan, get me some breakfast, instantaneously.'

'What will you please to have, sir?' said the laundress, who was

used to Lester's vagaries.

'Oh, any trifle will do,' I answered. 'Some cold fowl, a lobster, a little pâté de foie gras, some brandy and seltzer, and lots of ice.'

'Get 'em as quick as you can, old fellow,' said Lester; 'and here's the "Times." I'll be with you some

time in the morning.'

I had nearly worked my way through a very satisfactory breakfast, when Lester sat down in his shirt-sleeves, and saying he would 'drive in a coffin-nail,' he seized an effervescing draught of his favourite description.

Worthy Mrs. Flanigan had left the rooms on a round of professional duties, which generally took her out of any come-at-ability for the morn-

ino

Just then there was a brilliant little knock at the outer door, of the

trill-a-trill order.

'A double knock, by Jove, Charlie,' I said; 'and two to one it is a feminivity, by the sound of it. Oh, you artful scoundrel!'

'Not a bit of it. Has never been such a thing on the staircase in my life, and I don't believe in it. We can very soon settle that point.'

Then Lester went to the door in his shirt-sleeves; and presently there was a recoil of amazement; and to my infinitely-amused ears there came the following dialogue.

Good morning, Cousin Charlie; how do you do?' and, unless my ears deceived me, there was an oscula-

tory murmur.

'Oh, I say,' said Charlie, 'this is pleasant, but wrong. Awfully glad to see you, and all that sort of thing, but who the dickens are you? Come in though.'

'Don't you know me? It's me,

and this is Missie.'

'Good gracious! why, I shouldn't

wonder if it's little Clara Byng, from Devonshire, and her cousin.

'Little Clara Byng, indeed! And you had the incivility not to know me l'

'But you've changed so, Clara!'

'Well, people change sometimes between thirteen and eighteen, Cousin Charles. You've changed yourself in the last five years. But won't you let us go and pull your law-books about?'

'With the utmost delight,' said Charlie: 'only I must tell you that there's a confounded fellow in the next room who is insisting on having breakfast at this late hour.

'Oh, never mind the confounded fellow,' I called out from the next room. 'He's finished breakfast long ago, and he's got a coat on-very unlike you, Master Charles.'

The young ladies presently came in, and there was a laughing introduction. A tall, handsome, cleverlooking girl was Clara Byng. Her cousin, whom she called 'Missie,' was an Anglo-Indian, pale, pretty, and very silent and shy

'We have come up from Devonahire to see London,' said Miss

'Why couldn't you tell a fellow you were coming?'

Because, Cousin Charles, I didn't durst to. You used to snub me so dreadfully when I was a little girl and you were a big man at college. Besides, Uncle Timothy said that we oughtn't to disturb you at your law studies. And aunt made a great fuss about it before she gave us leave to call.

'At Un-cle Tim-o-thy's?' repeated Lester, with a dismal countenance and prolonged emphasis. 'And does Uncle Timothy profess

to show London to you?'

'Yes, indeed, Charlie, and we've seen a great deal. We were out all day yesterday-terrible rakes! We went to the top of the Monument in the morning, to Primrose Hill in the afternoon, and wound up with Madame Tussaud's in the evening.

'One day we went to the Polytechnic, said silent and solemn

Missie.

'And we've reen,' added the lively Clara, 'the British Museum, and the Mint, and the Tower, and St. Paul's Cathedral, and the outside of Westminster Abbey, and the National Gallery.'

'I say, Lester,' I said, 'your fair cousin almost takes away my breath by the mention of this rapid rush of

dissipation.

'I say, girls, I suppose Uncle Timothy hasn't taken you to any parties or amusements, has he?'

'No, indeed, Charlie; and I confess I should like to see a little. He and aunt are going out to dinner to-day. He says he could not take us, lest it should unsettle our minds. We may go to the Botanical Gardens if we like-and won't you come with us?'

Uncle Timothy, as Lester subsequently explained to me, could play a very good knife and fork, and was truly cavernous in his reception of wines. But he was very severe on the taste for amusement which was so alarmingly prevalent among his fellow-creatures. He limited their recreations to those which were of a strictly intellectual and improving character, among which he probably regarded his own pet taste of gormandizing. He did not often trouble his nephew Lester with invitations, partly because he wished to suppose that Mr. Lester was absorbed in his legal studies, and partly because he had a sort of uneasy idea that his undutiful nephew quizzed him.

On this occasion Lester escorted his cousins home to their Westbournian abode and took lunch there. I proceeded, fortified by a moderate series of sherry-cobblers, to regenerate society by means of my improv-

ing leaders.

Lester took his pretty cousin and her friend home, and besought leave from the avuncular relative that he might take them out and amuse them. He tried also to instil into his uncle and aunt some more liberal notions on the subject of amusing the young ladies. ' Might not his cousin, Lady Clara, call upon He knew that she was them? anxious to be introduced, and that she was going to give some nice evening parties next week, and would be so glad to have them,' &c.

'Dancing parties, I suppose?'

said Uncle Timothy; 'or some of those parties where people from the Opera, or some of that lot, get up to sing?'

Lester owned that the one contingency or the other was highly

probable.

Uncle Timothy made a gesture of dismay, pointing in an abdominal direction, and supposed to indicate a nethermost region. And in some sort of sense I suppose it was a bottomless pit.

'If you take them out, Charles,' said Uncle Timothy, magisterially, 'I insist that you bring them back

by tea-time.

Lester said he thought that would be very early these long and lovely

summer evenings.

'At all events we shall be much displeased,' said Uncle Timothy, 'if we do not find them at home and in bed when we return from our dinner-party, a little before ten. We will leave out the cold mutton, that you may have something with your tea,' said Uncle Timothy, before whose mind was now floating a delicious vision of venison. 'You also had better take some refreshment when you come home, Charles.'

Charles murmured his thanks-

givings.

'Now, girls, you had better take some lunch. Try some of this boiled rice. Your cousin Charles won't care to waste his time taking you into a pastrycook's.'

'Where do you propose to take them, Charles?' quoth Uncle Ti-

mothy, magisterially.

'I hardly know, Uncle Timothy. The girls appear to have seen very little of the river, and if it's fine, I thought of taking them down the

river as far as Greenwich.'

'Very nice, indeed,' quoth Uncle Timothy. 'There is a great deal that is very interesting and instructive in Greenwich. The colonnades are particularly imposing; and do not forget to examine well the seapictures. And can you tell me, Clara, what was the date of the foundation of Greenwich Hospital? No, you can't. Well, I don't recollect myself, this morning; but I'll look into "Magnall's Questions," one of these days.'

'If you want to be very dissipated,' said Mrs. Tim, 'you can invest something on the ponies or donkeys. Take care your young charges don't give you the slip and come home and have their tea without you, Mr. Charles.'

When Lester and the young ladies came back to chambers, they found me ready, and some sherry-cobblers

as well.

'It's brutal hard lines,' said Charlie Lester; 'these poor girls have only got till nine or ten o'clock. If I take them to any public amusement they will have to come away just as they begin to enjoy it.'

'I've settled it all in my own mind, Lester, only we haven't got a moment to lose. There's a morning performance at the Opera to-day. We shall just be in time. Then we'll get down to Greenwich by rail or water, and have a quiet little dinner there, and we'll drive back in the cool of the evening in an open carriage.

Clara testified her approval by instantaneous clapping of hands. Shy little Missie also looked very

delighted.

I need not describe the Opera. By great good luck we were able to secure, on the last moment, some vacant stalls. The girls had never been to the Opera before. They described themselves as wrapt in Elysium: we were all in an Elysian frame of mind.

We drove 'across country,' as Lester called it, to London Bridge; and here again we were Elysian, as

we just caught the steamer.

It was very pleasant indeed on the steamer—an Elysian steamer that might be sailing on the amber clouds, drawn by doves and cupids, for all we knew. Charles was evidently improving that delicious and susceptible relationship of cousin-hood; and I devoted myself towards developing the dormant capabilities of that dusky angel, the silent Missie, whose fortune, stated in Indian rupees, sounded absolutely prodigious to the unassisted mind

I am bound to say that we certainly did improve the occasion quite as well as Uncle Timothy, with all his avuncular assumption, could have done. Lester told us all about the gentle Queen Mary, and almost repeated by heart Macaulay's noble description of the origin of the hospital after the battle of La Hogue. As we passed by some stately outward-bound ship, he murmured Wordsworth's line—

"Where lies the land to which you ship must sail?"

We contrasted the peaceful river, with its thronged friendly shores. with the unknown perils of the great deep beyond. Sedate Missie astonished us by suddenly breaking out into reminiscences of her long Indian voyage; saying how they had stopped at St. Helena and at Ascension Isle. Very contentedly we loitered about in the long, echoing colonnades of the Hospital, and made friends with some of the old pensioners who still linger on there. and examined the Nelson reliques. and visited the chapel, and really went through a number of the pictures, and took the rest for granted, as having a very strong family likeness to those which we had examined. I am afraid that clever Clara was cramming up the whole thing, that she might pass a satisfactory examination by her uncle and aunt, and quietly ignore the Opera part of the day. we arranged for an open carriage to take us back to town, and strolled in to dinner at the Trafalgar.

The girls evinced a little trepidation at entering a public diningroom for the first time in their lives. Clara, however, with a moment's thought, supported by the consciousness that her train was in the height of fashion, sailed into the coffee-room supported by Missie, who could not look otherwise than stately if she tried ever so hard. Lester would have ordered a private room, but I thought that the aspect of the coffee-room would prove more varied and interesting. For a few moments we stood outside the balcony. Vast and grand loomed London behind us, with the huge dome of St. Paul's lending a consecration to the prospect, the receding sun still blazing through the smoke, and transfiguring it into all gorgeous dyes. Pleasant was the lapping sound of the water; pleasant the sighing sound of the breeze; pleasant the aspect of the forestry of masts stretching adown the silent highway which is, in truth, London's stateliest street.

Lester ordered dinner. ·Clara listened with apparent nonchalance, but with her provincial mind somewhat perturbed. The waiter enumerated a dozen kinds of fish-'lobster rissoles, salmon, soles, flounders, eels, John Dory, turbot,' and so on, winding up with whitebait. Oh yes; we would try them all, and have something substantial' afterwards. Clara thought that if her cousin could manage all this he would be, like the American young lady, 'pretty well crowded,' and she could hardly understand the 'substantials' afterwards. Then the waiter was to bring sherry and bitters at once; the champagne to be placed in a cooler, claret-cup to be concocted, sherry and hock to be iced. The waiters moved noiselessly about, attending to every want. The blinds were pulled down athwart the open windows, and raised one by one as the declining sun permitted; and they sat late into the long, delicious twilight. The whitebait was in perfection, a proper size-I am afraid the Ministers get them a little too large when it comes to be the time for their dinner. What seducing little fish they are! what pretty little excuses for every kind of culinary dissipation! Clara and Missie found their ideas of a whitebait dinner considerably enlarged by this novel experience. In their Devonshire seclusion they had heard of the institu-They had innocent visions of a mild repast, consisting of whitebait and brown bread and butter, crowned perhaps with a glass of champagne; but a dozen different kinds of fish, and substantials to follow, and champagne in rivulets, and wines and liqueurs (they could not resist the Chartreuse) in endless variety, seemed absolutely stupendous. They pecked away, like the charming little birds they were,

at most things, and even did justice

to the substantials after the whitebait. Much clear silvery laughter came from that front central table; and how greatly a Greenwich dinner is heightened in flavour by the presence of beauty and lighthearted

gaiety!

A dinner by the waterside is always delightful. Pleasant it is to be dining in some country dwelling, where the thick foliage by the open window sways heavily to and fro. and some babbling stream, or swift river, pleases eye and ear with the silvery light, the silvery sound. Pleasant, too, to be at the seaside, whence, across the flowers and épergnes, through the windows, bow or bay, you see the rounded shield of the sea horizon. These are pleasanter, as a perpetuity, than to be here by the bank of the Thames; but still, a dinner by the bank of the Thames is something so entirely unique, so comparatively rare, so picturesque and wonderful in its views, that, for an occasional thing, it cannot be rivalled for its philosophy and gascombined There are so many tronomy. avenues of speculation open to you, as you gaze upon the river from the balcony, as the innumerable boats and wherries play about, as the excursion steamers pass by, with their waving hats, and cheers, and sounds of music; as the long steamers, bound to some far-distant port, slowly and solemnly pass on; as the endless fleet of merchantmen and lighters lags lingeringly. Even in the coffee-room itself we may find food for speculation: in those gay young fellows who have come down to have their first dinner now one of them has attained to age and his fortune, and whose imagination absolutely run riot in the profusion of their orders; in that bridal party, who have come down to finish off the events of the day by a Greenwich dinner; in those portly old gentlemen who, I am afraid, come here too often, and habitually feed too well, and who want some more

of the elixir of happiness before their food can do them all the good it might. In Devonshire our fair guests have the stream and the ocean, and by their shores they may oftener have lighter and healthier meals; but I think they will reserve a kindly place in their recollection for their dinner by the waterside at Greenwich, and forgive the ugly, crowded, and unsavoury town of Greenwich, in consideration of that pleasant evening at the Trafalgar.

We call for the bill and settle it: we never consider for a moment whether it was high or not. ever it was, it is wonderful that so much happiness can be bought for so little money. Then we drive away in an open carriage across Blackheath, and through some of the prettiest semi-rural lanes of suburban London. I then 'turn to' and write a political article in which I take a peculiarly cheerful view of life and society. Charlie takes the girls home; and, if he can only get there before Uncle Timothy and Mrs. Timothy return, he thinks that the limited time at his disposal has been not unprofitably laid out by the Opera and the Greenwich dinner: and I think he is right. Uncle Timothy comes home, a little flushed in the face, and hopes his nephew and niece have spent an improving day. He proffers cold mutton, which Charlie declines, 'having already had some refresh-ment.' When he goes home, Clara accompanies him into the hall, and I conjecture that he availed himself of his delightful privilege as a cousin. At all events, he tells me that he shall have to repreach himself as a brute and an idiot for not having properly cultivated his Devonshire relations; and that he is determined to repair this unpardonable omission by resorting thither in the Long Vacation. Thinking that these virtuous resolutions deserve every encouragement. I have kindly signified my intention of accompanying him.

AN AMERICAN WATERING-PLACE AND ITS FREQUENTERS.

T is a trait of the driving, thriving, business Yankee, that he loves, in his own pithy parlance, to 'keep a-going.' So long as he is permitted to repair daily to his counting-room, to mix with his brother merchants, to watch the rise and fall of gold, and to 'strike a bargain' when and how he can. he is happy. He asks no greater boon than to be allowed to continue in this groove, year in and year out, and year after year. His mind is such a constant dweller in the little room marked 'Private,' at the rear of his warehouse, that he is scarcely conscious of the advent and de-parture of the seasons, or the changes of weather indicated by the dusty thermometer on his door.

But the poor man has one bugbear. It dimly haunts him in winter; in 'the perfect days of June' it becomes an ever-present and ever-torturing spectre; and, unless he possesses a moral courage more than human, it never ceases its persecution till it has driven him, fairly frenzied, far from desk and city. The worst of it is that this haunting devil enters into the hearts of his own family; it speaks, and complains, and is now indignant, now appealing, in the mouths of his

own wife and daughters.

The detested 'season' has come at last; henceforth there is no peace for the unfortunate man until he yields. It is amusing to see with what subtly feminine tact the wife advances to the siege. She begins by taking it for granted that the citadel is already given up; the only question is, in which direction the next movement shall be made. One day, Hobbs, who has been making a good operation in the city, and, forgetful for the moment of the approaching 'season' and the impending danger, is in glorious spirits, all unconscious takes his seat at dinner, surrounded by his loving family. As his jovial fit grows yet more jovial under the inspiration of choice Margaux, the maternal schemer shoots a rapid glance, full of pregnant meaning, at her daughters opposite, and clears her throat.

'The girls and I have been considering, dear,' she begins—and Hobbs, mistrustful of her tone, shrinks as suddenly as does a snail, when, basking, half out of his shell, in the sunshine, he is menaced by a hungry bird—'where we had really best go this summer. Mrs. Washton Tobblot has already taken a cottage at Long Branch; and Mrs. Sturtevant Straggs thinks she will go to Newport. 'Tis such a puzzle to decide between so many places that—'

'But why not, for once, stay——'
'And you are doing so well in
business, love,' continues the conjugal address, 'that I feel much
more free to choose than I did last
year. If it is just as well for you,
dear, we will go a little earlier; for
otherwise we might lose the chance
of selecting nice apartments.'

The discussion, Hobbs's part in which, by the ingenious devices of Mrs. H., is confined to monosyllables and half-completed sentences, continues after this fashion; Mrs. H. succeeds in so reaching her peroration, assisted by an enthusiastic and well-sustained chorus from her daughters, that the matter seems to be entirely settled, and Hobbs himself is fully persuaded that to offer the least hint of remonstrance would be a brutal outrage to the feelings of his womankind. The perplexing question as to the Where' is finally settled by the decision of Mrs. Sturtevant Straggs: for Mrs. H., considering that that aristocratic lady drives in a carriage and four-and has a very glaring coat of arms upon her panels, and is in intimate relations with a large party from the West End whose decision determined her, and who are going to Newport-and that, moreover, Mrs. S. S. has kindly declared that she would do 'everything in the world' to introduce the Hobbses into her society-all of which are incontestable advantages over Mrs.

Washington Toblott, who has only one horse, and who always lives in a state of haughty and retired grandeur -Mrs. H., cogitating these things, at last makes up her mind to go to Newport too. Hobbs having been, by the attack before mentioned. fairly cajoled into a tacit consent, is now diplomatically informed of the particular spot which is to be the scene of his summer's martyrdom; is advised that, as Mrs. Sturtevant Straggs is going on the 24th of June. he is expected to be ready to accompany his train, and those portable villas, their trunks, to Newport on the day following the exodus of that light of fashion.

But there is no rest for him in the interval between the announcement and the catastrophe. Henceforth his figures and calculations are inextricably mixed up in his brain with the errands which are enjoined upon him at the breakfast-table. He gets to thinking about the rise and fall of patent locks, imagines himself to be speculating in waterproof travelling cloaks, and, although a wholesale sugar merchant, sets down portmanteaus and spyglasses in his daily balance of profit and loss. Returning up-town in the evening, he finds his dinner in a disgustingly half-cooked and lukewarm state, and his house the scene of disheartening confusion; stumbles over piles of trunks and bags in the hall; he finds the papers in his library, on which he has been, with great care, figuring out the results of an important 'operation, thrown in a heap into a corner; the carpets are up, and articles of female dress are hanging upon his armchair, and piled in irregular mounds over his desk. All things are topsy-turvy; even his womankind, who have been working hard, they tell him, 'getting ready,' present to him red faces and flying hair. Dressmakers and milliners flit meekly by him, and glide out at the front door-a small army of them; they have been immured in the bedchambers above from early morning, sewing and fitting with all their This state of affairs bemight. comes, in a few days, so insupportable, that Hobbs almost wishes that

the time to go would arrive, and 'have it over.' He is beginning to get weak-headed, and forgets his errands, and, what is worse, neglects to seize the chances which are constantly arising for a 'bargain.'

At last the morning so much longed for by mamma and the girls, so much dreaded by Hobbs himself, arrives. The 'portable villas' rise in a lofty pile in the hall; Mrs. H. and her darlings sweep down in the jauntiest of travelling costumes. their dresses making a rustle as they descend much like the shower of gold in the fairy play. Hobbs, too, has been constrained to don a tourist suit; he stands, with the countenance of a social martyr, at the top of the staircase, till the hills of dress have rolled to the bottom; cautiously descends, and gloomily superintends the porters as they struggle to the carriage, bent double beneath the weight of the 'portable villas.' Mrs. H. and the Misses H. load down the husband and father with the 'little parcels;' and H. finally emerges into the street with two bags in each hand, three shawls thrown over his shoulder, an opera-glass swung across his back, and his fingers nervously grasping the family supply of umbrellas and parasols. When everything-including the ladieshas been stowed away without accident in the carriage, and they begin to rattle over the rough stony thoroughfare of Broadway, Hobbs leans back with a sigh of relief; and they quickly pass the long line of tall buildings, escape, by a marvel. collisions with omnibuses and cabs. and rapidly descend one of the side streets, now catching a glimpse of that unprepossessing, dirty-looking sheet of water which the New Yorkers call 'East River.' Here, at the wharf, wedged in amongst a bewildering crowd and variety of crafts, lies the steamboat which is to take the party to Newport. ladies sweep over the plank, and repair at once to the cabin; Hobbs remains behind to see after the baggage, which the porters seriously complain of, and for transferring which to the boat they demand double fees—an imposition which Hobbs, as a business man, resents, but to which he finally yields.

If the reader should accompany Hobbs on board the boat, he would be surprised to observe how commodiously, how (luxuriously, how expensively, and even gaudily it is furnished and decorated. Excepting, perhaps, the famous steamboats which ply on the Clyde, there are none in Europe so large, elegant, and comfortable as those which run on the American rivers and lakes. The American steamboats are long and narrow, and are supplied with an upper and lower deck. Immediately on leaving the plank, you find yourself in a large space, covered overhead by the upper deck, and open at either side. Here are situated the captain's and other offices of the boat, and the baggage and freight compartments. A handsomely-gilded and carved door leads to the ladies' cabin, which is richly carpeted, and plentifully supplied with sofas, arm-chairs, marble-top tables, mirrors, pictures, and books. A sleek mulatto stewardess receives the ladies, shows them their berths (which are as snug and comfortable as possible), and, with the pomposity of her dusky lineage, ministers to their various wants. Below deck is the gentlemen's cabin, which is more spacious, and, if less luxuriously decorated than the ladies' cabin, is quite as comfortable. the steamboats are intended for journeys of from twelve to twentyfour hours, meals are supplied on board. A table is usually set in the gentlemen's cabin, to which all the passengers, ladies and gentlemen, are invited, and upon which is spread a most elaborate and really capital supper. The suppers on board the 'Sound' line, plying between New York and New England, are famous, indeed, throughout America for their excellence; and the price not being exorbitant, the long tables are always fully occupied. Above the ladies' cabin is the upper deck, surrounded by a neat railing, and screened from the sun by a light wooden roof. This is the favourite lounging-place; the passengers assemble there, seated about in groups, and at their ease chat together, observe the passing panorama, smoke their post-prandian cigars, or read the evening paper which they have bought, damp from the press, as they came on board.

The conveniences of the steamboats are quite equal to those of a first-class American hotel; and it is not unusual for gentlemen to take up their residence on them for a week or two, travelling back and forth on the Sound or the river, enjoying the scenery and the travel, and living altogether on board. Every boat is furnished with a library, cards, dice, dominoes, chess, and backgammon boards; you may always get a capital Havannah cigar at City prices; and you may write, sketch, flirt, lounge, doze, or indulge in almost any indolent pastime you prefer. Especially interesting is a trip on the American steamboat in the 'season.' Everybody is going to Newport, of course; everybody soon manages, with that social facility for which Americans are noted, to get acquainted with everybody else; you have society in epitome, and can learn what New York 'upper ten-dom' is, on that upper deck, as well as if you should make a winter's business of societyhunting in the city. There are Hobbses in plenty—married men of business, who have been dragged away from their counting-rooms, and are serving, very much malgré their wills, as escorts to their society-mad wives and daughters; there are the freshest possible specimens of the 'Shoddy' aristocracy, who have become wealthy in a day, use bad grammar and are proud of it, and are released, in their own opinion, by having become a money Power, from the rules of civilized society; there are young snobs by the dozen, with tufts on their chins, a glass in their right eyes, bobby coats, and lisping platitudes; there are ladies of every age, on their way to the great annual matrimonial market; and there, too, are loud politicians from Washington, prosperous doctors from the West End, clergymen with fancy salaries and with lungs needing the sea air, as well as an innumerable crowd of the Donothings of this world, who are off

to Newport because they are sick, for the while, of town. You will not fail, however, to find many excellent folk among the passengers; people who are not pretenders, but whom you can enjoy, whom you are glad to have met, and whom you make up your mind to cultivate when you and they reach the Perhaps, as you journey's end. skim lightly and smoothly over the waters of Long Island Sound in the soft twilight of the mid-June night. the effect of the time and scene will be heightened by a sudden burst of song, which comes from a group of passengers at the aft end of the boat, and has been planned by one of those ubiquitous persons who are never wanting on such occasions. and who have a genius for getting up devices pour passer le temps. It will, likely enough, be some refrain familiar to everybody-some national air, or war song, or negro melody; and then the company will join in on the chorus, and send it ringing out splendidly over the water.

Even Hobbs and his fellow-martyrs, indeed, when they are once on board, can scarcely resist the infectious gaiety of the scene; for, although it is hard to lure away the hardworking American merchant from his desk and the dusty town, he is afterwards easily brought to bear his lot, not only with fortitude, but even with true Mark Tapley-an

jollity.

Steaming out of the New York dock at four in the afternoon, the Hobbses and ourselves reach Newport in some thirteen hours, and may gaze upon the island realm of fashion—the summer paradise of American 'upper ten-dom,' in the sparkling light of the early summer morning. And a more lovely situation for a summer resort than Newport occupies could hardly be imagined. It is a fertile island, bearing a rich and variegated foliage, prolific in flowers, and with pretty undulating hills; situated at the mouth of Narragansett Bay, which, as the reader who is up in his geography remembers, runs northward, splicing the little state of Rhode Island in half. On either side, east

and west, lie the land borders of the bay, dotted thickly with summer villas and parks, the country houses built in every style of architecture, from imitation Rhine castles in granite to the latest French cottage To the south-west is dimly seen the long narrow outline of Long Island, which lies parallel to the mainland of Connecticut and Rhode Island, from New York to Newport: while looking toward the south-east the eye stretches over the boundless expanse of the Atlantic, and reaching the horizon, stops where the waters apparently meet the sky. And here, too, you have every variety of beach and crag and water nook, and may bathe in a broad curve of sandy coast, or angle in among the rocks, where the waters are dark and still, and the fish are plenty and not too shy. Undoubtedly the first thing which would strike an Englishman at Newport would be the exceedingly fresh, new, almost glaring look of that part of the town where the fashionable residences are situated. The seaside cottages and the hotels are mostly of recent construction; but in the business part the buildings are old and dusty, for Newport is really one of the oldest of American towns, and has a certain political importance as one of the capitals of the State of Rhode Island, which is indicated by a prim but not very imposing edifice, where the Legislature meets, and which is called the 'State House.' The hotels are on a scale of spaciousness and luxury which it would be hard to find even in New York; and among them the 'Ocean House,' doubtless familiar to many a reader who has crossed the Atlantic, is famous. It contains ball-rooms, and billiard-rooms, and smoking - rooms, boudoirs would ravish a French Marquise of the last century, dining-halls which are almost oppressive in their vastness and decorations. The drives, too, along the wide-extended beaches. and over the lovely island, are peculiarly fine; and it is not too much to say that far more attention is paid to horse-racing and 'breeds,' to dashy turn-outs and artistic riders. at Newport, than to its legitimate pastimes of sea-bathing and ang-

ling.

But men and women, all the world over, would rather hear about me:. and women than about their sojourning places; and so, with these hints of what Newport is, I will hasten back to the Hobbses, who are just eagerly crowding, with the rest, up the long, spacious pier. trifling crisis now occurs in the shape of a family misunderstanding; owing to the fact that Hobbs, among other commissions confided to him in the last few days of 'getting ready,' was instructed to write, engaging rooms at the 'Ocean House,' and forgot it. That annoying fact transpires as the coach, with its ponderous freight of Hobbses and multitudinous appliances, starts away from the pier. Hobbs has reason to resume his longings for the counting-room, which have been in abeyance during the voyage; he becomes the target for a trinity of female tongues; and as he gloomily thinks over all the bother he has been to for the past week or more, is fain to mutter to himself how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child-and wife.

When the party arrives in the lofty vestibule of the 'Ocean House,' and the clerk in white neck-tie, and with a quill adorning each ear. politely informs them that the only vacant rooms are on the fifth floor-'In fact, under-hem!-under the roof;' when, with infinite dropping of bundles, and tarryings at the head of staircases to take breath (for both Mr. and Mrs. H. are stoutish), and waiting for keys, they at last reach what the clerk was pleased to call their 'apartments, their disappointment and indignation has reached its height. For this—three small, hot attic rooms, with windows looking stableward instead of ocean-ward, so that when you glauced out of them you would never guess you were near the sea-for this Mrs. and the Misses Hobbs had left their airy brownstone house on Fifth Avenue, and Mr. H. his beloved arm-chair at the counting-house! Their experience, they find, is not a solitary one. The first floor, the dashy side-whiskered

landlord tells them, was engaged last year; the second was spoken for in the winter; the third had been booked for three months; the fourth was reserved for those who bespoke apartments by letter; and to the fifth all suddenly-arriving mortals were inevitably doomed. So, on this sweltering night in the latter part of June, this not quite, but ambitious-to-be aristocratic family are fain to grumblingly retire into beds which are too short, and in rooms hardly large enough to accommodate their baggage. How it is that the ladies have brought order out of the chaos which their rooms assumed when they unpacked in the morning passes masculine conjecture; still it is clear they have achieved it, for they descend to the breakfast-table at the fashionable hour of half-past eleven in the freshest and most correct of morning toilets; and Hobbs alone, of the party, bears unmistakeable indications of not being entirely at home in the great hotel.

Possibly the fashionable day at Newport is not so very unlike that at Scarborough or Brighton. Lounging, flirting, and driving are its not strikingly novel pastimes. To the ladies it is a most laborious, wearying, wearing existence. A very dear friend of the Misses Hobbs, who would not whisper anything against them for the world, tells me that they are by no means late risers, as I had thought from their tardy arrival at breakfast. It appears that they rise between seven and eight, and that it is as much as they can do to complete their toilets in time for the half-past eleven gong. Breakfast occupies, what with chatting, unexpectedly finding old friends at the table, and satisfying the appe-tite something like an hour. That tite, something like an hour. meal over, the ladies adjourn either to the sumptuous saloons, in whose alcoves they may continue the delicious little gossip (begun at table, and too good to be lost) over last night's ball; or to the fine broad piazza which runs around three sides of the hotel, from whence they may gaze upon the 'countless smilings' of the sea, and where they may indulge in tête-à-têtes with their partners' of the last fashionable rout. American ladies, and especially fashionable American ladies, are less energetic than the English. take far less exercise, are far less fond of robust pleasures. When they reach the watering-places they seem, many of them, to be victimized by inertia; they are loath to stir during the day. The persevering, and the few who go to the sea-shore for the sober object of health, or out of real love for marine nature, hasten off, after breakfast, to the beach, some to bathe, others to walk on the sands, or sketch from a favourable standpoint among Parties of croquet are the rocks. formed—for that delightful game has long since found its way across the ocean—and as you stand on the piazza you will see many a huge waggon rattling by, with long seats on either side, overflowing with merry girls in wide, flabby straw hats, and quite as many ladies of doubtful age, and 'nobby' youths in the jauntiest of seaside costumes. playing the agreeable with all their might—a pic-nic party, bound for some grove in the centre of the island, escaping for a little from the monotonous wash and roll of the waves. The gentlemen - those, at least, who are too indolent or too little gallant to seek companionship with the gentler sex—are smoking in groups here and there, discussing politics almost without exception, or anxiously asking each other about the stock market in the city. Some are prone to wander in the direction of the stables; others will while away the weary morning over the billiard-table, or at a game of 'Highlow Jack.' It is both melancholy and amusing to watch poor Hobbs, as the 'long, long, weary day' drags slowly on. He can, for the life of him, find nothing to do. He gets desperately hungry in the morning for his breakfast, which, at home, he is wont to have at sharp seven and the first day he was at Newport he afforded a fund for a day's amusement among the waiters by incessantly asking one of them if he couldn't have his breakfast as early as nine. He wanders about the vast hotel and through the

streets, hands in pockets; his disconsolate face now and then looms for a moment in the door of the billiard-room; he is seen haunting the reading-room for hours before the arrival of the mail; and the only morsel of comfort which he enjoys the live-long day is when his 'Herald' comes by the evening boat, and he may sit crouched up at one corner of the piazza, and gloat over the 'Money Market' and 'Trade Report.' The poor man finally becomes desperate with so indolent an existence, and frantically tries in succession the round of seaside amusements; is in everybody's way at the stables; gets sea-sick on a short yacht excursion; is woefully beaten at billiards; and makes the ladies Hobbs heartily ashamed of him by his incorrigible awkwardness at the pic-nics and in the ball-room. only joke he ever perpetrated in his life—and that was a disgustingly feeble one-was when, on a fishingparty, he suddenly asked young Topsby (whose father had been a 'war contractor,' and who was attentive to the younger Miss Hobbs) this conundrum: 'Why am I like that perch you've just caught?'

'Dunnow, 'm sure, sir,' replied Topsby, staring, and fairly bewildered at Hobbs's sudden vivacity.

'Because,' returned the prospective papa-in-law, 'I, too, am a fish out of water.' With which weak attempt at sprightliness Hobbs once more subsided to his now habitual gloom.

Speaking of the ball-room, that seems to be, after all, the most attractive spot to the majority of the Newport ladies. Five or six nights in every week, even when the summer heat is at its height, the landlord throws open his superb saloons to his guests, provides a band of music and a sumptuous supper, and the 'light fantastic toe' is tripped in those hot and crowded rooms until far into the next morning. Very many of the lady guests occupy themselves with nothing else than the preparation for, the enjoy-ment of, and resting after, these festive occasions. They rise at noon, spend the time between their late breakfast and dark with the coiffeur

and the dressing-maid, dance and flirt and est ice-creams and lobstersalad till four or five the next morning, and so go on day after day, and week after week. Mothers and daughters wrinkle and fade visibly under this endless round of fashionable vanities. A more suggestive spectacle than the 'Ocean House' breakfast-table on a morning after one of these routs could hardly be described. The languid, tired countenances, yellow and dull, the fa-tigued walk and listless conversation, the meagre appetite, and sleepy posture at table, attest the miserable effects of constant dissipation. The fashionable world has come to the seaside, not to recruit its wasted energies from the ravages of the winter just gone by, nor to brace itself up for those of the winter about to ensue, but because it craves still its feverish life, and knows that here it may pursue it. And besides, there is with many an ambitious mamma an object in so pertinaciously keeping in the tide of fashion. Despite all Mrs. Hobbs's hopes and stratagems, neither Juliana nor Lucinda have 'formed an engagement' during the winter campaign; and the truth is that they are getting on in years. I believe Mrs. Hobbs to be a really loving and unselfish mother. You cannot persuade me that that very intelligent, quietlydisposed old lady would suffer, as she does, from lateness of hours and utter bodily exhaustion, to indulge her own personal vanity. No; she is sincerely anxious to do the very best possible thing she can for her daughters. Society tells her that the one way to accomplish it is to follow the fashionable stream as the gadfly dogged Io; and she, like many a thousand good women on both sides of the Atlantic, believes it, and sacrifices herself accordingly —and not only sacrifices herself, but the partner of her joys and sorrows also. I know no more melancholy sight than that of parents whose grey hairs tell us that they are fast descending the hill of life, dragged into this maelstrom of fashion by vain, selfish, and shallow-hearted children, and who are unmurmuringly wearing deeper furrows in their

cheeks, in the hope that they may thus secure to those children a brilliant or a luxurious future. Yes; Juliana and Lucinda are passing the climacteric of the marriageable period, and must stand in the best stalls of the great mart. And so Newport and the other American watering-places have got to be—quite as much as Scarborough and Baden and Wiesbaden—marriage-bourses, with their speculators and their victims, with their many pretenders and their minority of the truly worthy.

But there is another and brighter side of this sesside picture. Newport you will find two distinct classes of society. Although recreation-real, hearty, enjoyable recreation—is not cultivated by Americans with that almost universal zest which is seen in the English, still its importance as a leaven to the toilsome year of the working world is becoming more and more appreciated every year beyond the Atlantic. Within a few years, horseback riding and croquet, sea-bathing and long jaunts afoot, have become fashionable at Newport. Everybody knows what Carlyle says about the oak; how that it stands and grows a thousand years, silently; it is passed by unnoticed, till, with a crash, it comes tumbling to the earth. So it is with society everywhere; we are apt to judge that portion which makes the most noise as the typical society of a people. The visitor to Newport, or the reader of newspaper letters describing it, is apt to imagine that the balls and routs, the flirting and lounging and dissipation, constitute all its life in the season. The other class, which goes quietly about the commonplace and not exciting pastimes of recreation, is not noted and is forgotten. While Newport is sought by the fashionable and the marriage-seekers, merely because it is one of the summer centres of the monde-while, for them, the fact that there are beaches there, and good fishing, and pretty landscapes. is a minor consideration, and any other place would do as well if only the tyrant Fashion chose to have it so—what a glorious place it is for

those who really seek and love seaside recreation! For instance, there is Miss Laurence, a fresh-faced, funloving, early-rising, excursion-planning Yankee girl, whose papa is rich, and has a French 'cottage by the sea,' who has just left school behind for ever, and has come down to have, as she says, 'a summer-long frolic.' Like the sensible girl that she is, she laughs at the snobbish notion which prevails at the 'Ocean House, that it is vulgar to be enthusiastic, and rude to exert oneself in healthy out-of-door pastimes. You will see her at seven in the morning tripping down to her father's boathouse. Soon a little craft, as neat and jaunty and brisk as herself, shoots out upon the water. rowed by its gay-hearted mistress, who bends to her oar splendidly, and lends to the motion of her boat something of her own airy grace. Of course she returns with the heartiest and most unsentimental of appetites, at which Miss Juliana Hobbs, who has really managed to fulfil a promise to breakfast with her friend at ten, is inexpressibly shocked, and debates within herself whether she should not drop the acquaintance of such a monster in crinoline. Her nerves are to be tried yet further; for, according to her account to her mamma when she returned, fairly exhausted, to the Ocean House, Miss Laurence actually 'kept her playing croquet for two mortal hours without once resting!' Miss Laurence eschews the routs at the hotel, and vastly prefers a little evening 'tea-drinking,' or an impromptu strawberry-fête on the lawn. She finds a little time to visit a favourite ledge of rocks, and sketch; to exercise her swimming powers twice a day in briny ocean itself; to continue her course of history and botany, which, however, to tell the truth, is a little irksome down here, amongst all this profusion of varied and lovely nature; joins as many pic-nics and 'clambakes' as she can, and is always ready to assist in planning one; rides, towards dusk, on her beautiful new grey pony; and manages, what with these and similar occupations, to get weary enough to be ready to retire at about the same hour that the Misses Hobbs's curls are receiving the coiffcur's last particular touch, just before they sweep majestically down to the saloon. Is it difficult to conjecture which of these young ladies will lose her youth and spirits first?

I do not know that the Newport world is so very different to that at Scarborough or Brighton. Of course the Hobbses and the Laurences are but two examples among a host. You will find at Newport the same inextricable mixture of pretence and genuineness, of vulgar pomposity and quiet good-breeding, of upstarts and gentlemen, of dreary Mrs. Skewtons and charming Lily Dales. You are sure to see there the best and the lowest types of American character, and, I may add, the best and the lowest types of exotic Europeans, who, for a thousand reasons, creditable and otherwise, have preferred a home in the western to one in their native hemisphere. Spurious Italian counts, and German musicteachers with a spirituel air, if they strike the right social stratumwhich they are sure to do-live in clover; for what I may call the great American snobocracy — by which I mean vulgar people suddenly become rich, and with it arrogant-who swarm to Newport and Saratoga, and try to lord it there over decent folk—the snobocracy adore nothing so much as a title, or a 'foring' genius, and are only too glad to shower their money on such of this sort as they find willing to receive it. Since the recent civil war, too, it has been fashionable to pet its heroes. Newport fairly revels in these gallant gentlemen, in blue broadcloth and brass buttons, with their 'shoulderstraps' of bars, stars, and eagles, their jaunty, slouchy caps, their magnificent moustaches, and their complexions tanced by Virginian and Georgian suns. And among these, too, there is a curious mingling of the spurious and the genuine—of real heroes who say little of their exploits, and soi-disant heroes boasting much thereof. There are the polished New Englander, and the rude, jovial, too familiar Westerner; the loud-talk-

ing 'statesman,' from the national metropolis, and the retiring man of letters, who is continually annoyed in his secluded cottage by autograph-hunters and newspaper reporters; sportsmen and society men, editors and bankers, clergymen and city legislators—the whole range of occupations and characters from New York. To spend a season at Newport, and mingle in its pleasures, fashionable or recreative, requires money, and money only. The superficial heir of 'Petrolia' enters as easily into its society as the old-family Philadelphian. It is a social demo-eracy, restricted only by one's ability to pay his bills—and this is a restriction by no means trifling. I shall never forget seeing poor Hobbs, one day towards the close of the season, as he sat on the piazza in a sort of stupor, gazing at the hotelbill, which the clerk, in white necktie, and quill-adorned, had just handed to him. He had been dragged away from his countinghouse, and had sacrificed his summer in drearily doing nothing, to find his year's income swept away at one fell swoop on the settling-day. For those pitiable 'apartments' under the roof he was charged, with the board for himself and the ladies, five dollars each per day. This was only one, and that not the most serious item. For meals carried to rooms, for carriage-hire, for ball-suppers, for boot-cleaning, for extra service of chamber-maids, for wines (and the prices of wines in England are

trifling compared to their cost in America), for the use of bathinghouses, for a hundred little forgotten items, there were charges which, footed up with terrible correctness at the bottom, nearly reduced my poor friend to a state of idiotcy. He paid it, and was excessively disagreeable—the wretch -to the ladies on the homeward journey; and he repeatedly registered an audible oath that this was positively the last time you would catch him at a watering-place. Yet the very next summer I saw him at Saratoga, trying to swallow a glass of congress water without changing countenance, and afterwards wandering disconsolately and gloomily about the hotel corridors. Misses Hobbs-still, poor things, unmarried-had faded sadly, and as they grew more sallow and oldmaidish, made up for it by a more desperate sprightliness and more painful attempts at seeming youthful and brilliant.

Yet, with all the shams and intrigue and affectations of its fashionable side, to me, who prefer its quieter, more healthful, and more genuinely-pleasurable features, Newport is a glorious sojourning place; for its charm is the charm which the contrasts of Nature, beautifully and romantically various, inspire; and in its wealth of scenery, and bounteous provision for every sort of holiday recreation, he would, indeed, be hard to please who could not spend the summer quickly there.

G. M. T.

LONG VACATION.

A SKETCH BY 'WAT BRADWOOD.'

'Burning Powder.'

IN a flying country like ours, bordering but little to the southwest of the 'shires,' all grass, bullock-fences, and many a fifty-acroenclosure, foxes and pheasants were bound to find a co-existence. Sir John, our M.F.H., held aloof from our home preserves during the cub-hunting season, and found other covers in which to blood his young entries. But no stretch of etiquette

on the part of the hunt, or selfshness on ours, could be pleaded to prevent our hangers and spinnies from being thoroughly rattled in their turn, so soon as the leaf began to fall, and the first home meet of November had been inaugurated. There was not one of us but held the cream of the hottest corner in the best battue of the season as dirt cheap compared to a good start

down wind of a large field from Kerrel Gorse, with only four couple of hounds on the scent, the rest flying to the cry, a stiff stake and bound between ourselves and the most immediate followers, and un-

limited fencing before us.

No wonder, then, that though we had always a capital réchauffée of cover-shooting to fall back upon when the Christmas frosts choked off the hunting, and gave respite to forelegs already the worse for wear and tear, we invariably took care to break the ice so far as practicable, even if the luxuriant foliage of early autumn prevented us from exactly skimming the cream of the covers, so soon as the 1st of October changed the erst fostering and fatherly keepers into traitors to the trusting tribes of long tails, and gave pretext to our breech-loaders to deal them storms of leaden hail in lieu of their accustomed dole of grits and barleymeal.

Gaudily and rapidly had our Long Vacation passed away, and from the day when the glorious 12th of August had opened the campaign of powder and shot, we had done our share, so far as it lay in our power, of the slaughter of the season. Cresswell's governor, a wealthy merchant, whom the stern realities of 'Change and multifarious directorships enchained in Hyde Park Gardens during the major part of the year, used conscientiously to take his holiday outing in the sum-mer, in the bosom of his family; and this season, in consideration of the ripening years of his young hopeful, and the fact that the aforesaid young man had recently passed his responsions ('with great éclat and distinction, as his tutor himself informed me,' quoth the worthy merchant), the migration had been to a Perthahire moor, of some 20,000 acres, of which the old gentleman had taken a seven years' lease in prospective.

The same trio that had graced the log of the centre-board 'Lily,' on her memorable cruise down the Thames in July, found themselves, not much more than a month later, watching the red sunset over the braes of Ochquiddar on the eve of the 11th, listening to the ch-o-r-r-k of the old cock grouse as he called his brood around him, little dreaming of the fate of the morrow.

We had overhauled our guns some dozen times that day, gossiped with the gillies, proved to our satisfaction that a new importation of pointer pups would stand and back with stanchness worthy of their progenitors, basked in the afternoon sunshine, gazed over the purple stretches of heather till our feet fairly itched to be beating through it on to the neighbouring broo', and finally, having completed six o'clock dinner and its concomitants, and dismissed the womankind to the drawing-room and croquet-ground on which it opened, had lighted our cabanas, stretched a railway-rug on a mossy slope in front of the shooting-box, and ranged ourselves round a double tankard of Lafitte-cup, to enjoy the apolaustic repose and contemplation of the morrow to which we felt ourselves entitled.

We had a jolly month of it, so far as sport was concerned, shooting three days in the week, sometimes a fourth, for there was a splendid bit of snipe bog which we successfully beat more than once on off days; and salmon-fishing or trout-spin-ning on the alternate days killed time in the most rapid manner till nearly the close of the second week

in September.

I had other reasons at the time for enjoying the sojourn, which, however, were reversed with tenfold bitterness when the hour of departure drew nigh. Like many a young fool has done before now, I insensibly lost my heart in the society of Mary Merryman, the most sisterly of cousins (not mine, but Cresswell's), who, with one or two others of the female tribe, made up our complement at Ochquiddar Lodge. She was some three years older than myself, blithe, blonde, buxom, the pink of good-nature. She took me under a sort of sisterly protection, and never, in her unso-phisticated nature, dreamt of the mischief she was perpetrating. She refilled my cartridge-cases, tied flies better than any local fisherm an gaffed both my salmon, and painted in water-colours the lodge, and braes as background, for me before I left.

At one time my dignity received a shock to hear that, in a conversation with her cousin, she had set down my age as sweet seventeen (I, within a month of quitting the 'teens' for ever); but I forgave the insult and laugh it had occasioned for love, and soon became more hopelessly entangled than ever.

On the eve of our departure I could no longer keep to myself my tale of sorrow, and poured my aspirations, with pleas for mediation, into the ears of young Cresswell over our evening weed. My indignation at his unfeeling cachinnation was only equalled by the horror of hearing him express his astonishment that I had not been long ago aware that my adored was betrothed to a hardworking London curate, and was but waiting a promised piece of preferment to change her patronymic to the inharmonious one of Jones.

I had no sleep that night, and appetite failed my breakfast on the morrow. I kept my own counsel; and though at one time I contemplated suicide with my Westley-Richards, the remembrance that one or two cartridges had missed fire in the yesterday's rain, and fear of disappointment if I assayed such purpose, deterred me from extreme measures.

I bade farewell in a choking voice, and told my friend that I should never smile again.

I cursed yet welcomed the 'Limited' as it bore me further and faster from the scenes of my sorrow, and reached with broken heart the 'Angel' of Doncaster. A social rubber with kindred spirits soothed melancholy for the hour; a modest 'pony' landed on the Leger, and doubled upon the Champagne Stakes, led me yet to believe in a bright side of nature; and, a week later, a winning mount in a handicap hurdle race at Hendon, eulogistic comments upon my riding and 'finish' from one or two 'turf prophets' in the sporting journals, who never themselves rode over a fence in their lives, or could tell a three-year old from an aged horse's mouth on examination, soothed and flattered my fast-healing heart; and by the time that our trio had once more united itself at my mother's house in the last days of the month, I began to feel something like my own self again.

We had a large party at breakfast on the morning of October 1. In the house were, besides the trio so often alluded to, of Lee, Cresswell, and myself, Colonel Phillips, my maternal uncle, one of the best sportsmen of his day, whose feats in pigskin at St. Albans, Aylesbury, and Cheltenham are still written in the chronicles that tell of Jem Mason and Lottery, Lord Glamis and The Switcher; whose lithe, wiry figure was well known in the Shires in the reign of Sir Richard Sutton as the physiognomy of the M.F.H. himself; and though no gambler by nature, in preference to other more legitimate excitement, his pale face had been seen at the green board of Crockford's in its later days as he impassively called his fifteenth successive main and broke the bank for the evening. Still a bachelor, he had tasted life in all its phases, and, apparently unscathed by the ordeals of his younger days, devoted his whole energies of late years to his widowed and only sister, and their joint guardianship of my gossiping self.

Vis-à-vis to me over the turntable there sat Ned Vernon, our Conservative M.P., Lord de Gorham, owner of the late Derby winner, and a sort of umbra of his, devoted to his noble patron, at that moment pluming himself upon the honour of his annual visit to Gorhamburgh, and whom, at his lordship's request, my uncle, as master of the ceremonies, had included in the list of invitations.

Mr. William Mill, as this guest was known to the world at large, had led a chequered existence in his earlier days. Born of a good family, a younger son, with that curious conformation of character so frequently evoked now-a-days by the beauties of competitive examination, of a fair supply of wits and general knowledge, but utter deficiency of 'pous' and the sixth sense of 'tact,'

he had passed out of Harrow with 'credit,' so said his tutor, 'a boy who had never given them a moment's uneasiness, or done an ungentlemanly action;' a good-natured moke,' by general consent of his schoolfellows. He had never aspired to prowess as an athlete, or fame as a bookworm; he had no enemies, few acquaintances, and still fewer friends; he passed forth into the outer world, and the place thereof knew him no more.

His Cambridge career parallel nonentity. He had wits enough to have made him a very passable member of society, quâ conviviality and social intercourse, had not his entire dealings with his fellows been rendered insipid by his utter absence of savoir faire. instinct was totally lacking to him, and it was solely owing to his ready memory and inventive faculties that he was enabled step by step by sheer diligence in after life to lay down for himself conventional codes of social bonhommie which should act as seasoning to his otherwise tasteless character.

Meantime his incapacity for hunting, rowing, rackets, cricket, or any of the standard athletics of the University led him to seek amusement and excitement in other enterprise; he had, or fancied he had, a know-ledge of turf matters, talked sapiently of Derby favourites, analysed handicaps, studied the subject of breeding, swore by stud records, and made a book on all principal races. There was something quaint in his assumed authority, his grave enunciation and dogmas upon racing affairs, his frequent blunders and ludicrous fiascoes; as 'Horsey Mill' was he known by the end of his second year, on the principle of lucus a non lucendo.

He worked his own downfall; Daniel O'Rourke's Derby burnt his fingers, and a bill-discounting transaction that had cleared off his debts of honour caused a rupture between himself and his paternity and checked the progress of his degree. There is no doubt that his governor was too hard upon him. Nine out of ten would have condoned similar tactics, even in a dozen younger

sons; but Mill's concomitant want of tact widened instead of repairing the breach and caused ultimate separation.

To his credit it must be said, he rose to the emergency, brought his really fair abilities into play, and thenceforward lived by his wits. His pardonable egotism upon horsey matters found grace with a daily editor who himself could not have told a donkey from a thoroughbred, still less detected the nonsense of Mill's compositions, and he was soon installed as turf critic and analyst.

His custom soon spread to other publications: ignorant though he was about the points or merits of any individual horse, he was not more so than the bulk of turf critics and tipsters, and being a gentleman by birth and education was at least free from the coarse vulgarity and impudent familiarity that graced the bulk of their compositions. He had a knack of picking up and weaving into shape gossip of all sorts and sizes, and as scavenger or tout for latest news he was a useful pur-That in point of science and criticism his writings told no more than the most ordinary reader already knew, was the fault, not of the writer himself, but of those who expected better things of any of his class.

Under various cognomina—'Tiresias,' 'Mercurius,' 'Tallyho,' he contributed to various publications: and although his last essay of the week was, of course, a watery réchauffée of his preceding articles, it did well enough for those for whom it was meant, and helped to bring a comfortable income into the pockets of the outcast. To his noble patron, De Gorham, he had been of use in more cases than one; the pen of 'Tiresias' and his doubles was always patient of his bidding, when some Jockey Club dispute, turf scandal, or wrangle as to the separability or inseparability of bets from stakes demanded direct exposition one way or the other, as suited the views of the noble legislator. The articles of his satellite were the organs' exponent of his views, just as the 'Standard' of the Derbyites, the

'Telegraph' of the Hebrews and ultra Liberals, and the 'Star' of Fenians, Unions, Baptists, Niggers, and John Bright. To do Mill and his patron justice, frauds and robberies found scant mercy at their hands, and by them many a sound reform was proposed, many an evil doer unmasked.

But whatever may have been the excellent and private value of Mr. W. Mill in his professional practices, his pretensions as a sportsman were of the most indifferent kind. His reputation had preceded him; we knew too well that on his first visit, three years ago, De Gorham confided him and two muzzle-loaders to the care of a trusty keeper, with strict orders to load for the gentleman, and on no account to allow him any shot in his barrels. We knew that the old shooting pony, to whom the august corpus of the augur had been once entrusted at a lawn meet, shunted his burden at the first gap into a bed of brambles that made the aspirant feel like a pincushion for many a We had read and chuckled over the flowery description of the battue and his own leading score therein from the pen of 'Tiresias.' and of the ten-mile run from point to point, and the forward, not to say leading position at the finish that "Mercurius' had occupied, and we knew, forewarned, forearmed, the party with whom we had to deal.

He was a good doer at breakfast for a man habitually inert, and his getup was correct in the extreme; new gaiters, roundabout velvet coat, chaste knickerbockers, and coloured linen shirt. He was laid out for ornament at least, if not for use, and was honestly endeavouring to make himself agreeable to my little sister, a minx still in the schoolroom, possessed of imperturbable gravity of countenance and keen sense of the ludicrous, who, feiguing utter ignorance of all matters concerning dogs, game, preserves, and horseflesh, was drawing scientific and loud instruction from her fascinated neighbour, thanking him cordially as each step of editication progressed, and lulling him into blissful unconsciousness that he was the cynosure of laughter of the whole table, and an object of anxiety to his patron, whose anxious glances betokened a man who feels he has let a strange dog loose in a drawingroom, and is by no means sure that he will not compromise his propriety.

His fears were unfounded; despite his vagrant life, 'Tiresias' had sufficient education to do nothing unsuitable to a gentleman, however well adapted to the character of an ordinary booby; and amused though we had all been at listening to his edifying discourses during the meal, none felt better pleased than the gentleman in question with himself, as he lighted his cigar in the billiard-room, and proceeded to join the procession to the servants' hall, where Martin, our head keeper, and with him Job Amos and Larry M'Mahon, two of his subordinates, were waiting our arrival.

Three retrievers in slips were there, and a large silken liver-andwhite cocker spaniel, Rose, my especial property, the only one of her kind suffered in the beat, and who, perfectly educated in all branches of cover duty, knew well her position on sufferance, when human beaters superseded canine springers. Clumber team had fallen to decay since my father's death, and we followed the usual fashion of welldrilled beaters and their poles, some fourteen of whom were at this moment sucking in old ale in the stable quadrangle. Rose would broken her heart to miss the sport; and content to range within a dozen feet either side of me, she did duty as my private retriever, and would seldom condescend, except at my especial solicitation, to 'go seek' for any one else's booty.

Greetings, gossip, and compliments with the officials occupied some few minutes ere we proceeded to the business of the day. The 'Home' covers in the park and at the back of the 'Home' farm were to be our beat, not seven minutes' walk from the house.

We formed line and marched, picking up our corps d'armée in the court below, and soon ranged ourselves at the base of a small outlying triangular spinney, bordered by the main road. Martin quickly sketched the plan of action according to his fancy, four guns in cover with the beaters, De Gorham, Vernon, and Lee forward; Larry received strict injunctions from my uncle to keep close to Mill and prevent him from giving cause for a coroner's inquest upon either suicide or manslaughter.

A little judicious flattery and diplomacy on the part of both of us induced the augur to take his stand on the left of the line, and we breathed somewhat more freely.

We rattled the cover merrily and emerged at the open to participate in the benefits of the hot corner at the finish. 'Tiresias' was perfectly ruddy with delight, rubbed his hands, stroked his collar, counted his cartridges, smelt his gun, and looked round for compliments, and could hardly conceal his disappointment when, in planning the campaign for the next cover-an eightacre stretch of high wood, crossed with rides, to be taken in two beatsthe inexorable Martin still posted him on the extreme left, and even snubbed the augur's gentle hints that he coveted the experiment of a situation forward.

This time I found myself on the left but one, two beaters intervening between myself and the tipster of the

' Morning Mail.'

We had hardly completed half the first beat, and the fusillade was fast and furious, when, 'Mark 'holloaed a beater to the right, who had recklessly pioneered at a little in advance of the line. It was something in the way of ground game that sprang from the bramble dyke that edged the ride we were approaching, and my gun in another second would have followed my eye, when the flash of a long white tag through the underwood checked my arm. The augur was on the alert and gun at shoulder, well in advance. hard, don't!' I holloaed, 'it's a'-Bang! bang! went both barrels of the prophetic gun, and a grand dog fox scurried down the ride and dodged unburt to the underwood below. 'Ye warmed his brush, yer honour,' quoth the attendant Larry; 'but I'm thinking ye shot behind him—glory be to God!' and 'Tiresias,' innocent of the quadruped's character, or of his own risk of vulpecide, stammered explanations of the intervening foliage that obscured his vision, and pushed on radiant as before.

At the end of this second beat lunch was awaiting us, and a very pleasant interlude it formed.

There is nothing so social as a shooters' pic-nic, yet, except in the way of a contingent convenience to sport or travel, there is really no sound excuse to be alleged for the present rage for pic-nics, or 'gipsy parties,' in cold blood, as our parties, fathers and mothers styled them twenty years agone. There is hardly a sesside meeting, or country-house summer gathering, but where pic-nics are sure to be improvised as afternoon employment. There is no accounting for tastes, and such variety may be pleasant to ladies; but what interest the lords of creation can find in such performances, save as a facility for They flirtation, it is hard to say. have to wait on womankind instead of taking care of themselves; the salt is forgotten, the salad oil spilt in the tart, the flies rioting in the mustard, and wasps squabbling in the claret-cup. Ants and spiders find their surreptitious way up the legs, and damp moss facilitates lumbago. The whole party have come for one special and definite object to eat an early dinner; unless they are gourmands such an aim as an ipso facto pleasure is futile: if they do really love a good meal they have no chance of enjoying it, what with the drawbacks of insects, vermin, and moisture. They have no ulterior aim or end, and though keen at the idea in prospect, return home disgusted with the wearisome failure in retrospect. If the charm to the young ladies consists in the absence of chairs, tables, and similar marks of civilization, surely their host would gratify their ambition with lunch laid upon the library floor. If novelty of waiting upon oneself be the attraction, the lords and ladies of high life below stairs

would gladly surrender the honour of laying the table and subsequent But when the main washing up. object of the day is something superior and ulterior—when the meal is not the aim but the adjunct of the performance—a sylvan feed can boast its own novelties and attractions: hard work lends Spartan condiment to comestibles; the bags, past and future, form ample fund for conversation; the discomforts of insects and reptiles are forgotten or condoned in the excitement of hunger and self-satisfaction; the scene itself has its charms, if only from its vicinity to and connection with the all-engrossing sport; the woods are waving in the autumn sun, or birds from the last-scattered covey calling in the distant turnips, or salmon plunging below in the 'grey shot' cast of the rippling river at our feet. Then there is enchantment in the scene; instead of a hasty sandwich and grumble at delay, the broad spread cloth and menu of luxuries displayed have a charm of their own; and if any of the fair ones of the house have driven up in the pony chaise to join the meal and congratulate or condole with the sport, they become doubly welcome; and never is the social weed more enjoyable as a finale to the interlude, while winds are sighing, sunbeams glancing, and waters chiming as they flow. More than ever is this byeplay welcome in the hotter days of September; a pleasant 'carpenter scene' to kill the time in that nondescript afternoon hour when birds are neither out of turnips nor on to stubbles, and it is hard to say where to find them; and even in the hoary depths of winter there is a charm, when the body is well clothed and the blood in fiery circulation, to sit on an unhinged gate round a 'hot pot' of Irish stew, brought straight from the house in the pony's panniers, while the thermometer stands at thirty degrees in the sun, and a grim satisfaction of 'spiting' the frost and apparent inclemency of weather cannot restrain itself.

We had no womankind to grace our sylvan board that day, but we were socially festive, and the augur as good as a play, while he slowly selected from a bag of 149 head at least thirty pieces of game as the spoil of his own hands. I believe he was earnest in his conviction: like the bewildered recruits of Gettysburg, he often could not distinguish the report of his own gun from those of others. We held our peace, though Larry muttered to the colonel that not a feather or fur had fallen to the left-hand gun that morn, and with the innocent egotist ignorance was the summit of bliss.

There were two more beats to be accomplished, the last a rhododendron and Spanish chestnut fringe that ran round the lower end of the lake in front of the house. An earnest private appeal to the sympathies of Martin procured 'Tiresias' a situation forward in the last beat of the day; and, burning to distinguish himself, he, with his faithful Larry, took up his post at the first cross ride.

Of course the old hares soon began to steal away to the lower end as the enemy invaded from the top. To judge by the fusillade from the right-hand corner in advance, the bag should have been fuller by a dozen head at least, but no friendly aim was nigh to 'wipe' the prophetic eye, and leave spoils for the disputed claims of Larry's charge; and even Mr. W. Mill himself was fain to own that they ran across too fast for him.

At last, however, the quick eye of Larry espied an old jack hare sit quietly on the fringe of the underwood as he came to the edge of the ride and listened for the enemy behind. He beckoned to 'Tiresias.' who stood not five-and-twenty yards from the prey, and the latter eagerly raised his piece and fired at the sitting innocent. Swish! went the bazels a couple of yards above the ground, and the old hare himself hopped across, undismayed by the second barrel which followed him. 'That's right, yer honour,' quoth Larry, never at a loss for a compliment, 'ye made him lave that! And Mill, placing his glass in his eye as he contemplated the retiring

puss, hazarded, in defence of his apparent lack of skill, a general technicality that he had heard from others ere this, and on which he could safely venture, that 'rabbits can carry a ton weight of shot in their hinder parts;' and then, as the advancing line began to come in close vicinity to the intersecting ride, followed his Mentor round the outskirts to the extreme end of the fringe for the final beat of the day.

This bit was to be the cream of our sport; the belt was narrow, and nothing had any excuse for running back if the beaters played their part The cover itself varied from breast height to eight feet at the most, and of course a large proportion of the pheasants were forced to rise under the disturbance before they reached the 'hot' end and found their shelter concluded. However, the majority of the ground game fell to the lot of those who were posted at the end of the strip.

I had myself, though a volunteer, and yeoman to boot, never exactly been on campaign or under fire, and could scarcely repress a feeling of nervousness as I found myself visà-vis at my corner with the flushed and happy 'Tiresias,' not forty yards distant, blazing indiscriminately at every bunny and hare that shot out from the shelter of the underwood, and at the few far distant rocketers that managed to run the gauntlet of the advancing line.

At first my instinct led me to shelter myself behind the angle of the corner, standing in ample view of all game that bolted, but out of sight of my antipathy, in hopes that he would confine his attentions to the open.

There was no safety in concealment. A wounded cock pheasant, that fell crashing through the boughs of the ash saplings at the corner, drew a volley from my visà-vis that rattled not three feet over my head and drove me to show myself promptly, lest he should think me annihilated by the last volley, and consider himself, in consequence, at liberty to blaze in any direction without future risk.

I miscalculated his self-restraint and powers of judging distance:

tbrice was the turf furrowed not twenty yards in front of me, and the pellets ricochetted in all directions round my legs. I hailed, and ventured to suggest the advisability of allowing the game to cross clear of the line between us before he fired. but received an assurance that Mr. W. Mill knew what he was about. was flattered as his 'dear fellow,' and reminded that there was no danger if I 'stood still and did not get in the way.

Nearer and nearer came the line of beat, and faster and faster came the ground game as they scurried across the open in front of us and made for the shelter of a fir bank a hundred yards further off.

'Mark cock!' electrified us all: the first cock of the season, and so early too. Two of the line behind us blazed successively at him as he glanced across a glade and dived along a track parallel to the line of advance. The third shot-Lee's second barrel—dropped him. 'Tiresias,' excited by the turmoil, would not be denied, and as the prize fell blazed furiously not more than thirty yards to the left of where the cock had last been seen.

A stifled curse from his lordship of Gorham made my blood run cold, and I feared the worst, but was instantly reassured to hear him hail in his most cheery tones, with admirable presence of mind-

'Well done, there! Who fired that last shot?

'I!' vociferated the delighted augur, thinking he had wiped every one's eyes.

Where are you? 'Bravo!

'Here!

'Where? I can't see you. Hold up your hand,' continued the wounded peer, recognizing his assailant's voice, and hardly betraying, by the least falter in his accents, the fact that he had been seriously peppered.

The whole line was checking at the instant for the reload, the sticks of the beaters rattling merrily on the stumps alongside of them, to prevent any game from stealing back, and all eyes were directed to the point whence appeared the elevated paw of the augur, while his delighted exclamation of 'Here!- here I am!—all right!' was changed to a yell of misery as his irritated patron let fly his still loaded left barrel, a point-blank fifty yards' aim, at the offending and extended manual.

I nearly paid dearly for his lord-ship's revenge. The agonized turf prophet dropped his gun and collapsed on the grass with a howl; the abandoned implement cracked its remaining barrel into the ash saplings at my side, whence the pellets glanced in all directions round, and one or two lodging themselves in poor old Rose's hide caused her to tune up and add to the cacophony.

My uncle in horror was rushing forward to ascertain the extent of the injuries, but the stoical peer in-

terrupted with,-

'D—n him, he's all right, he's only barked his knuckles; don't let us spoil the best beat of the day by letting everything run back!'

'He's all right, yer honour, glory be to God!' echoed Larry, as he picked up his protégé, like a baby, by the legs and shoulders, and carried him out of the line of advance; and in another three minutes we had akimmed the cream of the hottest corner of the day.

De Gorham, who emerged from the cover rather pale, but without moving a muscle, was by far the more seriously hurt of the two. Some ten or a dozen pellets were lodged in his neck and shoulder, and his hat showed traces of many more; but his head, with the exception of one cut in the soft tip of his ear, had escaped visitation. was bleeding like a stuck pig, and I really felt frightened about him; but he found time to walk up to his prostrate protégé and examine the extent of his handiwork, whither I followed so soon as I had satisfied myself that Rose's injuries were trivial.

'Four in the hand—no, five! There's one has taken away the end of the thumbnail,' quoth his lordship; 'he ought hardly to count; and two more in the wrist!—No more? Beattie told me the gun shot close; I knew it spread. No wonder I missed that cock! It's

all right, my lad, you ain't hurt;—don't howl!' for the augur was moaning so piteously that I shuddered to think that he might be carrying a stray pill in his interior. 'I'll pick 'em out for you with a penknife when we get in, if you won't make such a noise. Bring him in, Larry.' And on he went to the house, which providentially was not four hundred yards distant, and whither Lee had already been despatched by my uncle, with directions to order lint and bandages. to send a groom on a hack for the doctor, and to prepare my mother that no real danger existed for either patient.

Of course the lady's maid fainted at the sight of the blood as the injured tirailleurs entered the hall, and Larry's helpmate, sturdy Job Amos, with admirable presence of mind, at once directed the remains of the jug of hot water, that had subsided in her lap, over her head and neck, with a laudable view to restoration. The water was not so boiling as it might have been; but she came to like a shot, and wanted a new skin very badly for the next

month.

We soon had our two patients in bed and bandages, and old Mossop, the best practitioner in the county, relieved our anxieties by a reassuring bulletin. His lordship removed on the following day to his own seat, four miles off; and I am sorry to say that when, three days later, I cantered over with tender inquiries, he was suffering from erysipelas in the inflamed regions, and it was nearly two months before he joined us in the hunting-field.

To this day he can feel one or two of 'Tiresias's' pellets under the

muscles of his neck.

The augur was too terrified to return in a burry to his noble patron, though the frank acknowledgments and expressions of regret of the latter soon placed them in statu quo before many days had elapsed.

The 'Morning Mail' lacked its weekly article for the next Monday; but I read up the criticisms of daily and weekly papers to our invalid guest, and wrote from his dictation his analysis of the Cesarewitch Stakes the succeeding week, and his selection of the six favourites to 'win and for a place,' with three outsiders for 'cockboats.' My excellent mother found that he could play a fair game of chess, and he won her heart by making a respectable fight in all cases, yet without conferring upon her the ignominy of defeat.

'He's an excellent young man, my dear Frank,' she said, as the convalescent 'Tiresias,' with his hand in a sling, drove off to the station, en route for the Houghton Meeting, 'and I am sure he will get on in the world; and though it was very kind of Lord de Gorham to bid for that half butt of old Mr. Gage's brown sherry for you, and I hope it will keep and improve till you are married and settled down, I must say it was very brutal of him, under any circumstances, to shoot deliberately at a deserving and well-meaning young fellow like that, just because he had the misfortune to put a shot or two into him when he couldn't see where he was firing to,——Poor dear young man!'

VISITS TO COUNTRY HOUSES.—No. II.

BY TOM SLENDER.

MRS. D— and her son Arthur Park, and when they left it, wearied with the amount of gaiety that had been condensed within the narrow compass of one week, they were not sorry to find themselves quietly ensconced in the old Manor House near Welsh Bicknor, on the banks of the Wye. Arthur amused himself with alternately lying at full length beneath some fine Spanish chestnuts which stood near the house reading the latest novel, or trusting his precious life in one of the coracles which still exist there, and with which a few of the people cross the river. Life is made up of reactions, and so Arthur D----found The toil after pleasure, the noise, the racket, the very clatter of the plates and knives and forks with which the house at Dale Park resounded while the respectable county of Flatshire was bent on doing honour to the heir of the Faussets, contrasted strongly with the quiet and repose within and around the old Manor House.

This was a long-promised visit to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, whose only son had been Arthur's college friend. Formerly, during the vacations, he had accompanied young Herbert to his home, and now that their only son had died Mr. and Mrs.

Horbert entertained the greatest regard for his friend, and always pressed him to make the Manor House his home. Since the loss of their son they had lived rather a secluded life; but theirs was not an idle or profitless life. They were full of information and anecdote; and on this occasion they deviated from their usual custom, and invited some friends to meet Arthur and his mother. They knew how to make a house pleasant, and were themselves more agreeable than most people. The first few days were spent alone, that, as they said, they might enjoy their visitors' company without molestation or interference. This quiet was by no means uncongenial to Mrs. D---. It gave her an opportunity for letterwriting, in which she was much in arrear-for at Dale Park and during her previous wanderings she had been idle. It is so impossible to fight against a strong current of daily life, which is always carrying you away from your ordinary occupations. In some houses—happily they are not many—the lady of the house never appears till luncheon time, and when there is no one to take the lead people are apt to idle away their time. But at the Manor House Mrs. Herbert knew how to leave her visitors to amuse themselves, and at the same time to suggest and provide amusement and interest for her guests.

'Do you know the Gerards, Mrs. D---?' said Mrs. Herbert, the third day at breakfast. 'They are coming here to-morrow.'

'The Gorards? Oh, I am so glad! That is the fellow that was in the Crimes that did such wonderful things. Is he married?'

'Yes. He married Sir Harry Vernon's only daughter. I believe she fell in love with him before she ever saw him. It was a good match for him, for he was poor, and had nothing but his red coat and pay.'

I am glad I shall see him. He is a hero of mine, though I know nothing of him but common report. But he must be a plucky fellow.'

'Well, then, I have another treat for you—Archibald Ainslie and his mother and sister, and old Tuffnel.'

'What! that sour old fellow, whose temper is always on the verge of a fit of the gout?'
'You are hard upon him, my

'You are hard upon him, my boy,' said Mrs. Herbert. 'He is one of the pleasantest men going. I know no one who is better company, and few who are as good. You cannot remember him.'

'Oh yes, indeed I do. I remember how angry he was with me because I gave him a good hearty shake of the hand.'

'Poor man!' said Mrs. Herbert.
'You know I always was obliged to
take off all my rings before I shook
hands with you. Your "shake," as
you call it, was torture. To him it
must have been agony with his
swollen joints.'

The morrow came, and brought the Gerards, the Ainslies, and Mr. Tuffnel; and a pleasanter party rarely met. Mrs. D- was full of fun and anecdote, and Mr. Tuffnel allowed himself to be drawn out; and between him and Mrs. Dwas a contest of wit. ' Young Gerard,' as he was still called, though he was between thirty and forty, was a great favourite with Mr. Tuffnel. No one would have supposed, from his unostentations simplicity, that he was a man who had earned more laurels than any

man of his time—that he was a Victoria Cross man, and had every decoration which a man could have

'I say, mother,' said Arthur to Mrs. D—, 'what a contrast between Gerard and young Fausset! You might suppose that Fausset was the hero, and not Gerard.'

'My dear boy, and so he is—at

least in his own estimation.

In the course of conversation the discussion turned upon the old saying that 'No man is a hero to his valet de chambre.' It arose from a remark of Mrs. Herbert's that one is always disappointed with one's hero—be he poet, painter, or philosopher.

Mr. Tuffnel argued that it was one of those proverbs which are without depth—that catch the ear and arrest the attention, but are shallow and plausible, but utterly untrue.

Mr. Herbert said that it was true, but that the blame lay with those who created for themselves an ideal hero, and invested him with perfections of which no mortal is capable.

Mrs. D—— sided with Mr. Tuffnel, and at the same time admitted the truth that people often invest their heroes with qualities which do not exist. She contended that there was a wide distinction between that false creation and the fact that no man is a hero to his intimate friend—or, as the saying is, to his valet de chambre.

'I know,' said Mrs. D-, 'that some ladies say that their maids are the best persons to call in to give evidence of their temper and disposition. Of temper it may be true, because I have heard that some ladies exhibit an amount of arrogance, impatience, and ill-temper which is inconceivable and quite incompatible with the suave and pleasant manners for which they are conspicuous in society. A hairpin put in the wrong way, or the hair itself brushed without the customary gentleness, or the wrong collars or cuffs put on, or the wrong gown laid out, or the wrong apron offered, will provoke the petty violence which some fine ladies

reserve only for their dependants. It is true enough, I dare say, that a valet may be able to affirm whether his master is good-tempered or otherwise, sick or sorry; but I do not believe that the qualities which constitute a man a hero grow less as our intimacy with him becomes closer. Those points with which we may have invested him it is quite possible will vanish on a nearer view, but the question is whether they were in any way essential to or formed any part of his heroic character. What do you say, Colonel Gerard? You must have seen some heroes in your day. Perhaps we ought to ask Mrs. Gerard for her opinion; only so long as you are by we should have to take her word cum grano, as Arthur says.

This graceful tribute to Colonel Gerard's reputation made him look

very grave, as he replied-

'I am inclined to think that there is a great deal of truth on both sides. Stay, he added, as he saw Mrs. --.'s gesture of impatience at his 'What very commonplace remark. I mean is that while I hate and detest the proverb which would go far to désenchanter one of everything and everybody, I do believe that many an heroic act which has become almost a household story among us would lose a great deal of its beauty and merit if all the circumstances connected with it were equally well known. The fact is that good and bad are so blended together in this life that I do not believe any action to be purely great, any more than I believe every

motive to be purely good."

'My dear Gerard,' said Mr. Tuffnel,' you are such a moralist that you quite overpower me. Pray let us turn our thoughts to some other subject not so profound. Mrs. D——, what do you say to an adjournment into the garden? We will not allow Colonel Gerard to form one of our party, for fear he should begin to preach us a sermon on flowers.'

'Come, that is too bad of you, Mr. Tuffnel,' said Colonel Gerard, with a bright, good-humoured smile: 'but as you have given me leave of absence I will go and carry off my young friend here,' pointing to Arthur D—. 'I promised to give him a lesson how to manage his coracle.'

'Well, be it so. Only make your bow to your commander-in-chief, else some one will fetch you

back.'

Mrs. Gerard laughed as Mr. Tuffnel good-humouredly called her her husband's commander-in-chief. She worshipped her husband. The very 'shadow of his shoe-tie' was hallowed in her eyes; and few would blame her, for he was a noblehearted fellow, and both she and Mr. Tuffnel knew what was in his mind when he said 'no action, however heroic, was purely great.'

While Mr. Tuffnel and Mrs. D—were sauntering in the garden he asked her what she thought of his friend Colonel Gerard. 'Oh, he seems a pleasant man enough,' said she. 'He has used his eyes to some purpose, I dare say. He looks like

a man of observation.'

'Quite so. He is as brave as a lion, with a heart as soft and kind as a woman's.'

'He appears to be a great fa-

vourite of yours.'

'You are right. I have known him from his boyhood, and have watched him as he grew up amongst us. He is one of our "lions," and I think I can make you esteem him almost as much as I do.'

'Then you have something to tell

me about him?'

'Yes, if you like to hear it. But let us find a seat in some shady nook out of the reach of interruption.'

They soon found a corner secluded enough to satisfy Mr. Tuffnel, who

at once began his story.

'The hero of my tale was rather a delicate lad, with a highly nervous temperament. He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. She idolized him, and, perhaps, spoilt him. At all events, we used to tell her she did. When he was eighteen he was almost as tall as he is now, and had, apparently, outgrown the delicacy of his earlier years. In spite of his mother's remonstrances he entered the army, and when the Crimean war broke out

his regiment was one of the first ordered out. He came down here to take leave of his mother and friends, and then left his country. He used to write home as often as he could, but he had not many opportunities, and his poor mother seemed to waste away, under our eyes, with anxiety for her soldier lad. I dare say you remember how the whole country was in a ferment of expectation when the news came that a battle was imminent. one felt this more than poor Mrs. Gerard. She seemed to be possessed by a spirit of unrest. She could not sit still. She was always walking about, and principally on the high road towards Monmouth. The servants said they thought she walked about the house all night long. At last the news came of a fierce battle having been fought, and it was asserted that the number of killed on both sides was immense. Then came that dreadful interval of suspense when every one feared and hoped. Then came the list of the casualties. I can well remember Mrs. Gerard's coming to me and asking me what I had heard. and whether I thought she might hear more if she went to Monmouth. To relieve her aching heart I sent into Monmouth and obtained all the intelligence that was to be got. "Thank God!" was her fervent exclamation as her son's name did not appear among the slain and wounded, and still greater was her thankfulness when she found his name honourably mentioned. From that moment his name appeared in every report conspicuous among the brave for his bravery. When she received a letter from the colonel of his regiment to tell her of her son's safety and of the honourable distinction he had obtained by his courage and conduct, her heart was full to overflowing, and she longed to fold him once more in her arms and bless him. the war was over and peace was made the army returned, and as soon as he could leave his regiment the youthful captain returned here and rested among us after having earned his laurels. You may suppose we all made a great fuss with VOL. XIV .-- NO. LXXXI.

him; and if you could have seen the modest manner in which he received our homage you would have been as much struck with it as we were. He never would allow that he had done anything great. He treated it all very lightly, not with the lightness of conceit, but as if he considered he had met with more honour than was his due, and as if what he had done had been greatly exaggerated. From his mother I learned his own account. He said that, when the first gun was fired and the attack began, he moved on like the rest-very much like an automaton—till he saw men fall around him. Then a sudden nervous panic took possession of him, and he felt disposed to turn back, when a strong arm laid hold of him and pressed him forward, while a voice spoke to him in strong Scotch accent, "For'ard, my lad! For'ard!" Thus impelled, he went forward, urging the men on till the slaughter became greater, and again the same impulse seized him. But no sooner did he hesitate, even for a brief moment, to press onward, than he heard the same words in the same strong Scotch accent, "For'ard, my lad! for'ard!" and the same iron grasp pressing him forward. After pursuing his way he came immediately in face of the enemy, and beheld the dead and dying at his feet and the men falling around him. For a third time this impulse seized him, and, almost instantaneously, the brawny hand was on his shoulder, and in the same strong Scotch accent he was addressed, "For'ard, my lad! For'ard! Remember your mither." At these words he rushed onward and became the support and strength of his men. Again and again he rallied them till they reached the heights, where, amid the cheers of his followers, he planted the standard. Throughout the rest of the war he was foremost in danger, urging on others by his noble example, till his conduct was again and again reported to those in authority, and his name became a byword of all that was brave and honourable. When he related his story to his mother he told her that she must never again speak of him as a hero, for if it had not been for his Scotch sergeant he might have been a byword of reproach.

There was a silence of some minutes after Mr. Tuffnel had finished speaking, when Mrs. D-

said -

'Thank you for a very pretty story. So this is your hero?' FI'Yes,' said Mr. Tuffnel; 'and I think him a greater hero for having told this story of himself to her whose praise he loved better than anything else. It was only a really brave man that could afford to be so honest, and, in my opinion, he has shown himself morally as well as physically brave.

'I agree with you. And what

became of his mother?

'She died not long ago. She lived to see him married, and then, saying that her work was done, passed out of this life as noiselessly and quietly as she had lived in it. She was a great favourite with us all. As for her son, he is like an enfant de famille in every house in the neighbourhood.

'I almost wish I had not heard this story. I shall be quite afraid of him in future. How he must hate all pretension!'

'Yes, I think he dislikes humbug more than anybody I know. It is the only thing that seems really to provoke him.

'We have just come from the very abode of pretension. I should like to find myself there with him some

day.'

'He would not stay long nor go there a second time, said Mr.

Tuffnel.

Mrs. D- and Mr. Tuffnel left their bower and joined the 'kettledrum' under the Spanish chestnuts, where they found the Ainslies and Mrs. Gerard and their kind hostess enjoying the five o'clock tea, which has universally become such an institution that men young and old have taken to it.

'Where have you been hiding yourselves?' said Mrs. Herbert, addressing Mrs. D- and Mr. Tuffnel as they approached the tea-

table.

'We took shelter from the sun. and Mr. Tuffnel has been making himself so agreeable that I really had no notion that it was so late. suppose Colonel Gerard and Arthur have not returned yet?' she said, addressing Mrs. Gerard.

'Now, my dear,' said Mr. Herbert, 'I declare you mothers are all

alike.'

'What do you mean? asked if Arthur had returned.

'I know it. You are like a hen with a brood of young ducks. Because you mothers cannot accompany your sons in all their expeditions, you are quite nervous about them till they return when they have ventured out of your sight.

'What an onslaught you have made upon me for a very innocent remark, said Mrs. D-, laughing.

'You will have some tea. Mr. Tuffnel, won't you?' said Mrs. Herbert.

'Yes, certainly, by all means, if you will insure me against earwigs and gnats. I cannot think why you have it out here.'

'Surely it is much nicer al fresco this hot weather. Look at Miss Ainslie. She is enjoying it.' (Miss Ainslie was lying on the grass, with an empty teacup by her side.)

'I have nothing to say against Miss Ainslie's enjoyment of it. Everything comes right to the young. But really I do cordially dislike everything that approximates to You don't like those pic-nic. abominations, Mrs. D-, do you? I know Mrs. Herbert does not in her heart, though every now and then she mostgood-naturedly sacrifices herself for the good of the young people.'

'Ah! you think to get me on your side, Mr. Tuffnel, by a little pleasant flattery. I believe that to be your opinion of womankind in general,'

said Mrs. Herbert.

'What do you mean?'

'Why, that you think we are so open to flattery that a few civil words will disarm all our opposition, and make us surrender at discretion.

'Nonsense, Mrs. Herbert. You know I don't think anything of the sort. But to go back to our startingpoint. You do hate pic-nics, don't

you?

'Hate them! That is a strong word. I don't know that I hate anything that is so perfectly harmless, and yet affords so much amusement and pleasure to so many.'

'I quite sympathize with you, Mr. Tuffnel, if that is any consolation to you, said Mrs. D--; 'I have a righteous or an unrighteous horror of them. I hate having to sit down on damp grass, or ground covered with ants and other restless creatures, and then to have everything in a scramble, and all manner of insects crawling or flying into one's food. I never can understand why people who have comfortable houses well filled with tables and chairs should go out of their way to themselves uncomfortable, and then try to persuade themselves and their friends that it is for pleasure.

'Thank you. Mrs. D---. I owe you one for that. But here comes your son, and he does not seem to have had even a ducking.

'Tea, gentlemen, tea?' said Mrs.

Herbert.

'By all means,' said Colonel Gerard: 'I am half dead with thirst. I do not know what my friend says. He must answer for himself.

'Are you speaking of Arthur?' id Mrs. D——. 'I will answer said Mrs. D-No washerwoman was for him. ever more devoted to tea than he is.

Arthur D- soon proved the truth of his mother's words, and Mrs. Herbert declared that she had not a drop of tea left, 'come who

There, on the green sward, beneath the chestnut trees, which Mrs. Herbert called her 'green drawingroom,' the whole party were col-lected, and conversation became general, till, when the sun had gone off the croquet ground, it was voted, in spite of Mr. Tuffnel's protest and objections, that they should have a match at croquet.

Colonel Gerard and Miss Ainslie, – and Mrs. Gerard, Mr. Arthur D-Ainslie and Mrs. Herbert, played in right earnest, while Mrs. D- and Mr. Tuffnel looked on in a state of complacent superiority, till the dressing bell rang, and brought them all into the house.

After dinner some of them sauntered in the garden, and in the dusk of the evening spoke of things and events which they would not have discussed in the broad daylight.

Why is it that it so often happens that in the moonlight, or in the twilight, or in the shades of the evening, people can stir up and lay bare the depths of their hearts? They who are ordinarily so reserved, and so resent the slightest approach to intimacy as an unwarrantable interference or impertinence, expand. and become both demonstrative and communicative in the absence of light? Is it that neither their own expression nor that of others is perceptible, and that nothing betrays the emotions of the heart while its depths are being stirred? Whatever the cause may be, the fact is indisputable, that people grow friendly and communicative under the mild influence of Hesperus.

Mrs. D --- and her son prolonged their stay at the old Manor House beyond their original time, because Mr. and Mrs. Herbert were so kind, and made them feel at home; and when the time came for their leaving, it was with real regret that they did so, for 'the old Manor' was one of those places in which hospitality and cordiality are united; where there is an absence of all pretension and affectation, and where the old principle of 'live and let live' is acted

upon without reserve.



THE LONG STORY.

(ILLUSTRATED BY M. ELLEN EDWARDS.)

THE shadows of the little wood
Closed round us in the burning noon,
The lucent shadows of the leaves,
Yet tender with the green of June.

And there, while in a happy dream, We wandered inward from the sun, Winding and turning at our will, The famous story was begun.

A story prodigal of love, Of youth, and beauty born of youth; Of sorrow tempered by romance, And trial glorified by truth.

Long, long ago it all had chanced,— Or was it haply passing then? It might be true of any time Since women were beloved of men.

I listened, yet I did not heed;
A rippling voice was all I heard,
That, softly cadenced, had for me
The music of a singing bird.

The tale went on, the voice I heard, Yet all that I recall is this,— That earnest face, those dreamy eyes, The little mouth too sweet to kiss.

The tale went on, with many a pause,
With frequent outbursts of delight,
As breaks and openings of the wood
Its hidden beauties gave to sight.

A pheasant gleamed across our path, A squirrel shot a sudden turn, And now the cuckoo sang, and now We waded coolest breadths of fern.

The little wood was long to cross;
Its winding paths were hard to find;
And hours had fled ere we emerged,
And left its pleasant gloom behind.

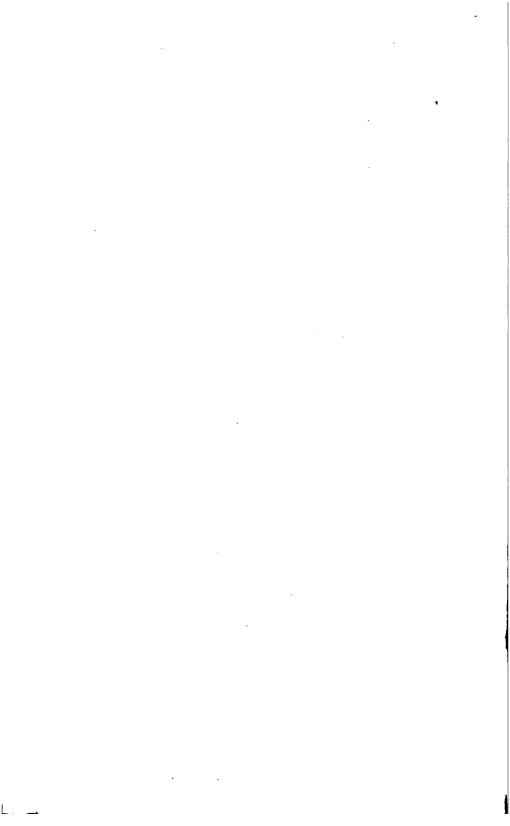
And then beside the rustic fence,
Whence spread the meadows many a mile,
We linger'd idly hand in hand,—
And p'raps the tale went on the while.

The evening shadows lengthened out;
The heavy rooks winged home to nest;
The little wood was fringed with light
Against the fiercely flaming west.

The sun set in a fleecy haze,
Through bars of crimson and of gold,
The sky grew cool, the stars came out,
And yet the story was not told!

WILLIAM SAWYER.







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HOW VIOLET GOT A BEAU.

CHAPTER I.

IN THE VALLEY.

EAR little Violet! They must have known the colour of her eyes before they chose her name. Poor little Violet! Her mother had died years before we knew her; then there came a stepmother, one of the old-fashioned stepmothers, strict and exacting, caring much for her own sons, and little for the lonely daughter of her new home. Second mammas, in these days, if we are to believe modern fiction, exceed in love and tenderness all other women; but Mrs. Ashley belonged to an earlier part of this world's history. She had no soft place in her heart for that tender, violet-eyed, motherless child; per-haps even a twinge of jealousy because Mr. Ashley loved her so well.

Mr. Ashley, in time, learned to repress his feelings, knowing that, if noted, they only brought trouble upon his darling. He was naturally of a reserved, peace-loving disposition, and eventually schooled himself into perfect quiescence. Thus there arose a barrier between him and his lone child, too. All this ended by her throwing her little foolish love-burdened heart, at the feet of a certain penniless young German, who gave daily lessons to her stepbrothers and herself. Otto behaved honourably; he liked the child well enough, and he found out her queer little secret one day quite by chance. She had written no end of poems about it and him. Instead of taking advantage of his discovery, Otto imparted it to her father. Then Mr. Ashley came to us for help.

Will and I had a private consultation; then I drove over to Harley Street, and brought Violet away to our cosy home. She was a sweet little soul, but half frightened and quite at a loss in her new surroundings. I had seen her now and then, but knew nothing of her; my visits to Harley Street were of the most formal. Friendship there was only

between the gentlemen of the families. Will and Mr. Ashley had been schoolfellows once upon a time. Violet sat in the phaeton beside me, very grave and silent.

'Do you like driving?' I asked, whipping my ponies well together. We were out on the high road now, speeding homewards.

Yes, thank you, I like it very

much,' she said, demurely.

'This sort of talk won't do,' I thought; 'we must come to a better understanding, in some way. I must win her confidence: after that we shall get on.' So I turned and looked into her pretty face.

'Violet!' I said, 'have you ever thought anything at all about me?'

'Yes—often, because I liked you.'
That was kind. If you thought about me, and like me, did you ever pity me?'

'Pity you, Mrs. Bell! No, certainly not. Why ever should I?'

She was puzzled and somewhat interested. I did not answer, and presently she spoke her thoughts aloud.

'You have carriages and horses, and a beautiful house, and you can do just whatever you like, and—and—you have a husband who is good to you, and whom you love—why ever should I pity you?'

'You seem quite sure about my

loving my husband.'

'Of course you do—any one can see that; besides, he is so nice, you know, you couldn't help it.'

The little maid was getting quite cheerful now, and spoke in a chirpy pert way that I thought delightful.

'Well,' I said, 'that being settled between us, and granting all your ideas of my possessions to be correct, I think you would pity me if you knew how I have wished for something for years and years, and it has been denied to me.'

Violet said 'O!' and she made her eyes and her little mouth quite round to suit the letter and tho astonishment it conveyed. We were crossing the bridge now, and one of the poules was troublesome, so a little time went by before I asked-

' Do you know what I have wanted

so long, my dear?'

'I think so. Some one to call you mamma, and to be your own, own, own pet, and Mr. Bell's, too. Is

that what you mean?'

'Yes. Now you know my trouble. I know yours, too, Violet, and am sorry for you, and I think we can do one another good. That is why I asked you to come and stay with me. Do you know what we are going to do together?'

'To read, and work, and drive, do you mean?

'Something nicer than that. To travel.

'Oh, Mrs. Bell! and am I to go too?

'Yes, indeed. You are going to be our great pet, I can see, and shall do anything and everything you This day week we are going abroad together; your papa knows all about it, and is quite willing.

That day week, accordingly, saw us leave London; and after a glimpse at Paris, very hot and dusty, but not the less amazing to our little protégée, we went on to Spa. It was very early, long before the Spa season, when we first arrived; but we purposed spending three or four months there, and found June sunshine sweet and pleasant. Nor was there any heat to complain of in the long midsummer days that we spent in the

woods there abounding.

What a sweet little nest is that Spa! What delightful walks, and rides, and drives! What glorious breeze and view from the heights, and what pleasant winding paths up to them! How pretty, too, is the one gaily busy street and the into which it glorious avenue spreads, when its attractions are at an end! Its principal feature is the 'Redoute' (now superseded by a far handsomer building further down). Opposite that centre of attraction, cunningly placed indeed for him who has won, or for those desirous to lose, crowd the shops of banker, tobacconist, hairdresser, ladies' fashions, jeweller, and, specially tempting, the repositories for stained and painted wood articles peculiar to the place. Thus the fortunate winner, sauntering out of the Rooms, is tempted in every possible way to invest a portion of his hoard: while the banker will. for a consideration, change any kind of money under the sun into fivefranc pieces, to enable any unfortunate speculator to go and try again. One end of the queer little street leads into the much-rought avenue, as I have said: the other opens upon the miniature market-place and

Violet was very much amused by the men in big blouses who stand in the square from morning till night. Some are guides, others possess carriages or saddle-horses, at service of excursionists; others, again, simply stand there looking on, smoking long pipes, and making slow observations upon all going Violet's naive exon around them. pressions of astonishment and delight were a kind of 'continual feast' to Will and me; and the child soon became quite familiar and at her ease with us two old people. We must have seemed so very, very ancient to her! We were staying at the Hôtel d'Orange, and had spent a very quiet, happy month, when some friends arrived, whose coming brought about various little adventures that have led me into this telling of Violet's proceedings. She had by no means forgotten Mr. Otto and in confidential moments would tell me of his perfection and her admiration.

'Oh! I did like him so very, very much, she said one day; 'so would you, if you knew him. He is very handsome, you know, bright blue eyes, and such a beautiful moustache! Then he used to be so patient and kind to me, and I did love to hear him talk. At last I could not bear to be away from him, I used to cry and feel so wretched. At least not really wretched, you know, but such a nice, new, strange feeling. You know I have read all about being in love. And when he came it used to make me start, and when he touched me I used to tremble. But now it is all over, quite over. He laughed at me! It was very cruel. You know he found my book of verses, and Otto was so difficult to rhyme to. Ah! Mrs. Bell, I never could have stayed on at home, and I am so thankful you took me away. I dreaded coming

at first, though.'

We had walked up to one of the famous wells to breakfast—the Sauvinière, that boasts of a greater attraction than its mineral spring. We had taken our meal out under the fine old trees, and found the côtelettes and omelettes well deserving of their wide-spread fame. My old gentleman had walked away with his cigar, and we two were still sitting in lazy enjoyment, very cosy and confidential. There now drove up to the inn-door a queer old rumbly-tumbly chariot, drawn by two small Spa horses, belonging decidedly to the aboriginal species common there. I looked on in the contented, apathetic way in which people resting at ease generally watch the movements of active tra-

Out of the nondescript vehicle sprang briskly a bright-faced, laughing youth, with an unusual quantity of thickly curling hair, which I noticed all the more because in jumping he lost his hat. Him followed, more soberly, a somewhat older man, who impressed me by his composed manner.

'He looks like the light-haired one's school master, whispered Violet. The merry youth ran after his hat, and the other stepped back to the chaise, and held out both hands to help a lady in the difficult descent. She was a very tall, broad-shouldered person of middle age, and had about her an air of severe propriety. This expression went into all the details of her sad-coloured attire; her very bonnet-strings were cut into rigidly-straight lines at the end, and the tips of her stiffly-extended fingers were clothed in square-cut gloves. I do not say that I discovered such details in these first moments, but they came to be so associated in my mind with Miss Prudence Herbert, that I cannot speak of her without noting them.

Last, but by no means least, there came forth a very imposing gentleman, with a grand face and air, and a long silvery beard. All my apathy was at an end: I started to my feet and approached the strangers. Certainly, there could be no doubt, this was our dear old friend the General. I had been telling of him and his brave deeds but yesterday. Then I spoke of him as though there were thousands of miles between us, now he was here! I had seen him last twenty years ago, yet I knew him again instantly. He was a gallant young captain then, and had stood in my dead father's place when I became Will's wife. Then I bade him a long farewell, but I had heard of him ever since; first from his wife; then from mutual friends; once or twice from himself. l met him now with outstretched hands. He gave me a kiss, and said I looked just as young as when he left home. Then he turned, in his courteous way, towards little Violet, who had crept up with her eyes full of curious questions.

'And this fairy?' said the General; 'surely I should have heard-I can-

not have forgotten?'

'No, she is not ours,' I answered, cheerfully. I saw our old friend was distressed by having spiken his surmise. 'But she is a dear pet,

and we are taking care of her.'
'Very pleasant care you find it,
Missy, I should say. And where is

Mr. Bell?

He came up at the moment. Then there was much introducing. Miss Herbert was the General's sister-in-law, and had met him at Southampton with his younger sons.

Miss Violet took you for your brother's schoolmaster,' I said, at this part of the introduction; on which poor little Violet emulated the deepest-dyed rose with her blushes, and when we were alone scolded me well for being so very, very wicked

The elder had gone out to his father some years before, and had just returned from Canada with him. So these great fellows were the babies I had coord and crowed with; and this fair-haired, laughing Lionel was the chubby cherub that had rivalled even Will in my affections and attentions; and HE was the elder after all! I fancied I could detect some of the aunt's schooling in grave Herbert, who was certainly very solemn for his years. A very handsome fellow, now that I looked more closely at him, and much more like his father than my old pet, Lion. Whether from old association, or for the sake of his laughing face and merry way, I don't know, certain it is that Lion immediately regained his hold on my affections, and that I was as enthusiastic in his praises as Violet herself, in whose thoughts he quickly usurped the place of Mr. Otto. Pray do not think that Violet was giddy or heartless; far, far from it, the little soul was all love, and had given of her tenderness to the very first man whom she could justly admire. It was only a child's feeling then; now, I thought, or came to think shortly, the woman was arising, and the child passing away. I said to Will, when we were alone after that meeting at the Sauvinière, that between Lionel and Violet had arisen a case of love at first sight; Lionel's admiration had been so plainly visible in his delighted face, and in his cheery words, when he took Violet's hand in his. Then again, when we all went to the well, and Violet had been persuaded to put her foot into the legendary hollow stone, and wish, it was Lion who held her hand to steady her; and he chatted all the time. He said how he wished that he might wish; and would not she wish his wish for him? 'I must not wish my wish myself,' he added; 'don't you know that we men are not to have any extra chance of fulfilment given to us, like you of the privileged sex. Well, I grant you any and every privilege under the sun cheerfully.

At this Violet put on her little

pert pout, and replied-

'No doubt the saints won't give men any encouragement, because they are unreasonable in their desires, and don't deserve to have them fulfilled.

'I don't know about the reason; but I do know about the strength and good-will of my desires. Perhaps some day I will tell you, and let you judge for yourself.

I can see all the pretty picture

before me still.

Glimpses of very blue sky and fleecy floating cloudlets, through the rich foliage overhead, fantastic shadows swaying on the sward beneath, balmy air all about us. The brave old General opposite, leaning on his younger son's arm; Aunt Prudence a little further back, holding the glass of disagreeable water at stiff arm's-length, my dear Will persuading her, in his droll way, to try its salutary effects. Thenbetween them all and me, and some steps below us-Violet, as lovely a type of maidenhood as I have ever had the good fortune to see. Her arched brows raised, her sweet lips parted in a smile of protest, her long soft curls taken off the smooth brow, and falling gracefully over her shoulders, and her trusting look and hand given child-like to the care of her bright-faced companion. Her whole attitude—even the soft blue folds of her muslin dressadding to the inexplicable charm that an innocent girl has in the eyes of all beholders. Of course Lionel had his share in the making of the pretty picture. His merry face and strong figure; his tawny—I was going to say mane, and it would be correct-well then, his tawny mane and beard, and the admiring interest with which he regarded 'the child of wishes,' as he talked his nonsense, all these things impressed themselves on my mind's eye, and enable me to-day to give you a faint ideaof a bygone, but very brilliant reality.

The meeting of that morning made a new era in our Spa life. Where we three had formerly gone, there were now mostly seven of us, and many happy days we spent together. As for Violet, what with sunshine, happiness, and love, she was growing absolutely beautiful: so I saw, and needed not the constant telling of the two old gentlemen whom I voted far more impressionable than the young ones. As for the General, he put himself entirely at Miss Violet's feet, and led her away into an enthusiastic flirtation, which often called for my severest criticism as chaperone. Lionel's admiration was evident enough; but Herbert seemed to heed the child's loveliness as little as Aunt Prue; but then Herbert was altogether so quiet and unimpressionable. With his godmother, Miss Herbert, I had to fight many small battles about the liberty granted to the young people in the disposal of their time and the choice of their amusements, especially on the occasion of a particularly nice ball. Lionel had entreated so for Violet's debut at this entertainment, that I at last yielded.

'You give way to the young people too much, far too much, said Aunt Prue, severely. 'The idea of encouraging—I may say, leading them on to think of nothing but pleasure appears to me almost ainful. Surely we were not sent into the world on such account. Life has sterner thoughts and duties.'

'But we are here for the holidays.'
'I greatly fear, Mrs. Bell, you would have all the days of the year devoted to dances and junketings, and leave none for sober works. I cannot but say that the idea of this ball is extremely distasteful to me, and I misdoubt me much that the effect of such dissipation will not tend to the improvement of the youthful minds of which we have undertaken the charge.'

'I am so sorry you don't approve. We must not disappoint them now; Violet and Lion have quite set their

hearts upon it.'

'There, my dear madam, you put my worst fears into words. As for my beloved Herbert, I shall certainly exert my influence in withholding him from these thoughtless pastimes.'

And so on, and on. My bluff old Will voted Miss Prudence a bore, and a muff, and all sorts of naughty names; but I knew that, though fassy in words, she was always ready for a kind or generous action. This much-debated ball was the first 'select' one of the Spa season, and it had been settled that we should all go. As for Miss Herbert and her godson, of course we should miss them; but they were

not absolutely indispensable. had dressed my little Violet in snow-white, and crowned and garlanded her with silvery leaves. Over her curls, too, I had shaken a silvery shower, and Will had, with some difficulty, procured corresponding ornaments for her neck and arms. I thought her perfection, and kissed the laughing lips with—I think almost a mother's pride. Will led our pet into the room, while I leant upon the General's arm. Lionel, tired of waiting, had gone on; but in the pretty rooms we looked for He had claimed him in vain. Violet's promise for the first two dances.

'I want to get her well used to the slippery floor and the size of the rooms, you know, he had said, half apologetically. When I looked on her now, I thought the dear boy needed no excuse. But where was he, and why did he not gladden his eyes with the sight of our fairy? Meanwhile Herbert was leading her away. He had been standing half hidden behind one of the pillars near the entrance, and I caught sight of his watchful eyes as we came in. But he did not join us until the music began, and Violet looked on with a wistful disappointment. She rewarded her unexpected cavalier with a beaming smile, and was swiftly carried away amongst the dancers, while we elders looked on.

'How well the lad dances,' said the General; 'upon my word I

did not expect it of him.'

'Such a partner would put life into any man,' said Will. 'I am going to have a turn myself pre-

sently.

The next quadrille saw Mr. Bell and Violet standing together, with Herbert and me as vis-à-vis. Then I felt almost thankful that Miss Prudence was not looking on. Of course we had all wondered—first privately, then to one another—as to what had become of Lionel. At last I became uneasy, and deputed Herbert to go and seek his brother, and not to return without him.

'Do you really not know what keeps him, Mrs. Bell?' he asked, looking straight into my eyes.

'No-indeed, do you? I am

anxious because he was dressed and waiting, and said he would come on here. Do you know?' But Herbert was gone before he had time to reply: he had muttered, 'I will find him,' and had drawn his brows somewhat sternly, I thought; but then Herbert was so peculiar, and

might have meant nothing.

We had met some English friends. and we had made some foreign ones, during our stay, and Violet had more dancing offers than she could accept. There was a certain Mons. Déjazet, who had put his heart, verbally, at her feet and at my feet, all the evening, and who was excited by cette beauté virginale to a frantic pitch of gesticulation. The little man looked altogether like a lively note of admiration. He capered and figured about our pet, and brought her rafraichissements innumerable. She took all his attentions in excellent part, and was grateful and amused. Before we left Spa Mons. Déjazet had demanded our permission to pay his addresses to cette charmante jeune personne Mees Vi-o-lé. I made some allusion to her about her French suitor, and her answers were quite sufficient to warrant Mr. Bell in humbly declining the Mons. Déjazet, proffered honour. with his cinquante mille livres de rentes, was astounded, and went his way in wonder, but in peace.

Herbert soon came back to the ball-room. 'Lionel will follow me directly,' he said, and gave his impatient partner his arm. A few minutes later our truant appeared waltzing away with a certain Miss Noble. That dance over he came

to me.

'I am so sorry, Mrs. Bell; I really could not help it. I quite intended to come atraight here, but was detained, and seeing me come in, Mr. Noble begged me to dance with his daughter, so I could not come straight to you. Where is our sweet Violet?'

'There is MY sweet Violet,' I said, a little coolly; 'and she is enjoying herself amazingly.' Then I looked well into his face. 'You are strangely flushed, Lionel, after one

dance.

'Am I?' he said and bit his lip.
'I am very warm.'

'You can rest at your leisure now.'
'No, by Jove. I am going to

claim that darling, and make up for lost time.' Just then he saw her standing opposite. 'Oh! Mr. Bell, how delicious she looks to-night!'

But Violet did not come over to our part of the room, as he had expected, and as soon as the music began again, whirled by with Mons.

Déjazet.

'I can't stand this,' muttered Lionel, and hotter blood came into his face. He left me, and watched his opportunity; with the last chord he lifted Violet's hand in his and walked her off, unceremoniously. They went into the further room; I followed swiftly, and was in time to hear him say—

'But you must not, must not be angry with me; I am so savage with

myself.'

'But, Lionel, I will know what kept you. Tell me; then I will forgive you and dance with you again.'

'Oh! do. Dance pretty with me, and don't pout and look so bewitching, or you'll make me say more

than I ought.'

'You must tell me first, sir.'

'I cannot tell you first or last, miss.'

'Then I will not dance, at least not with you. It was worth Herbert's while to come to me.'

'He is such a calm chap, nothing

tempts him.'

'Maybe I was sufficient tempta-

'Oh! you daughter of Eve.'

'Don't abuse my dear first mother, sir. I never will acknowledge that she was so much to be blamed as people make out. Why did not Master Adam sensibly and kindly point out to her the error of her ways? She might have been led aright with very little trouble.'

'In your opinion, then, Adam should have reasoned with—with a woman. Poor logic! sad would have

been thy early fate.

'Now you are talking nonsense, and only to lead me away from the questions I will have answered. What kept you, Lionel?' 'Will you come and see?'

'Nothing I should like better.'

'Come then.'

'Oh! what can it be? Would Mrs. Bell let me, do you think?'

'Never mind Mrs. Bell. vourself to me. I love you, sweet little Violet, and mean to make you my wife some day. Come with me now.'

She looked straight into his face for a moment, then gave a low

langh.

'I will come with you now,' she said, 'for the fun of the thing, and because I am curious, but as to that other proposal of yours I have nothing to say to that.' She had a very determined, quiet air when she chose, and now said her words so resolutely that they startled me. Lionel laughed aloud.

'Time will prove, my dear, and I We must fetch your can wait. cloak, and muffle you up well. Now you can come.'

I, very near them, though hidden, had heard much of what passed, and now resolved to follow. I had no longer any doubts as to where our pet was to be taken. I left them to go their own way, while I went back to my husband and whispered hurriedly to him. Then I put my shawl over my head, went back to the hotel, fetched a bonnet and veil, and rejoined Mr. Bell at the entrance of the Rooms.

CHAPTER IL

ON THE HEIGHTS.

When I put my hand upon my husband's arm, we walked up the stairs, but did not go amongst the dancers this time. We went into a lofty, well-lighted saloon, in the centre of which stood a crowd. That it was an eager, anxious crowd was my first observation, the next, its strange component parts. I had seen such places before; I had watched the green table of danger with its weird numbers; I had heard the monotonous call of the croupiers, and watched them raking up the But I had never lost money. looked with such intense interest on all these things as now, on this

night, when I wished to note the effect upon our darling and her admirer. By this time we had all begun to think of them as belonging Their suitability had together. been beyond doubt from the first. Age, faces, and fortunes would be well mated, so we wise elders had A little to our right they agreed. now stood, far too much engrossed by the gambling operations to heed us. Now and again Violet would turn with inquiring look or word to her protector, to whom she clung timorously, then back to the table and those nearest and most interested. Her lips were parted, and all her powers of keen observation shining from her wondering eyes. Liouel had not forgotten her presence, but his thoughts were chiefly with the game playing before him. Mechanically his hand moved towards his pocket, and he brought forth small gold coins.

'I must try again,' he said; 'your presence must change my luck. Do choose me a number from amongst those marked upon the table.

Only mention one, just one.'

'Is it wrong, Lionel?' 'No, no, very kind; quite right.'
'Thirty-six,' said Violet, and Lionel hurriedly pushed three ten-

franc pieces upon the chosen number.

In another minute thirty-six times that sum lay awaiting him.

Shall I leave it? he asked. 'No, no, take it, take yours—any-But come away, please, thing. come away,' said Violet, not in the least understanding the transaction, but quite aware of the hungry and envious eyes that followed the money as it came back into her companion's hand. And then the eyes were turned upon her, and I could see the blood mounting painfully into her very temples. Some of the eyes so attracted were not speedily withdrawn. One swarthy, black-bearded man, with eyes like a hawk, rose, and invited our pet by look and gesture to take his chair.

'Mees has all the lavour of ze god-like Fortuna,' he said, grinning.

'Do sit, Violet; you will not be noticed so much; do, there's a dear girl, and tell me what to play.'

'I shall unite to your ventures,' said the foreigner, evidently understanding the purport, though not the words of Lionel's entreaty. And he backed quite out and offered his chair to our poor confused pet. I was just coming to the rescue, when Herbert (who had a knack of appearing at the right moment on this evening) stepped forward.

'You have forgotten that I was to have the last waltz, Violet,' he said; 'I have been seeking you; come.' He took her unresisting hand, gave his brother, who was about to interfere, a look that Will called a 'silencer,' and led her away. They did not go back into the ballroom. When I reached the hotel, I found my pet in tears.

'You are over-excited, my darling,' I said, and began to take off her

ornaments.

'I am in such trouble, I don't know how to tell you. Will you ever forgive me?'

'Dear child, you have done no

harm.

'Do you know, do you really?'

'Yes, I was there, watching you. We quite intended to show you the Rooms some evening, and Mr. Bell would have explained the game to you. There was no harm in your going, but Lionel was to blame for taking you in your ball-dress. After this the little soul sobbed all the more. I put her into her bed and sat beside her, holding her trusting little hand in mine, until her breathing became regular, the tears dried on her face, and she slept. Perhaps another tear fell upon it as I kissed her, but I know that I thanked God for His mercies, and for the beauty and brightness in this pleasant world.

I am sorry to have to tell you that my old favourite, Lionel, did not behave himself very well during the next month. Miss Prue was in a state as nearly bordering on distraction as propriety allowed her.

'The young man must have his fling,' said the kind General; 'he has never seen anything of the sort before. He'll soon come straight again. Don't worry him, Prue; he is a good lad.'

'Worry him! What expressions,

brother! Counsel, advice, are now to be spoken of as men speak of -of aggressive dogs. Worry, indeed!' At last however things were get-

At last, however, things were getting too bad. Lionel took his seat at the green table as soon as the doors were opened, and scarcely left it again until they closed for the night. We all besought the General

to interfere.

'Our little plans for Violet will all be ruined by his present thoughtlessness,' I urged. Then the father told his son he must either give his word not to re-enter the gambling saloon or return with them all to England, and at once. Lionel chose the former alternative. He must have felt grateful to his father, who had allowed him to run on in his own way, and given him all necessary moneys without a word of complaint, until a check was absolutely necessary. So Lion acquiesced with a good grace, and now sought to pass his time, and forget his craving for play, in a fresh burst of love-making. But in Violet there was a change that chilled these thoughts of his. She did not turn from her merry-faced friend: that might have augured hope in the winning her back; but she met him without any of her wonted interest and sprightliness. She did not care if he came, stayed, or went. She did not mind walking with him, but she showed neither liking nor disinclination when such walking was proposed. We all saw the change, and I acknowledged that I had been hasty, and that the woman's feeling still slumbered in the little breast.

'Perhaps she will never care for any one,' said Will. 'This is the second lover in six months.'

'She has never been beloved yet,' I answered, fearing to say more, as I had been so manifestly wrong in my former ideas. My husband shook his head.

'You are very queer creatures, you women, very queer, and not to be sounded at all. You're either too shallow or too deep: it's not for me to say which. How some girls would have clung to that handsome young fellow all the more pertinaciously, just because he was thoughtless and foolhardy, and turned his

back upon them a bit, and hankered

after forbidden pleasures.'

'That would have been so if a girl—if Violet had loved him. But, indeed, matters went too fast and too smoothly; we might have been sure they could not all end in rose-colour.'

'The old theory about its being unfortunate to win the first rubber?' Cards and love have something in

common.

'Have they though? Then I will thank you for some information about——'

But that led us on to another subject, with which Violet has nothing to do. That young person was altogether in a somewhat contradictory and unsatisfactory frame of mind for weeks after the ball at the Redoute. She made desperate love to the dear old General, and turned her back, as Will says, on all her other friends. I never found out what passed between her and Herbert when he led her home on that eventful night; but I know that she shunned him, could not be induced to take a walk with him alone, and scarcely answered if he spoke to her. And yet I caught her eyes earnestly fixed upon his face sometimes, and I knew that she heard, ay, and eagerly listened to, the few words he spoke. He was not much with us; he liked walking, and would often start away with his knapsack on his back, for two or three days' tour.

October was coming upon us now, and we began to speak of going home. I had resolved that nothing but absolute necessity—or a good husband—should take our darling from us again. She was such a blessing and comfort, and so constantly reminded us, by her very name even, of spring and sunshine, and all that is sweet and pure in Nature's day of promise.

How long might she be with us? I thought. I held a letter from Mr. Ashley in my hands. I had told him my wishes and opinions honestly, and he had responded with all possible kindness. He would not take her away. How about that handsome lover with the tawny mane?

We elders were sitting out in the

beautiful avenue, listening to the energetic band, and the two in my thoughts were walking leisurely up and down. Lionel's arm had been offered and rejected, and he had folded his hands upon his back. Violet, a little pouting, a little trifling, wholly charming, toyed with her parasol, looked provokingly into his face, and gave him pert answers in her own pert way. At last he grew impatient of her nonsense, and must—I judge from later confessions—have said something like—

'You are making fun of me, Violet. I am in earnest, and will not be laughed at. I tell you plainly, once for all, I love you, and want you to be my wife. I am tired of all this play. Let there be

an end to it.

'I don't think I made the be-

ginning?

'You did. I thought you beautiful that very first day, when I placed your little foot in the wishing-place. I wished then that you might have put it upon my neck instead, and called me your slave. I would have done your bidding fast enough.'

'Now you know me better you want me to do yours. Thanks; I don't care about a master at present.' And she laughed merrily enough. Then he stood still, front-

ing her.

Violet,' he said, 'I ask you, for the last time, will you be my wife? I know Mrs. Bell would like it, so would my father: he wants me settled; and surely your father could not object. Violet, may we

write and ask him?'

'No!' she said, and I saw her plant her foot and parasol firmly down into the ground. 'No, no, no! ten thousand times. no! And I tell you, Lionel, you will never change me, not if you worry me all the few days we stay together, you will never change me. I don't love you, and I don't love Mr. Otto, though you have picked up that silly story, and choose to say so, and—and—and—I don't think I know what love is, and—and—I don't wish to. There!'

'Let me teach you. I can, and will.'

'From you I could never learn it.

Let us be friends. Shake hands, and have done with this nonsense, once for all.'

Of course he would not shake hands, but went away from her with hasty and angry steps.

She told it all to me afterwards, and silenced all comments or eulogy.

'Dearest and kindest of mothers—and you do seem to me like a mother,' she said, with her eyes full of tears, 'you love me, and you know how dear Mr. Bell, and you know how nice that is, and we are all so happy. Let us go on so. I am sorry if he cares for me: I know it won't last; but I do assure you I can never care for him, in the right way, you know.' And she would say no further word in the matter.

After that walk Lionel did not come near her. He was a somewhat spoilt and a vain young man, and his vanity had received a smarting blow, which he could neither

ignore nor forgive.

The last morning of our pleasant stay had come. Violet had hurried away to her mineral bath, from which she was wont to return like Heb3, or Aurora, or any one famous for rosiest health. Herbert had been away for a day's walking, but had promised to return in time 'to see us off.'

After her bath, Violet walked away along the winding path, up to the heights that tower over the town.

'I wanted to take a last look at the dear place,' she told me, after-

wards, 'and I marched away, up and up, till I came to the brightest point for the view. I took my hat off, and stood panting and looking down, when, all at once, Herbert stepped out of the wood. He startled me so! And I was so warm, and so out of breath, and my hair all untidy! I was so ashamed! He said he had been walking since before sunrise, on purpose to-toto see us again before we went, and to offer me a little flower that he had found. He said, "Was it not a very strange time of year for a-for this?" Then he showed me a forget-me-not. It seemed to come in answer to his thoughts and wishes, he said, just as now came the Violet in whose hand he wished to lay that other blossom. Then he gave me the flower, and held my hand, and -and-somehow, all at once, he held me too, and I cried, and I think he cried, but I don't know. He said he was too happy. Dearest of mothers, I do know that I do love him, and that I am too happy, and that it is—so nice!'

So the woman had arisen at last. It was not very long before I had to give into another's keeping the glorious flower that had come so young and guileless a blossom into

mine.

It is only a sketch, you see, a little jotting down about sunshine and love; perhaps a rain or a storm cloud, but it speaks of a time that has led to a very beautiful summer in two human lives, now one.

B. H. B.



THE HAPPY CONFESSION.

WRITTEN in sand! it sounds mournful to many—
The dirge of bright hopes that might never expand!
But I count that one day far the dearest of any
That showed me my name had been written in sand—
Written in sand!
But then understand
Twas the girl that I loved wrote my name in the sand.

Ah! I had wooed her and worshipped her daily—
Yet ever lacked courage to ask for her hand.
Had my love won her heart? She smiled ever so gaily,
I fear the impression was written in sand.
Written in sand!

How vainly I scanned

Her face for an answer, not written in sand.

Time passed away, my brief holiday speeding
Too soon to an end; when at duty's demand
I must go with a heart that was wounded and bleeding,
And leave but a memory written in sand—
Written in sand.
But a meeting I planned

But a meeting I planned To learn if my love was but written in sand.

I sought her at eve where she sat by the ocean,
When slowly the tide ebbed away from the land,
She sat like a statue—so still, without motion—
Yet, no! She was writing a name in the sand!
Written in sand!
I stole wo her—and—
Oh, joy!—'twas my name that was written in sand.

She turned in surprise—as I leant o'er her shoulder, Her cheek my warm breath so audaciously fanned. Oh, she blushed like a rose when she saw the beholder Was he whose level name she had written in sand.

Written in sand!
As her sweet waist I spanned
I whispered, 'My fate you have written in sand!'

NATAL SKETCHES.

FROM DURBAN TO MARITZBERG.

'OFF Durban Bay! that's awfully jolly!' were the first defined sounds that fell on my ears one morning as I lay dozing in my cabin on board the ship 'St. Antonio, from London to Natal direct,' in which my friend Gurney and I were passengers, having taken it into our heads—whether foolishly or wisely is as the reader likes—to lionize Africa for a change, feeling fatigued by Europe, and to start in search of sporting adventures in the to us unknown 'Land of the Nativity.'

It was Gurney's voice that I recognised, and a moment after he thrust his head inside the cabin door and proceeded politely to inform me that 'though I, Ramsay, was the laziest fellow in existence, it was worth my while to take the trouble this once of getting up.' Now, as a rule, I hate being wakened. Dreamland is very good quarters—quite as good anyhow as any others likely to be had-and therefore, in my opinion, the longer one can stay there the better. Hardened sinners who, without a pang, snatch one from sleep and happiness, simply deserve, and, if you have a well-constituted mind, undoubtedly will receive, summary punishment. That's the rule. On this one exceptional occasion, however, one felt willing to be awakened to hear that our long, monotonous, comfortless voyage was at last come to an end. Having been ninety days -realize that one fact, my reader, if you can-without a good dinner, owing to a daily crisis in the kitchen department, 'fleshpots' in the distance were no small additional attraction to the always welcome sight of land. Dressing, therefore, in all haste, I hurried on deck, where I found most of the motley assemblage of ladies, emigrants, officers, and 'loafers' (under which last head Gurney and myself are specially included), which had been tossed together promiscuously for the last three months, already collected. All was fuss, noise, and confusion, and

it was some time before, in the incoherent Babel of voices, I gathered the fact that to enter Durban Bay it is necessary to cross so shallow a bar, that vessels above four hundred tons burthen have to discharge a portion of their cargo before resigning themselves to the care of the harbour tug-boat 'Pioneer,' and that we passengers, with the more portable of our household gods, were to be embarked on board some of the cargo-boats hovering around us, and thus reach the land. It was blowing a gale at the time, which did not promise to facilitate operations; but, finally, after an immense amount of fussy arrangements and general bother, we found ourselves transferred on board the cargo-boats, parting with a pang from our heavy baggage, and taking leave of our late home.

Owing to the severity of the gale we were at once sent down below, as it was considered necessary to batten down the hatches while crossing the bar, but on emerging from the darkness below to light again, we find ourselves peacefully gliding along the well-wooded shores of Durban Bay, and making our way to the 'Point,' a stone wharf, whence a single line of rails conveys the traveller on to Durban itself, distant about two miles.

At the landing-place we find assembled a crowd of colonists, both to greet, and take stock, of the new arrivals. The native element musters in force; some in 'the Natal full-dress costume, as Gurney re-marked, which consisted of a couple of feathers in the hair, and the minutest possible bunch of dried sheep's tails tied round the middle most, however, in what we supposed to be 'working order,' i.e., perfectly These latter seemed to naked. create a great sensation on the minds of two very gorgeously got-up young ladies (second - class passengers), who, on emerging from the cabin, found themselves suddenly confronted by these brawny sons of Ham, in Dame Nature's livery. With a shriek of wounded feminine delicacy quite touching to witness, one instantly rushed back to the cabin, while the other affected to conceal the blushes on her cheeks, which, unfortunately, hadn't come, by a once very gorgeous, now, alas! torn and dirty, lace-edged handkerchief. We left the damsels afterwards bewailing their hard fate and outraged feelings over two broken bandboxes on the beach.

Meanwhile we find it difficult to get our luggage carried up to the platform in time for the train; the Zulus, in spite of their being, as we had fondly hoped, in 'working order, apparently thinking it quite beneath their dignity to be of use. An arrival in Africa seemed to present a vivid contrast to an arrival in Europe. Far from being struggled for by a mob of porters, our luggage dragged in one direction, ourselves in another, it required the almost superhuman energy of Gurney to induce two sailors lounging near to carry our effects to the adjacent railway platform, where we await the arrival of the single engine possessed by the company. In a moment or two the familiar shrick is heard, a short train slowly glides up, and, seating ourselves in a very comfortable carriage with open seats, we soon begin our drive to The line of rail runs Durban. through some bush underwood, above which tower evergreen trees, bound together by creepers in endless variety, some in full blow, and filling the air with delicious perfume. Our young iriente, kins, Perkins, and Simpkins, who are in our carriage (three inseparable and credulous young persons, who had acted as butts for all practical jokers on board the 'St. Anhave already discovered many likely lairs for tigers in the scrub, and are apparently eager for the fray, and burning with zeal to be 'up and at'em,' armed with the valuable weapons with which Nathan has provided them, hardly suffi-ciently recognising the probable changes in the domestic arrangements of the creatures since the arrival of the intrusive white man.

A few minutes more and we are claiming our luggage on the Durban platform, and that completed, find ourselves criticizing the general appearance of the town when on our way to the hotel, to which our friend P--, a sugar planter and old resident in Natal, who had come over with us in the 'St. Antonio.' had recommended us. First. we crossed a sort of straggling suburb, the houses built of every different material—some stone, some brick, others 'wattle and daub,' but all with the universal iron roof glittering in the heat of the afternoon sun. Presently the houses become more pretentions-stand closer together, with here and there a shop, and we find we are in one of the two principal streets. A contract to water the town would be anything but a sinecure office here, for dust reigns everywhere; on the pathways ankledeep, on or in every article you buy -yes, even in your bedroom, as I afterwards discover, covering your bed and filling your water-jug with equal impartiality.

Ploughing our way across a square apparently one vast dust drift, but containing also, we are credibly informed, several varieties of shrubs, we reach our hotel. P—— had previously told us that the proprietor was pre-eminently what is called a 'rough diamond,' so it was rather an agreeable surprise to find ourselves sitting down to a capital luncheon, served in a wooden outbuilding; and our long involuntary course of abstinence on board the 'St. Antonio' enabled us to do ample justice to fresh bread and butter, fried fish, vegetables, and a fine pine annla.

fine pineapple.

The heat being intense, we deferred our intended exploring expedition till the sun grew lower, enjoyed our cigars and the dole far niente under the verandah shading the hotel, and lazily criticised the moving stream of human life passing to and fro. The Kaffirs—here obliged by borough law to wear trousers to the knee—at once arrest attention by their defiant carriage, a marked contrast to the deferential demeanour of the American negro. This Kaffir idiosyncrasy seemed

much to distress a gentleman who had spent much of his life cotton planting in days of yore in the Southern States of America; and he very openly expressed the intense satisfaction it would afford him to introduce some of the regulations in use in his time in the South at once into Natal. Flogging seemed his grand panacea for the education of a black race; and though perhaps my friend went rather too far in his theory, it certainly is the worst possible policy to make spoiled children of any inferior race. Overleniency does not suit blacks, and it appears to me one may err almost as much on that side as in overseverity. We had a discussion on the subject, which, however, I may spare the reader-digressions are always a bore—and invite his attention to true colonial spécialité which, with the most discordant, unearthly creakings, cries, and whipcrackings, slowly hoves in sight—the bullockwaggon of a Dutch colonist. To an English eye, accustomed to neatness even in a common wheelbarrow, a bullock-waggon presents a curious combination of clumsiness and rude workmanship; but to the young Dutchman swinging his bare legs over the fore-chest it is superior to any masterpiece from Long Acre. To criticise his waggon—to hint, however gently, at its weight-to doubt that oxen at a walk don't rival an express train in speed, is to touch a Dutchman on his very sorest point. For nearly two minutes he manages to throw off his natural phlegm, and doing his best to work into a rage, warmly eulogizes the whole concern. While on the waggon subject we must not forget to speak of one of its most important parts or belongings-the universally-used raw ox-hide, called in Dutch parlance 'rim,' or 'rimpe.' It is ready on all occasions—as much a spécialité as the waggon itself; it supplies the place of hammer, nails, iron, or rope, in all its various uses; but woe to the novice who secures with wet 'rim' anything he may want to open in a hurry-for it dries to the hardness of iron; and if the Gordian knot was composed of 'rimpe' (as I suspect it was), he must only follow a great example, and cut it.

While we are lazily passing our remarks on the colonial 'national vehicle,' and its horned Bucephali, a string of Kaffirs hurry past bearing heavy bags on their heads, and we are informed the 'English mail is in.' The official mind, never in any country overquick to form new ideas, is here, it appears, still doubtful of the advantages of steampower, and prefers to confide the mail-begs to Kaffir runners than to the mercies of the railway—a ceurse of proceeding which rather tickles our fancy.

At 7 P.M. we sit down to an excellent dinner, dressed in Indian style, and doing great credit to the coolie cook. A dessert follows of pineapples, bananas, loquots, and other indigenous fruits. Our coffee is sweetened with Natal sugar, the berry itself being produced on the neighbouring coast lands. During the evening many settlers drop in, to welcome the fresh arrivals, and the public rooms and billiard-rooms are soon crowded. Introduced to some of the leading planters by our friend P---, Gurney and I receive many hospitable invitations to explore the coast lands, and inspect the various coffee and sugar plantations there; but being already expected at Maritzburg, we are obliged for the present to defer a coast trip, though not the less favourably impressed by the genuinely kind feeling and hospitable welcome offered to new-comers by the residents.

The next day we had to go up to the magistrate's office to pay the duty charged on firearms. are then stamped with a number, and a ticket given the owner with a corresponding number on it, all which trouble and expense seems to have no great object but to confer inconvenience on the new-comer. We, having a number of cartridges for breech-loaders above the prescribed quantity, had to pay additional duty, which of course temporarily deranged our naturally excellent tempers. The ostensible reason for the proceeding is that importation and sale of arms to natives may be prevented; but

while thus jealously guarding the port, and inconveniencing persons only bringing in arms for protection or amusement, no effort whatever is made to guard the long coast line. where, at any time, if it paid, an adventurer could land any number of gans, or quantity of ammunition. Having arranged this preliminary to an advance inland, Gurney and I went in search of horses, intending, colonial fashion, to ride to Maritzburg, leaving our luggage to follow by bullock waggon. The only horses we could see, however, were so inferior that we took P---'s advice, deferred investing capital in horseflesh till we gained the higher parts of the colony, and took our places in a four-horse omnibus, then plying every alternate day between Durban and Pieter-Maritzburg. The hot coast climate, and a vicious species of tick which abounds there, and gorges itself at the animal's expense, combine to make the lower portions of Natal anything but a happy land for horses. The poor brutes have also a merciless enemy in the deadly horse-sickness, a species of lung disease which yearly devastates the colony from November to May. This malady, generally incurable even in the high lands, is almost always fatal on the coast, where vast numbers of horses are carried off yearly during its IRVages.

Hearing that the omnibus was to start at 6 A.M. next morning, we naturally requested that a Kaffir might call us at five; but to this arrangement our landlord, the rough diamond I have before hinted at, would by no means consent. told us, with immense equanimity. that 'he never got up himself at those hours, and his servants weren't likely to, either.' Fortunately a convenient peculiarity of Gurney's of being able to wake at any given hour enabled us to dispense with the 'calling' ceremony, and also to reach the bus office in time—a double feat I never expected accomplish. We were soon seated in a kind of waggonette designed to carry six passengers inside and one outside, beside the It was fairly enough driver.

horsed, as the time occupied in doing the distance of fifty-four miles ten hours—will show.

We plunge along somewhat spasmodically at first, the notorious Durban dust lying deep on the ground; but as we ascend the Beren we get on more open ground, and can admire at leisure the fine view beneath us. The bush underwood grows in tangled masses to the roadside, while through the occasional clearances appear many villa residences and cottages, the (for the most part) iron roofs contrasting pleasantly with the dark foliage of the shrub-like trees. At some twelve miles from Durban we wind round a high hill, and presently from the summit we get a fine view of the distant town and the strip of surf marking the break-

water beyond.

Gurney, however, who is too practical to care for landscape beauties, hails with much more delight a few scattered houses, dignified with the name of Pinetown, where we are to breakfast. Again on the road the landscape changes; we drive through a tract covered with dry grass only. There is no shade from the eternal dry grass, and a light awning protects us but slightly from the broiling noonday sun, while the dust envelopes us in a densely thick white cloud. On, on, we toil, till we hail with relief a copse of mimosa thorns at Mys Doorns, some ten miles from Maritz-The colonial mind seems quite unable to realize trees, in the European sense of the word, for, on our complaining to one of our fel-low-travellers of the dreariness of the landscape from their absence, amazed and indignant he pointed to some wretchedly stunted abortions of the acacia species, with What do you want more than that 'ere?' The fatigue engendered by sun, dust, and corduroy roads made me unfortunately feel quite unable to grapple with him in argument. But lo! at last from the summit of a hill we see in the distance groups of actually tall gum trees, the spaces between them filled in by white specks, and we hear the welcome news that we are approaching

Pieter-Maritzburg. Pretty and refreshing the capital looks too on closer inspection, with its boulevards of trees before the houses, and streams of water flowing by the footways. Crossing an iron bridge spanning a small river, we whirl past a tastefully laid out cemetery and, emerging from our cloud of dust, finally pull up before the 'Prince Alfred' hotel.

Gurney the active at once starts on a shopping expedition (the omnibus not being supposed to carry. luggage, we had but a small portmanteau between us), and returned much impressed by the shop-keepers' urbanity. One individual had fraternized immensely on the strength of having been apprenticed years before to a man who had Gurney's boots; another youth gave him much valuable advice on the advisability of at once buying a trap—' walking was not Maritzburg fashion.' As to myself, as I didn't think Maritzburg was likely to run away during the night, I postponed a survey till next day, when a stroll through the streets strengthened our first favourable impressions of the capital of Natal.

Situated on a plain gently sloping to the N.E., Maritzburg consists of eight parallel thoroughfares with a few cross streets, many of the houses standing detached in their well-kept gardens, the latter gay with many-coloured verbenas, which appear to thrive with much luxuri-Every now and then one ance. stumbles on a shop, apparently strayed away from some English country town — while churches abound; and be you, my reader, Church of England, Church of Scotland, Dutch Calvinist, Roman Catholic, Wesleyan Methodist, or converted Kaffir, you can attend a place of worship of your own creed at the expense of a five minutes' walk.

Opposite our hotel lies the market square, where every morning Boers, English settlers, and speculators sell their produce—and the buyers too if they can—or supply their The scene is generally enlivened by impromptu displays of horsemanship on bucking horses, or by refractory oxen utterly refusing to be inspanned, perhaps bolting tail on end back to their green pastures out of town at the moment an auctioneer is dilating on their

unrivalled docility.

At the time of our arrival Maritzburg was about to celebrate universal holiday in honour of the annual races, which were to come off in a couple of days. The town agog with excitement. seemed horsey talk was the universal theme, and it was quite curious to see how completely the Anglo-Saxon had inoculated the whole population with his national love of horseflesh. The hotel breakfast or dinner as the great day approaches is continually interrupted by excited individuals rushing in to announce -'s mare, or the arrival of Mr. A to request the loan of Mr. Bcolours; while from the gravelooking gentleman in spectacles who sits at the top of the public table down to the lounging barman, at present criticizing a customer's hack, all profess a thorough knowledge of horseflesh, and with characteristic colonial freeness give you the benefit of their wisdom unasked, however valueless it may happen to be. We are engaged to join the party formed by our friend Fwho since we were chums together in days gone by has turned Natal settler, and hastened to greet us as soon as we reached Maritzburg) to witness the Natal Epsom Meeting. F--- is especially interested in the event, as a mare of his own breeding is to make her débût in the Trial Stakes, and he has also entered a big brown Roman-nosed brute called Julius Cæsar for the handicap, and some other events besides. The horse was picked up cheap on a shooting expedition, and Fhopes to realize a considerable profit on him should he win his engagements: an insane idea apparently prevailing that any horse at all likely looking is able to race. Unfortunately many a good hack has been ruined in the process of training, without attaining the desired results. However,

' Hope springs eternal in the human breast,' and on the day of the races we all started in great spirits in a large party, including many ladies, for the race-course, distant about a mile from the town.

Drags and four, barouches, and Hansoms here find their places supplied by colonial waggons drawn by any number of oxen from twenty to eight. Here and there, however, are to be seen a few battered dogcarts, and even an occasional basket pony carriage. A waste piece of ground, with a few extemporized booths and wooden shanties scattered over it, forms the race-course. On this occasion it also boasts a stand, to which the ladies of the party ascend, while F- and the other men go in search of the roped round ring which represents the paddock.

In front of us is gathered a crowd, in which Kaffirs and whites seem equally mixed, and, to judge from the shouts of laughter, equally amused. Eager to learn the cause of the joke, we press through the throng, and behold! there she stands—the all-conquering, inspiriting, noseless, discreditable old friend—Aunt Sally! Witness of the Englishman's love of striking she is, however, we regret to state,

more outrée in garments than ever.

'If you please, Mister, we've saddled up the mare.' We turn round, and in the smallest possible atom of a boy, clothed in a bright-scarlet racing-jacket and long boots, F—— recognizes the lad who is to ride his mare Villette in the Trial Stakes.

even dingier in complexion and

Fine as the line of demarcation sometimes is in Europe which separates the gentleman rider from the professional jock, no difference whatever exists here, for the simple reason that professionals are not. Any youngster riding light, with a decently clear head, grasps at, and easily obtains the ambition of youth, 'a pair of colours;' but alas! for the unlucky owners, riding an animal to orders is unknown, or, if known, voted infra dig. The young demon on horse-

back makes the running to suit his own private ends or fancy, which generally means, just as fast as he can cut it out from the start to the finish. Thus it fell out that F--'s young hopeful, having had an argument with a schoolfellow also riding in the race, distinguished himself by walking in last, with his mare completely blown. Julius Cæsar, when called upon to redeem his stable companion's ill success. and cover himself with glory, positively refused to do either one or the other; not all his jockey's united blandishments and flogging could induce him to leave the post, which rather ruffled F---'s good With the exception of temper. these vexations, the race party and our champagne luncheon passed off most satisfactorily; and, to quote the words of a stout gentleman (who for some mysterious reason not revealed thought himself called upon to make a speech in a refreshment booth), 'Those who won were happy in pocketing the stakes, while those who lost could enjoy ad libitum, and without expense, the much eulogized pleasures of hope.

The sun was dipping behind the hills as we wended our way back into Maritzburg, accompanied by the whole race-course throng, as after the last race the whole gathering dispersed; and though I cannot quite agree with the stout gentleman before mentioned who confidentially told me that Natal could produce swifter and better horses than England, and that in time the mother country would be obliged to import hacks from her young daughter, I cannot withhold the meed of praise justly due to the colony for the spirit and energy she displays in successfully carrying out her racing arrangements, and sincerely hope that those men who at considerable risk and expense import the true English racehorse blood may reap a rich golden harvest, untouched by rust and mildew,

as their reward.

TWO HOURS IN GAOL.

Prison Occupations at Holloway.

THE City Prison at Holloway is an establishment for the reception of criminals sentenced to two years' imprisonment or less, and at the present time the governor has four hundred and fifty delinquents in his custody. To provide receptacles at once commodious and secure for so many lodgers is undoubtedly an essential condition, but another of almost equal importance is so to arrange the said receptacles that the ways thereto may converge to one common centre, the latter affording a stand-point from which an uninterrupted view of the full number of cell-doors may be obtained by the warders on duty. Without entering on architectural detail it may be said, by an admirable arrangement of radiating corridors these prime aids towards successful prison management have been attained. It is needless to say that the whole establishment, from extremest corner to corner, and from roof to basement, is scrupulously clean; indeed it is glaringly so, and painful to contemplate on that ac-You look upward and round about and all is white, white, spotless, and dead, and harmonising exactly with the frequent noticeboards enjoining 'silence' hung around. Under foot all is black; it cannot well be blacker, for the flooring material is asphalte, and every morning it is black-leaded till it shines like the face of a kitchenstove. It looks like a still, black pool in the evening light and is slippery as glass. The warders, conforming to the grim rule of silence, glide about in shoes, the uppers of which are white canvas and the soles india-rubber. shift from this point to that so swiftly and noiselessly that you would think that the still, black pool was frozen to ice and they were sliding on it, only that as a rule aliders are jolly-looking people, and these were solemn men, resigned to their duty perhaps, but overpowered by a melancholy that dwells in the atmosphere.

The City Prison is a working pri-

son, and the governor, taking advantage of certain facilities that perhaps are peculiar to the prison location, appears to have advanced far towards solving the long-tried puzzle of how to make enforced labour profitable. By way of answer to a question put by us relative to this matter, there was placed in our hands the 'labour-roll' for the day, showing at a glance how every capable prisoner of the four hundred and fifty had been employed since morning. I wish that I had copied the roll that I might have presented it to the reader in its exact entirety, but I well remember that it included painters, glaziers, smiths, carpenters, wood-choppers, barbers, wheel - treaders, oakum - pickers, bricklayers, brick-makers, and, last and most important of all, matmakers. There were between sixty and seventy mat-makers. We went into the mat-factory, where there are several looms, which have been erected on the present governor's responsibility. We were informed that a prisoner who had never seen a loom before might be taught to make himself useful at one in a fortnight. The prison authorities are at no risk as regards their mat-making. A contractor provides all material, bringing it to their doors and carrying away all manufactured goods: and last year the profits thereon that was handed to the corporation out of this branch of prison labour alone amounted to nine hundred pounds.

I have alluded to brick-making as figuring in the labour-roll, and was as much surprised as doubtless the reader will be to find it there. Twenty-five, I think, was the number of prison hands engaged at this branch of manufacture; but where was it performed? To make bricks it is necessary to have at your command clay and 'breeze' or cinders for burning. 'Come with me,' said the governor, 'and you shall see all about it.'

He conducted us out of the prison to the grounds at the rear of it, enclosed by the high prison walls, of

The ground pertaining to the gaol is about seven acres in extent, and without doubt it is made the most of. Two acres and a quarter are in wheat-the very finest that can be met for fifty miles round, owing doubtless to a judicious utilization of the prison sewage in the form of liquid manure. Besides the wheat there are thriving plots of cabbages and potatoes, and onions and leeks for soup, all sown and tended by the prisoners. Never was wheat so precious, thanks to its merciful grower. It is a gaol regulation that every prisoner shall take so much walking exercise each day. and in ordinary the necessary operation is performed in a dreary, flagpaved yard wherein the prisoners tramp wearily to and fro through the specified time—how much exhilarated may be easily imagined. But just now it is pleasant walking for the inmates of Holloway Prison, and it will grow pleasanter until wheat-cutting time comes. In one of the largest patches circular paths are left, and this is the exercise-ground. To be sure, to expect to rouse wholesome emotion in the breasts of a certain set of Holloway prisoners by so gentle a means would be simply absurd; but they are not all of this sort. There are scores and scores of miserable men young and old, who under a spell of devilry have slipped from the path of rectitude once, and only once, and who in the confines of their narrow, solitary cell drop hot tears of remorse and penitence as their thoughts wander home and to wives and children, and they yearn tall their hearts ache for the day that shall restore them. What, after the debasing drudgery of gaol-labour, must that hour's tramping through the hopeful green wheat be to them?

But it is not all tramping through green wheat out in the prison rearward garden. It is here that the bricks are made. The governor's severely economic instincts have led him to argue that although no kind of crop may be raised out of clay, such as abounds on his estate, there is another direct and simple method of making the material in question productive. In a great pit the fur-

nace and ordinary fire-refuse of the prison is stored, and with these two ingredients he sets to work. There is a 'pug-mill' worked by manual instead of horse-power, and 'moulders' and barrow-hands and stackers. all wearing the slate-coloured skeleton suit with the embroidered sleeve and the metal ticket with a number on it about their neck. But silence still prevails. You can hear the dull thud of the clay as the moulder fills his mould, and the clap of the little boards with which the carriers take up the soft brick, and the creak of the barrow-wheel as the bricks are wheeled away; but beyond that there is not noise enough to drown the chirp of the free sparrow that has her nest in a niche of the prison wall. In the midst of the workers, perched in a sort of pulpit, is an officer in prison livery, who has nothing to do but fold his arms and shut his mouth and keep his ears open and stare at the five-andtwenty brick-makers with all his might, ready to pounce on anybody who dare break the golden rule. But nobody grumbles; indeed it may be safely asserted that throughout the gaol there are no such cheerful-looking labourers as those out-o'-door ones. However severe the task, it is performed in the open air, where the crow flies over head and the sun shines and the wind blows. Besides, there is fair in view the only obstacle that stands between them and liberty, between them and the common pavement on which people lounge, or saunter, or hurry, without dreaming of restraint. They can hear the leather-lunged potboy from the public-house over the way bawling 'Beer O!' they can hear the carriages rattling along the roadway and the heavy market-cart rumbling over the stones, and can picture the happy carter smoking his short pipe as he slouches along, with one hand in his pocket and his whip over his shoulder. Ah, dear reader! you know a few clever people, and so do I; but for 'seeing through a brick wall,' as the saying is, one of these unfortunate labourers in the prison garden might be matched against any one of them and backed at long odds to win.

The labour least relished by the prisoners—and I don't wonder at it—is the treadwheel. Its use is to raise sufficient water for the use of the establishment to an immense tank fixed on the roof. pumping was at first tried, and with such questionable success that the labourers were suspected of 'shirking.' and to prove the charge against them a gang of free workers were called in and set to the task; but, having that blessed privilege, after a trial they dropped the pump-handles and flatly declined 'to have any more of it.' The treadwheel answers better, but it is fearfully hard work for the treaders. With all respect for the excellent contrivers and managers of the institution under inspection, I would suggest an alteration in this treadmill-shed. There should be more light and more air in the place: on a hot summer's day the fatigue must be unbearable. The 'wheel' itself extends the whole length of the shed by the wall, and revolves on an axle. Attached to this wheel, or rather drum, are projecting pieces of board six inches in width and about nine inches apart. Overhead is a short bar for the operator to grasp with his hands, and when the wheel is started he has no foot-hold and no rest for his feet until his spell of 'treading' is at an end. For full twenty minutes he must constantly raise first his right foot, then his left, as though he was walking up stairs, and this at the rate of about sixty times in a minute. Fancy having to ascend twelve hundred stairs in twenty minutes, to ascend to the summit of the Monument three times over in that short time, and then to be released that you may sit in a box like a church-pew in the same shed and pick oakum for a further term of twenty minutes by way of a rest, and then three times to the top of the Monument again, and so on through the working hours of every day! And it is not as though the operator trod on the open wheel. He must not speak to his neighbour. he must not see him; and to this end he works in a sort of box open at top. It must be terrible work for a fat man, and such as well as lean commit themselves. It is possible for such an one, as we were informed, to lose in weight three stone in as many months.

But it is not six hours at the treadmill, or at any other manner of work performed at the City Prison, that contents the inexorable authorities of that model establishment. Oneway or another a prisoner must work ten hours. He is roused at half-past five in the morning, and somehow or another he is kindly preserved against the perils of idleness until eight o'clock at night. This shows fifteen hours and a half, but he is not working absolutely all that time. He has to go to chapel and to take his meals and his exer-He is tasked through ten hours only. Many of the tradessuch, for instance, as the shoemakers and tailors and the outo'-door hands (excepting the brickmakers) 'knock off' at six to get their supper, after which they retire to their cells; but they must do some kind of work until the bell sounds eight o'clock, when they may cease, and are privileged to spend the ensuing hour in reading or meditation, or in washing themselves, when the bell tolls again. and a clatter of hammock hooks as long and precise almost as the grounding of arms at a military review resounds through the corridors, and the prisoners may go to-

Ah! the glorious privilege of breaking that horrible silence. though only for so short a time as may be occupied in adjusting four iron hooks in as many catches! The blessed relief of lifting for a few seconds the sombre veil that clings about a poor wretch so suffocatingly! 'The strictest silence must be observed,' say the notice-boards, and it is observed. Entering in at a door guarded by a gigantic though melancholy janitor in india-rubber shoes, the governor signs us to step softly on to a mat that is there. Wedo so, and in a listening attitude he raises his hand. There is not a sound. Before us is a long corridorcontaining a long double row of cells, each containing a man alive and in health and engaged at some

kind of work; but no charnel-house could be quieter. Judging from the awful 'hush,' the cells might each have been a church vault, with a coffined creature lying within it. But presently a noise is heard, a 'Tap! tap! tap!' and then a pause, and then a succession of taps, vigorous and hearty, conveying to our oppressed senses a relief for which we sigh gratefully, as one does on a sultry evening when the heavy and sudden rain-drops come pit-apat on to the dusty road. 'That's a shoemaker,' the governor whispers; 'he's got a task to finish, and be is hammering out his sole-leather.' Fortunate shoemaker! If it is a relief from the dread benumbing to clatter aloud for the space of half a minute with a couple of iron hooks, what must it be to be armed with a handy broad-faced hammer and a lapstone, with liberty to assault grim silence with all the strength of your right arm? How the other poor still stitchers of cloth and pickers of cakum must have envied him! What would they not have given for a broad-faced hammer and a lapstone and free permission to bang away as hard as they pleased for half an hour! Good Lord! they would have been heard as far as the summit of Highgate Hill. 'Do the prisoners dread this cell silence so very much?' the reader may ask. Ay, do they-a hundred times more than a free man can possibly realize. A gang of them—poor soft-handed wretches!--were at work on the evening of our visit at the rough, and to them heavy, task of bricklaying, and had been so employed all day. Come six o'clock, they were to turn into their cells and spend the next two hours at some light work at which they could sit down; but they didn't want to sit down; they didn't want to change the heavy work for the light. Holding up his hand, which is the sign that a prisoner craves permission to speak, one of them humbly requested the governor to allow them to continue bricklaying until eight o'clock. But the request could not be granted. 'For God's sake, governor, put me in another cell!' was the prayer of one

poor prisoner who had occupied the same lodging through nine weary months; 'for God's sake put me somewhere else! I have counted the bricks of the cell I am in till my eyes ache.'

But there came under our notice one curious instance of how small a matter may unset the calculations and turn even to ridicule the sternest enactments of men mighty in authority. From the men's corridor we proceeded to the women's, and, prideful of his eminently successful silent system, the governor paused at the threshold with the whispered remark, 'These are the female cells, and yet you perceive the same unbroken stillness reigns. Women or men, gentlemen, one system rules them, and they must obey.' When lo! at that very instant a tiny voice was heard to crow its shrillest, and that within a dozen yards of where we were standing. 'That's one of the babies,' remarked the governor, with all the wind suddenly taken out of his sails. 'Of course you can't keep babies quiet.'

We were further informed that as many as fourteen of these small mockers and defiers of gags and governors were born in the gaol within the year. The mothers are permitted to take charge of their children. In every cell door there is a peep-hole of about the size of a penny, covered first with wire gauze and then with a shifting metal cover. Putting this last aside we peeped in, and there we saw the little rebel who had so audaciously put to rout the governor and his silent system sitting on the bed bright and lively, and getting rare fun out of a skein of darning cotton, while its mother, seated on a stool by the bedside, was busily finishing a job of sock-mending by the fading light that shone in at the high-up barred narrow strip of window. It would be hard to say whether the presence of the innocent baby with its cheerful little face and its general air of content made the gloomy little cell look more or less prisonlike. How the mother would have answered had the question been put to her need not be doubted, but of course she was a prejudiced person.

By the way, I wonder if the silent system in all its grim severity is imposed on mothers with babies? The cobbler is at liberty to pound away at his leather till the gloomy corridor echoes again, but he no more dare whistle as he hammers than he dare demand a pint of beer wherewith to whet his whistle; the incarcerated tailor, to beguile the tedious time may think a tune if he pleases, but to hum one would be to peril his prospects of dinner; how is it with mothers and their little ones? Are they bound to caress them (and you may depend that they are not so debased as to have overcome the very natural habit) in dumb show? Do they convey to them words of endearment under their breath, and indoctrinate them in the soothing nursery fingle by unsounding movements of their lips? The next time I am in the company of our worthy governor I will ask him all about it.

Every day the prisoners, male and female, old and young, are made to attend chapel, and twice on Sundays. The appearance of the sacred edifice quite upsets one's ideas of 'freedom' of religious worship. The chaplain's pulpit is perched high up against the wall at the end, so as to enable him to get a view of his entire congregation. Otherwise this would be impossible; for while the larger body of adult male prisoners occupy the body of the chapel, the women and children are partitioned off on either side by a tall partition that quite precludes the possibility of their seeing beyond. Before the great space where the men sit is a pair of tall grim iron gates; and they are ranged on seats rising one above the other with warders in attendance and constantly on the watch lest for a single instant they through the whole of the service depart from the rigid rule of 'eyes right.' They must look stedfastly before them, regarding through the iron bars the preacher in his pulpit, and they must raise and lower their prayerbooks with elbows squared and all at once like soldiers at drill. They may not scrape their feet upon the floor without having afterwards to explain the movement. They may scarcely wink an eye or sigh without danger of rebuke or punishment. God help them, poor wretches!

It says much in favour of the Holloway system, however, that it exercises no injurious effect on the health of the inmates. There is a commodious infirmary: but out of the large number of four hundred and fifty only three were invalided, and that—at least in two cases—not through being unable to bear up against the severity of gaol discipline. Of the two cases in question one was that of an old man turned eighty, an experienced 'smasher,' or passer of spurious coin, while the other was a tall languid young man of decent appearance, who, coming of a family of thieves, had always been himself a thief, but who was now in the last stage of consumption. He was going home to his friends in the country, as we were informed. 'He may as well go home and die, since he wishes it, as die here.' When fever cases occur in the gaol they are removed at once to the Fever Hospital, and when he is cured he gets his liberty; on what principle, however, is not very clear.

There are peep-holes in the doors of the cells in which the male prisoners are confined. The polished black-leaded floors and the indiarubber shoes favour stealthy approach, and the sliding corner of the peep-hole may be shifted quite without sound, so that at any moment a prisoner may be under the suspicious eye of a warder, and he never know it. It was now eight o'clock (a fact the great shining bell hung in the hall announced in deafening accents), the signal for striking work for the night. There yet remained an hour till bed-time. 'What do they do meanwhile?' we inquired. 'Look and see for yourself,' replied our guide; and we did, treading softly from door to door and noiselessly pushing back the peep-hole screen. The majority were engaged in the healthful process of washing. They are not bound to wash themselves overnight, but as they are expected to show clean and ready to commence the labour of the day at half-past five o'clock in the morning, they find it convenient to perform their ablutions before they retire to their hammocks. The prisoners are afforded every facility for cleanliness. In each cell water is laid on, and the not unliberal allowance daily is six gallons. Each prisoner is provided with a bowl for washing his face and hands, and a neat little tray holding about a gallon and a half, in which he is expected to perform the same necessary operation on his feet, when necessary. Further, he has a wooden soap dish and a handy bit of yellow soap and a good towel. Every day the men go to church; but on Sunday godliness and cleanliness go specially hand in hand. On the Sabbath morning the governor makes a tour of sanitary inspection, and every prisoner appears at his cell door with his trousers pulled up above his shins and his feet naked, while his shirt and jacket are turned back at the collar so as to expose his neck and shoulders. Once a week in hot weather and once a fortnight in cold every prisoner has a bath.

But peeping in at the peep-hole we discerned that very many of the captives were not busy with the soap and towel-perhaps it was only the experienced and 'settleddown' hands that were so. Some of the poor fellows it was in the highest degree painful to contemplate. Here was a man sested on his stool before the scanty bracketed board that served as his table, evidently engaged in composing a letter to his friends—to his wife Prisoners have to be perhaps. mighty careful how they write their letters. One and all are carried to the governor, and by him inspected; and unless it is composed in the plainest language and is entirely free from ambiguous phrases and matters of a 'private' nature the prisoner has wasted his time, for the letter will not be forwarded. The prisoners are, of course, apprised of this regulation, and, necessary though it be, its observance is doubtless a of considerable embar-Bource rassment—especially to the imperfectly educated and the alley bred,

whose knowledge of phraseology, although invaluable to the compiler of a slang dictionary, is altogether unequal to the production of such a plain and unmistakable epistle as will pass muster with the lynx-eyed supervisor. But, however unsatisfactory, this occupation evinced a disposition towards resignation, which was something. Others there were who were a long, long way from resigned. Here might be seen a man who had taken off his shoes that he might make no noise pacing his cell to and fro to and fro, and with rapid stride as a wild animal does when it is newly caged, with his arms tightly folded and his face haggard and wrinkled by the terrible reflections that are tormenting him. Here is another, a poor stricken wretch too cast down for an active display of his agony, and who sits on his stool still as a statue, with his face buried in his hands. Who he is, is a secret known only to the governor and the record book. Perhaps he is merely regular thief bemoaning his severance from some Sall or Poll of Spitalfields, and may be a little child or two, their shameful progeny. It is possible, for even professional thieves may not defy the laws of nature as well as those of society; and though the criminal records may justly brand them as 'hardened ruffians,' make no doubt that they are not all hardness. They must have their inner life of domestic affection and their heart yearnings for somebody, or they are less than the fox or the wolf. May be, however, the dismal figure tight clad in his prison suit and buried in sorrow so that no more than the top of his closely-cropped head is visible, a month ago was a free and seemingly happy fellow, who dined sumptuously every day, and wore fine clothes and costly jewellery, and lived in a handsome villa at Brompton or Twickenham along with a confiding and innocent wife and a troop of merry children, who would as soon have believed that the moon was about to fall as that papa, who of late had grown so fidgety and complained of headache and shut himself for hours together in his room, was a miserable felon waiting and quaking for the crash that he knew must presently come. Anyway, there he is, and there he must remain, no man at all, but a mere machine built of flesh and bone and muscle that may be adapted to any useful purpose his custodian may choose for him. He is merely a ticketed animal that must, through two years, through six hundred weary working days, make bricks, or draw water, or scrub floors, or pick oakum,—in silence.

JAMES GREENWOOD.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF THE DANCE.

A set arranged in Eight Figures by Com Hood. (ILLUSTRATED BY FLORENCE CLAXTON.)

THE DANCE COURTLY. 1. THE CAPERS GEORGIAN.

THE balls that enlivened the Georgian Court
Were balls of an antediluvian sort.
They might very likely supply you with sport,
But not with a partner you'd care for;
Though the sex was not then an extravagant lot
As now—though 'tis dear to man ever, I wot—
Observe to what height in their fashions they got!
The maxim in those days was clearly 'waist not!'
So they ne'er, I suppose, 'wanted' therefore.

But the fashions for men! you may safely go bail, It would turn modern dandies uncommonly pale To think of assuming that old coat of male; Like the present, 'tis clear, next to nothing in tail;

But in collars—necks truly to something.

I think if your tailor in these days displayed

As the fashion some coat on the old model made,
With the buttons behind, one on each shoulder-blade,
You would use a slang term, I am sadly afraid,
And the garment be branded a rum thing!

Well! gaze on the picture before you that lies! You note the strange capers in silent surprise,—They never, I vow, 'll seem ease in your eyes, Beside they are looking such guys in their guise,

That the dance is a series of figures.
You'd scarcely laugh more, I'll bet odds, should you take
A trip to the South, where ole Dinah and Jake
Are holiday-making; and down in a brake
Of cane see a break-down of niggers.

In those days, no matter how politics sped—
Though the House by the Tories, in short, should be led—
The Wigs had an absolute claim to the head,

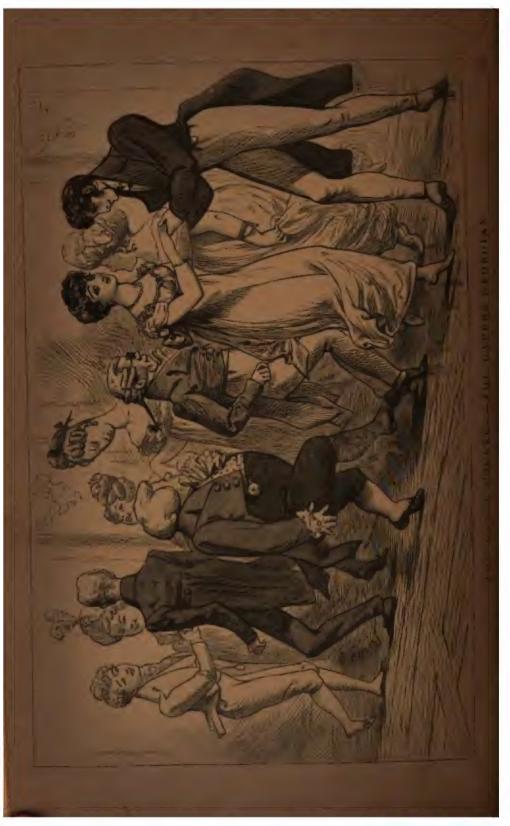
And the real hair ousted in cases.

And the ladies, e'en those in the flower of their age,
Wore powder, because (to account for the rage)
They wished to 'go off!' And moreover (the sage
Has a blush on his cheek as he's penning this page)

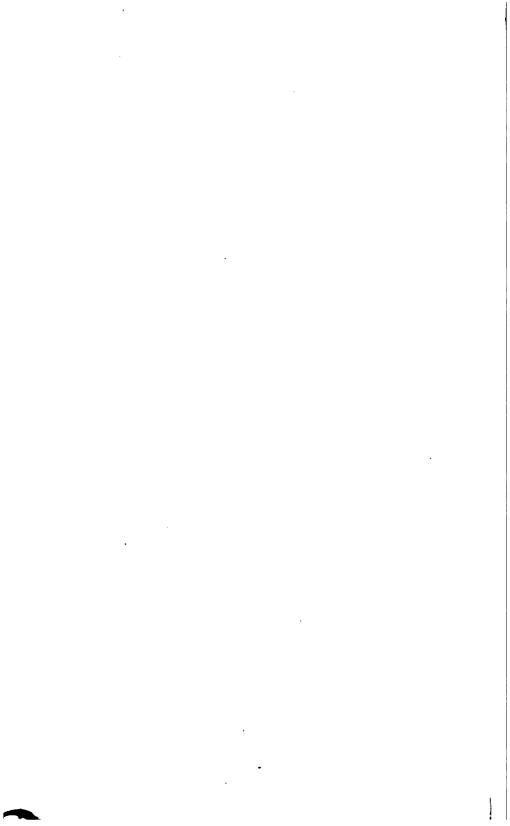
There were some of them painted their faces. [Let us hope in our day such remarks don't apply, And that none of the fair sex now living would dye: Twould be pitiful middle-aged dames to descry

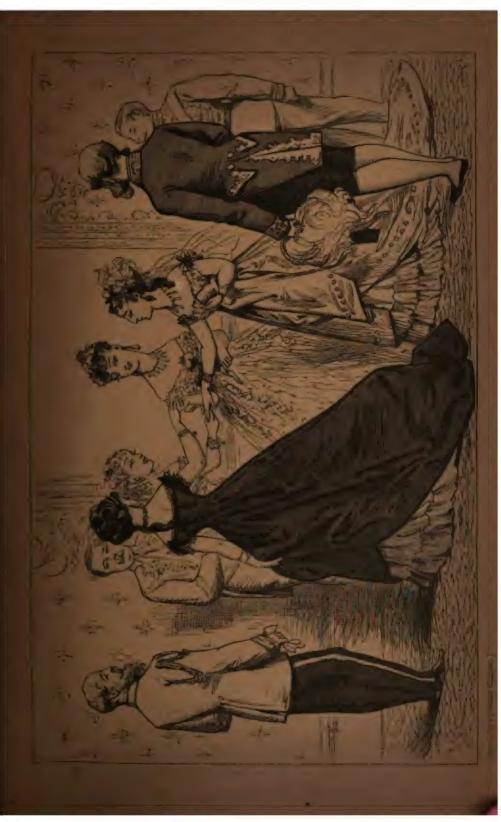
So bent on youth's roses and dimples,

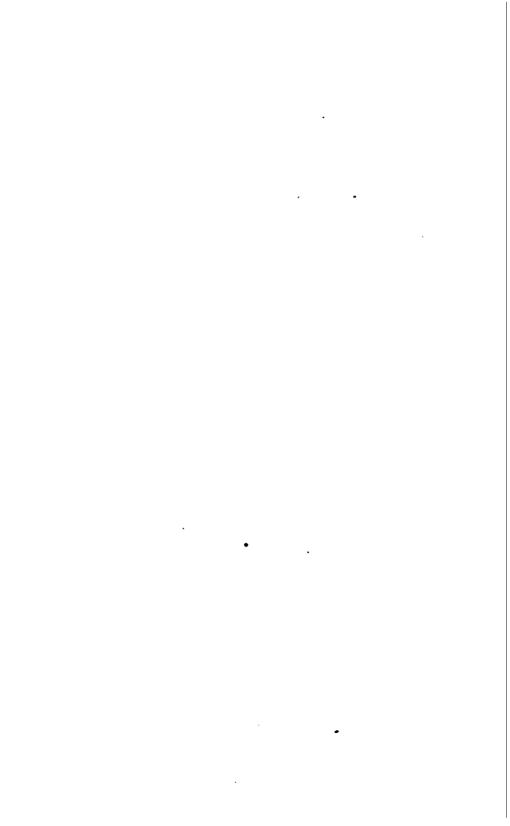




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That they borrowed a lot of sham charms for their mugs, And thus ran, alas! into some hag's cruel hugs, Who'd a rash elementary knowledge of drugs, But a mighty experience in simples.]

What dance did they dance? Tis not easy to say—

A mere country dance in a general way—
No fandango or sprightly bolero.
But your courtier will caper away without tire
Whatever the tune that is played on the lyre,
Provided that Royalty twangle the wire!
Why the Senators skipped till it made them perspire,
And the flames even danced while old Rome was on fire

When the fiddle was wielded by Nero!
And so as the Regent was fond of his wine,
His Court went the famous 'whole hog,' we define
In this case by observing they made themselves swine,
And danced his wine-measure; and, as you'll divine,

A 'reel' was the step for this hero!

But we'll now clear the floor of this bacchanal lot, For, doubtless, as speedily weary they got Of dancing, as we are of them,—are we not?

And no wonder that dancing should bore them,
Since they drank themselves first off their heads at their meals,
And danced themselves next off their legs in their reels,
The result of which game on their pegs, as one feels,
Was the 'one for his nob' and the 'two for his heels,'
Which, rapidly putting an end to the deals,
There are the floor would quite floor them.

Thus for taking the floor would quite floor them.

2. THE EVOLUTIONS · VICTORIAN.

Ho! room for the dancers who thread the gay maze Of the stately court-dance in Victoria's days, Where the long palace drawing-room all is a-blaze

With grand jewels the best and the rarest; Where, better by far than the jewels and gold, Is a Court which is cast in a different mould, No Court could e'er boast of in periods old, And where virtue domestic is foremost enrolled,

And the purest are counted the fairest.

Oh! long may the rule that is golden bear sway,
And distant—far distant indeed be the day

When the Court's purer atmosphere has to give way For the slightest revival (to England's dismay)

Of the Regency's airs and dis-graces;
And long may all Britons, each husband and wife,
The example of all that's domestic in life,
With peace and with manifold blessings so rife,
See displayed in the highest of places.

Ho! room for the dancers—for duke and for earl, For duchess and marchioness all in a whirl, With gold-circled wrist and bediamonded curl, And rich-bordered dresses, whereon by no churl

Was the glitter of bullion expended.

For a pen as unskilful as mine 'twere absurd
To attempt to describe the gay scene, on my word;
'Twould fail ere it chronicled barely a third
Of the elegant toilets, laced, jewelled, and furred—
Of the forest of ostrich plumes gracefully stirred
When the fair heads were bowed at a compliment heard—
Of the uniforms varied, sashed, medalled, and spurred;—

To be brief, all the things that have ever concurred (As the brilliant Court Newsman has often averred)
When Court balls have been largely attended.

How far more imposing this courtly display Of peers, statesmen, soldiers, in gorgeous array Than the grandest of balls in the regular way

That the middle-class man has, poor varlet!
Where Dick, Tom, and Harry, with Billy and Jack
(And never a title to light up the pack)
Enliven the scene with one uniform black,
Instead of the uniform scarlet.

Oh! a splendid Court ball, with its costumes so gay, Is a scene from that gallery there to survey, Where the band of the Life Guards is playing away (As only the band of the Life Guards case play)—

Where the Life Guards are playing the Lancers! The sweet English beauties—the tropical blooms, The bouquet of fashion—the fragrant perfumes, The satins and silks from the choicest of looms, The rare Valenciennes, and the rich ostrich plumes (Not to mention the costly get-up of the rooms, And the numbers of liveried lackeys and grooms),

And the grandeur and grace of the dancers.

And without in the Park is a sight, too, meanwhile (Enough to disturb a Republican's bile.

As deeply as if he had failed to 'strike ile').

With a long line of carriages, mile upon mile,

And the mountainous coachmen provoking a smile,

And the footmen, with each a gold-lace-covered tile:

And while these grand creatures their leisure beguile

With pipes and pint-measures, regardless of style,

What a champing of bits all adown the long file:

Of impatient and spirited prancers.

But, alas! now the Court doesn't dance as it did, For Royalty's sun long by clouds has been hid, And but seldom is England's nobility bid

To a ball or a Court ceremonial.

Yet, we trust that the shadow will pass before long—
That the land's Royal Heart will take heart and be streng,
And move once again amid loyalty's throng.
The check in our welfare it cannot be wrong
To hope is a break—but a pause in the song,—
And not a full stop colophonial.

For however the terribly pious brigade All balls may denounce as inventions but made In vanity, sin, and the Evil One's aid, That they do one great benefit can't be gainsaid, For every one knows they're a blessing to trade,

And by quickening of gold's circulation Confer a wide blessing that reaches the poor, Who always have very hard times to endure, But the hardest when bread is too dear to procure,

And the nation is only stag-nation.

Not too high of my doctrine the tenor to pitch,

I'll but say, 'Don't you listen to Mawworms and "sich,"'

Who find a great ill and a terrible hitch

In the worldly enjoyments surrounding the rich—

For their pleasures are often mere duties the which

To their fellows are due from their station.

THE PICCADILLY PAPERS.

BY A PERIPATETIC.

BOOKS OF SUMMER TRAVEL.

NOW that the true holiday of the that the House is up, that the national family of tourists is 'scattered and peeled'-a text which seems to us appropriately to describe the condition of tourists—opportunely enough we have just a little library before us of books of summer travel. We have books on Iceland and Norway—the very mention of them almost makes us cool in sultry weather-books on Russia, Switzerland, Venezuela, and what not. Those who travel will find these volumes admirable companions while investigating the localities of which they speak; and those who cannot travel may do the next best thing by the perusal of the works and the exercise of their imagination thereupon. We must give the place of honour to the charming and unaffected narrative issued by our fair countrywoman Lady Di Beauclerk.* It is written, she tells us, for her own personal friends, and we know how gladly it has been received by them; but the public at large will not fail to take an interest in these pleasant experiences.

The Duchess thought that Lady Di wanted a thorough change. Lady Di thought so too. So they went out to Norway accompanied only by their maid Teresina, an abigail, who, as the Irishman said, has earned a temporary immortality. They took quiet rooms at Aak, having to reach their bedrooms by a kind of ladder; and Teresina, fearless of consequences, came down with a rapidity worthy of a lamplighter and a carelessness of appearances only justified by the beauty of her boots.' It makes us truly envious to hear of Lady Di taking trout of fourteen pounds and salmon in abundance. It is very common for tourists to

* 'A Summer and Winter in Norway. By Lady Di Beauelerk. Illustrated by the Author's Sketches.' Murray.

run over to Norway for the summer: but the Duchess and her daughter signalized themselves by also staying through the winter. Till late in the season the weather was very pleasant, and they thought that the winter would never come-but it came at last, twenty degrees below freezing, and sledges, hoods, and furs were the order of the day. They got through the winter after the manner of sensible Englishwomen. They went into society. They kept a journal. They learned the language. They learned to skate, Lady Di persevering in spite of an awkward fall. They never passed a happier time in their lives; and Lady Di hopes that some of their acquaintances may be tempted from their journals to make a similar excursion. She has an excellent account of a Lutheran wedding, where the bride and bridegroom, who had entered the church very happy, were reduced to an appropriate state of misery by the preachments which they underwent. She has also a murder story, which is not only quite true, but, which is more to the purpose, is quite sensational. The little book bears throughout the traces of the energy, good sense, and grace, which Lady Di seems to have shown throughout her tour.

Mr. Lowth furnishes us with a volume of Russian experiences.* We hardly know whether in an age when Moscow is almost as well known as any other metropolitan city, Mr. Lowth has not presumed too much on the ignorance of his readers. At the same time it is hardly possible that he can have devoted a whole volume to Moscow without telling us something fresh or putting old things in a fresh point of view. About the Kremlin,

* 'Around the Kremlin; or, Pictures of Life at Mo-cow.' By G. T. Lowth, Esq. Hurst and Blackett,

the Troitza Convent, the Foundling Hospital, and so on, our readers have doubtless heard quite enough, and it is less in these than in his chance sketches of contemporary manners that Mr. Lowth will interest them. Since 1856 there has been a marked change in Russia, chiefly through the extension of the railway system. At that date travellers were obliged to carry their own beds with them. but now the beds are brought all the way from Paris by way of Berlin or St. Petersburgh. The fair of Nijni Novgorod is not the thing that it used to be. The attendance has fallen off by about a hundred thousand. The merchants now send their vendors or their agents without going themselves. As Mr. Lowth went there by the train his fellow-passengers, both ladies and gentlemen, were smoking and drinking tea all the way. The account of the fair is written with great liveliness. The fishmongers at Novgorod have floating houses on the river, where they keep in wells for the gourmands among their customers the royal sturgeon and the luscious sterlet. They dined at the grand restaurant. 'The sterlet soup was admirablesterlet, that diamond of the Volga, cynosure of gourmand eyes—declared to be only eaten in its highest flavour and condition on the banks of its native water.' Mr. Lowth went to see the water-boxes in which the live sturgeon and sterlet were kept under lock and key. These were wide dark pools roofed in; the attendant, with a net, brought up a sturgeon for exhibition that weighed a hundred and twenty pounds. He tells a good story about ringing the great sacred bell at Nijni. Novelists are very fond of an incident of this sort. Mr. M'Donald employs it in his eminently thoughtful novel of 'Robert Falconer,' and the late Mr. Smedley cooked up a similar incident in his popular story of 'Lewis Arundel.' Mr. Lowth gives a perfectly authentic story. An Englishman swung the clapper of the big bell and produced a deep boom. The populace immediately supposed that the church was on fire or that help was wanted in the citadel for some political object. The keeper of the tower advised them to escape for their lives. As they left the building they met the populace pouring forth, but they managed to evade inquiries and to escape from the town.

Mr. Lowth gives us some curious information respecting the working of the system of the abolition of serfdom. He once heard a discussion concerning the comparative profligacy of the nobility of different countries. After much discussion. the dark pre-eminence was awarded to the Russian nobles. With power over the property, the persons, the lives of serfs, the Russian noble showed Tartar ferocity varnished over with a thin veneer of civilization. We have here a curious instance of this departed absolutism. The manager of an estate reported to his lord that the serf population did not increase as might be expected. The lord ordered the young men and the girls to be arranged in parallel lines and to be married off at once two and two. When some of the girls refused, an order was marked down against them that they were never to be allowed to marry at all. The property of the serf in law belonged to the master, but after the emancipation it was discovered that an immense body of serfs possessed property in houses and land, and even owned parts of the village and held mortgages over the lands of their former masters. Moscow is said to have a circuit of twenty miles; but far more even than this greatness is the strong hold which it has taken upon the minds and imagination of men from that patriotic conflagration which preserved the Russian empire and broke the yoke of the Gallic con-There is an interesting queror. article in the current number of the 'Edinburgh,' on the 'Modern Russian Drama.' Mr. Lowth apparently illustrates the reviewer's remarks that 'very few of the travellers who every year flit through St. Petersburgh and Moscow take the trouble to visit the theatres devoted in those cities to the national drama.' The popular dramatist Ostrovskago is pre-eminently the dramatist of Moscow life, and it is in his pages-of which some excellent specimens are given in the 'Edinburgh'—that we find the truest view of life Around the Kremlin.'

Mr. Eastwick* went out to Venezuela on what subsequently proved to be the very disagreeable business of a Venezuelan loan. His book divides itself into two portions, one of which is naturally lively, and the other is only of the dead-lively kind. His travelling sketches are exceedingly amusing, but his monetary experiences are mournful and a bore. Mr. Eastwick was our Secretary of Legation at the court of Persia, and the author of that valuable work 'Murray's Handbook of India.' He thus relates the circumstances that took him out to Venezuela:

'On the 7th of June, 1864, I was asked to go to Venezuela as Financial Commissioner for the "General Credit Company." The appointment was offered, in the first instance, to Lord Hobert, and on his declining it, to me. The terms were liberal. All my expenses were to be paid and I was to receive one thousand pounds for three months, reckoning from the day of embarkation. But the pleasure of seeing a new country, and learning a new language, and the experience of financial transactions I should gain in such a mission were to me still stronger inducements to accept it. Besides, curiously enough, Mr. Cobden had been talking to me at the end of June about a certain matter, and, after expressing his sympathy, had ended by saying, "Why don't you go to the City? They will treat you better there." So, taking his words as a Sors Virgiliana, I accepted the commissionership at once, purchased a pile of Spanish books, imbibed a draught of the pure Castilian stream daily, in the shape of a lesson from Dr. Altschul, glanced at, and put aside for complete deglutition on board the steamer a huge liasse of papers, and on the 17th of June found myself en route for St. Thomas in the "Atrato," com-

* 'Venezuela; or, Sketches of Life in a South American Republic.' By Edward B. Eastwick, C.B., F.R.S. Chapman and Hall. manded by the ill-fated Captain Woolley.'

There is much that is amusing in Mr. Eastwick's narrative. There are some rattling good stories of that Mexican type to which the public has been accustomed and rather likes. He took out with him thirty thousand sovereigns, and everybody, not unnaturally, considered himself entitled to cheat a man with thirty thousand sovereigns. Venezuela of course means 'little Venice,' a name which is odd enough for a land 'which now comprehends a forest larger than France, steppes like those of Gotu, and mountain tracts which it would take many Switzerlands to match.' It got its name because the first Spaniards found the Indians living in huts on piles in the lake. Mr. Eastwick talks much more about pretty girls than we should have thought perfectly becoming the dignity of a profound He illustrates the infinancier. creasing taste, as exemplified by Mr. Winwoode Reade, for interesting female niggers. A visitor came to see him, and we find him thus discoursing: 'The women are all left alone, and can indulge in any amount of flirtation they like. Now, mark me; the white creoles live at this end of the street, near the Plaza; lower down we shall come to the triguemas or "brunettes;" and beyond these we shall find mulattos and mestizas, and we shall finish up with some beauties of a downright black, who are not so much to be despised as you would imagine.' He introduces his friend Mr. Haywood to a young lady called Erminia, and we have the commencement of a promising love story, which is pre-maturely terminated by yellow fever in the one case and a convent in the other. Erminia is thus described: 'She was just eighteen, a little above the middle height, but looked taller from her perfect symmetry; a cloud of shining black ringlets fell on her ivory shoulders. Her face was oval, her complexion fair, a little too colourless, perhaps, but, in revenge, her lips were red and pouting, and disclosed, when she smiled, teeth of such dazzling whiteness that they seemed to flash as gems; but the

most attractive feature of her face was her immense black eyes, fringed with long silky eyelashes.' This sort of thing is not so bad. We see that even financial commissioners are susceptible of human weakness. We might even go further, and, in the language of the elderly Weller, criticising his son's valentine, submit that it is 'werging on the poetical. We become conscious of a fall in life when we descend from what we believe is called the 'luscious' style of writing to prosaic statements respecting the loan. For, alas! the government of Venezuela dropped paying the interest, and ultimately adopted the glorious policy of repu-diation, to the great detriment of the General Credit Company. Mr. Eastwick devotes a great part of his work to proving that the Venezuelan resources are enormous if they were only properly developed, and that the Venezuelan government ought to be compelled to develop their resources and pay off their just debts. The misfortune is that industry and statesmanship are not things to be brought about by a process of foreign compulsion. We sincerely hope that Mr. Eastwick did not invest his thousand pounds in Venezuelan bonds.

A book upon Iceland! one that is highly appropriate at a time when we are thinking of putting ourselves into ice, as the simplest refrigerating process that can be suggested. Mr. Barnard, who has a great weakness for northern latitudes, has translated the book from the Swedish of Professor Paijkull. The great fault that we have to object to these gentlemen is that they are morbidly anxious to improve our minds. Now we don't want to improve our minds this hot weather. Our minds become entirely merged in their sweltering external cases. Ice is a glorious subject to contemplate, and Iceland may enjoy a reflected measure of credit, but mental improvement must be postponed to a period of bodily improvement. For people

* 'A Summer in Iceland,' By C. W. Paijkull, Professor of Geology at the University of Upsala. Translated by the Rev. M. R. Barnard.' Chapman and Hall.

who are making a yacht voyage to Iceland—which is not a bad notion this work will be indispensable; and when the short evenings set in, the work, which is replete with accurate observations and lively description, may be advantageously perused by all of us. Next comes Elihu Burritt's 'Walks in the Black country and its Green Border Land."* We have no objections to the Green Border Land, protesting, however, against the notion of walking; but the perusal of this book only confirms our impression that the 'Black Country' is a district to be diligently avoided. Elihu Burritt is famous. we believe, for walking a tremendous number of miles, and knowing a fabulous number of languages. He was also a 'Harmonious Blacksmith,' we believe, or something of that kind; a 'self-educated man,' race which as a rule we find to be positive, vulgar, and objectionable: to whom therefore Mr. Burritt stands in remarkable contrast. has had the good taste to fall in love with the young Countess of Dudley, like the rest of his neighbours; and his descriptions—we would especially mention that of Lichfield—are pleasantly and vigorously done. We have also to note the completion of Mr. Ball's important work on Switzerland, by the publication of his third volume (Longmans). Mr. Ball is another tremendous man for walking. It is a mere trifle for him to pass the Simplon or Gothard in a summer's day. We are afraid to say how often he has traversed the principal passes and the lateral passes. Of course he has been President of the Alpine Club, and all that sort of thing. His work, however, is of too scientific a character ever to supersede the familiar 'Murray' and Bae-Its effect, however, is to suggest the immediate propriety of packing up and going to Switzer-land. Her Gracious Majesty has shown us the way, and her loyal subjects cannot do better than follow her example.

ADVENTURES.

It is a saying of Mr. Disraeli's, with the truth and point of a pro-* Sampson Low and Co.

verb about it, 'Adventures to the adventurous.' Another clever writer tells us that life without a spice of adventure or romance is not worth living. There comes a time of life to most of us when we really do not care about adventures or romance. They would disturb the routine of our lives; they would interrupt our engagements; they would constitute a disturbing element in an even and well-ordered life. But there is also a time of life when adventures are very sweet. If a man is truly adventurous he is at no loss for adventures, for if they do not come he There are few old makes them. men who cannot tell of adventures when they were young, although such adventures grow very thin and bare with us when we are old.

Yet human life being such as it is, with so much that is odd, incongrnous, and uncertain happening in it, it must needs happen that adventure cannot altogether be elimimated from any stage of life. If a middle-aged man tumbles off his horse, or has his pocket picked, or is garotted, or catches cold, I suppose he may call that an adventure: and after a certain age this mild sort of circumstance is taken as the equivalent to such. But society about and around us may all the time be teeming with the elements of adventure. One reason is that we all become much too busy to care for such things. Another reason is that men very much lose the faculty of observation. They move so much in a groove that they are unable to recognize any aberration from that groove. They cannot discern any opening for adventures, and they could not, or would not use them if they did discern such. They are unable to discern the special character of incidents, and would be surprised to hear that some transaction of which they were witnesses had, in truth, any character of romance or adventure about it.

A middle-aged man told me the other day that he never yet witnessed on a railway anything that partook of the character of an adventure. He must have been unobservant, I think. Adventures of this kind are not very uncommon

on railways. Some of these adventures, I grant, are not at all of a cheering description. The other day a man was journeying in the west of England, and he was talking a long time with two very gentlemanly men who were travelling with him in the same compartment of a firstclass carriage. Suddenly he became insensible. He next found himself lying on the floor of a waiting-room of a wayside station. They told him at the station that two gentlemen had been obliged to put him out because he was so intoxicated. The gentlemen, however, had eased him of his watch, purse, and valise. It is not unusual to be travelling with a sick man or a lunatic. several occasions, on arriving at a station, I have been taken aside by some fellow-passenger who has thought it his duty to inform me that he was in charge of a lunatic. I met a man once who had been travelling with a violent lunatic, held down in the carriage by two keepers. The poor fellow had lately come into a large fortune. It was too much for him. He was unable to sleep for days and days, and went raving mad. Only the very day that my friend made his remark some curious circumstances came under my notice, which certainly had a colouring of romance or something worse about them. A lady got into a carriage, we will say at Newton Junction. She was rather an elegant and handsome woman, aged about five-and-twenty. spectacled gentleman placed her in the carriage, with a very abstruce and absent expression of countenance. He talked to her about her plans, evidently speaking with some degree of influence and authority; and I heard her say that she was going to stay for three or four weeks with her aunt at Exeter. After a chaste and sedate salute they parted. He had scarcely moved away from the carriage door when a young man entered, and as soon as the train was in motion began speaking with his companion, being evidently on the most familiar terms. He said to her, 'We will get out at Teignmouth, and catch the express to Torquay.' At Teignmouth they

got out, evidently in pursuance of the expressed intention of getting back to Torquay. That is to say, the lady would have to traverse again all the ground which she had just passed over from Newton. It was quite clear, first, that she had found a companion altogether unknown to the spectacled gentleman; secondly, that she had told the spectacled gentleman a deliberate falsehood in stating that she was going to Exeter; thirdly, that, in point of fact, she was going, under questionable circumstances, to Torquay, proving that the journey in the Exeter direction was simply a feint. The circumstances were certainly noticeable, though an unobservant man might not have noticed them. Such as they are they are very much at the service of sensation novelists or

of private detectives.

It is an awkward thing when you meet an agreeable man, and make some progress towards intimacy with him, to hear of him next in a condition of penal servitude. A man I know met a fine, manly fellow in a romantic district of Wales. They boated and climbed mountains together, and altogether he proved a very interesting and agreeable fellow, one, moreover, who had travelled in many parts of the world with an observant eye. A year afterwards this fine fellow was arrested on the charge of scuttling a ship, and got a long sentence of penal servitude. I remember dining once with an elderly gentleman with whose parental and even patriarchal demeanour I was strongly impressed. The dinner was excellent, the wines old, and the stories new. He was surrounded by a charming family; and the landscape was perfect in its beauty and repose. And yet all the while this man was surrounded with the elements of passion and tragedy, and got some female accomplice to personate a lady at the bank, and make the transfer of a large sum of money. One day a friend of mine was walking along a quiet square, and a man came flying through the air, smashing through the drawing-room window into the street below. He assured me of the credibility of this

odd transaction, and said he was never able to clear it up. One morning I found a relative in my rooms whom I certainly had not left there the night before. He explained then that just as he was turning from my door he met a man with a ladder. He borrowed the ladder, and climbed up to the drawing-room. I hope no burglar will ever meet with a

friendly lender of ladders.

The tourist frequently meets with a share of adventures. The peripatetic philosopher has necessarily had his experiences. How discusted I was, when, having worked through a difficult country to see a fine house and its famous gardens, to hear that the proprietor had changed his mind, and did not now intend that visitors should be permitted to make any inspection of his property. I begin indignantly to consider that a man has no right, as it were, to keep Nature under lock and key. While I was smarting under this injurious treatment I went to see another great show-place in the same county. The owner, a man of high mark in the world, detected the chance tourist, and showed him every polite attention. He was just on the point of going abroad—the horses were champing at the gate—but his servants would show me every point in the Abbey and its grounds, and his mother would be very glad if I would take lunch with them afterwards. In constantly moving about we are pretty safe for a frequent repetition of pleasant adven-We are thrown into chance tures. intimacies with worthy people, and ordinary barriers being withdrawn, within a few days friendships ripen into the intimacy of years. It does not last long, more's the pity, but it is so pleasant while it lasts! You soon approach the point of departure. One is going to the mountains, and the other to the seaboard. One is going from the Lombard plain to cross the Alps, and another is going on to explore the old-world cities of Italy. But we often look back uponthat pleasant influence, and how glad we are when by some happy chance it is renewed! One day when I was staying by the shores of a small Italian lake, I was told that

a visitor wanted to see me. It was a charming English lad, covered with the dust and soil of travel, who was in much tribulation. He had spent or lost all his money in some great city, and in great terror he had journeyed to me, with whom he had passed some pleasant days not long before (happening to have my address), to ask me to help him. He was so thoroughly a gentleman, and had such a good and happy expression in his face, that any chance traveller or even any hotelkeeper would be happy to assist him. In his ignorance, however, he had never thought of opening his case to any stranger, and had come on to the only Englishman whose whereabouts he knew in that part of the country, and I felt truly grateful to him for giving me the preference. He spent a few days with me, and we then passed the Alps together, and when we came to Zurich he found ample remittances awaiting him, and he acquitted himself of his trifling obligations to

Adventures at the seaside will not be at all uncommon this summer season. As a rule we English are an unsocial people, and every kind of amalgamation is a difficult opera-I have known people who would really very much like to be acquainted with each other continue on terms of icy indifference for six weeks at a stretch, and only become acquainted the night before one of them was going away. It is very amusing to watch very young people. They would be very glad to watch very young to be acquainted, but they are sensitive, they are shy, and they would not for worlds be suspected of such a wish. Yet they exchange that immemorial 'side-long glance' on the sands, the river, the promenade. At last—happy chance—some common friend brings them together to a pic-nic at the Castle, or they travel together on the same public conveyance to visit some Devil's Bridge or waterfall. And the social ice once broken, the new friendship progresses all the more rapidly and valuably from the preliminary difficulties which so long hindered its development. The good old British

custom of sweethearting commences, and in after years honest couples will talk of the pleasant adventures which drew them together at the seaside.

THE WRITINGS OF M. FIGUIER.*

We are aware that a considerable prejudice exists in some scientific circles against the writings of M. Figuier. The style is popular, the authorship somewhat mixed, the treatment not always scientific, the pictures too sensational in character. But it all depends on the point of view in which we regard these publications. If these books are addressed to scientific readers. then we think that their character is inadequate and unsatisfactory. But if the object be to elicit and foster a love of natural science among general readers, we think that this series is admirably adapted for the purpose. There is no better instrument for mental culture than natural science; and in days when exact science is not in much request among fashionable readers—when a certain levity and frivolity of mind abound more than ever among the young—when we are told that solid thought and knowledge are at a decided discount everywhere—we cannot regret any tempting and attractive form in which natural science is brought before the public. We own that there is some foundation for the charge of sensationalism which is brought against the series. But O si sic omnia. If some common ground must be found between scientific books and sensational novels before the two classes of readers so represented can amalgamate, we are well content that the sensational element of science should be brought out. There is such an element. As Mr. Tennyson speaks of the 'fairy tales of science,' so there is a sensational element in science: and the presence of this element may lead a careless reader to the lessons of order, beauty, and peace found in Nature, and also that

* 'The Insect World. The Vegetable World. The Ocean World. The World before the Flood, &c.' By Louis Figuier. Chapman and Hall.

abstruser learning and exact knowledge which belong to her processes.

But it would be a very unfair and inadequate representation of M. Figuier's writings simply to comment on these mixed elements of popularity. They have large independent The range of merits of their own. The sciinformation is immense. entific treatment is in the main good, and both the artist's and the poet's eve is indicated by the method in which scientific truth is presented. The wealth of pictorial illustration which accompanies these pages is enormous. The drawings, indeed, are not always exact; and if we went fully into detail a considerable amount of criticism might be brought to bear upon such details. But it would be impossible to criticize the details of a series of works which now possess almost an encyclopædic character. They are not works which will satisfy the critical taste of the savant, but they will meet the want of the sachant. They occupy a place of their own, and satisfy a real need in the special requirements of our very peculiar age.

ON DYSPEPSIA.

It was the keen saying of Voltaire's that physicians were required to work a miracle, namely, to reconcile health with intemperance. Perhaps this goes far to account for the immense amount of talk which we hear at the present day about dyspepsia. We are in an age which almost resembles the Lower Empire in the degree to which men have brought the art of high feeding. It must be owned, however—such are the inequalities of fate in this lifethat some men who can dine voraciously seem to possess metallic interiors, and some poor, thin eaters cannot take chicken broth without suffering tortures. Dr. Chambers says that one day a patient came to him complaining that he felt where his stomach was and knew where his food went to. And the patient was right. He had business to be alarmed. No healthy man ought to be conscious of the existence of his

digestive organs. The perception of this fact might be the simplest form of derangement, but it might lead up to the most serious conse-Indigestion is always quences. chronic, and often dangerous, and frequently passes into a most painful and obscure state of disease. The late Sir F. Slade, writing, as one of the last acts of his life, to the present Bishop of Bath and Wells, said that he was suffering from what the doctors called indigestion but he called the pains of hell. of our readers may be acquainted with the Life of the last Earl of Aberdeen, where the narrative of his fatal illness of dyspepsia occupies so prominent a place. It terminated in extreme atrophy and disorder of the nerves, and indeed presented features which were quite inexplicable to the physicians.

Now in this day of hard work and intense excitement, men cannot ruminate gently and quietly after their refection, and so they become dyspeptic. And though their dyspepsia may not be so serious as in the cases we have indicated, it is quite enough to make them utterly gloomy and unhappy. Great generals have lost their battles, and great lawyers have lost their cases because they have committed some indiscretion in their diet on the eve of a momentous issue. And in our everyday life, every man who registers or even notes his passing mental and bodily moods, finds out, often with infinite dissatisfaction, how much he is at the mercy of outward events. A thick gloom settles on a man's mind. He thinks all bad things of all men. health is failing, his bank is breaking, his wife is not to him what she used to be, his daughter has made a most imprudent engagement, his theological opinions assume the severest type, the country generally speaking is going to the dogs, be-cause there has not been enough oil in the salad, or there has been too much in the entremets. And when a little rest and treatment have set a man perfectly to rights, he suddenly gets a span of felicity, and all things bear that aspect of goodness and beauty which they ought to bear to

the man of sane mind and body. But frequently it happens that a man is unable exactly to spot the malady under which he suffers; he does not know, indeed, whether it be of the mind or of the body, and he settles down into a morose and evil-conditioned being who feels very uncomfortable, and is a source of exceeding discomfort to all around him.

Of late years an extraordinary impetus has been given to the study of medicine. The advance has been immense, and perhaps hardly duly noted, in medicine, considered both as a science and as an art, both in its principles and in its facts. The old problem, dato morbo quæritur remedium, was never more incessantly agitated than is the case at the present time. Dyspensia has received at least its full meed of attention. A very curious incident greatly facilitated the study of the subject. There was a man called Alexis St. Charles, who, in consequence of a gunshot injury received in early life, had a free communication between the abdomen and the outside of the body. A series of observations, many of them possessing a very high degree of value. have been made through him on digestion. We have now before us three different works of great value recently published on the subject.* On literary grounds we first mention Dr. Chambers' work, which is a very intelligible and exceedingly animated book. He has thrown a strong personal interest into an immense number of his cases, written with clear caustic description and often very dramatically set forth. Dr. Habershon's work is remarkable for its grasp of broad, philosophical principles; indeed, we are not sure that an excessive love of generalization has not rather misled this accomplished and thoughtful author; but, as St. Paul says, 'we

* 'The Indigestions,' &c. By Thomas King Chambers, M.D. Churchill. (Second Edition.) speak as a fool,' and do not venture, è cathedra, to criticise his medical reasoning. Dr. Pavy's work, we need hardly say, is of a highly careful and scientific character. All these writers, in fact, are distinguished by that accurate observation, that careful induction of facts, and that spirit, both penetrating and most humane, which reflect such endless honour upon medical science.

It is of no use our entering upon obscure cases that would require, what we cannot give, abstruse medical discussion, or those cases in which suffering is not blended with any obvious blame or cause on the side of the patient. Dr. Chambers, however, has a chapter, exceedingly instructive and amusing, on 'Habits of Social Life leading to Indigestion,' from which some interesting matter may be culled. It is not the case, as he points out to us, that dyspepsia is always connected with 'the remorse of a guilty stomach.' He points out some very bad cases which have arisen from abstinence. Fasting is not so common as feasting, but still it is not uncommon. Partly the old mediæval notion of fasting still lingers even in an exaggerated shape, and partly there is a heresy abroad that abstinence is a cure for every ill. It is hardly too much to say that every medical man, being necessarily brought at some time or other into contact with the extreme poor, knows how much indigestion is produced by enforced abstinence. Dr. Chambers mentions the case of one clergyman who, for a whole year, lived upon bread and water, and of another whose whole notion of the connection between the soul and the body was that the latter should be knocked down and kept down. It required a whole year's rest, with plenty of quinine and strychnia, before the latter gentleman was fit to do his duty in the state of life to which he had been called. He mentions a case in which excess of eating rose from excess of 'I was requested to visit a lady past middle life who, when I entered her library, certainly looked the picture of robust bloom. "Dr. Chambers," said she, "what is a

^{&#}x27;On Diseases of the Stomach, Varieties of Dyspepsia,' &c. By S. O. Habershon, M.D. Hardwick.

A Treatise on the Functions of Digestion.' By F. W. Pavy, M.D.

British matron to do who habitually eats too much?" The question suggested the shortest of replies. "Ay, it's very easy for you to say 'Don'tl' but if I didn't, I should be a widow in a week. You know how old and - is. infirm Lord C-He has always been used to feed highly, and if I cut the dinner short or did not encourage him by my example, it would be his death."' The interesting patient was furnished with a dinner-pill of as much niceness as it is the nature of a pill to admit. Dr. Chambers meets the case of overeating by the excellent advice of advising people to make frequent and light meals. There is something almost sensational in the way in which he describes the case of a patient who could not be persuaded to surrender his love of a hearty dinner, although he clearly per-ceived the true pathology of his case. The doctor had a letter from the son, saying that his father had eaten heartily of an indigestible dinner, and lay back in his chair dead. Dr. Chambers has some strong things to say on the subject of tight lacing. He saw a beautiful face where the beauty was notoriously helped by art. Hiram Powers was there; and the artist necessarily knows anatomy. 'I want to know, said Hiram Powers, 'where Lady puts her liver?' To the knowing artist anything that harms the health must be a hindrance to beauty.

There is a great deal that can be gathered from these medical works. The fact is insisted on how important it is that men should retain simple and refined tastes even in the busiest period of life, that they may have resources within themselves when their active career is

over. On the one hand, a great diplomatist has so much freshness of mind that he begins to learn Italian at sixty; and on the other hand, a great physician can only moodily look upon the trees in his park and declare his conviction that he will one day hang himself from one When a man's mind is thus ill-furnished he is at the mercy of his gastronomic tastes and of the dyspeptic fears which may thence result either in fancy or reality. Some of the practical hints given cannot fail to be useful. We have the usual medical denunciations of tobacco and snuff-taking, and also of the excessive use of tea, which may be at least equally pernicious. We are advised that it is best to dine cheerfully and leisurely; and this is one of the best arguments for frequent dinner parties. There are also hints which will be useful in the leisure time of the year to muscular Christians, and especially to that important subdivision of them, the Alpine climbers. Certain types of disease assume a prevalence at particular epochs, and dyspepsia and gout, the lashes which our pleasant vices make for themselves, are especially prevalent in an age in which gastronomic science has reached its culminating point. What men need most to understand is the connection between mind and body; the fact that if we overfeed the body and underfeed the mind there will be a vengeance exacted for either error; and that we need to understand the nature of the organization which should be our servant and not our master, and appreciate the benign effects of simplicity and repose, and those old fashions, so often unduly discredited, of temperance and self-denial.

NEWGATE MARKET.

To describe the work-a-day aspect of a locality devoted to one of the most prosaic of occupations, with a view to amuse as well as to enlighten the general reader, is at all times a difficult task; but it is hoped that the interest which most of us feel concerning aught that

relates to the supply of material for the exercise of our knives and forks, may excuse any shortcomings in a general account of the source from which the metropolis and the surrounding district draw their main supplies of flesh-meat. And while it is felt that such a sketch

may of itself be sufficiently interesting to justify its publication in these pages, it is also hoped that it will possess additional value hereafter, when Newgate Market, superseded by the metropolitan meat and poultry markets now fast approaching completion in Smithfield, shall have become a thing of the past.

The precise period at which the fleshers of bygone days first congregated in this particular locality is uncertain; but it is clear that the meat trade has been largely carried on in the immediate neighbourhood of the present market for the past five hundred years, for in the fourteenth century the street now known as King Edward Street, on the north side of Newgate Street, was called Butcher Hall Lane on account of the great number of butchers living there, and, as Mr. Timbs tells us in his 'Curiosities of London,' there is extant a very sensible petition to Parliament, dated 1380, praying that they might be restrained from throwing their offal into the river Fleet, and compelled to 'kill' at 'Knyghtsbrigg,' or elsewhere out of London. The market itself was originally held in Newgate Street, and was at first a market, not for meat, but for meal, and the 'Grev Friars' Chronicle,' quoted by Mr. Timbs, informs us, under date 1548, that 'this yere before Alhalloutyd was sett up the howse for the markyt folke in Newgate Market for to waye melle in.' A century later, however, Newgate Market was the recognised locale of the meat trade; and as the account given of it in Strype's edition of Stow's 'Survey of London' is precise and in many respects interesting, it may not be out of place to insert it here:-

"Resignate Market, before the late dreadful Fire of London, was kept in Nesignate street; where there was a Market-house only for Meal, and a middle Bow of Sheds, which afterwards were converted into Houses, and inhabited by Butchers, Tripe-sellers, &c. And the Country People which brought Provisions to the City were forced to stand with their Stalls in the open Street; to the Damage of their Goods, and Danger of their Persons, by the Coaches, Carts, Horses, and Cattle, that passed through the Street. But since the nominating of convenient Places in the City for publick Markets, by Act of Parliament, which appoints the Lord Maior, Aldermen, and

Commoners to appoint proper Places, they have found out a most convenient Place for this Market, and near adjoining; being situate between Newgotte street on the North, and Pater noster Rose on the South; and between Warsotck Lone on the West, and Toy Lone on the East. The greatest part of which Market is in this Ward, and the other part in Caulle Baynard's Ward.

'The Market-place is a square piece of Ground, which is incompassed with fair Houses. built according to the second Rate of Building, In the middle of the Market-place, which is 148 Foot broad from North to South, and 190 Foot long from East to West, there is erected a specious Market-house, in form of a Cross, standing upon Twenty-four Pillars or Columns, and ascended up into the Market-house, by two or three broad stone Steps at all the Entrances. Under this Market-house are Vaults or Cellars: and over it several Rooms for the stowage of the Fruiterers, and other Goods, in the Night; and over all a fair Cupulo, or Bell Tower. This Market-house is made use of for Fruit, Herbs, &c. And round about it, at a convenient distance, are Stalls for Butchers; as are Stalls also by the sides of the Houses, for Butchers and Poulterers. This Market is very well served with all Sorts of Butchers' Mest, and Poulterers' Ware; also with Fruit, Herbs, Butter, Eggs, &c. The passages into this Market, are, out of Newgate street through Rose street, which is broad, but short; well built, and inhabited by Butchers and Fishmongers. Another out of Warwick lane, through White Hart street, but short also; inhabited by the like Tradesmen. Another out of Pater noster Row, through a short Alley. And two others out of Ivy lane."

This description of the approaches to the market will serve as well now as it did three hundred years ago; the 'square piece of ground' on which the market proper stands being divided into four tolerably equal portions by two thoroughfares running north and south and east and west respectively, the former being a continuation of Rose Street to the alley leading into Paternoster Row, and the latter the extension of Duke's Head Passage (on the east side of Ivy Lane) to White Hart Street, which runs into Warwick Lane. Besides the four outlets thus formed there is also (as mentioned by Strype) a second alley, known as the Three Tuns Passage, leading from Ivy Lane to the northeast corner of the market, which is still 'incompassed with fair houses, built according to the second rate of building,' though they are doubtless more dingy in appearance than those that in Strype's time were

Farringdon Within.

really 'fair' to look upon in comparison with the ancient and dilapidated dwellings destroyed by the Great Fire, and are, for manifold reasons, not sufficiently agreeable as residences to induce the more prosperous salesmen to make their places of business identical with their homes. The 'spacious market-house in form of a cross' is gone long ago, but the centre of the market is still rented chiefly by poulterers, the meat salesmen for the most part occupying the alleys which divide the market and that which runs around it. The adjacent streets are also mainly filled with the shops of salesmen; and, indeed, the whole neighbourhood is redolent of this important trade, which was carried on in Newgate Street before the time when the great king-maker lodged in Warwick Lane, with an imposing retinue of six hundred retainers. An appropriate neighbourhood, indeed for such a lodgment; for we are told that in his house 'there was oftentimes six oxen eaten at a breakfast, and every tavern was full of his meat; for he that had any acquaintance in that house might have there so much of sodden and roast meat as he could prick and carry on a long dagger.

Newgate Market obtains its name from its site being originally in the immediate neighbourhood of one of the principal gates of the City erected between Ealders-gate and Lud-gate, about the reign of Henry L, and called New-gate, because, as Stow says, it was 'latelier built than the rest.' Although, doubtless, the name was then appropriate enough, it became a misnomer long before the gate itself disappeared, even as at Paris what is now the oldest bridge in the city was from its erection destined to be always known as the Pont Neuf, both being instances of the absurdity of giving to public works names which have only a temporary application. The centre portion of the market is the property and under the control of the Corporation of London, to whom it was conveyed by the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's in 1749, for forty years, at the rate of 4*l*. per annum, and has since been so held, this merely nominal sum being still, we believe, paid as a ground-rent to the Desa and Chapter for property which now yields an enormous income. The shops in the several surrounding alleys are, however, private property, some being freehold, and are held, generally speaking, on long leases by the salesmen.

The regulations of the market are framed by the Corporation, but the trade is carried on with the utmost freedom from all restrictions, except such as are necessary for the welfare of the commonalty. strictions on trade and monopolies in trade died together long ago, and a healthier system of traffic has now become so general in most civilized countries that our legislature would never dream of enacting, ' for the great commodity of the realme,' such laws as were passed in the middle of the sixteenth century, although at that time they doubtless put a check on much dishonest bartering. The gossiping but trustworthy authority already quoted writes:

'It appeareth of Record, that in the Yeere 1522 the Rippiers of Rie and other Places sold their fresh Fish in Leaden hall Market, upon Cornehill; but forraigne Butchers were not admitted there to sell Flesh, till the Yeere 1533-And shortly after it was enacted, that the said Butchers and others should sell their Beef and Mutton by Weight; to wit, Beef not above a halfe penny the pound; and Mutton, halfe penny halfe farthing. Which Act being devised for the great commodity of the Realme (as it was then thought), hath since proved farre otherwise: For before that time, a fat Oxe was sold at London for 26s. 8d. at the most; a fat Weather for 3s. 4d.; a fat Calfe the like Price; a fat Lambe for 12d. Pieces of Beef weighed two pounds and a halfe at the least; yea, three pound or better, for a penny, on every Butcher's Stall in this Citie; and of those pieces of Beef thirteen or fourteen for twelve pence; fat Mutton for eight pence the Quarter, and one hundred weight of Beef for 4s. 8d, at the dearest."

Stow also tells us that at the time of this enactment 'the number of butchers in the citie and suburbs was accounted sixe score, of which every one killed 6 oxen a peece weekely;' at the present day the number has probably increased fifty-fold.

To see Newgate Market at its palmiest period, namely in midwinter, it is necessary to be up, not

to say with the lark, for that would be inappropriate both to the place and to the season, but between four and five in the morning. If a resident in the suburbs, you may proceed in a cab ordered over night (and therefore strongly flavoured with esprit de hay and bouquet de cabman, who has probably passed the small hours therein) as far as Newgate, where it will be as well to alight and look about you. Throughout the entire length of Newgate Street you will find the thoroughfare almost blocked, especially on the southern side, by an assemblage of vehicles concerned in the traffic of the adjacent market—the lumbering waggons of the great railway and steamboat companies moving away with their first instalments of empty hampers, which by this time (five or half-past) have been collected from the shops of the various salesmen; with the carts of butchers. jobbers, and others, of all shapes, sizes, and conditions, waiting for the return of their owners with their morning's purchases; and here and there the smart 'trap' of a thriving contractor or the cosy brougham of a prosperous salesman, who, mindful of rheumatism, wisely expends some of the money gained by the energy of his earlier days on the personal comfort to which advancing age may properly lay claim. Hours before this, however, the market has been busy, for in winter time the meat begins to arrive soon after midnight (by one o'clock certainly), and continues to pour in in one unbroken stream until seven or eight in the morning; although, in order to be in time for the best of the market, it ought not to reach the salesman later than six o'clock, as by that time the largest and best buyers are completing their purchases and thinking of returning home. It would be useless to particularize any cities or towns as the sources from which Newgate Market receives its daily supplies, as these would include places in all parts of the United Kingdom. Scotland is a very large contributor, Aberdeen alone sending many hundreds of carcases weekly throughout the greater part of the year; and the

total weekly supply is not less than ten million pounds. As an example of the extent of the consignments when the trade is at its heaviest, it may be stated that in the week previous to Christmas last, upwards of 200 tons of dead meat were conveyed to Newgate Market by the Great Eastern Railway alone, the Great Northern probably furnished about the same quantity, and the Midland about 200 tons, the North Western and other trunk lines also contributing supplies commensurate with the extent of their systems and the nature of the districts through which they pass. And it should be borne in mind that in addition to this Newgate Market ultimately receives a large share of the live stock sent to the Metropolitan Cattle Market, which in December last consisted of upwards of 22,000 beasts, 92,000 sheep, 900 calves, and 1,800 pigs: in the first quarter of the present year the average monthly supply was about 18,000 beasts and 99,000 sheep, besides calves and pigs. The consignments of dead meat from abroad in December last were much less than in the previous year, but they amounted to about 6,000 tons. In December, 1866, about 40,000 tons of foreign carcases were received from Rotterdam, Hamburgh, Ostend, Harlingen, &c., and disposed of in Newgate and Leadenhall Markets. It may be mentioned also that our home supplies of live stock are largely supplemented by continental breeders, who last year sent over to this country upwards of 177,000 head of next stock, 540,000 sheep and lambs, and 48,000 pigs; and it is estimated that fully half of these found their way to the Metropolitan Cattle Market.

Threading your way through a busy throng, intent upon the safe bestowal of the day's supplies in their respective vehicles, or hastening to secure whatever they may require while there is yet abundance to choose from, you pass into the market by one of the alleys above mentioned, and the scene within is as striking as that without. At the first glance you might imagine the chief business of the morning to be

that of drinking tea or coffee, for the visages of the salesmen and their clerks, &c., are for the most part buried in the recesses of unpretentious mugs, these simple restora-tives (served by Hebes whose constitutions are peculiarly adapted to rising in the middle of the night) being found by experience to take the chill off the raw morning better than anything of a more potent character. Looking around, you will see the alley in which you stand hined on either side with 'bodies' of beef and carcases of sheep and lambs, with here and there great store of hogs' flesh; salesmen, attired in coats of all conceivable degrees of greasiness, generally light in colour, are engaged with their customers; and men and lads are hurrying hither and thither with the purchases of their masters or fresh consignments of meat upon their backs, mainly distinguished from their employers, so far as outward appearance is concerned, by wearing blue or white smockfrocks, and by bearing the marks of their burdens on their shoulders instead of their hips. which prominences the salesmen and their customers find convenient for the purpose of freeing their hands from the superincumbent grease acquired in the examination of the meat. Add to these itinerant traders of various kinds, seeking a market for their multifarious wares, and you have before you a picture ablaze with gas and excitement.

The largest of the shops are about twenty yards long by eight yards wide, quite open in front to the parrow, paved thoroughfare which passes around the market, and are hung about with stout hooks, three or four deep. It should be stated that the shops only occupy one side of that thoroughfare, the opposite side consisting of the boarding which forms the back of the poultry shops in the centre of the quadrangle. This boarding is also thickly studded with hooks, and is usually let off by the Corporation in portions corresponding to the width of the shops opposite, the occupiers of which generally have the preference as tenants, cateris paribus. In one such shop as this, including the hooks opposite, altogether forming apparently but a small premises, you are surprised to hear that there is room to hang many hundred sheep; and many a morning in the winter season, especially in the shops occupied by the principal salesmen, every hook will be found occupied, and perhaps, if the trade be brisk, every consignment will be disposed of before nightfall. Beneath the shops are cellars, into which it was the custom years ago to throw flocks of sheep headlong down the stairs, slaughtering them afterwards at leisure; but this practice (which was attended with grievous cruelty to the wretched animals) has long been suppressed. In many of the shops, however, oxen, sheep, and calves are still slaughtered daily, provision being made for that purpose at the back of the premises; but the existence of such places in so crowded a locality gives rise to odours which are by no means appetizing, and should have been imperatively abolished long ago by the strong arm of the law.

Perhaps there is nothing in the mode of conducting business in Newgate Market which so impresses a stranger, from the country especially, as the extreme independence of the salesmen themselves, and the exceedingly free and easy understanding between them and their best customers, there being (so far at least as the more prosperous salesmen are concerned) as little solicitation or servility on the one hand as there is patronage or condescension on the other. The greetings of the salesmen, as large buyers pass their shops, are usually of the homeliest kind, tinged with the broad humour which seems to pervade the market from one end to the other, for the salesmen, as a rule, like nothing better than fun at their neighbours' expense, and fully act up to the precept, 'Laugh and grow fat.' The same trait is discernible in the contractors and other buyers, and in the men employed in the shops; indeed, no one who is unable to take a joke should pretend to do business personally in Newgate

Having almost intuitively ascer-

tained 'how things are going,' the salesman stands at the front of his shop, occasionally directing the attention of the passer-by to the carcases with which it is decorated, but more generally leaving it to the buyer to make advances. If satisfied with the condition of the meat, which in hot weather or doubtful cases the contractor investigates by progging with a skewer in sundry places the carcases he has a mind to buy-passing the said skewer critically beneath his nostrils after each successive stab, and then wiping it carefully on the skirts of his garment-a colloquy arises as to the price; and if he be equally satisfied on this point a bargain is speedily concluded, perhaps for twenty sheep at a time, and the carcases are carried into the shop to be weighed. Sometimes the bargains are very extensive, as much as 200l. worth of meat at one price being included in a single purchase, and when such large quantities are bought the bargain is usually ratified with a grasp of the hand in earnest of mutual agreement. When the demand is brisk the vast supply melts away with marvellous celerity, but when sluggish you may hear incessant inquiries as to whether the salesman will 'bate.' The immediate reply is generally 'Don't 'bate any;' but eventually, in the natural reluctance to lose a customer when the price may be falling, or the weather bad, the salesman probably 'bates' something, the buyer refreshes his nose once or twice more, and finally leaves his skewer in the carcase in token of acceptance at the price, walking off to make other purchases elsewhere. If heads and plucks are sold, a wisp of straw placed upon them serves as a convenient and well-understood memorandum of the transaction. Generally speaking salesmen ask more money than they are likely to getin accordance with the established usage among all traders where a prix fixé is impracticable—and, in order to balance matters, buyers as invariably offer something less than they intend to give; but the former, whenever they are justified in so doing by the briskness of the demand or

the scantiness of the supply, determinedly fix their price, and get it.

In the value of all descriptions of meat there is great variation, for sometimes there is an immense demand for one particular class when other qualities are a mere drug in the market. The next day, perhaps, the state of things will be precisely the reverse. In the minor articles of the trade the fluctuations are still more remarkable. On Derby-day, for instance, and the day before, legs of veal (for veal and ham pies) and buttocks of beef are in such demand that they will fetch almost anything the salesman likes to ask. Sweetbreads also, to take another example, vary very much in value, for in the 'season' they not unfrequently fetch as much as 10s. or 128. a pair, whereas at other times they may be had for 6d. or 1s.; and so with other articles, especially those which may be considered dainties or required in the concoction thereof

The legitimate salesman, it should be observed, does not buy anything, but is supposed to do his best to obtain the highest market for the consignments entrusted to his charge, taking upon himself all the risk of bad debts, and returning to the consigner the proceeds, generally by return of post, after deducting the customary commission on the transaction. And here it may be remarked that, generally, salesmen undertake to sell any kind of meat that may be consigned to them, but some only deal in specialities. For instance, a few are pig salesmen only, and receive large consignments of foreign swine, chiefly from Hamburg, Ostend, and different parts of France and Holland. Others deal very largely in Dutch and other foreign sheep; and one extensive trader confines his dealings to plebeian heads and plucks, of which he sometimes receives as many as three thousand in a week. There is a large class known as 'jobbers,' who buy to sell again; and we should also mention the carcase butchers. who make extensive consignments to the salesmen, having purchased largely in the live-stock markets, and who are remarkable for the extreme accuracy with which they will tell at a glance the weight of a bullock, confidently determining its ponderosity to a stone.

It is quite a mistake and one which country senders not unfrequently make to their cost—to suppose that Newgate Market is a perfectly safe place to which to consign meat unfit for human food. Ño blunder can be more fatal, for the better class of salesmen put such meat aside at once, and instead of concealing it, as is sometimes ignorantly supposed, they simply wait until one of the inspectors (of whom there are two, besides the clerk of the market) arrives, in order to point it out for condemnation. Everything in the shop is perfectly open to examination, and the inspector condemns just what he chooses, there being small hope of appeal from his verdict unless he should chance to be flagrantly in the wrong; and he gives to the salesman a certificate of the condemnation, which is forwarded by him for the satisfaction (or rather the dissatisfaction) of the sender, who is perhaps visited with a prosecution. Doubtless in some parts of the market meat which would be ordinarily unsaleable is sometimes disposed of in considerable quantities to low-class butchers, and where one of these cases transpires, and is brought into a court of justice, it may safely be affirmed that several escape notice; but this is owing, in the first place, to the chances of escaping observation; in the next, to the difficulty of obtaining a conviction; and, again, to the heavy outlay which such prosecu-tions entail upon the City of London. Not that the Corporation officers would on that account flinch from their duty in any case brought clearly under their notice, but the difficulties in the way naturally interfere to no inconsiderable extent with the due course of justice. It must not be supposed that the contractors purchase inferior meat; for although it may not be of the very primest quality, it is always exceedingly good, both as to cut and weight; for if it is not strictly according to the contract it is certain

to be returned. Our soldiers and others for whom provision is thus made may therefore rest perfectly satisfied that they are well cared for

in this particular.

Taking his stand in the shop of a salesman at the opening of the market, a visitor may in the course of an hour see many a notability in the trade, men who are apparently in the seediest and certainly in the greasiest of conditions, but who will nevertheless give cheques for hundreds of pounds in the course of the morning. Here, for instance, comes a man wearing a long white cost-or rather one which has been white at some remote date—and a very cylindrical hat, corresponding in colour, and with the mere suggestion of a brim, such as we have never before seen away from the footlights. He possesses a shrewd. stolid cast of features, which look as though they were cut out of a block of mahogany; and as his attire is invariably the same at all seasons of the year, he acts, perhaps unconsciously, on the scientific principles of dress which the Coroner for Middlesex has occasionally been careful to promulgate, namely, the wearing of white hats and white clothes all the year round, in order to temper to the body the heat of summer and the rigour of winter. This gentleman, whose name we will not particularize, and who looks as though seven-and-sixpence would be a liberal price for his entire wardrobe, is one of the largest contractors in England, and buys immense quantities of mest for the army, &c., every morning of his life. To draw another picture, we will take one whose dress is equally begrimed, his skirts, which reach almost to his heels, presenting in addition a streaky appearance produced by frequent collision with the very vulgar specialities of his trade; whilst a third, although not on the whole so striking a character as either of the others, is a most extensive pig-buyer-extensive in more senses than one, inasmuch as perhaps there are few of his purchases that could turn the balance against him. The market is also constantly visited by a crowd of habitues, both

connected and unconnected with the trade. The skins of the beasts and sheep slaughtered on the spot of themselves form a most important item of commerce, and are disposed of to skin-buyers, who sell them again to the woolmen and tanners resident in that fragrant neighbourhood Bermondsey, and elsewhere. Amongst the smaller fry of profes-sional visitors may be mentioned (place aux dames) the occasional appearance of a calf's head and aweetbread buyer, who gets her livelihood by retailing those comestibles to the butchers in the market; while others make a living by buying ox-tails, &c., and bringing them to the market for a like purpose. The crowd is made up with eating-house keepers, come to supply the daily necessities of their marvellous bills of fare; bone-pickers, with a keen eye for everything on the ground that is convertible into money; old clo' men, newsboys, venders of ledgers, pocket-books, dog-collars, jewellery, saddles and bridles, harness, earthenware, engravings framed and glazed, railway-rugs, 'caps or 'ats,' collars, braces, shirts, fruit, &c.: indeed, everything you can possibly mention, from penny articles of all kinds to a gold watch or a diamond ring, is brought round the market by Jews and others to be sold, and is sold, the buyer occasionally included. In all the busy scene there are no idlers; all have some business, lawful or unlawful, and the mere lounger will have to steer his way most circumspectly through the bustling throng-his task being rendered still more difficult by occasional encounters with a few idiotic calves or a score of bewildered sheep -if he desire to stroll around the market without carrying away with him a greasy souvenir of his visit; for the strong supple fellows who are hurrying hither and thither with burdensome weights upon their shoulders have neither time nor inclination to stand on ceremony.

The time at which the business of the market terminates varies with the changing seasons. In the summer months all the important part of the business is generally over by nine or ten o'clock, but in winter it extends to a later period of the day, being at all times governed by the supply, the demand, and the wea-ther. The decline of business is customarily heralded by the arrival of numbers of shoeblacks, who drive a thriving trade, inasmuch as few, either masters or men, depart the market without having their boots cleaned. This operation concluded. the salesmen, having transacted the necessary business in their countinghouses, usually betake themselves to the barber's, where they hear the latest gossip of the day, and compare notes on current events, and occasionally on coming 'events' also. In like manner the menafter making everything clean and tidy, the floors of the shops being thoroughly swept and the boards scraped and washed with boiling water-attend to their own personal decoration, and emerge resplendent from the purlieus of the market.

To append to the above sketch any particulars respecting the poultry market carried on in the central quadrangle would extend this article. already exceeding its intended limits, to too great a length. We must therefore rest content with having endeavoured to furnish a truthful description of the most important of the markets entrusted with the distribution of some 150,000 tons of meat annually brought into the great and ever-increasing metropolis, as it appears in the middle of the nineteenth century. The doom which has for some years been impending—its removal to Smithfield, long a dreary waste-has been respited from time to time, partly in consequence of delay in the completion of the underground works of the Metropolitan Railway, which it was necessary to construct pre-vious to the erection of the new Metropolitan Meat and Poultry Markets above them. These works are now, however, very far advanced, and before the close of the year we shall probably see the completion of both undertakings. The new markets, in designing which Mr. Horace Jones, the City architect. has shown much thoughtful appreciation of the exigencies of the trade for which they are intended, will be 631 feet long from east to west, and 246 feet wide, an area upwards of 32 acres in extent. The south front of the building will be in a line with King Street and Long Lane, and a roadway 50 feet wide will pass transversely through it, connecting Smithfield with the thoroughfares on the north. The market will also have another roadway, 25 feet wide, running east and west throughout entire length, with lateral branches at convenient intervals. Provision will be made for about 200 shops, averaging 30 feet by 15 feet, with rooms above for the convenience of the salesmen, and other accommodation. The exterior will be of a handsome character, and there cannot be a doubt that the new market will be in every respect a vast improvement on the old one, which has long been too confined and too primitive in its arrangements for the great increase of business consequent upon the rapid and enormous growth of the metropolis. The close proximity of the Metropolitan Railway, and special arrangements in connection therewith, together with greatly increased facility of access to the shops of the salesmen, will materially accelerate the delivery of the meat; and although we can never hope, when surrounded by the carcases of defunct animals, to be reminded of Mr. Rimmel's shop in the Strand, the attention paid to the ventilation and the absence of slaughter-houses will reduce to a minimum the offensiveness which is now a frequent cause of complaint. Indeed, the new arrangements bid fair to add greatly to the comfort and convenience not only of both buyers and sellers, but of all whose occupation takes them to the crowded labyrinth of lanes and passages now known as Newgate Market.

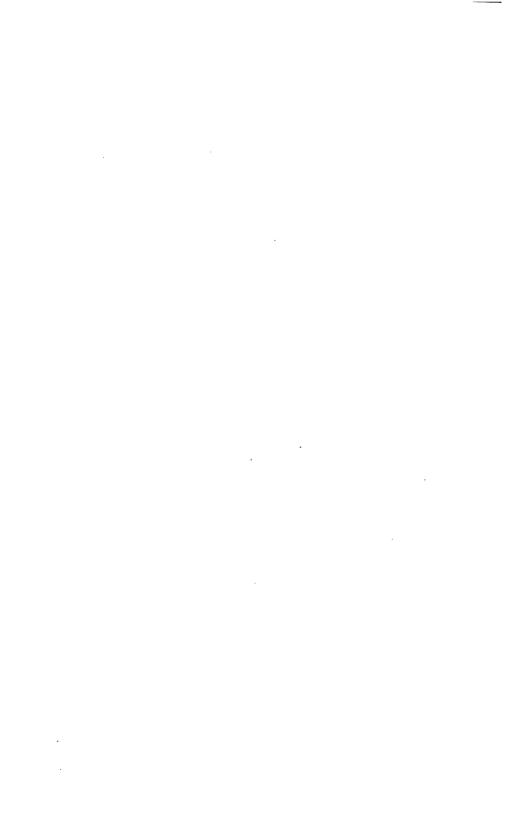
F. F.

THE VOICE BEHIND THE SHUTTER.

A Jersey Ballad.

HALF dreaming, near St. Aubin's Bay—
No spot in Jersey's isle is sweeter,—
I said, 'If Love come by this way,
With open arms I'll rush to greet her.'
A sunny hour I had to kill,
So following the law of noses,
I mounted towards St. Clement's Hill,
Among the picotees and roses.
The bees were all asleep, no bird
Had energy its wings to flutter,
'Twas then in search of love, I heard—
'Twas strange—a voice behind a shutter.

Dumbfoundered, in the dust I stood,
And gazed in idiotic fashion;
The voice was suited to my mood;
The shutters put me in a passion.
Within those little walls of white,
On which the summer sun was shining,
She sang about 'My heart's delight!'
While I was on a wall reclining!
But was there nothing else to do,
But with my disappointment mutter?
Of course I put a second to—
'Twas odd—that voice behind the shutter!



fite ant be not lers, but the stem lanes and lew gate



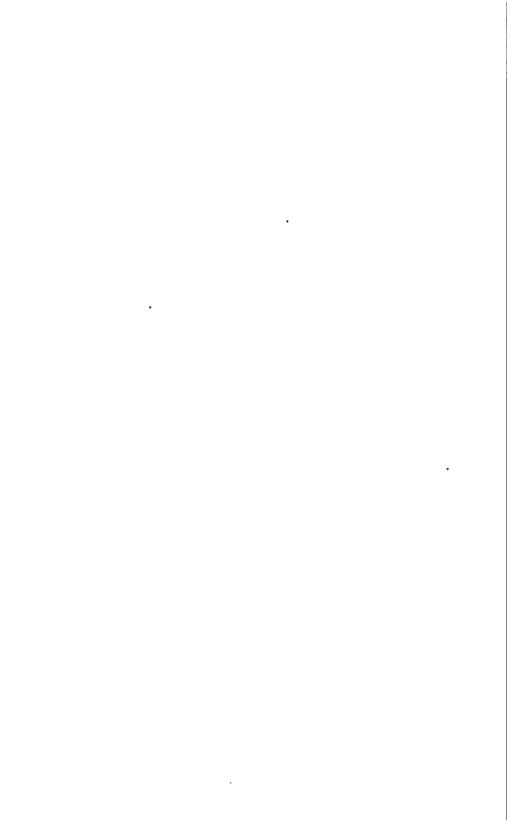
THE VOICE BEHIND THE SHUTTER.

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THE VOICE BEHIND THE SHUTTER.



She sang me then 'I am alone;'
And when I saw what course she'd taken,'I gave, in melancholy tone,
Two stanzas of the song 'Forsaken!'
When suddenly the music stopped:
I never dreamed of asking pardon,
But from the wall discreetly dropped,
And softly stole into the garden;
Wherein, of course, to my surprise—
My feelings I can hardly utter—
I saw a lustrous pair of eyes
Peep'd at me from behind the shutter.

Come, sit beside me, Isaline!
Your voice most certainly possesses
The charm it had when, wife of mine,
I stole the first of my caresses.
The same blue lingers in your eyes;
Your hair! come close! its sunny glory
Will fascinate—until he dies—
The hero of this Jersey story.
A happy notion—on my word—
We'll cross the Channel in a cutter,
And bless the spot where once I heard,
Years past, your voice behind the shutter.

C. W. S.

A MILITIA TRAINING.



HERE are many less enjoyable ways of spending a month than with a good militia regiment. 'old constitutional force, as it is always called in the House (though for what reason I never could for the life of me make out), has lost some ground lately. It has been elbowed out of public notice by a pushyoung volunteer ing force, and the good, hard, steady, unassuming work that it does in out-of-theway country towns during the spring and summer months of the year is quite ignored by the bulk of her Majesty's I believe that lieges. the 'Times,' which complains occasionally of the scarcity of militia subalterns, is indirectly re-

sponsible for some of the neglect under which militia regiments have recently suffered by discontinuing all mention of militia inspections and of the VGL XIV.—NO. LXXXI.

'Militia Gazette.' If fifty members of a metropolitan volunteer corps march from Kensington to Hyde Park and back, the daily papers ring with the feat; but a month's steady labour with a militia regiment is a matter too insignificant That this is for editorial remark. not wilful neglect I am quite ready to admit, for the 'Times' has proved itself a stanch friend to the militia in time of need; but if it would only bring itself to look upon the appointment of a country gentleman to a company in a militia regiment as a matter of equal social importance to the bankruptcy of a village sweetstuff woman, it would, I am sure, do the force a great personal service.

Militiamen are a queer-looking herd when they muster for the first Their civilian clothes are usually in rags; their boots 'out at elbow' (as an Irish sergeant of my company expressed it), for many of them have tramped through half a dozen counties in order to be up to time and save their travelling allowance; their hair is always long, for the knowledge that they will have it cut short enough during training operates to induce them to postpone hair-cutting until that period comes round. Indeed I believe that militiamen, as a rule, never have their hair cut at all except at training. It is then cut so short that it takes six months to acquire what the British labourer or artisan considers a decent length, and a little over and above is a fault on the right side. They are dirty, moustachioless, with tufts of hair on their chins, and altogether more unlike soldiers than I should have thought it possible for any collection of human beings to be. Take a score of average mechanics, and the chances are that two or three of them will look somewhat soldierly; that is to say, they will have moustachios, shaven chins, and short hair; but take eight hundred militiamen-men who may reasonably be supposed to possess some military instinct—and you won't find half a dozen moustachios among them.

The fact is that there is really no gumption among them. Militiamen

hate the service to which in a moment of desperate impecuniosity they have sold themselves for the sake of the fragment of bounty that they receive on enlistment. The fragment of bounty is a present advantage to an enlisting militiaman: it represents the key that enables him to wind his way out of the pecuniary mazes in which he is involved; while the duty to be done for it is only a prospective misery, which, at the distant risk of a short imprisonment, he may throw over altogether. They often have to travel long distances in order to be present with their regiment, and if they leave the kingdom they must take their chance of prosecution as deserters. During training they are subjected to a much stricter discipline (that is to say, in a good regiment) than at any other time of the year. They have not that instinctive perception of the difference between officer and soldier which appears to come to the linesman at the moment of his enlistment and never to quit him even at his discharge: and militiamen, lacking this perception, have it forced upon them by dint of appeals, not only upon their pockets in the shape of stoppages of pay and bounty, but also upon their time and liberty in the shape of extra drills, confinement to barracks, and, in aggravated cases, 'cells.' So as a body they dislike the service.

As soon as a militiaman presents. himself upon muster-parade he is forced on to a bench and his hair is cut from him either by one of his comrades who pretends to tonsorial accomplishments or by the local hairdresser's 'young man,' who did not bargain for this class of customer when he took service with his employer. But eight hundred pence are not to be so easily earned every day in the year, and the assistant has no resource but to do his employer's bidding or go. This. hair-cutting is looked upon by the militiaman as an unspeakable hardship. He not unnaturally associates compulsory hair-cropping with convict life, and he further believes that if on the regiment's being dismissed he attempts to get work,

employers will decline to receive him if his hair is suspiciously short. His plea that he is a militiaman will be of no avail. Employers will perhaps admit that that is possible; but while so many 'hands' are to be obtained whose hair is of irreproachable length, they decline to employ a man who may be fresh from a militia regiment, but who, on the other hand, may be fresh from Portland.

But militiamen are, on the whole, knowing hands in all matters that do not directly bear upon their military duties; and they contrive in many cases to arrange with the barber that just so much of the hair as is seen below the shake or forage-cap shall be cut as short as the scissors will go, while the hair on their scalps is to be left intact as a tacit rebutter of the employers' theory that all short crops are attributable to the interference of penal authorities. At the same time it sometimes happens that commanding officers, adjutants, and captains of companies are knowing hands in their way too, and a general order to 'remove forage-cape' will sometimes discover many hidden but not unsuspected beauties.

As soon as the barber has done his spiriting—or rather his dispiriting—on the militaman, that miserable person is handed over to the quartermaster, who strips him of his raiment and provides him with the military uniform, arms, and ac-



coutrements which are to constitute his every-day apparel for the next four weeks. The temporarily discarded suit is carefully packed away, to be issued on the last day of training. If the militiaman is billeted out, he takes his uniforms away with him to his lodging; if he is in barracks he stows them away regimentally under the direction of his pay-sergeant. Very little is done on the first day of training beyond hair-cutting and serving out uniforms and rifles; but on the second day the work begins in real earnest.

In a good militia regiment the work is no joke, even for officers, while it lasts. Réveillé sounds usually at about 5.30; sergeant-major's parade for non-commissioned officers and men from 6 to 7.30. If the regiment is in barracks the day's rations of bread and meat are distributed at 7.30, the orderlies being present with their pannikins to carry off the supplies for their respective rooms, under the general superintendence of one of the officers of the day. The men breakfast usually at eight o'clock, and the

captain and subaltern on duty, accompanied by a regimental orderlysergeant, make a tour of the various barrack-rooms to ascertain that the breakfasts are properly distributed and that there are no complaints. It is also the duty of these officers to see that the rooms are neat, the windows open, and the bedding regimentally folded. The orderlysergeants of each company are in attendance to exercise a general supervision over the behaviour of the men during meals and to report any absentees. After their breakfast the men are busy cleaning their accoutrements for commandingofficer's parade, which is usually held at eleven o'clock. At, perhaps, ten o'clock the orderly-room bugle sounds, and the commanding-officer betakes himself to the orderly-room, where, surrounded by captains of companies, and counselled by the adjutant, he administers justice in petty sessions. The prisoners who have been confined in the guardroom during the preceding day and night are marshalled in front of the orderly-room under the sergeantmajor, and the pay or companysergeants are in attendance with their defaulter-books, which they hand to their captains, who refer to them for a chronicle of the previous misdoings of such of their men who may happen to be in durance that morning. The men are brought in. one by one, according to the order in which they stand on the guardreport, a formidable-looking document prepared by the sergeant of the guard, and containing a list of the prisoners, the hour at which they were confined, the nature of their offence, and the officers or non-commissioned officers who confined them. This is checked by a number of minor documents, technically called 'crimes,' which are prepared by the pay-sergeants of companies and signed by their captains, containing the same information as far as relates to the company which it represents. As each prisoner is brought in, the adjutant, who acts as magistrate's clerk, reads out the culprit's offence and calls the 'evidences.' The offence is usually proved by one of the sergeants of the prisoner's company. and he is supported by the evidence of the sergeant of the guard as far as his knowledge of the case goes. The prisoner's captain then reads out from the company defaulter-book any recent crimes that may have been entered against his name. together with the punishments that were awarded him, winding up with a general statement as to the quality of the prisoner's character. Upon these data the commanding-officer grounds the sentence which he intends to pass, and as soon as it is passed the prisoner is marched out, and the 'crime' entered by the captain in the company defaulter-book. If it should happen that a sergeant or corporal is under arrest, the prisoner's escort, and all others under the prisoner's rank, are ordered out of the orderly-room, that the prisoner's authority may not be impaired by his being exhibited, under humiliating circumstances, to his regimental inferiors.

At eleven o'clock commandingofficer's parade until one o'clock. At one o'clock, or perhaps at half-past one, the men dine, the officers of the day 'going round the dinners' as they went round the breakfasts, taking note of all complaints and of any absentees. It frequently happens that the meat is tough or, in parts, tainted, or that the 'messes' have not been fairly divided, or that the bread is sour; and in any of these cases the officer on duty is sure to hear of it. They are a dainty set of men, when out for training, are these militiamen, and they are capital hands at looking after their own interests. I know a case in which an inveterate grumbler was effectually silenced by the officer of the day sitting down to the plate of meat of which complaint had been made and eating every scrap of it, while the hungry grumbler stood at

'attention.'

Adjutant's parade at, perhaps, three o'clock, lasting until five, and at five o'clock the men are finally dismissed drill for the day, unless they are 'for guard or picket,'or 'confined to barracks,' in which latter case they have to undergo an hour's extra drill in heavy marching order,

under the regimental orderly-ser-At about seven o'clock, geant. guard mounting-but in some regiments this duty is performed in the morning. The men for guard, with their 'waiting men' (men in attendance to supply the places of any absentees), and the men for picket with their waiting men, parade under the regimental sergeant-major, or drill sergeant-major, together with the orderly-sergeants of companies. The captain of the day inspects the men for guard and picket, and also the orderlies, and the subaltern marches them off to relieve the guard that has supplied the sentries during the last twenty-four hours.

The captain gives the hours at which the picket are to perambulate the town, and take up any peccant militiamen who may be at large after tattoo. The captain and subaltern of the day then turn in to mess.

There is very little difference between the mess of a militia regiment and that of a line regiment, except that a militia mess is usually a much more expensive affair. The table is, in most cases, rather barely furnished with plate (except in the cases of a few regiments which have been embodied for some years), but the dinner itself is usually an excellent one.

At half-past nine o'clock 'first



post' is sounded, as a caution to stray militiamen that bedtime is drawing near; at ten, 'second post, by which time all militiamen should be in barracks and sober. second post the orderly-sergeants of companies fall in, and hand over to the rergeant-major their absentee reports, and these are handed by him to the captain of the day, who enters them in the 'Report of the captain of the day,' which he must send into the orderly room before (say) ten o'clock the next day, together with that of the subaltern of the day, which that functionary usually delivers to his captain at 'first post.' I remember an amusing blunder made by a young gentleman who had just joined a militia regiment, and who was placed on duty

the next day. He was informed by the captain of the day (who happened to be quartered in a village four or five miles from headquarters), that he would have to make out his report and let him have it by 'first post.' At half-past nine the captain waited for the report, but no report was forthcoming, and on his charging the subaltern, whom he found in the anteroom, with neglecting his instructions, the subaltern assured the captain that he was sure to receive it by the first post the next day, as he had posted it with his own hands a couple of hours before.

In addition to the duties which I have already mentioned, the officer of the day, in most militia regiments, has to attend all parades; he must

visit the hospital, and the prisoners: he must turn out the guard, visit the sentries by day and also by night. He must inspect the cooking department, and thrust his head into the coppers to see that they are scrupulously clean. He is, moreover, responsible that the men are quiet in their rooms, and that all is darkness when 'lights out' is sounded, ten minutes after 'last post.' All men who come into barracks after 'last post' are confined for the night in the guardroom; but a discretionary power is usually vested in the captain of the day to send quiet men to their beds, provided they are not more than half an hour late. All men who exceed this limit, or who are drunk or troublesome, or whose general character is known to be bad, are kept in the guard-room all night, to be brought up before the commanding-officer the next day. After turning out the guard at night, and visiting the sentries, the officers of the day are usually allowed to 'turn in,' but their rest may be disturbed at any moment by an outbreak in barracks, or an alarm of fire.

This is the ordinary routine of a day's work in a militia regiment which has the good fortune to be



quartered in barracks. If the regiment is in billets, the work of the officer of the day is much simplified, as there is no bread and meat to be inspected, no meals to be visited, and no chance of his being knocked up by any nocturnal disturbance—for such disturbances as may occur will be far beyond his ken. It is true that, strictly speaking, he should visit the billets once a day, but this rule is not usually insisted on very rigorously.

As the day of inspection approaches, the drill becomes stricter, and captains of companies begin to get fidgety about the fit of accourrements, and 'sit' of the knapsacks, and the folding of the great-coats.

The 'red book' is in great demand, and the 'price of necessaries' is greedily committed to heart. The contents of a soldier's knapsack are carefully studied, and the order in which the knife, fork, razor, and other minor matters are placed in the 'hold-all' becomes a momentous question. Young officers stalk about the parade-ground moodily, muttering these cabalistic words, 'knife, fork, spoon, razor, comb, shaving-brush, button-stick, and sponge;'

while conflicting reports as to the current price of stocks (which seems to fluctuate from fourpence-half-penny to a shilling) are scattered far and wide. Company defaulter-books are compared with guard reports, and discrepancies corrected, before they are submitted to the searching scrutiny of the inspecting officer; and officers commanding companies sign pay-sheets, last year's ledgers, and, in short, any documents that their pay-sergeant may think fit to put before them, in a most reckless manner.

The momentous day arrives. The regiment falls in, on its private parade, for company inspection, and afterwards marches to the review ground for battalion and light infantry drill. After two or three hours of these amusements, the regiment marches home, and 'breaks off' for dinner. The officers' call sounds, followed by 'pay-sergeants' —a combination that implies that both classes of functionaries are required in the orderly-room.

There the regimental and company accounts are examined by the inspecting officer; and there the price of stocks crops up with distracting results. Besides the price of necessaries, it is requisite that you should know the number of married and single men in your company, the names of some twenty or thirty of them; the rules to be observed in putting on accourre-ments; the method of keeping your company ledger; the price of a 'hot meal;' the pay of all ranks, and the nature and powers of different kinds of courts-martial. Armed with this information, you may march into the orderly-room, and defy the inspector (under your breath) to do his worst.

Then comes the inspection lun-

cheon—a confused dream of fleecy muslins, frothy bonnets, clanking sabres, scarlet uniforms, county swells, a deputation from the nearest line regiment, and the Lord Lieutenant. The next day the men are paid off, and return their uniforms into store, receiving in exchange the clothes which they took off a month ago, and which come out of store in unwonted creases. Then they go to the captain of their company to be 'paid off,' and he, with the assistance of his pay and company sergeants, dispenses the contents of three brown bowls of coin, according to the statements contained in the company ledger. Each man signs the ledger and quittance roll as he comes up to be paid, and then goes his way with a sum that may vary from a few shillings up to perhaps three pounds in his pocket, according to his behaviour during the training, and the number of stoppages for missing necessaries that may have to be deducted from the amount of his pay and allowances, and the instalment of his bounty. For the bounty is paid in annual guineas, which may be reduced by one half, by sentence of a board of officers which usually sits during the last day of training. This board is an effectual check on insubordinate or disorderly conduct, up to the last moment of the last day of training.

Then the officers shake hands, and betake themselves to their various 'places;' the permanent staff get into plain clothes, and no one but the adjutant and orderly-room clerks has any more work to do. And in a fortnight, or three weeks, the adjutant having completed the officers' accounts, and settled with the messman, flies to other climes.



WARRIORS AT WIMBLEDON.

A Summer Shetch, in seberal Scenes.

PROLOGUE .- THE SQUATTERS.



A VERY celebrated squatting story is told of an old woman at Westminster. Success seems to come from squatting, and the history of how it brought fortune to an ancient vendor of apples within a stone's throw of the Houses of Parliament is certainly worth the telling.

Once upon a time — and I am sure that in this way all genuine stories begin—there was an old woman who kept a little apple-stall on the borders of a bit of waste ground in Westminster. The hot sun dried up this little old woman's complexion; and the pitiless rain hardly agreed with the constitution of her fruit; so in order to protect herself from the attacks of our proverbially inconstant climate, she adopted the not very novel proceeding of holding a huge umbrella

over her head, under which she was able to smoke her pipe and await her customers in peace and comfort.

Fortune did not turn her back upon the little old woman. the slender capital she had acquired by apples she invested in literature. It soon happened that frequenters of Westminster knew where to buy their papers as well as their nuts. Papers brought more capital, and the little old woman got so proud that she snubbed her Gampish umbrella altogether. A happy thought struck her. Why not erect a shed? She did this, with the aid of a few sticks and a piece of tarpaulin. Further success suggested larger improvements. Kind goddess Fortune, as if with a fairy wand, turned the tarpaulin shed into a real shop with a real little cosy parlour at the

back, the kind of cosy back parlour to a thriving shop, with a bell, and constant customers, which at some time or other must have made us all envious. I believe in back parlours to a shop, and am still of opinion that they constitute true happiness; but this is a fad of my own, and is entirely by the way. Suddenly came another tap of fairy Fortune's wand. A first floor was added to the shop; then a second; then a third; and then the 'oldest inha-bitant' might have been surprised to see a real house standing steady and erect upon this plot of no man's But wait a minute. land. Mу story is not yet over. Years rolled on, and the little old woman died. No man's land had been built upon. every inch of it. when suddenly comes some mighty railway or gigantic hotel, threatening to pull down the shop built by the little old woman upon the waste plot of ground in Westminster.

'Compensation, of course,' say the descendants of the little old

Woman.

'Compensation? Yes, anything you like to ask, says the mighty railway or the gigantic hotel, whichever you like. And the descendants of the queer little apple-woman pocketed their compensation, and, I trust, determined to live happily ever afterwards.

Now it strikes me that this is a very pretty little story. The moral of it is obvious. Squat wherever

and whenever you can.

But what has all this to do with the warriors at Wimbledon? I hear somebody asking. I answer, with all politeness, a very great deal, because if it had not been for the estimable system of squatting, the warriors would never have been at Wimbledon at all.

Well, once upon a time, again, there was a warrior in every sense of the word, because he belonged to a celebrated Volunteer corps which had existed as a Volunteer corps long before such a thing as a 'movement' was born or thought of; long before country gentlemen and rustic bumpkins squabbled about uniforms, and came up to London to kiss her Majesty's hand, and tread

on one another's toes at an orgie facetiously called a ball, at the Floral Hall; and besides belonging to the Victoria Rifles, he had left England to fight under Garibaldi —a. circumstance which, in my opinion, goes far to prove that he must have been very fond of fighting indeed. On the principle, I suppose, that a man must eat a peck of dirt before he dies, he came back from Garibaldi just as good a fellow as he was before, and with the experience gained from some rough campaigning.

He knew how to cook. That was a great feather in his cap. He had also invented a cooking apparatus, which suggested a trial. The trial suggested Wimbledon, and Wimbledon suggested squatting. cordingly, the Victorias pitched their tents, gipsy-fashion, on a corner of the common; and as they behaved themselves prettily, and did not meditate disturbing the hen-roosts of the neighbourhood, Lord Spencer allowed them to remain on his domain, and did not bring them upbefore the nearest magistrate and. charge them with the heinous offence of sleeping in the open air!

Gipsy-like again, the gallant Victorias were magnificently hospitable. They shared their bit and sup with all comers. They reasted many a carcase in the celebrated cooking apparatus invented by the celebrated Victorian Volunteer, and they passed. round many a pannikin filled with the 'best as is.' Round the carcases and the pannikins came the eagles. The hospitality of the Victorias became proverbial, and I may here remark that it has remained so to this day; and equally proverbial became the jollity of the first camp-

Then were the days of the original and never-to-be-forgotten campfires; the days when Lords Elchoand Spencer, and all the nobilities, male and female, of the Association, sat round the fire, and listened to the fervid strains of the vocal policeman, and were amused with the—at that time-novel account of the eccentricities of a certain ' Mermaid' who was married to a sailor 'at the bottom of the deep blue sea.

When this celebrated Victorian

hospitality was noised about, it became infectious. Englishmen—and notably Englishmen who are Volunteers—do not care to be outdone in hospitality, and to this generous and laudable feeling I am inclined to ascribe the great success of the camping-out feature of the Wimble-

don Meeting.

Why, only this year, in the South Middlesex camp—composed of somewhat modern but not a bit the less earnest squatters-I heard the same opinion in different forms over and over again expressed. 'I had no over again expressed. idea it was so jolly! I shall certainly come myself next year.' And thus I expect it will come to pass that not only the Volunteers who have qualms of conscience at receiving so much kindness at the hands of their brethren in arms, but the visitors who are not Volunteers and receive just the same hearty welcome, will all put their shoulders to the wheel, and then in years to come, during a certain fortnight in July, London will be deserted, and we shall all find ourselves under canvas.

SCENE I .- WIMBLEDON AS IT IS.

A great many years are supposed to have elapsed. I have spoken of Wimbledon as it was. What a change is seen in Wimbledon as it is!

The excitement of a Derby Day or an Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race holds the wretched station over Waterloo Bridge in its iron grip for more than a fortnight. Train after train, laden with Volunteers who shoot, and Volunteers who merely camp; Volunteers who must be in town for a few hours in the middle of the day; friends who come down to cook and spoil the broth; friends who can cook, and are not above washing up the dishes; kindly mothers and affectionate sisters, anxious to see what they can do for patriotic husbands and brothers; dainty diaphonous damsels, ever ready to flirt over strawberries and cream and claretcup; trains weighted with such mixed elements as these speed along to Putney Station every ten minutes.

And what has poor innocent Putney done thus to be frightened out of her propriety? The pleasant resort of clerkdom is literally besieged with cabs.

'Go, call a cab, and let a cab be called, And let the man that calleth be the caller, And in his calling let him nothing call! But Cab! cab! cab! oh! for a cab, ye gods!'

Cabs did I say? The vehicles of Putney are not even to be dignified with that opprobrious epithet. Where do these ramshackle vehicles, with their raw-boned horses, come from? Hidden from the public gaze for months and months, on a sudden emergency like the Derby Day, or Hampton Races, or Wimbledon, out they come, ready to jolt one's inside out most mercilessly. The shaking may be good for the constitution, but I have had the pleasure of sitting three on the box-seat, and of course the outside rail fell to my lot. My poor bones ache with the memory of that ride. But never mind the jolting ride, which costs one sixpence; a sea of bunting is before us. The camp is in sight. How the sun glares on the bright white tents! I can tell where my friends are from the flags. There is the scarlet lion of the Scotchmen; the Irish harp; the Association banners; the St. George and Dragon; the South Middlesex portcullis; a weird device of deaths' heads and cross-bones; and far away in the corner a gaudilystriped Pekin flag, which reminds me of old boating days and many victories, under whose shadow I shall soon see the tanned and bearded captain of a once famous club, now one of the victorious English Eight of 1868.

On we plunge through the Sahara of dust which encircles the encampment, pay a shilling at the wicket,

and in we go.

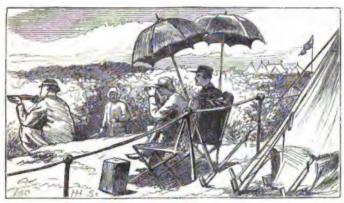
Let us take a walk up the High Street of Camp Town first of all. Real shops, on my word! Here is Mr. Gibbs, of Bristol, and the magazine of every inventor of every rice under heaven. Here we can buy hat and cap coverings of Indian texture and picturesque effect. Here waterproof sheets, for linen or calico is unheard of in Camp Town. Here stools and rests and telescopes. Here camp furniture. Here ammunition for rifles and the inner

man. There is no need to go to town to buy anything, for London shops have marched up to Wimbledon and intend to live under canvas. But what is the matter with the Windmill which protects, as usual, the cottage where the lords of the Association dwell? The Windmill looks somewhat smarter than of old. It is a regular pantomime trick. Some Harlequin has been here in the night, and one tap of his wand has sent the solitary clock right up into the Windmill.

There is much hard work before us. I have a proposition to make. Suppose we refresh ourselves with a glass of Jennison's celebrated iced claret cup, and then, as it is insufferably hot, let us rest a while.

SCENE II .- THE UMBRELLA TENT.

By no means a bad notion. This is surely the place to rest. This is the lounge; the rendezvous; the reading-room, as far as daily papers and light literature are concerned; the gossip-shop; the flirting establishment; the siesta-ground; the anything you like calm and pleasant. The umbrella-tent is a great feature at Wimbledon. What the Pump-Room is to Bath, the pantiles are to Tunbridge Wells, the band-



house is to Scarborough, the pierhead is to Brighton, the Hall by the Sea is to Margate, the Library is to Ramsgate, the Row is to London, that is the umbrella-tent to Wimbledon. Hither come shooting Volunteers waiting for their turn to fire; hither come non-shooting Volunteers when they have made their beds and put their tents in order and set the dinner going; hither come white-turbaned war-riors, bronzed and handsome, to bask in the smiles of the fair-haired girls who have come down from London to admire everything and every one at Wimbledon. There is a suspicion of naughtiness in the whole thing. I mean the peeping into the men's tents and spying out all their little domestic arrangements, which tickles the women: and there is a suspicion of selfsacrifice—though in truth they are

the most indulgent fellows in the world—and pluck and manliness in sleeping out all night, which tickles the men; and so both sexes are in high feather for flirting. They lose no time about it, and go at it with a will, especially the women.

I fancy that celebrated and most ungallant epigram anent women must have been composed at a sort of Roman Wimbledon meeting; a meeting in the good old days in which, as now, feathers and dust and wind—perhaps more of it than blew at Wimbledon this year—and women were happily commingled.

Here is the epigram. It was suggested by the sight I saw in the Umbrella Tent.

'Quid calamo levius? pulvis—quid pulvere?

Quid vento? muller—quid mullere? Ning!"

I am afraid to annex a translation, knowing well the power which

is contained in the grip of female fingers trained to pinch. I leave the translation to those who are less afraid than I am of the dreadful effects of female vengeance.

SCENE III.—FIRING POINT. THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS MATCH.

It is very jolly, I know, among the sirens with the Japanese parasols and the Marie Antoinette muslin capes. It is jolly to be tapped with the end of the said parasols and whisked with the ends of the said Marie Antoinette capes. But this kind of thing is certainly not business. Up, then, Mr. Samson, from the feet of Miss Delilah. Goodby, old gipsy-woman; our fortune has been told a hundred times, and upon my honour it is not wise to trust the fickle goddess far in that captivating siesta tent.

The slow, deliberate volleys from those soft, blue, dreamy eyes are most decidedly dangerous, so let us seek safer quarters at Firing Point.

Firing Point is interesting at all times, and round it at every hour of the day there are crowds of Volunteers and visitors. Many an exciting scene takes place at Firing Point. Perhaps it is near the close of the competition for the Queen's Prize. The winner must be 'chaired,' 'cheered,' and 'serenaded' by a regimental band.

Poor Mr. Peake! How that 'chairing' and 'cheering' must have gone against the grain with him. The papers told us how he deprecated any fuss and implored to be left alone. It has struck me since that he must have had some inkling of the future. But, anyhow, that speech of the Victoria Rifle Band, waiting there to serenade a competitor in whom they took special interest, but who did not happen to be declared the winner, was generous and good. 'Well, let us play in the best man, whoever he may be.'

Firing Point is exciting also during the tussle for the International Challenge Shield; for at Wimbledon love of country comes out strong, and many a little pleasant war is waged on the relative merits of England, Ireland, and Scotland, each of whom claims the merit of

Wimbledon and its prowess in shooting as its own. Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori. The Oxford and Cambridge Match, and the Lords and Commons Match, both bring many ladies down to the camp and to Firing Point; but I am inclined to think that of all the interesting and exciting struggles which takes place there none exceeds the Public Schools Match in excitement and interest. On this great occasion carriages and horsemen, and old boys and present boys, and Volunteers of every shade of feeling and politics, congregate at Firing Point. The boys look better drilled, better disciplined, smarter and more workmanlike than the ordinary run of Volunteers, and it is a treat to see the youngsters bending to their work, never flinching in the least. 'Floreat Etona' of course. She had a splendid team, and well deserved the double prize she carried away to the old school on the banks of the Thames; but, bravo! very much bravo! young and very plucky Marlborough, the second on the list this year, far ahead of Harrow the traditional victors, and Winchester and Rugby and the rest of them. Marlborough has been creeping up year after year. I for one should not be sorry to see the silver shield hanging for a year in a certain hall which always welcomes hospitably any traveller who happens to lose his way over the desolate downs of Wiltshire.

SCENE IV.—AN INTERVAL FOR CLARET-CUP.

Firing Point is all very well in its way, but a baking under a July 1868 tropical sun is so seriously damaging to the constitution, that instant remedies are called into I found that I was requisition. suffering from a severe attack of dipsomania consequent on the excessive heat after a broiling afternoon at Firing Point. I discovered also that my charming little friend, Belle Carruthers, the wife of Carruthers the poet, or verse-maker, as he modestly prefers to be called—they married only the other day after a flirtation which turned serious at Wimbledon last year—was in a precisely similar condition. We determined, that we would sally forth and forage. We were seriously ill and we required medical advice. Mrs. Carruthers at once suggested the artists' encampment. She knew them all, and thought that artists were 'so nice,' a ridiculously feminine epithet, on a par with 'angelic ices,' or 'divine melons,' or anything else incongruous and essentially feminine from which even good and sensible women of the Carruthers type are not entirely free. I put a veto on Mrs. Carruther's proposition instantly. Artists are 'so nice,'

and are very good fellows in their way, but as a rule they are not orderly men. Suppose we had attacked the artists' encampment! What member of it would have had ready at a moment's notice claret, ice, soda-water, cucumber, green curaçoa, and a corkscrew? Not one, I'll venture to affirm. They would have had every bit of the intention, but the reality, not one.

Mrs. Carruthers sighed and yielded her point. Then it was that I attacked her in a base and unmanler manner. 'Is it claret-cup,' I asked, 'that you want or artists?



Are you sighing after the fleshpots or a refreshing beverage?'

She felt that she was in my power, and she gave in like a sensible woman.

'You know what I want—something to drink.'

Mark the reserve. She would not say claret-cup.

In three minutes' time I was fairly on the scent. I made for the tent of as honest and modest a fellow as ever breathed. He adored women. but he dared not speak to one to save his life.

My stratagem was completely successful. There was nothing in the world he desired more than to show his courtesy, his hospitality, and his chivalric bearing towards the other sex, and to welcome a lady within his tent.

He was the kind of man who would consecrate the chair on which Mrs. Carruthers sat—if he knew, as he did know, that she was a pure and noble woman—and allow no man to sit in it again for evermore.

Claret-cup! We might have bathed in it in John Denman's tent!

SCENE V.—THE RUNNING DEER. I suppose called so on the cele-

brated, and, by-the-by, too often quoted lucus à non lucendo principle; for anything less like a deer. either in appearance or action, it has never been my lot to see. It reminds me more than anything of one of those toy-horses of one's childhood, having all the outward appearance of a horse, but disgraced to all eternity from being compelled to move upon a tray furnished with When I first heard of the running deer I pictured to myself the semblance of such an animal suspended perhaps by his body, but swinging or bounding along as the deer is allowed to do at Cremorne and at nut-stalls in a fair. But instead of this I see a woodeny, most unacrobatic deer jolting his way along a little platform under an earth-bank. I own I was disappointed with the running deer. However, at sun-down, some short time before gun-fire, I don't know a pleasanter spot than the running deer in all the camp. One sits among the bushes in the prettiest part of the common, and from start to finish it is possible to see here more interesting shooting than in other places. One sees something shot, at all events. A running deer, be he ever so woodeny, is a more interesting target than a painted disc. Woe betide the inexperienced rifleman if he tries his luck with the deer and spoils the haunch! He will find, instead of winning a pool, that he has a somewhat heavy fine to pay. Scotchmen chiefly patronise the deer; and perhaps it is not bad practice to fire a round or so at this unfortunatelooking animal in order that they may get 'their eyes in,' as we used to say at cricket, for the more exciting sport with the real thing on the Highlands. When Wimbledon lionesses look bored they are invariably brought to the running deer,

where they pick up their spirits, repose in very inviting arm-chairs, get excited at the Volunteers' toy, and prepare an appetite for dinner. Ah! I thought it was about the time. There's the signal for ceasing firing, and I am sure we are all ready for dinner by this time.

SCENE VI.—A LITTLE DINNER IN CAMP.

We have now arrived at the jolliest part of the day at Wimbledon. I don't say this simply because it is dinner-time, although I am greedy enough to own that uncommonly welcome meal may have something to do with the smile of satisfaction which creeps over our warriors' faces at eight o'clock or thereabouts. The work and bustle of the day is over. Grimy gunpowdered hands have been plunged into cold water; beards and moustaches have been relieved of dust. Tyro, of the Circumlocution Office, who 'doesn't want to waste his leave, you know,' but still likes the novelty and excitement of camp life, has returned from town, and, as if by magic, has been transformed from a fashionable. frock-coated, neat, umbrella'd swell into an easy-going lounging gentleman of the Wimbledon period. The fierce sun has gone down, thank goodness, behind the gorse, leaving behind it a track of purple and golden glory and tinting the dullgreen bushes with prismatic hues; but Tyro still wears his 'puggery, 'because they are the thing to wear, you know,' and to be behindhand in any kind of fashion would be moral death to Tyro. There is a peaceful calm of expectancy reigning in camp. Ordinary loungers and lookers-on have taken their departure. All who are left mean serious business. It is dinner-time.

In the matter of dinners Wimbledon has become somewhat famous. They call it—these hospitable warriors—'pot-luck,' but it is nothing of the kind. With luck and friends one can dine there as well as at the club. At a push one can get an excellent dinner at Jennison's for 3s. 6d. It is possible to dine, sitting on soft sofas, triclinium fashion, off French dishes served on china, and waited on by neat footmen or dis-

abled commissionaires. It is possible to partake of a humble chop and a welcome tankard of 'Fuller, Smith, and Turner.' An honest inwitation we happen to have received is, in the way of dinner, a happy medium between the Sybarites and Anchorites. We are to dine at a cosy little camp-mess, and as one spirited honorary member has sent down a magnificent salmon to-night from Gilson's; as another has deputed Christopher to provide some of his best sherry, and the colonel has asked the president of the mess to pass round two or three boxes of prime full-flavoured Cabanas, the chances are that we shall have a

jolly evening.

One turn round the little camp, please, before the bugle sounds for dinner. How neat and pretty it all looks! The heather round the tents was bright with blossom the other day, but the sun and transplanting do not seem to have agreed with it. However, the geraniums, and ferns, and rose-bushes make a fine show, and the centre grass avenue is so neat that one could see a pin glitter on it. Look at the fanciful inscription at the door of each tent and the quaint artistic decorations with some of the canvas is d.! 'The Churchwarden's which adorned.! Pew! That must be a sleepy tent, I should think; while I fancy I trace on that bell-tent the handiwork of a well-known draughtsman. The authorities will be somewhat puzzled when the articles are returned into store. That seems a merry party over there on the right-hand side. Girls' voices, by all that is charming! and because they do not laugh loud enough and are not sufficiently amused over their innocent tea, Johnson thinks it necessary to stumble over the bracing at the tent-door and deluge the merry party with the contents of a steaming teapot.

Just look at the old fellow who seems so anxious about the movements of the bugler. He is a character. An old soldier of a grand type, a model of propriety and a rigid disciplinarian—fancy his indignation the other night at his being put under

arrest by a Volunteer! He tells the story splendidly—how that he was going round in the middle of the night to see that all was safe in camp, and was pounced upon by the eager and somewhat too energetic guard of a neighbouring encampment, and marched off as a suspicious character and an evident common loafer. He bore the humiliation like a man, but at any time of the day, when occupied with his daily work, you may hear him mutter to himself in a tone which somewhat resembles a sneer, 'Fancy, after all these years and all my service, being put under arrest and my good conduct called in question by a Volunteer! Beastly!

But there goes the bugle at last,

so we will go in to dinner.

A great success. Fish magnificent and done to a turn. Roasts and boils appetising; stewed greengages toothsome, and ah! such a glass of sherry to wash them all down.

There is much to be done and many friends to see to-night, but the party at the mess-table is so uncommonly convivial that we must wait for one of the colonel's cigars and a song after dinner. The little spare man over yonder 'does not sing himself, but he has a friend with him who sings a very good The president instantly makes a thud with his fist on the table. Conversation ceases and all eyes are directed towards the friend. A preliminary clearing of the throat prepares us for something sparkling. Old Si-mon the cellarer keeps a rare store, &c., &c. In for it again; just like our luck. However, it is of course unavoidable, so let us all look like humbugs and pretend we don't know every half-note of the ditty. After this we have all our old friends. A very fat and joviallooking man who should have trolled out 'Old King Cole' gives us 'The last rose of summer,' out of tune and with tedious expression. A very young man with plenty of confidence favours us with 'So early in the morning, three keys too high, which is good practice for most of the company in vocal gymnastics. Then come in succession the

'Death of Nelson,' 'Come into the garden, Maud,' and 'The Wolf,' all without accompaniment and change of key at discretion, as they say in France. However, we are not quite lost, for a cheery little Wiltshireman bursts out with 'Three jolly postboys,' 'A beggarman laid down to sleep,' and 'The jolly shilling,' songs with rattling choruses which certainly suit the occasion.

SCENE THE LAST.—A VICTORIA SING-SONG.

We have just time before we are turned out to peep for a moment into the Victoria camp. They are hard at it as usual. No matter what attractions are 'on' elsewhere; whether the Moray Minstrels are warbling in the Civil Service tent or some wretched band of amateurs is playing in the theatre, there will ever be 'order for harmony' among the Victorias, who send round steaming pannikins of hot grog and welcome the world.

Here nightly is held a Volunteer Eisteddfod. The Victoria camp is the head-quarters of minstrelsy, from which camp songs proceed hot from the press and the brains of their prolific authors. Here is waged a battle of the bards, at which many volunteer and non-volunteer Tannhäusers put in an appearance. Here are warbled old and favourite ditties, always welcome, and here new versions and impromptu verses are grafted on old stocks.

American songs—started in the late war—seem most popular here, and the various versions of 'Johnny comes marching home again,' 'John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave,' 'For a few days,' and so on, are given with great effect. A retentive Victorian Volunteer who met some Americans in China and primed himself with their songs has given us, through this year's

Wimbledon, a street-song which will be as popular as any of the admirable tunes with which the late war made us familiar.

'Come and be a soldier!
Won't you be a soldier?
Come and be a soldier! Shoulder arms!
When the war is over,
Then we'll live in clover.
Won't you be a soldier? Shoulder arms!

But this is the chorus which is shouted out with magnificent effect:—

'Look out dere—I'm gwine to shoot! Stand clear! Don't ye understand? Babylon is fallen! Babylon is fallen! And we're gwine to occupy the land.'

And so one might go on all night, for there is no lack of able and willing singers in the Victoria camp. But there goes the gun! We must be off, for the lights will be out directly, and Lord Colville will be going the 'grand rounds' and lock us all up in the Windmill if we are not off.

How shall we get back to town? that is the question. The ramshackle cabdrivers are getting extortionate as the night wears on, and there is more and more danger of our missing the train which it seems very probable we shall do.

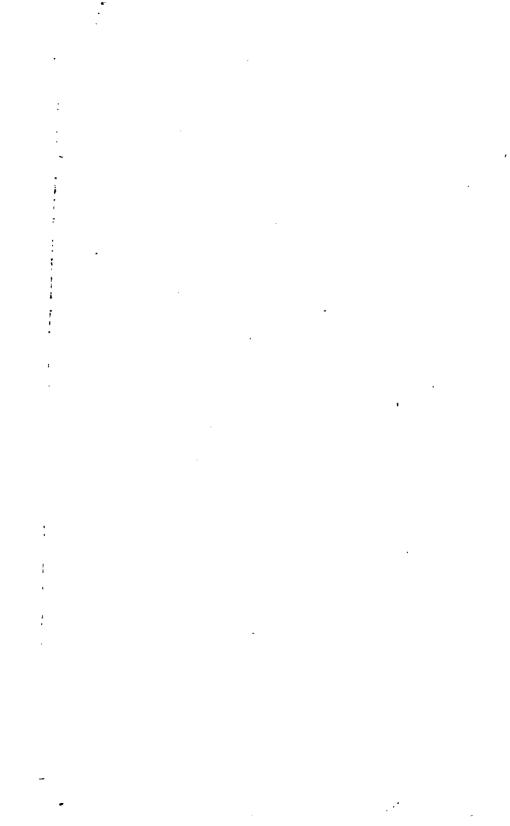
Look at the moon! I say, you fellows! let us walk! Agreed; and so we walk singing the 'Ark' at the top of our voices, and waking up the steady shooting Volunteers who have turned in hours ago.

But stay! Are we walking through a land of weird spirits? Gustave Doré should be here with his sketchbook. What are they? Look over the and on all sides—how can you account for those weird and ghostly shadows?

Lis'en! the awful ghost on the bell-tent is represented by a Volunteer pulling his shirt over his head. Whisper low! the warriors are disrobing. Good-night!

C. W. S.



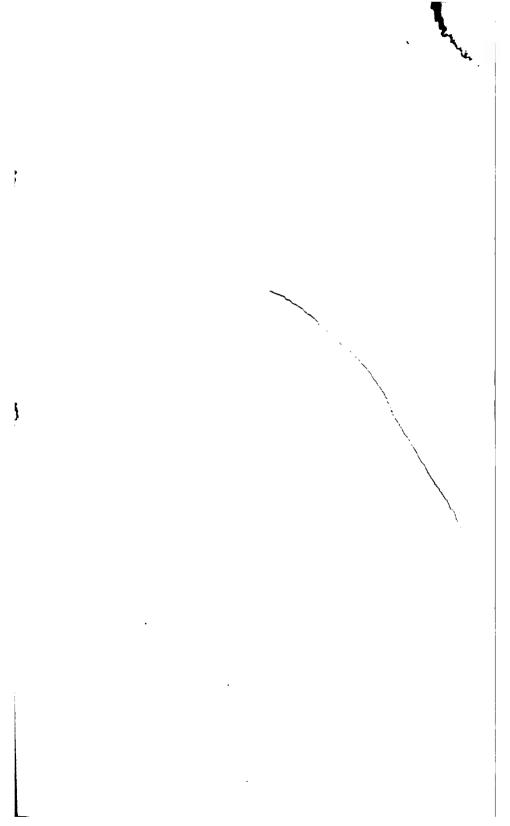




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LONDON SOCIETY.

OCTOBER, 1868.

FROM ALBERT GATE TO HYDE PARK 'CORNER. 9 Reminiscence of the Season.



JUST half-past five o'clock. How hot it has been all day, and how deliciously the western breeze freshens up, as the horses trot down Piccadilly and take the curve at Hyde Park Corner. We trust that through the 'shining hours' we have not been unuseful, and now the ornamental part of our existence shall commence. Who does YOL XIV.—NO. LXXII.

not require the fresh air of the Parks in this heated, jading London life? My lady may put her daily drive down as a simple luxury, but in reality the Park is the most direct necessity of life to her. I could tell her all sorts of ill-omened scientific talk about the atmosphere of the ball-room and the Operahouse, and lay myself open to the

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tu quoque argument that it is not worse than that of the law courts and the House of Commons. Hyde Park shall prove to her tonic and restorative after the delightful fatigues of visiting and shopping, and brace her energies for the dinner, the Opera, the ball, and the brace or leash of evening parties. We are at Apsley House—unhappily the iron shutters taken down nowbut still the grim statue of the Duke dominates over the scene, and the pretty country cousin in our carriage is very eager in some questions about him. I tell her of the old woman who once kept an applestall on the site of Apsley House, and also of lawyer Hyde, who married the country girl, and through her came two regnant queens of England and this royal park, which preserves the name for ever. With every disposition humbly to succumb to the 'intelligent foreigner,' who is supposed to be always making disparaging remarks on England, I maintain that the entrance to Hyde Park is of the highest architectural and scenic beauty, and that the intelligent foreigner can hardly show the like at home. The intelligent foreigner will himself greatly wonder at the Park's exhibition of boundless wealth and splendour, especially when he reflects that after all this is only a section of the social greatness of We fall at once into the London. Ladies' Mile. An hour or two ago, and it was merely a dusty road, where the nursery girl might wheel her perambulator in safety, and the London urchin perform his somersault; and an hour or two hence, when the shadows are falling thickly, it will be traversed by the vagabond and the outcast; but for these few afternoon hours it will be the richest and most varied sight that this earth can show—beyond the Bois de Boulogne, beyond the Prado, beyond the Corso, beyond the Pincian Hill. In more than one novel I have seen the situation depicted of some man of moody mind, who views this display of surpassing opulence with a soul burning with envy and rage, and rushes away to digest these consuming passions under the shade of yonder trees. Such feelings are to me a psychological curiosity; not alone because I am conscious that this well-appointed carriage defies criticism, but really believing that among the most proletarian class this must be an abnormal and altogether bad state of mind. From Hyde Park Corner to Albert Gate is indeed the very prettiest sight that London or any capital could display, spread out for the charm and amusement of all who will gather to this fair feast of the eye. I am not sure, indeed, that the pedestrian has not the best of it, for his liberty of action is fettered by no restrictions; he can sit or move about as he will, talk as long as he chooses, and move about between the Mile and the Row. there is something in the affluence, the vitality, the enjoyment of the scene, which is of a thoroughly exhilarating character; and I can only wonder at the moody novelists, who can evolve such notions from their inner consciousness, and think that the aforesaid inner consciousness must be in a bad sort of way.

We fall into line, and move up and down the space which only with ladies' accuracy is called the Ladies' Mile. Around us the hightrotting horses, by stress of the bearing reins, move proud and Here is the grand prancing. chariot, which hardly requires the strawberry leaf to denote the stately rank of its owner; here the four-in-hand drag, one of the eight or ten which have been so well known in the Park this season; here the airy landau, favourite of carriages-all kinds in every kind of good taste and a few in bad taste. Those who understand horses, and those who think they understand women, and the very numerous class of those who combine their information,' are full of criticisms on the horse-flesh and the beauties. This afternoon my first attention is taken up with the children who are showing in such abundance in the open carriages; little loves, enjoying, as their natural birthright, this atmosphere of wealth and refinement, and at no pains to decompose and analyse it all for the sake of their evil critical faculty. I think this must be a golden age for children! There never were such pretty costumes for children as there are now, nor yet such toys and picture-books; and I am sure we were never taken out into the Park for an airing between five and seven; and in our youth punishment for us was by no means an abolished thing, and the human mind was only partially enlightened on the great subject of holidays. While some of the children can hardly restrain in frolicsome delight, others are impassive, queenly, and sedate, learning at once all the lessons that can be taught by a languid and high-bred civilization. But we must look to the children of a larger growth. The pretty cousin to whom allusion has been made is a very favourable specimen. I do not know, as I look around me here, whether the highest ranks of society furnish us with the best average of English beauty. It seems to me that we certainly find among them, so far as Rotten Row gives its evidence, some of the loveliest of our English maidens, but in still larger proportions those who are by no means lovely. The features are hardly ever plain and insignificant aristocratic beauty runs too much into nose for that—but loveliness, while it is here found in its highest perfection, is also comparatively For the highest average of good looks you must go to our upper middle class, who in the highest degree combine healthy habits with mental culture. I hold, indeed, that though you may have prettiness, you can never have beauty, unless the countenance beams with the emanations of mind; and perhaps for this reasonthough it may appear a narrow, class sentiment-while I have seen many pretty faces among the lower orders, I have hardly ever seen one that was really beautiful. When we are boys we look for colour, and are the slaves of a lovely complexion; afterwards we look for form; it is the shape and figure that attract; at our best and wisest we seek for

expression, it is only the mind that can satisfy. As we thus generalise, we proceed beyond the barracksthose ungainly barracks, that are an eyesore to the Park—and turn again. At Albert Gate we point out to la belle cousine poor Hudson's house, now worthily occupied by the French Ambassador, and tell old tales of the wicked evil that went on at his dinner parties, when even cabinet ministers went there as a maison doré. Wreathed smiles and nods are interchanged from the carriages as we pass and repass. Presently we come to a pause, and it is possible that some talk may be interchanged. Friends leave their chairs and saunter up to the rails. man tells his latest story, and having with a glance ascertained its effect, withdraws to tell it elsewhere; this one has a reminiscence or anticipation of a water-party or gardenparty; this is very private and confidential in the nature of the whispered communication. It is very odd, as you look at the loungers on the seats, how you mark off the habitués from the strangers and chance comers. You hardly know how you do it, yet every one can perform this mental operation with much nicety. This is especially the case with men; I hardly think the pretty cousin can be detected, although there is generally something of the irrepressible about the provincial. She is very anxious that we should point out the celebrities—the people about whom they read in the newspapers down in Anyshire. London is so large and vast, my child, that we might hardly see any, and, besides, the celebrities of the Park are hardly the celebrities of the newspaper. Still we were rather fortunate that afternoon. was the funny bishop who had so greatly amused the ladies in the gallery of the House, and there was the eager, white, hardy form of Mr. Lowe; and later we met the Earl of Derby in his carriage; and that slight, and slightly bent iron-grey man, with that acute and patient look, is our greatest barrister, Sir Roundell Palmer. These are the sort of people you read about in the newspapers; but the Duchess of A---, and Lady Band the Hon. Mrs. C--, and plain D--, are the great leaders of fashion, and much more powerful names and influences between Hyde Park Corner and Albert Gate. Presently a mounted inspector is seen riding forwards. We know what that means, and the country cousin is to have the highest grati-The Princess of fication of all. Wales comes this way, and her brother of Denmark with her. Hats are everywhere raised, and acknowledged with the sweetest graciousness and grace; the Princess is beautiful still, though perhaps a little tired like the rest of us, and her expression of goodness is an infinitely gracious sight to behold.

I compare my drive to-day with that last one which I had in the Avenue de l'Impératrice. Altogether the French drive is much more liberal and less exclusive. The open voiture, with the pale or dark letters, is a great institution in the Avenue. The ouvrier in his blouse, the blanchisseuse with her cap, are lolling back with loud laughter that is redolent of liberty, equality, and fraternity. I remember spending a



long afternoon moralising on the subject, as I strolled down to the barriers. How very happy seemed the working people enjoying their few francs' worth of voiture on Sunday or holiday! and in exact proportion as the character of the equipage improved it seemed to me that the character of happiness shaded off. There was decent enjoyment in the one-horse barouche, and in some of the open carriages there was abundance of pleasant talk, but the occupants of the shapely and splendid carriages,

when their faces were in repose, with remarkable uniformity wore an unhappy and dissatisfied expression, and on the faces of some solitary occupants of very fine carriages real misery seemed to be visible. This seems a daring generalization, but I give it with some confidence; for, again and again, I have lounged in the Avenue, and my observations have always brought me to the same result. My observation is something to the same effect so far as Hyde Park is concerned; but the result comes out in a much more

wavering and uncertain way. In the first place, you get the best Parisians in the Avenue on a Sunday; but it is by no means true that you get the best Londoners in the Park on the Sunday. Many deliberately abstain from going there; many have been there most days of the week and now require a rest; many have run down to some country-house in the neighbourhood of town, or perhaps to the sea-side for the Sunday. But there is no day in the week on which we have such contrasts as those presented

by the Avenue and the Bois. There are no extremes here to furnish the exaggerated jollity; and in England the extreme rich certainly do not look extremely miserable. We have no public vehicles in Hyde Park. Any one may take his private vehicle here, and the variety is stupendous as well as the numerical total. Sometimes we have very humble people in some very humble vehicle; a vehicle only to be distinctly and imagination from a costermonger's cart. But this is a rare and



extreme instance. So far from the occupants evidencing any extreme enjoyment they appear to be uneasy with a consciousness of being quizzed—a quizzing not the less effectual because it is quiet and unobtrusive—and they are not sorry to get out of it. Then at times that portion of the human race which may be called 'gigmanity' puts in an appearance, or the old pony-chaise which is respectable by the force of

family associations. I should not mind a larger infusion of this pleasing and inoffensive element. But, generally speaking, the critical eye is embarrassed by the conflicting claims of gorgeous chariot and high-stepping steeds. Sometimes I feel inclined to favour the blue ribands; sometimes the green, and so on through the whole list of simple or composed colours. Sometimes the economical mind is annoyed by some

apparent waste of resources in the case of some gorgeous equipage. Look at that splendid pair of horses, with coachman to match, and the two footmen behind, and in the carriage there is only one delicate young lady as occupant. It is as perfect and fairy-like as the equipage which the fairy turned out, the coach out of a pumpkin, and the coachman out of a cucumber, and the gay footmen out of a pair of bright-coloured lizards, and the lady is the lady Cinderella in her glory going to meet the Prince, and I am quite prepared to believe that at this very moment she is wearing a pair of glass slippers. But at other times, the solitary face is so cross and cold that I fall back upon my speculations and experiences in the Bois de Boulogne. Yes, she is a grand old lady, but she is an old maid, and with all her riches and grandeur she never succeeds in gathering a group of children round her. How two or three of them would banish all the sombreness of the hardly-tenanted carriage! The Duchess is very great, but the Duchess is childless, and the Duke doesn't like her any the better for it. Here is my Lady Milburd. She has everything on which she set her heart when she married. Indeed her husband never led her to expect that such a carriage and such horses should be But she has a sense of vacancy in her heart, and she owns that the world is wider than Hyde Park, even at its fullest. A great lawyer and politician is Sir Samuel, but his law and his politics leave little room in his mind for a simple When he has those great cases all day, and a great speech in the evening, and snatches a chance meal at his club, and can hardly call either his time or his soul his own. He may now and then meet her on the staircase, but practically it is a divorce de mensa et thoro. He entertains confident expectations of securing a fortnight in the Long Vacation, but she knows by experience that there will be a quantity of law papers and blue books with him. Very much is the same story with many a great lady whose husband is absorbed in 'the House.' She

pleases herself with the idea that he is keeping up his connection and carrying out his plans; but she cannot help feeling sad and solitary as she takes her lonely drive in the Park; and if she has caught him in Pall Mall at his club, and carried him off for a long drive in the Park, what a look of radiant triumph does the good wife bear as she is blessed with the transitory companionship of her liege lord!

But there are some of our friends who have, unfortunately, come to grief during the season. They will only have mixed reminiscences of Hyde Park. As we passed from Hyde Park Corner to Albert Gate everything seemed to move so smoothly: but this result is attained by every one taking care to preserve this smoothness, and by the vigilant care of the police, who discharge their duties with admirable temper and judgment. When any one yields to a momentary temptation to violate some rule—and for many minds the mere violation of a rule is something to be aimed at and enjoyed—the consequences are not of the pleasantest There is the young character. nobleman who, seeing Rotten Row clear, and longing for a gallop, uses the spur to his horse and flies past the inspector like lightning. But that official keeps his business eye open and bides his time, and he succeeds in extracting the young nobleman's card. If this is the case with the fast young gentleman, it is even worse with the fast young lady, who is pulled up by the guardian of the law. They do not at all like going to the police office next morning. It is very different to Hyde Park, very different to anything to which they have hitherto been accustomed. Those horridlooking women, with scarred or bleeding faces, the drunken swearing lounging men, the squalid crowd, the severe-looking police-men, are fearful sights. Bitterly men, are fearful sights. they regret their indiscretion; devoutly do they wish that they had kept quietly to the chairs: let us also trust that the spectacle of misery and crime which they behold will give them some sad and earnest thoughts; that they will contribute something handsome to the poorbox, and have cheaply earned a lesson that will serve them long. The officials at the police court are very civil to the fashionable delinquents, but it is naturally a gratification to their Rhadamanthine mind to find the majesty of the law upheld, and that we are all equal before it. The magistrate, a very sharp-looking man, has punctually come down on the top of an omnibus to his place of business. The young nobleman is very penitent. He pleads the emptiness of the Row and the

freshness of his horse. Fined, two pounds. The Honourable Laura, in the most engaging manner, assures the magistrate that it is all a mistake and she was not really riding fast. She is greatly disgusted when the magistrate—obviously no gentleman—absurdly prefers to rely upon the evidence. The rude man even goes so far as to tell the young lady that she is telling unbecoming fibs. She gets her fine and a sharp lecture in addition. Yes, it is understood that the policeman—how much preferable as an institution to



the bayoneted gendarmes!—is supreme even in Hyde Park. And we are all of us more comfortable for the fact. Once Sir Harry was so imprudent as to give him a cut across the face with a riding-whip. Sir Harry would afterwards cheerfully have sacrificed a thousand pounds rather than have given that unhappy cut. The magistrate simply sent him to prison for ten days, despite many protestations and all kinds of pleadings. Sir Harry had his hair cut circular-wise and was

confined to wholesome but very meagre fare. On certain days the street was almost blocked up by the fashionable friends who came to condole with him. He naturally occurred to their memories on the way to or from the Park. The much - solaced imprisonment was soon over; but will he ever hear the last of it at his club? and when will he escape commiserating looks in the Row? I see that a coachman was fined this morning for not keeping the line, though the policeman

signalled him. The stupid man did not understand London driving. He thought the great Montmorencies of the country might drive wherever they liked and through any Act of Parliament that might stand in the way. He was fatally undeceived. I only wish that as strict justice was dealt to the rioters who, two years back, broke into the Park, as to its erring habitués, who only at times make a trifling mistake through carelessness and high spirits.

But the light fades, the sounds lessen, the Park thins. We must think of our evening engagements. We stroll briefly on the turf. take the long round and skirt the Then we move north-Serpentine. We pass the statue of wards. Achilles and go towards the Marble Arch, skirting Park Lane. How happy would be the people of Park Lane if they could only get rid of that incessant stream of cabs and omnibuses! But what life, even though in Park Lane, is altogether without alloy? We have to wait near the Corner for a few minutes, and we only wish that the term could be indefinitely prolonged. For here there is a confluence of three several streams—the equestrians, the carriages, and the pedestrians, and there would be much to see and say. But the lock only lasts a minute, and we move onwards. On past the smooth turf, where the great overshadowing trees give coolness, and shadow, and contrast to the brilliant colouring of those that flit beneath them; past the exquisite flower-beds with their jewelled embroidery or heaped-up riches of living beauty; past the new and splendid railings which have dis-placed the ugly boards and the memory of an ugly night; past the airy and palatial residences that overlook the Park. The country cousin again asks her questions, and is satisfied. There is the Earl of

Dudlev's residence: all London knew it at the time when he mended the nation's meagre hospitality, and in princely fashion housed the Pacha of Egypt. This is Mr. Holford's new house, perhaps the most commanding in the whole Lane; look at Waagen's 'Art Treasures of Great Britain' to see something of some of the priceless things which it contains. That house, with the bay-windows, just facing Grosvenor Gate, is the town residence of our Prime Minister, Mr. Disraeli. There is just a chance of your seeing the great man upon his doorstep; though you had never seen him before, you would recognise him at once and never forget the face. In these days a Prime Minister has not the almost monarchical power which he once possessed; but who would not rather be a Prime Minister of England than a monarch in most This is a great country lands? where a Prime Minister occupies a modest house, and calls for a hansom, like the rest of us, and is not exempt from rates and taxes. We have plenty of gossip to talk about the great houses; and, indeed, there are very few great houses which will not furnish matter for gossip. I have a quaint mental gossip. I have a quaint mental habit, which certainly has the advantage of supplying me fully with associations of ideas. Those houses which I do not know in Park Lane. I forthwith proceed to assign to the fictitious characters which I know so well. The Duke of Omnium lives here, and the house with the balconies filled with flowers is Lady Glencora Palliser's, and Thackeray's Earl of Kew lives lower down, and Major Pendennis's retired valet, Morgan, keeps one of the publichouses which ignobly close the other end of the unrural, unshady Lane. And so, home to dinner and afterwards to see Nilsson as Lucia.



LIFE IN LONDON.

MAN'S first residence in Lon-A don is a revolution in his life and feelings. He loses at once no small part of his individuality. He was a man before, now he is a 'party.' No longer known as Mr. Brown but as (say) No. XXI., he feels as one of many cogs in one of the many wheels of an incessantly wearing, tearing, grinding system of machinery. His country notions must be modified, and all his lifelong ways and takings-for-granted prove crude and questionable. He is hourly reminded 'This is not the way in London; that this won't work here, or 'people always expect,' and 'you'll soon find the difference.' Custom rules everything, and custom never before seemed to him half as strange, strong, or inexorable. The butcher always cuts one way and the greengrocer serves him with equal rigour. His orders never before seemed of so little im-The independence and the take-it-or-leave-it indifference of the tradesmen contrast strongly with the obsequiousness of the country shop. However great a customer before he feels a small customer now. The tradesman is shorter and more saving of his He serves, takes your money, and turns away to some one else, whereas in the country they indulge you with a little talk into the bargain.

Competition in London is very rife. The cheap five-shilling hatter was soon surprised by a four-andninepenny shop opposite. London men could live but by a degree of energy which the country dealer little knows. The wear and tear of nerve-power and the discharge of brain-power in London are enormous. The London man lives fast. In London, man rubs out, elsewhere he rusts out. No doubt the mental stimulus of London staves off much disease, for idle men eat themselves to death and worry themselves to death; but in city life neither gluttony nor worry has a chance, but men give bail for their good behaviour from ten o'clock to five, and are kept out of much mischief's way by force of circumstances.

Many other things contribute to make our new Londoner feel smaller in his own eyes. The living stream flows by him in the streets; he never saw so many utter strangers to him and to each other before: their very pace and destination are different; there is a walk and business determination distinctly London. In other towns men saunter they know not whither, but nearly every passer-by in London has his point, and is making so resolutely towards it that it seems not more his way than his destination as he is carried on with the current; and of street currents there are two. to the City and from the City, so distinct and persistent, that our friend can't get out of one without being jostled by the other. This street stream he may analyze, and, according to the hour of the day or the season of the year, the number, trades, and characters obey an average. In the country Dr. Jones drives in one day, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson and family walk in the next. Sometimes fifty people may be counted, sometimes ten, but in London there is an ebb and flow in the Strand as regular and uniform as in the Thames. The City noise begins gradually about six with the sweeps and the milk-pails amongst the earliest calls, though ponderous market-carts and night cabs are This fitful late and early both. rumble deepens to a steady roar about nine, and there is no approach to silence till night, and after a very short night of repose the same roar awakes again; so City people live as in a mill, till constant wearing sound becomes to them the normal state of nature.

There is a deal of education in all this. The mind is ever on the stretch with a rapid succession of new images, new people, and new sensations. All business is done with an increased pace. The buying and the selling, the counting and the weighing, and even the

talk over the counter, is all done with a degree of rapidity and sharp practice which brightens up the wits of this country cousin more than any books or schooling he ever enjoyed. All this tends greatly to habits of abstraction and to the bump of concentrativeness. The slow and prosy soon find they have not a chance; but after a while, like to dull horse in a fast coach, they develop a pace unknown before.

Self-dependence is another habit peculiarly of London growth. Men soon discover they have no longer the friend, the relative, or the neighbour of their own small town to fall back upon. To sink or swim is their own affair, and they had better make up their minds to depend wholly upon themselves; for London is like a wilderness, not as elsewhere because there are no people at all, but because there are so many people, that one is equally far from helping another save on rare occa-This inexorable self-dependsions. ence, which is essential to the life of a colonist in Australia, stamps to a great extent the character of the Thousands of young Londoner. doctors, lawyers, and apprentices find themselves there for the first time without a home or family fireside, not only with no one to check them, but none to interfere. They begin to wish they had; for it is quite a new sensation to feel for the first time that nobody knows and nobody cares; only there is the dread of destitution as a master, and whether they shall be penniless the next month, the next week, or perhaps even the very next day, depends on their own self-denial and self-con-Yes, necessity is the trol alone. one great master that ties for twelve or fourteen hours a day the driver to his lofty box and the cad to his narrow footboard. Indeed the thousands of young men and young women too who, far from the parental home, find the way to take care of themselves better than fond fathers and mothers ever dreamed of, says much for the sense and conscience of the present generation.

Family people find London life as peculiar as single people. An omnibus man said no one trod this earth so little; in bed by night, high in air all day, and with only a few steps from one to the other. The wife of a clerk said that from. November to February she never saw her husband by daylight but on Sundays. It was barely light when he left and it was quite dark when he came home; and the husband replied he as rarely saw his children except they were in bed. The same man complained that after exhaustion for six days in a close office a service of two hours in a close church was ill suited to his day of rest. 'My wife finds,' he continued, 'there is no ill-nature in London life. From envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, so rife in a small neighbourhood, she find herself delightfully free, and I enjoy liberty and independence unknown before, simply because people know too little of each other to interfere; but, on the other side, old friendship and neighbourly interests are wanting too.' No doubt there are warm friendships and intimacies in London as well as in the country, but few and far between. People associate more at arm's length, and give their hand more readily than their heart, and hug themselves within their own domestic circles. You know too little of people to be deeply interested either in them or their fortunes, so you expect nothing and are surprised at nothing. An acquaintance may depart London life, and even this life, or be sold up and disappear, without the same surprise or making the same gap as in a village circle.

The natural incidents of London life render changes far more frequent; very different from places where the same family is born, bred, and dies in the same house. No one calls on new-comers, and not only is society slowly formed, but after two or three years the old set have disappeared, and you find yourself alone in your own street; and as to other acquaintances the distances are too great to keep them

up.

Year after year, men who have planted themselves out of town find that town follows them. The old people of Hammersmith are wellnigh overtaken and made one with London, and so are those of Hampstead; and the Swiss Cottage, like the Thatched Tavern, are simple records of holiday retreats, now so lost in the mazes of new streets that another generation will be at a loss to guess the origin of so rural a sign. To command the City from parts so distant, the railway, like the omnibus, has now become quite a part of a man's rent, reckoned thus: 'rent, rail, and taxes 60l. a year;' and builders and tenants both must calculate alike, while a town as big as Bath is added every fourteen months.

The rapid extension of London suburbs affects the rich and pleasureseeking too. The carriage-people cannot now even drive into the country. Seven miles in every direction the road-side is cut up: halffinished rows spoil the view, and 'To let for building,' or 'No admittance but on business,' 'Goding's Entire' and omnibuses all tend to mar the rural vision and to disenchant the lover of the picturesque. The carriage-people are therefore reduced to the Parks; the streets are so crowded in the season that many ladies find them too great a trial of the nerves; and, when in the Park, to see and to be seen, and the interest we take in our fellow-creatures, gradually draws even the most philosophical to join the throng in the fashionable Row.

This makes London life more peculiar still. We live and move in masses; retirement is nowhere; life is all public: the streets are in winter so wet, in summer so hot, and always so noisy, so crowded, and so dirty, that the wear and tear of nerves and clothes are indeed a serious consideration. New residents find they must live better or at least more expensively. Wine to many becomes no longer a luxury but a necessity. They miss the fresh air and quiet of the country and crave a stimulus to make amends. The non-carriage people therefore seek houses near the Parks and rents run up enormously. Still, do what they will, the roar of London is ever in your ears and the fret and irritation for ever tries

your system; so much so that the season, that is, the only part of London life supposed enjoyable, no sooner begins than people begin to lay their plans for its end and outof-towning. In August you go because others go, because all the world seems breaking up and off for the holidays, and you feel in disgrace and punishment if you don't go too.. To say the truth, the houses get hotter and hotter, till the very walls feel warmed through; the blaze of sunshine makes the walls look more dingy, the chimneys smell, the papered grates and tinselled shavings look shabby, and everybody feels tired of everybody else and everything about them. If any one stays behind it is so well known to be no matter of preference when all London is painting, whitewashing, and doing up, that it seems positively against your respectability; so much so that some who find it convenient to go rather late or to return rather early are weak enough to keep their front blinds down or shutters shut, and live and look out on the mews' side! In short, out-of-towning is a point in which you are hardly a free agent. Your servants look for your going out of town, and some bargain for it at hiring, part because Tea-kettle Thomas and Susan want the change, and others for the range and riot of your house when you are gone. A friend in — Gardens, where there is a fine common garden behind the house, says that all August and September there is a perfect saturnalia of cooks and charwomen and their friends aping their mistresses—rather a loud imitation -playing croquet, giving tea and gin parties, dancing, screaming, shouting, laughing, and making summer life hideous. Very hard! Harder lines than ever, because you pay so much for this garden, boast of this garden as an oasis in the London desert, and after all your leafy retreat proves (and oftentimes and that not at this season alone) a bear-garden and a nuisance.

This imperative out-of-towning at one and the same prescribed season is a heavy tax on London life. Taking your year's holiday perhaps when you don't want one, you cannot afford the time or money when you do want one. Worse still, you must take your year's holiday all at once. Though seven or eight weeks or more, away from your friends, your books, pursuits and all the little pivots on which the morning turns, is too long for one change -your establishment is disorganised and your home affairs want a stitch-in-time-still, London life is London life-once in the groove you had better conform, or you will find the exception on the balance more troublesome than the rule; and so much a year for this enforced ruralising, like railway fares to the suburbans, is a regular charge on London life.

London visiting is as little a matter of free choice as our ruralising. The season for parties is most unseasonable. We have melted at dinner-parties when all the efforts of Gunter or of Bridgeman were well exchanged for a little cool air. and when the wines and even the peaches were at summer heat: and we have seen ladies leave at eleven for balls at twelve, with more stewing and suffocation to follow—some, perhaps, having left cool groves, and flowers and fruits to scent and blush unseen in the country for indoor and (what should be) wintry hospitalities in town.

Such hospitalities are much more expensive than in the countrypartly because London attracts chiefly the richer families. London business is more lucrative, at least to those who stand their ground. It is also well understood that the social advantages of London life are for those only who can live at a certain Entertainments are in proportion to income; and since you have none of the garden fêtes and tea and fruit on the lawn—nothing. in short, to offer your guests but the dinner or the ball alone, and since there is no little cost of dress and time in meeting, the meal is, all in all, quite a serious and formidable matter; and the rivalry in dishes and courses enough to sicken us, as also in plate and table decorations, is rife indeed.

No doubt, with young people,

these things pass disregarded. The young can breathe any atmosphere, and, till a certain age, 'comfort' is a term but little known. No. The very adventure and roughing it has its charm—provided the craving for excitement, so easily excited and so hard to allay, is only gratified; and to the young the London season is exciting enough. The style and equipages of the Parks amidst more beautiful garden scenery than you can elsewhere behold, with all the gorgeous pageantry that meets the eye and the giddy whirl that turns the brain-this, while all is fresh and new and the spirits equal to the zest for so intense a strain—this, this is hallucinating indeed, almost like the first pantomime to a child. So we freely sympathise with the young, and say, 'My dears, be happy while you can. This will serve for once or twice; have your turn, and then make way for others as fresh and keen as you were when you first began.' 'Tis well all this is called 'the season.' For a few weeks the delusion may last, and just before the charm is wholly broken, before the tinsel drops off, and the broad daylight of common life brings down the kings and queens of society more nearly to the level of their admiring fellow-creatures, the morning stream, with cabs and drags and loadod carriages heaped up with boxes, baths, and luggage various, sets in steadily to the railway stations, and little but the dust upon the faded flowers by Rotten Row and piles of chairs remain to show where the ebbing tide of fashion has so freely flowed.

So much for the society fashionable for the season visitors; but as to the society of residents in London it is indeed peculiar. London is for the most part a city of business; at least, nearly all the houses occupied all the year round are those of busy Such men pass the day in City offices and live in the suburbs; so much so, that on Sundays the City churches are found so out of place that some are pulled down and their sites and materials sold to build others: so, the City churches seem to follow the worshippers out of town, where the

worshippers alone are found. The consequence is, that scarcely any man worth visiting is found at home save on Sundays. Sunday is the day not only for devotion but for friendship and home affections. The poulterer and the fishmonger say they send out more on Sunday than on other mornings. Would that this always represented only friendly hospitalities! for business dinners are another thing, and virtually carry on the money-making into the Sunday. Men eat and drink in the West to make things pleasant in the East. Such hospitalities to oil the wheels of business are supposed to pay themselves by your 'connection; but good men grieve over such a profanation of the rites of hospitality. But as regards friendly society, the City man has the Sunday alone. Let us hope it is thankfully and healthily employed. As to the intellectual society, the possible advantages of London are somewhat qualified in practice. Men of talent are too busy; you can rarely meet one till he is half tired by his day's work, at a seven o'clock dinner, and rather the animal than the intellectual predominates then. We heard a country doctor complain that when he came to London his witty friend the Coroner was always sitting upon bodies, and other men of mark he found so engrossed with the affairs of the nation in general, that on himself in particular they had not a minute to bestow.

And this leads to the reflection that London life tends to improve rather the head than the heart. Every man is kept at his wits' ends; for London life is rather a hardening life: certainly there is much to civilize and to discipline and to control, but the affections and charities of our nature are rather out of their proper sphere. Competition is so keen, there is a hard struggle for life. Prudence, forethought, and the industrial part of the character are forced into growth; but there is too much of the reflex feeling: the City man has too little to balance those feelings or to draw out others beyond the sphere of self. The City man from ten to four and the same man at Bayswater from seven to ten

are two different characters. The man who has haggled at his office for three-and-sixpence will regale you at his house as if money were a jest. But still in the City or at the West there is a vigilance, a reserve, and a self-defence—a certain guarded habit unknown in rural circles. Every man for himself seems the law.

In the country much contributes to draw forth the more genial qualities. The hospital or infirmary committee, the board of guardians or other society for the good of the neighbourhood, as well as local charities and the claims of the many John Hobsons and Susan Smalls that have grown with our growth, and formed part of the little world and common family around us-all these objects of kindly interest tend to keep our feelings in exercise and remind us of the wants and duties of our common nature.

But in London we soon learn not to give in the streets, and do not so soon learn to follow the needy to his garret. The result is that the rich and charitable feel positively the want of objects; and what heart-exercise is there in dropping shillings into a Sunday plate or in entering your name in cold blood for one pound one? No doubt the lady in Belgrave Square duly caudles her coachman's wife, in the Mews behind her mansion; but what is that compared to the daily bounties with the country lady's own hand, when she goes her round to relieve the sick, to school the children, and to comfort the aged about her own estate?

Nowhere as in large cities like London, as in Jerusalem of old, do we find Dives and Lazarus, profusion and poverty, luxury and starvation so near together, and yet with so deep a gulf between. Who would imagine, said a traveller in Madrid, that some gay street was simply the fair front and disguise of an unsuspected gaolwall, with groans inaudible and misery untold at a few yards' distance on the other side? Who would imagine that Hyde Park Gardens at six hundred a year reared high its imposing and columned front to

THE LOST LOVE.

SEE her as I met her in the hour When love's first impulse quickened in her breast, Warm as the roseate flushes of the dawn,

A fresh delight that knew not of unrest.

In the resplendent blossom of her youth
She stands before me, prodigal of grace,
And we take hands in memory, and again
My heart grows amorous of her peerless face.

Again her gentle eyes look into mine, And lead my soul as in the day we met, And often after in the summer hours— Delicious hours the heart may not forget!

With her my heart was full, my lips were mute, And what love urged I strove in vain to say, But, gazing on her with a calm content, Left to the fortune of another day.

Oft would she lure me to the verge of words Ever upon my lips, but still unsaid: For what if spoken? She held life to me, For in repulse that life had surely fled.

At last, I know not how, I never knew
What prompted, but in one delicious hour
I caught her to my heart, and thus and then
Confessed submission to her sovereign power.

And through her crimson blushes she replied In whispers—softest music every tone— Owning her love, and trembling as she owned Her passion had interpreted my own.

The rapture of that moment filled my heart,
I could have swooned with ecstasy supreme;
And I recall it now as one recalls
All day the sweetness of a waking dream.

But Time can mar the bliss that Time can make, And out of kindliest joy bring keenest woe. To live for her, to die for her sweet sake I panted, but Fate would not have it so.

As there had come an hour that saw us meet, So in the end an hour of parting came: Our sudden love had no enduring heat, And perished, haply, as too fierce of flame.

Or haply—but why question of the Past?

The chords are snapt in twain, the music dead,
The pleasant wine is sour—it might not last—
Love's amaranthine blossoms all are shed.

We are as those who pace opposing shores, And, pondering what is, what might have been, Stretch out their craving hands that may not meet, For Time, a trackless ocean, flows between!

Yet I recall her gladly as we met,
When love's first impulse quickened in each breast,
Warm as the roseate flushes of the dawn—
A new delight that dreamt not of unrest.

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Drawn by W. L. Thomas]

THE LOST LOVE.

[See the Poem.

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THE MARRIED BACHELOR.

By the Author of 'Christ Church Days.'

CHAPTER I.

A 'DARK FELLOW.'

JOHN WALDEGRAVE'S acquaintance all admitted that he was a very pleasant and gentlemanly man; 'but then you know,' said little Burton of the Octagon Club, 'he's such a confoundedly dark fellow.'

There was a time when Waldegrave was a peculiarly frank and open-hearted man, but of late he was substituting a quiet manner for his frank manner. There was no doubt that little Burton was right when he called him a 'dark fellow.' Did you want to know John Waldegrave's address, nothing The was easier in the world. would tell you. 'Court Guide' Mr. John Waldegrave had his rooms in the Temple, and there was also his Club address. Moreover, Mr. Waldegrave's father was necessarily a very well-known man, being a member of parliament. He had a house in Westbourne Terrace, and a place near the borough which he represented. So it might be thought that there were peculiar facilities for getting at Mr. Waldegrave in case he should be 'wanted.' You had only got to go to his rooms in the Temple, or look him up at his Club, or, in an extreme case, ask for him at Westbourne Terrace. But the clerk at the chambers would say that it was extremely uncertain when you could see Mr. Waldegrave; and the Octagon men would say that he came there but rarely -'a dark fellow, sir,' little Burton would say, and if you inquired after him at Westbourne Terrace, the chances were that you were referred back to the Temple.

Between Westbourne Terrace, indeed, and those particular chambers in the Temple, there was no real intimacy. The member was a man who found his only happiness in parliament, who had only a limited income, and who had to make the

most of every sixpence of it. John was the only child by a first marriage. He took away his mother's fortune, which was only between three and four hundred a-year, indeed, but which had been a very important matter in the days of the senior Waldegrave's humbler fortunes, and was not unimportant With the second marriage there came a numerous brood of little ones, and there was but little love lost between John and his stepmother. Moreover, John Waldegrave had given his father some just cause of umbrage. He was a clever man, but though he had done well as a boy at school, he had altogether failed to distinguish himself at college. This was the more provoking, as his private tutor had declared that he ought to be among the first sixteen wranglers. Somehow a sort of estrangement had grown up between the elder son and the father and the new family. Latterly this estrangement seemed to have Mr. Waldegrave, too, deepened. considered that his son had become exceedingly 'dark.'
John Waldegrave was a barrister.

He had ate his way to the bar, but hitherto the bar had not given him anything to eat. In the opinion of his father it was never likely that such would be the case. He went the circuit in which his father's borough was situated, and where he naturally commanded some little interest. A young barrister is supposed to be like the houri of a harem, waiting till some sultan of a solicitor should be pleased to fling his handkerchief. It is contrary to professional etiquette hardly to raise one's eyes to a solicitor. There were some friendly solicitors on whom some gentle pressure had been brought to bear by the elder Waldegrave, and who sent his son briefs. But the friendly solicitors shook

VOL. XIV.-NO. LXXXII.

their heads at young Waldegrave. They considered that they had given him a chance, and that he had thrown his chance away. His style of cross-examination was a great deal too quiet. In addressing a jury of his civilized countrymen, he had altogether failed either to flatter or bamboozle them. was, indeed, a great deal of crudity and inexperience about the young He had not much of the sharpness of the sharp practice of the law about him. He had always associated with gentlemen at school, college, and in town, and in addressing every man he seemed to take it for granted that he was addressing a gentleman. So the friendly solicitors, when they spoke to his father, shook their heads, and the father would shake his own head exceedingly.

But though Westbourne Terrace knew him not, and his Club saw so little of him, and it was so seldom that he was to be found at chambers-where he had as comfortable a set of rooms as a man could wish -yet it was clearly argued by his friends that this 'dark fellow' must be somewhere. With all his darkness there must yet be those to whom he made himself visible. One night, little Tommy Burton, as he stood on the steps of the Octagon Club, heard his friend, who had just been dining with some of them, hail a Hansom cab, and heard him in his direction to the cabman distinctly say the words, 'St. John's Wood.' Whereupon little Burton pricked up his ears, cogitated very deeply, and again came to the conclusion that Waldegrave was a confoundedly 'dark fellow.'

CHAPTER II.

THE ASSIZES.

The great event for the ancient cathedral city of Clyston was unquestionably the assizes for the county of Clyshirs, which were regularly held here. It was not such a great time as in the good old days, when good old families would come up to Clyston for the assizes, very much as they would now go up to

London; and when the great assize ball would be given at Clyston Castle, where fairy feet might patter for hours over the heads of condemned criminals. Still the spring and summer assizes from time immemorial held a very high place in the reverence and the imaginations of the good people, and still more, it is to be hoped, of the evil people

in Clyshirs.

Chief Justice Eustace and Mr. Justice Brampford were very fond of going to Clyston circuit. Many years ago the present Lord Chief Justice had gone this circuit, and received his first heavy fees, and won his first great cause here, and he had many friends on the circuit. He received many hospitalities, and the Chief Justice's rubicund countenance gave evidence that he was more and more developing a taste for hospitalities. The Chief was famous for his own cook, and his cook was famous for his 'battery of the kitchen,' and the admirable uses to which he put it. Judge Bramp-ford was a mild and contemplative man. He loved dearly a romantic country, and Clyshirs was a county which might well be considered ro-mantic. There were fine hills commanding a prospect which the judge greatly loved to view, though it must be confessed that he was beginning to feel the preliminary climb to be somewhat of a severe operation. Still he could easily move about in the woods, or fling his fly into the stream. There were dark rumours that Judge Brampford had more than once shirked the assize sermon. or had even surreptitiously absented himself from town in the pretty scenery belonging to the vale of the Clyst, that he might enjoy the sweet spring and summer days in which the assizes fell. Sir Charles Brampford now knew most of the pretty points in most of the counties of England. Anyhow, several of the judges were known to be partial to the Clyston circuit, and the appearance of chief justices was looked for as a regular thing, so far as a regard to the principle of rotation would permit.

The summer assizes of Clyston, this particular year, were on a grand scale. The grandeur of course very much depends upon the high sherift. Mr. Waldegrave senior would exceedingly dislike being high sheriff. He had been a barrister in early days, and he put on his wig now and then, and went into the assize court, in order to save him from his liability. The outgoing sheriff used to give the judge the names of gentlemen competent to serve as high sheriff, and if the high sheriff entertained an implacable animosity towards some country gentleman, of strictly limited means, on whom he desired to inflict pecuniary ruin, he would put that man's name high up upon the list. Mr. Jasper Simpkinson, however, who had made a large fortune in Australia, desired nothing better than to be allowed to spend money grandly, and to make a figure in his native county. Accordingly we were very grand that day. Never were seen such smart javelin-men and warlike javelins. There were yeomanry on horseback. were Mr. Simpkinson's leash of carriages and the carriages of his friends. The goodly cavalcade went two or three miles on the old London road, and halted at the great bridge thrown over the Clyst. Justice Brampford arrived alone. He might have come direct into Clyston. He might have arrived alone, but then what would have become of the shrievalty and procession? The Chief was detained at the last assize town to hear out an important cause. It was said at the bar mess, doubtless jokingly, that as soon as old Brampford was safe off, the heavy cause was referred to arbitration, and the Chief had gone off to a grand dinner with the Lord Lieutenant of the county.

John Waldegrave, however, had arrived long before by train, and had immediately hailed one of those hansoms which our county town, in this age of progress and enlightenment, had only recently placed on its ranks, to the great glory of the population, especially the boyish element thereof. Mr. Waldegrave had gone off to his lodgings, which were at a saddler's shop. It is well known that no barrister may ever put up at a

saddler's, except altogether under extraordinary and abnormal circumstances. The drawing-room at the saddler's was a very pretty room, and very prettily decorated. This was devoted to the young barrister; but I do not know if, so far as rent went, he made much improvement upon the terms which he would have to have given at the deprecated tavern.

It was quite dusk of an autumn evening before the judge arrived. The cavalcade was much too dignified to proceed at a rapid rate. At last the mounted yeomen made their appearance, the javelin-men drew up, the clarion sounded, the crowd surged on, the policemen formed a line, and Mr. Justice Brampford descended from coach to open the commission. court was full, although there was really very little to be done. Τŧ was known, however, that a very lively murder case was to be tried; and as soon as the proceedings were over, the boy population set off to the castle, in the firm belief that the man was to be hung as soon as the judge had arrived. The proceedings themselves were very briefly de-scribed. When the judge entered a profound lull succeeded the noisy clamour of very many voices. few candles were lighted, and served to make visible the immense assemblage of people. Then the commission was read, enumerating the names of the Chief Justice. Mr. Justice Brampford, and several of Her Majesty's counsel. When the name of the judge present was pronounced, that learned and honourable gentleman, according to form, for the first time took off his hat. Then the commission was declared open, and the court was adjourned to the following Monday morning.

It was growing dark also in the drawing-room over the saddler's shop. The maid brought in wax candles—for when a tradesman lets his drawing-room, he is anxious to impress the public with the idea that the room and its belongings are as gorgeous as any house with its railings and private door. The maid was a black-eyed soubrette—as a waiting-maid ought to be—but

there presently entered another black-eyed soubrette, on whom the attention of our young counsel, learned in the law, was quickly She was a girl about the middle height, in age three and twenty, but who might easily pass for two years younger. The young barrister was sufficiently surprised, when, in the sudden light, her form was flashed back from the opposite He noticed at once the grace of her movements, the regularity of her features, the profusion of her rich coal-black hair, and the dazzling brilliancy of her eyes. He was at that impulsive age when men cannot deal critically and minutely with the points of a pretty woman. They are prone to admire, and slow to criticise and compare. They do ample and generous justice to every charm; but they have not the coolness and nerve to analyse defects. Now Arabella Cracroft had fine teeth, and we live in an age when fine teeth are becoming more and more a most rare and precious possession. In any physical examination, it is best always to begin with the teeth. But the white, dazzling teeth, were in this case open to the criticism that they The throat was were too large. beautifully rounded, but the jaw was also too large, and, so to speak, heavily set. The eyes were very bright, but there was something that was too acute, and also uncertain in their brightness. The hair was plenteous enough, but it crept a little too low over the forehead, and showed too large a development of brain behind the ear. Altogether she gave you the idea of symmetry, strength, and lustre. There is a popular idea that every human being is like some animal. many men are like dogs, and many women like cats, and such often lead, appropriately enough, a cat-and-dog Then it is also true that many life. men are like hawks, and many women like doves. But Arabella's symmetry, strength, and lustre gave you more the notion of something far-fetched and oriental, and you rather thought of a tigress, or something of that kind. She was the most Italian-looking English-

woman you had ever seen, and I may now say, what she did not herself know this present evening, that she had Italian blood in her-her grandmother being an Italian.

She came forward with a graceful curtsy and with much self-possession to the young barrister.

'Mr. and Mrs. Gibson are away, sir, hearing the Commission open at the assizes. I hope Mary has made you quite comfortable.'

'Very comfortable indeed.' said Waldegrave; 'and I am very much obliged to you.' He was one of those foolish young men who are very fond of taking every opportunity of talking with a pretty girl, and he had the tact to see that this particular pretty girl was quite open to a little conversation, especially as Mr. and Mrs. Gibson were away at the assizes.

'You are Miss Gibson, I sup-

pose?' said Waldegrave.

'No, sir, my name is not Gibson. Mrs. Gibson is my mamma, but Mr. Gibson is not my father. My name is Miss Cracroft.

'Excuse me. Miss Cracroft, but I am a lawyer, and must be accurate in the use of terms. You were certainly not christened Miss Cracroft. Miss is not a Christian name. and it is to be presumed that you have a Christian name

'My name is Arabella, sir.'

'A very pretty name,' said the barrister, in a summing-up sort of way. 'And give me the leave to say that it just suits a very pretty girl.

Arabella laughed—a laugh which had too much of the giggle about it; but she put it down to that barristerial brazen - facedness in which the profession is permitted to indulge.

'And so many pretty places too in Clyston,' added the barrister. 'Your cathedral, your river, and your vale are famous all over the world, not to mention the young ladies, who are the most famous of

'I suppose you know Clyston very well, sir?'

'It's very odd, Miss Cracroft, but I really don't, though my father lives in the next county, and is a member of parliament there.'

Miss Cracroft knew this, for with a woman's curiosity she had found out all about their lodger. thought it a grand thing to be a member of parliament, and that a member's son must also be a grand personage. 'But I have only been this circuit twice before, and the last time I was obliged to miss Clyston, and the time before I was too busy to look at anything. But I mean to look at the place now, so far as my engagements permit.'
The said engagements, it may be parenthetically remarked, if briefs are meant thereby, had absolutely no existence at this present time, except in the hopeful imagination of the young barrister.

'It will be a great day at the cathedral to-morrow, said Arabella. The judges will be there, and Mr. Burton is to preach.' Burton was a celebrated ecclesiastic attached to the cathedral, and was expected to be very pathetic in the expectation that the man in gaol for murder was sure to be hung next week. 'Have you never been over the cathedral, Mr. Walde-

grave?'

Mr. Waldegrave had never been over the cathedral.

' Never seen the side chapels, and the tombs, and the Lady window, and the cloisters?

No, he had never seen them.

'Then I'll tell you what I'll do for you, if you like, sir. The cathedral is not shown to visitors on the Sunday; but Lizzie, the verger's daughter, and I are great friends, and I know, if I ask her, that she will let you see everything, and some things which are not often shown to visitors.

'But surely you will come yourself, Miss Cracroft?'

'O yes, I will come myself. I am never tired of seeing the cathedral.'

So some sort of arrangement was made that the cathedral was to be inspected after the afternoon ser-

It is sometimes supposed that in country towns the military have it . all their own way. I by no means deny the existence of a moral scarlatina. But there are many cases

in which the black coat out and out beats the red coat. It is of course pre-eminently so at a Calcutta ball. In an assize town the young barrister is deservedly a popular per-There is something irresonage. sistible in the contrast between the wig and the fresh ruddy countenance beneath it of the ingenuous youth who seeks to atone for the lack of wisdom by the abundance of horsehair. But in the course of time the wig and the face will work themselves into exact harmony, and the countenance be-come as the parchment so often outspread before it.

CHAPTER III.

THE CLOISTERS AND THE HILLS.

It certainly was a great day at the cathedral. Ordinarily our cathedral city was calm enough, and the very essence and spirit of calmness belonged to the afternoon service. We had a new dean indeed, an Honourable as well as a Very Reverend, and in his newness he swept very clean; and it is to be said to his credit that he really raised the music of Clyston cathedral to a very high rank among our western cathedrals. But with the exception of twenty-two enthusiastic young ladies, on whom the Honourable and Very Reverend benignly smiled, who had entered into a solemn mutual engagement never to absent themselves from an afternoon service, that revived service greatly drooped on week-days. But this Sunday the organist composed his finest voluntary and gave one of his choicest anthems; the choristers, some of whom looked like angels and behaved like imps during service, did their best; the sermon was the ambitious and successful effort of a clever man who rejoiced in the opportunity of lecturing the judges (they afterwards did him the compliment of requesting the publication of the sermon, but I understand that only three were sold out of the impression of five hundred); and the cathedral overflowed with the population of Clyston, which at this time was itself overflowing.

As Waldegrave took his place in one of the stalls beneath the quaint carved oaken canopy, a lady was shown up the steps by a friendly verger, and quietly gliding by him, took her seat in the next stall, which was the only one which hap-pened to be vacant. She was quietly and elegantly dressed, and made her responses in a low musical voice, joining in the chants and anthems in a subdued way indeed. but a way that was sweetly melodious. This was Arabella. It may be observed that the verger was the father of her friend who was to show the interior of the cathedral. Her singing was greatly to her credit. for it is exceedingly difficult to sing sufficiently well as to attract attention, and yet not be disagreeable to those who sit by you. And if you are in love, you can very rarely see the lady of your love to greater advantage than at a cathedral service. If you look at Spanish love affairs, how often you find that the heroine strikes the heart of her adorer, fort et vite, as she is going to vespers or confession. A girl shows to great advantage in church. She is divested then of worldly considerations. She shows at her purest and best. The consciencestricken swain thinks what a dreadful sinner he is, and what a good girl she seems to be. Her quietude and devotion, her complete ignoring of him and all that belonged to him, did much. And when she found this metropolitan heathen the first lesson, and handed him the anthem-book open at the proper place, with pitying and heavenly eyes-for those wild eyes could become both pitying and heavenly—I do not sav that he was altogether like the heroes of Spanish love stories, but I do assert that he was glad that he had taken lodgings at the saddler's.

The worthy saddler and his wife were below in the plain wooden seats, either free, or of the free genus. A round honest face had the saddler, and the unmistakable impress of the British shopkeeper upon it, but, at the same time, indifferent honest—as much as shopkeepers can afford to be. He had

seen him on the stairs that morning, and he had at once seen that it was utterly impossible in the nature of things that this man could have been Arabella's father. There were certainly some glimmerings of a better nature about his wife, but still she was suspiciously like the saddler. But then he reflected that having lived with him for a lot of years, she must needs approximate to the saddlerian nature. It was easy to see, however, by her address and manner, the way in which she bore herself, and in which others bore themselves towards her, that Arabella considered that there was a social gulf between herself and her respectable quasi-parents.

As he was about to leave the cathedral she motioned him towards a particular direction, and they went out through a small side door into a broad quiet space abutting on an ancient chantry. Here the verger's daughter, blooming, and dressed as well as any lady on the high-dress principle common to her class, was waiting for them, treating Arabella with marked respect and showing absolute reverence towards the barrister. The verger also appeared, throwing off those awful robes of office which so greatly impressed beholders, and reminding his friends of that more secular pursuit of bookbinding which he combined with his ecclesiastical dignities. He however struck himself into a professional and semi-oratorical attitude, and went through the edifice very much with the air of a man exhibiting a choice waxwork col-lection. When this was done they emerged into the cloisters, and here the verger's daughter, not without a sly look, discreetly left them, saying that the door was fastened at the inside, but they would leave the key at the lodge. The verger had disappeared some time before, highly gratified with a largesse, which he purposed dissipating at an adjacent public.

So they paced the cloisters alone, the rich sunlight dazzling through the arches and peering into quaint recesses which the holy monks made for quaint purposes, but with the results of sadly bewildering the

The girl souls of archæologists. had read the 'Monastery,' and also the 'Mysteries of Udolpho,' and was able to take up the romantic side of the cloisters in a way quite below criticism; but criticism is not to be expected on the fluent utterance of pretty lips. She even managed to convey the idea that she was a semi-educated girl, which was altogether an erroneous idea. Waldegrave talked to her about her way of life and about her history. She said she did very little but read. Pressed upon this point, admitted she only read novels. examined, confessed a special weakness for the Bulwer novels. Also she sang a little-but not from notes.

Her history, as Waldegrave extracted it from her with some adroitness, was this. Her own father had died when she was very Her own young, hardly within her recollection. She dimly recollected, she said, a verandah, a pretty garden, and a blue sea beyond. After that mother in Clyston. The sauce.

They married, she was in small lodgings with her and had a lot of children. Some of them were dead. One or two of them were at school and one or two at home. Her stepfather and her mother did not act unkindly to her, but then they were not very They seemed entirely absorbed in the children. Even her mother thought very little of her in comparison with any of them. They wanted her to wash and dress the lot (haughtily tossing her head). She could never consent to do that. She sometimes heard them their hymns and texts on a Sunday. She was left very much to herself. There was a matter of fifty pounds a year mixed up with her affairs. She did not quite know whether it belonged to her mother or to herself. or to her mother on account of her-It came from her late father. self. Her mother took the money. was thought a good deal of by the saddler, to whom it really came. and was very useful to him.

This was the little history which Waldegrave extracted from the young lady as they walked up and down in the cloisters. He had hardly much business to be walking there; but he was young, he had a passionate admiration for pretty faces, and he was in condition of enforced idleness. Young barristers are, however, very sensitive on the point of being supposed to have nothing to do. He would certainly be very glad to go to Barnwood Hill with her the first evening that his business allowed him. She was not very coy, and did not give him much trouble in framing his request.

The great murder case truly enough came off in the early part For the first two of next week. days Waldegrave was duly enough in court with a blue bag. He had some law books and some law papers, together with a supply of light serials. He was also the junior counsel for a petty Crown prosecution, a brief given him by a good-natured solicitor who was on friendly terms with his father. The prisoner was undefended; there were only two witnesses, and Mr. Waldegrave's part was limited to a dialogue of five minutes with of the witnesses. It was hardly an opportunity—as Arabella. who was in court, mentally confesses — of covering himself with glory. The murder case came on, and lasted three or four days. While that case was going on, inasmuch as he held no brief, there could be no affectation of being busy or of going to be busy directly. In nisi prius a long ship case was dragging itself on at interminable length. So one day he went to Barnwood Hill, and Arabella, who had been lingering about in one of the fields, joined him.

It lay some two miles from the cathedral city. A tract of common land, through which crept the rich and lazy river Clyst, was interposed between Clyston and the gently-swelling slopes. It was a hill singularly graceful, not inconsiderable in height, but rising very gradually with soft undulations, well wooded, and cultivated to all but its highest ridge. At its base was a little inn of the rose and

honeysuckle order, where tea and brown bread and butter were in still greater request than the more invigorating fluids. It was a favourite place of resort for the Clys-Hither came the poorer sort on high holidays, and the leisurely people when they might be so disposed. But there were no high holidays now, and the lei-surely people had been making violent interest with their magisterial acquaintance for admission to the murder trial. It was a glorious day; clear, brilliant, warm, but not heated. The courtliness of not heated. the young barrister was fully exercised in smoothing the more difficult part of the ascent, and in helping over those sternly utilitarian country stiles-a course of proceeding which, to the adroit, permits of much meeting of eyes and sundry touches of fingers, and occasionally permits a daring arm to be flung around the waist as the simplest scientific process of maintaining a position of equilibrium. The view from the summit was a famous one. Arabella truly told her companion that eight counties were to be seen on a clear day like that, although she entirely broke down in her geography when she proceeded to indicate the position of the counties. Clyston lay before them, its great cathedral tower widely governing the landscape, but on many parts of the horizon little patches of smoke broke forth in the clear atmosphere, indicating towns and cities as large or larger The fertile vale of than Clyston. the Clyst spread broadly on till it came to a great water, which was a broad arm of our western sea. It was a prospect singularly exhilarating and elevating, as pure and healthful an influence as the cathedral scene of a few days ago. Then they descended the hill on that side which brought them to the little inn whereof I spoke. Here Waldegrave insisted that his companion should partake, with himself, of ample refreshment. This is a 'realistic' story, and I am not going to pretend that the hero and heroine feasted on roasted butterflies. They had the best that the little inn afforded, with

some sound wine cooled in a deep well. And when dinner was over they sat deep into the twilight, till long after the broad yellow harvest-

moon had risen. The flirting had taken by this time a very positive and direct form, the details of which may be left to the experience or imagination of the reader. Emboldened possibly by the romance of the scene — possibly by that bottle of sherry—Waldegrave did not show a faint heart with this fair lady. I do not say that his feelings were really at stake; but his imagination was aglow. Here was love-making ready to his hand, and he made love. And his reception was very warm and kind. Arabella, with her impassioned nature, had gone through Juliet's rapid process of affection, if not with the same rapidity as the fair Veronese. yet at a pace which made her a very good second. This was in truth the kind of scene which she had often pictured in imagination-an imagination overfed by romances, and for which she had possibly sighed. She was a very impulsive girl, a young woman of the true southern temperament. As Waldegrave afterwards told her, she had done a very large part, perhaps the largest part, of this courtship. She had led off the first conversation, allured him into the cloisters and suggested to him the hill, and had either given or at once returnedfor this was a moot point—the first pressure and the first kiss. Arabella had also a woman's touch of ambition, which was now gratified. Hitherto she had been in a false position. There had been young men of the saddler order of humanity flitting about and desiring to bask in the light of this lustrous girl, but she would not condescend to look at them. There were young men of a high grade in this cathedral city, but they were not likely to look for a bride in a saddler's This fine-looking fellow, a shop. barrister-at-law and the son of a member of parliament, fully satisfied the female sense of promotionif only the fine bird could be caged

and tamed.

POPPIES IN THE CORN;

OR, GLAD HOURS IN THE GRAVE YEARS,-No. III,

By the Author of 'The Harvest of a Quiet Eye,' &c.

SOME ANNALS OF A SKETCHING CLUB.

NATURE often good-naturedly falls into a kindly harmony with any particular idea which for the time has settled itself in the lodgings of your brain. The lodgings, rather the inn, let me say; for the chambers of thought are continually being occupied, and continually changing their tenants. Sometimes the occupant is sad-coloured in garb, and gloomy in visage; sometimes he wears a holiday suit; oftenest, a particoloured apparel, like a mem-ber of the Zingari club, or the pied piper of Hamelin. Very common it is for these tenants to be but tenants of a day; they take the rooms, but are not much at home, and when they have gone, are soon forgotten, and return no more. Some, especially the sombre-dressed parties, and one or two of the very gladdest of the holiday visitors, keep constantly recurring; and there are cases in which a black-suited and melancholy - visaged tenant even takes up his abode, and secures life apartments there. Still, it has been noted, these settlers do mostly change, as time goes on, their black for half-mourning; and there is a recipe, if you do but find it out, for changing into a tender quiet only, features that at first coming bore nearly the impress of despair.

Well, I was going to say how remarkably nature strikes up an acquaintance, even a brotherhood, with the brain's tenant, even though it be 'a guest that tarrieth but a day.' And this I found to be the case as I was pondering, in a late-summer walk, the subject of this paper. There were the fields all being cleared and prepared for a fresh start next year: all earth's wide palette (it seemed to me) being scraped clean from the many colours which had been pinched out in big and little patches about it.

That flake-white patch of the mayweed, or ox-eye daisy, which I remember to have noticed laid like a tablecloth (but this is to confuse my simile) over that field, 'tis all swept off, and stacked as pale-brown hay. The chrome-yellow of that rape-field in flower; the palette-knife has removed that in a clean swoop some time ere this. And now the yellow ochre of the barley, the Indian-yellow of the rich wheat,-into which, indeed, the vermilion close by of that bright poppy-field had, you will observe, run and mingled; -- these are fast disappearing, leaving their place so bare, so bare. And that bright vermilion only lingers in little smears; also the crimson-lake of the saintfoin has departed, and the purple-madder of the clover. cobalt of the flax is gone; and the neutral tint of the lucerne; and where the ultramarine possessed that lavender field there is a dull pig-Where ment akin to terraverte. there are copses there will still be an abundance of sap green; but here the mars orange of the maples, and the scarlet vermilion of the cherry-trees, and the purple-madder of the dogwood, and the pale yellow of the hazels, and the deep carmine of the brambles, will soon all run into the greens, and form that pretty chaos which idle painters sometimes love to make of all the bright pigments which they sweep together on the palette,—calling the effect a fine instance of Turner's last manner; -just before the thin, limp knife does its final work, and, presto! all the pure vivid hues and colours are gone! Gone till next year: and you shall see earth's palette just a clean pale maple where the corn and hay had been; until the plough again transforms this to rather dull mahogany; and again the snow to porcelain.

But it was in the young spring days that our Club began; the glad spring days; all the colours only just squeezing out; the brown treebrushes just filling, and all the year's pictures to be painted upon the clear canvas of the mind. Ah, when we are young this canvas has so much unoccupied ground indeed; there is so much room for the new delicious touches; and the years have laid first sketchy tints which wait eagerly for each deepening and developing. It is not then as when we grow older, and there has been painting after painting repeated on the canvas; and these defined lines have grown blurred, and those pure tints dirty, and there has been much scraping, and loading, and stippling, and finishing, and glazing, and varnishing; but the sweet grace and delicious hinting and ineffable promise of the first sketch has been lost: lost?-or buried?-to be recovered one day, one Spring Day, when the colours shall separate and fall into their places as by magic, and the completed picture appear, with its own finish, and yet with all the purity, and freshness, and promise of that first sketch.

It was, I say, in April that we met, and formed our sketching club, and fixed the rules and regulations. At a pretty country parsonage it was, in a room hung all over with paintings, like an exhibition room, and with a window that opened into a small conservatory, always well arranged for composition and colour. Beyond, there was a pleasant lawn, a great tree in its centre, and shrubberies and woodland just waking into life about the landscape; hills beyond, with fan-shaped copses of appropriate brushwood wedged between them here and there. Just the place and day;—a mild day that tempted you into the air, a day full of sweet, indefinite promise; - just the place and day to whet the appetite for sketching from So the scheme was devised, and the rules drawn out. don't remember much about them. There was, however, a president and a secretary; and there were to be certain fixed days of meeting, say once a month; and at the end of each meeting the members present were to fix the next locality of assemblage. At the end of the year there was to be an exhibition of all the sketches; and if thought well, they might be exchanged or bought. There were some demurs to this last article, and I am not sure how it was settled.

Now the idea pleased me well; for many advantages seemed combined in the plan. There was society, for the solitariness of my former sketching days. There was the prospect of mutual improvement; for the mind narrows that is ever contemplating only its own conceptions and executions. There was the anticipation of divers pleasant days in the open air-days not of idleness exactly, but of agreeable and recreative change of employment. Then there was, for me, the grateful compulsion to keep up that old artchapter in my life; those years of studentship at the Royal Academy, and that beginning of even studio life, which I threw up so regretlessly when returning health made my first dream of Oxford days and holy orders again possible. It seemed, indeed, an entire desertion of art; for the care of a parish and the study of theology left little time for palette and brushes. But now here was a kind of necessity laid on me to make time at certain periods for the attendance upon the neglected muse. She was, as it were, to hold her drawing-rooms, and we of the court were bound to attend them. I remember also that we were allowed to present friends.

Where was our first gathering? Let me recall it, and some aftermeetings; and let me just touch in the figures of some of the members about the landscapes; and let me chat desultorily of certain superficial art matters as I go on.

An old castle, then, was the first selection. A good selection too, for what more delicious to the painter's eye? Is it not Ruskin who says that a great colourist is known by his greys? Greys, that is, in everything; greys, for instance, that are cobalt almost in the rich sienna petal of the nasturtium. Hold one up sideways to the light, and you

will see what I mean. But in a stone ruin we come upon grey at home, grey in its very stronghold. There is the rose-grey in the eaves of a mushroom; there is the skygrey that runs over the field of young barley; there is the opaque glass-grey of the sea; there are shimmering greys about all foliage, and if you, ignorant of this, set to work with nothing but tints of green, you shall depict a mass of boiled spinach, but not the living trees which catch so many sweet sky-reflections. But, as I said, in a ruin you come to the land of greys; here you find them in infinite and exquisite variety, set in colour, in-tensifying it, and hushed and softened by it.

How delicious to the eye was this old castle, when, on that warm May day (the first of our meeting), we came suddenly upon it, out of the thickening lanes! Such a soft air. with an unperceived mist in it: just mist, or, rather, double-air enough to tone the lights and to cool the shadows, and to quiet the blue sky; no clouds, but a pearly atmosphere that hushed all that might have been glare. And the two round towers that stood up sheer above the smooth green slopes, against the pale tender blue! How (coming upon them with a prepared artist thought) they surprised with their beauty, and filled the presumptuous mind with

'A vague, faint augury of despair.'

Paint them, indeed! What delicious light and shade, such soft rounding, such a pearly half-tone between the high light and deep shade. Then that rich dark-green scarf of the ivy thrown across one corner, and extending all along the wall, descending into a broad, flat trunk underneath the foliage. These towers stood clear and strong, but as we (a friend and I, walking) came near, and ascended the hill, we found that there was fine artistic ruin in abundance:

'Here stood a shatter'd archway plumed with fern;
And here had fall'n a great part of a tower,
Whola, like a crag that tumbles from the cliff,
And like a crag was gay with wilding flowers;
And high above a piece of turret stair,

Worn by the feet that now were silent, wound Bare to the sun, and monstrous tvy-stems Claspt the grey walls with hairy-fibred arms, And sucked the joining of the stones, and looked

A knot, beneath, of snakes-aloft, a grove.'

We were early, as became men in earnest, and none of the rest of the party had arrived. But they straggled in one by one, or two by two: here a dog-cart with the artist of the party; here a trap with another clerical sketcher, and his wife; here a light, easy, open barouche, with a nosegay of young girls in it, and another soon after. So we collect and chat, and separate, each choosing his or her favourite bit, or landscape.

A pretty scene; a medley, something like that in the introduction to the 'Princess.' The grim old ruin, stern and helpless as Giant Pope in the 'Pilgrim's Progress;' giving in no inch that it could help to Time the destroyer; strong and brave yet in parts, and hiding its wounds with ivy. Here was the broken chapel; alas! for the tracery of those nearly empty windows! and how the floor had long ago fallen through, and a disused sawpit, itself grown old and overgrown, in the midst of the piece that had been once so solemnly set apart, and that for long after sent up matin hymns and vesper prayers all the while the good knights and yeomen were away with their king, in France, Scotland, Palestine. Here was the cellar, a dark, damp place enough, but a capital retiring room for the photographers of the party. Here are the ramparts; rough, at the proper season, with the blue and pink bugloss, and now freaked with burnt patches of last year's polypody fern; along which giddy path those two idlers are creeping and laughing, who ought to be hard at work washing in the sky. Here are all these; but where, I wonder, are the rooms where Reginald Fitzurse, William Tracy, Hugh de Moreville, and Richard Brito slept, on their road to Canterbury to murder the stern archbishop? For here it was that the Brocs, the lords of the castle at that time, received the

vengeful four. A grim old ruin,

with grim old stories haunting it. and buried within it; but now you shall not fear a crossbow bolt from those many slits in the grey (how well they come in, to enhance the rounded softness, as you just let the flat brush, filled with neutral shade. define and paint them too!). No, these serve for the ceaseless ingress and egress of incessantly chattering jackdaws; and above these, on the battlements, the white and ashcoloured pigeons are nestling. Part of the old castle is inhabited now; it is, indeed, a peaceful farmhouse; and there are pens for ducks in the courtyard, and huddling sheep about the gateways, and great stacks of hay about the entrance, and patient, mild-eyed kine straying about the dry and shallow most. And ancient ash and maple elbow familiarly the old walls. You might, I fancy, make your escape from a seeking party of soldiers—catching at that lithe ash bough, and swinging from branch to branch, your life depending on it, and-while the steel hauberks glance about the recesses within the castle walls, hunting you for the 1000l. laid on your head swinging down at last to the delicious turf, and then mounting that led charger, and away, hurrah! free as the wind! But those times are past, and there is really no one in the courtyard seeking your life, even if there be there, you feel nervously, 'a fading flower' seeking your hand; and you are on the downhill side of forty, and the ash branch might snap; and, upon the whole, you had better shuffle ignominiously down the jutting stones, and go off quietly to your painting.

How pretty the scene is when you come down! You are the privileged idler; your painting is but a makebelieve; yet you are a connoisseur, and a pleasant fellow to make one of this pic-nic series; and you have an eye and a heart, if not a hand, for art. When you were in the Alp scenery, and were just finishing a sketch rather more successful than usual—a tree-sketch, a sketch of pine-trees—you remember, and often relate, the innocent question of the guide. Pointing to your carefully-finished trees, at which you were

glancing with that pleased, head-onone-side complacency, and whose
growth to their present state of perfection he had stolidly but with deep
interest watched over your shoulder,
he inquired (to render it into our
polished vernacular), 'But, sir, what
be they?' Never mind; you found
the scene better rendered by Matthew Arnold than the best of your
club could have presented it; as
thus—

'A green Alpine stream
Beneath o'erhanging pines; the morning sun,
On the wet umbrage of their glossy tops,
On the red pinings of their forest floor,
Drew a warm scent abroad; behind the pines
The mountain skirts, with all their sylvan change
Of bright-leaf'd chesnuts, and mossed walnut

trees,
And the frail scarlet-berried sah, began.
Swiss chalets glittered on the dewy slopes:
Over all

Ranged, diamond-bright, the eternal wall of snow.'

But you are safely landed on the springy turf, after your rampart excursion, and this is spring, and not autumn; England, not Switzerland; and there is enough to look at here, without calling up pictures from the past. I own, however, that you have done me the service which I sought. For in this sketchy paper about sketches I want a picture or two set, like a gem, here and there in the letter-press, wet and clear-coloured from the master's hand. And no fear but I shall find a frame for them, every now and then.

But see how gracefully the groups have unconsciously arranged themselves. How the bits of colour gleam out here and there, toned by the atmosphere, bringing the cool greys and dark greens and hushed blues to a focus. Here a pale maize dress, and a poppy scarf, with a black gentleman lying against it. Here a couple in gentian-blue, only softer tinted, carried off by the parasol of the same hue a little further on. A claret silk there, with somehow a fold or two of orange about it. sketchers themselves make a charming foreground to the landscape which they are transferring to the canvas.

Let us look over their shoulders.

Here is that clerical amateur of whom we spoke. He professes not to know anything about painting; but surely we shall agree that such ignorance as his may be counted bliss. See how his drawing is accurately put in, and now upon the clean block-paper rough as orangepeel. Whatman's best-he lays tint and colour pure and clear, and just leaves them as he lays them on. Such well-defined, exact shadows, and presently the clean tint drawn over them, and then left untouched. Not much finish, you perceivemore a suggestion than an achievement. But then how the suggestion, given with such ease and with such consummate taste, pleases, if it does not satisfy; and what does finish, as a rule, accomplish? Alas! the clear, lucid tints would have been stippled into muddiness; the seduc-tive hints and alluring indications would have lost their mystery, and be unfavourably contrasted with the reality; the mind, the appreciative mind, can generally finish the picture better than the artist can. Now, although those square, sharpedged shadows, overlapping into half-tint, are not that wondrous and delicious softness of the ancient stone, rounding with a tender gradation from the light with little roughnesses of light and shade in the gradation, yet there is something in the cleanness and the clearness, and the pearliness, of the untouched wash that shall make amends for any commonplace finish. At the great exhibition at the end of the season this painter's contri-butions shall be all presented unfinished, but not rough; tantalizing, and herein owning part of their charm. Why did that grey bit of wall leave off just here, met by the untouched paper? and why was not that clear green wash further touched into ivy? Here is a luminous recess of deep shadow; and here an indication that might have grown into a figure; never a smear, but abrupt and tantalizing endings; as much white paper as colour when the sheet is stripped off the block.

This artist never touches his sketches after he has left the ori-

ginal; he quite refuses all home work. Partly because he is also a careful and persistent student of theology, and the day's outing is ill spared, though beneficially spared, from study; and he lays the thing by as done with, directly he gets within the sphere of his parish, and the atmosphere of his books. Partly again, because he says—and herein I thoroughly agree with him-that the piece, whatever its merits may be, is deteriorated always, and not bettered by work done in the absence of its original. I have proved this myself, by transgressing the rule, and afterwards returning to finish the piece. Not only, I found, were little touches of beauty missed, that would have received due notice, but many that had been caught were now obscured, and, from absence of the original that would have explained them, certain subtleties were swept away, and much of the truth and freshness of the scene

What a charm there is about paintings begun and finished (or, next best, left unfinished) in the open air! Give me the simplest wayside study; a broken rock with ferns; a limestone bit with a straggling of grey hairbells; a study of great burdock-leaves by a trickling brooklet; a low lichened wall, lit with the vivid crimson of the cranesbill leaves, and making a background to a growth of

'Tall grasses and white-flowering nettles,'

some yellow flags and turquoise forget-me-not by a pond; such modest and unambitious renderings as these give me a far higher pleasure than all the Claudian unrealities-forest. castle, mountain, with twelfth-cake figures, swans, &c., stuck in frontthat tell of mere reminiscence and studio work. Of course a great painting (like Millais' Ophelia), also transcribed from Nature, is far above any small faithful studies; but the smallest sketch from Nature, if it were but a couple of buff rose-caved mushrooms in the short grass, is preferable, to my mind, to the most aspiring and finished studio labour. If young-lady amateurs would but find out the truth of this, and leave all their pretty fancy lakes and skies and mountains, and just go into the lane, and carefully draw and colour, on the spot, a plume of wrinkled hart's-tongue fern, with a shelf of red sandstone behind it, or a spike of foxglove against a hoary oakbole, they would learn, first, how little their drawing-room practice is really teaching them to paint or draw: next, how far more pleasure to themselves and others is derivable from a portfolio of studies from Nature, than from a waggon-load of blue and green Italian washes. first the attempt would cause almost despair; but practice will do wonders; and besides, that which disgusted you while you had Nature's inimitable work before you, and when you had been minutely study-ing the details of the great Master's art, this same production that you would have been relieved to have torn in half, will often please you better, and agreeably surprise you, when you return to it with dulled remembrance of the original, and free from that odious comparison. The coming short of a high aim produces work of nobler quality than the succeeding in a lower. And it is a high aim to take brush and colours, and try really to represent even a fringe on Nature's garment.

I think this is well shown by the instance of the drawings in any of the many illustrated books of the day. How far preferable that spray of furze, in an initial letter—drawn, you see at once, from Nature—to the whole-page landscapes composed of unreal foregrounds and conventional backgrounds; trees made up in the studio, with never a bit of real drawing about branch or foliage. I could warrant that almost any one could pick out the fancy compositions from the real studies, in any one of these collections.

Pre-Raphaelitism did wonders for us, and has given Londoners many a treat from the country, upon the Academy walls. And to attain its care and exactness without its harshness; and to secure the attention to detail without the loss of the harmony, would bring us near perfection. Towards which, in things great

and in things small, let us ever uncompromisingly tend! The painter cannot give sound or motion (though Hogarth has almost attained the former, and Rubens the latter); he can but give one present moment, with but a hint of past or future. He may, in some certain degree, improve Nature by his art: as thus—by selecting and composing; by reticence here, and by more forcible expression there:—but I grow tiresome, and Arnold has besides said something of that I intend:

'Behold, I said, the painter's sphere!
The limits of his art appear!
The passing group, the summer morn,
The grass, the elms, that blossomed thorn;
Those cattle couched, or, as they rise,
Their shining flanks, their liquid eyes;
Their shining flanks, their liquid eyes;
These, or much greater things, but caught
Like these, and in one aspect brought.
In outward semblance he must give
A moment's life of things that live:
Then let him choose his moment well,
With power divine its story tell!'

Well, our talk has waxed rather profound over our first sketcher; let us touch the others with a lighter hand. For my own attempt, I am one, I must confess, who cannot sketch merely. Painful and careful finish, or nothing, for me. And certainly I am so far in the right track that care at first leads to ease at You remember Michael Angelo's speech (I think it was his) when his patron demurred to the great price of a piece which had taken but a short time to accomplish. 'Sixty years' careful labour,' he exclaimed, 'has it taken me before I could produce such a work in such time; and then he dashed the sculpture in anger to the ground. So that which seems so easily done, as you watch one who by long practice has got the trick of brush and colour, and the knowledge of the right thing to do at once; this is, be sure, the result of long pains and care. But amateurs mostly would begin where masters are leaving off.

Never mind now, however, my toil, which will not result in a masterful ease; but pass on to the other groups or units. Here is one of those blue bits of foreground; as such we were unrespectfully considering her just now: let us draw near, and we find Nature's sweetest

work-a bright fair girl in her teens. Her sketch, methinks, was well begun; but out upon those lazy officers (our club was far too near a camp) who came here to idle and to make love! See, they are sprawling -- some eighteen feet of them—on the soft turf about her; they vote the sketching 'slow' (why couldn't they keep away then? I like people to be in earnest, even in their amusements); and Mistress Muriel is not being helped on, to say the least of it, by their atten-tions. And I like the child too well to endure the idea of her marrying into the army. However, I suppose I can't help it, if it is to be, Only, were I President of the Club, I would introduce a rule to keep out those who don't mean work in their play. I am one of those who hold that mere trifling is always objectionable, and that whatever is worth doing is worth doing wellfrom playing at croquet to governing a kingdom. So I look askance, and with jaundiced eye, at the baskings of these moths in that bright and attractive flame.

And I pass on to another group. There seems to me more of earnest in this, and some food for dreamy fancies. Hush, I will not draw too near, but will rather meditate and weave (perhaps) unreal imaginings, and I pretend to be absorbed in looking beyond the cluster at the pale grey-stemmed birch against that turret. I like to watch people, and give fancy leave to run into all unreal vagaries about them. And here I find material in which to See, he has closed his book, our good-looking artist, seated in front of that pretty woodbit, with the shallow brooklet at his feet. He will not let his sketch be looked at yet; he is careful of his fame; he hates to be asked 'what this is?' and 'what that is going to be?' and incessantly to reply, 'Wait, and you will know.' And I can see that those two simpering girls will get nothing out of him. Nay, I fancy (so my errant thought runs on, for these are strangers to me,-I never saw them until the kind illustrator of my paper introduced them to me;) I fancy that this

middle-aged, but maturely handsome man, habited artistically, but with no affectation in dress, appears to be proof against the artillery of Why I think so, I can hardly say, except for the wrapt, sad look of that other, fair sketcher who leans, herself the fairest sketch, against the bramble-draped limestone in the corner. A look, whose absorbed earnestness has outgrown the stealthy stage: her hands clasp her sketching - block: the pencil hangs listless: what a sudden 'rebel rose-hue' would dawn on the pale cheek, (I fancy,) what a sudden absorption in the old turrets, and busyness of fingers, would follow the turning of his grave quiet eyes upon her reverie! Ah, well, I dare say I am all at sea about the group, and I think Jean Ingelow is to blame for my fancies about this unconscious damsel. The dramatis personse of 'The Letter L'-are recalled to my mind by the picture. that is the truth:-

- 'Her eyes were resting in his face, As shyly glad, by stealth to glean, Impressions of his manly grace And guarded mien.
- 'The mouth with steady sweetness set,
 And eyes conveying unaware
 The distant hint of some regret
 That harboured there.
- 'She gazed, and in the tender flush
 That made her cheek like roses bloom,
 And in the radiance and the hush
 Her thought was shown.
- It was a happy thing to sit So near, nor mar his reverie; She looked not for a part in it, So meek was she.
- 'But it was solace for her eyes,
 And for her heart that yearned to him,
 To watch apart, in loving wise,
 Those musings dim.'

Certainly he seems unconscious enough, and careless enough, of the watchfulness of those thoughtful eyes. But so it is often, and the story goes on to tell us,

> 'How currents in the deep, With branches from a lemon grove, Blue bergs will sweep.'

Much like currents in the deep human heart that bring together continually incongruous, unassimilating things; perverse currents, wasteful waters, that carelessly spill

SOME ANNALS OF A SKETCHING CLUB,-See page 319.

the precious things of other hearts which were timidly embarked upon the treacherous depths:

- And suck out gold-dust from the box,
 And wash it down in weedy whiris,
 And split the wine-keg on the rocks,
 And lose the pearls.
- Ah! wby to that which needs it not, Methought, should costly things be given? How much is wasted, wrecked, forgot, On this side heaven.'

But fie upon my idle dreamings! I dare say the child is only tired or lazy; and would pout angrily or frown amusedly, could she guess what castles in the air I have been building about her! This castle, if not the stone one, I have at any rate sketched, and given to paper. Tis time I returned to my sketches, and my reflections on their specialities.

And I go on to a painter in oils. When I used to exhibit in the Royal Academy (I say this, I own, with a little pardonable pomposity) oils were my element. I had never even ventured on the water. I soon found that oil was far too exigent of time; and I have nearly quite laid by the rows of soft tubes, the elastic hoghairs, the seductive mc. guelp., and those clear, firm canvases that, after a few knocks at the corners, so invite a beginning upon them. And I have taken up water-colours; neat dark tin boxes, with cells of moist colours, and well-filled block. Oils have their advantage; but, for sketching, I think water must bear the palm. How often will this member, over whose canvas we are now standing, have to come back to the castle, if he is to make anything of his paint-The getting it dry, and scraping it, then another painting, and so on, to the glaze; but ten to one he will finish, and spoil, his work at Now even if he returns, he cannot have just the atmosphere and the circumstances of this day; the mist of green will have become foliage; there will be a different sky. The water-colourist can put down at once what there is here at this moment, and there's an end. Hence that freshness and reality which we may notice in even the inferior paintings of a water-colour VOL. XIV .-- NO. LXXXII.

exhibition, above oil pieces of more pretension. In water colour I love the delicacy and cleanness; tints, as I said, just laid on and left. In oils the richness, and the body. But I like neither the thin glazy style in oil, which loses its own advantages without gaining the delicacy of water; nor the profuse use of body colours in water painting, which sacrifices the clear delicacy of this branch of the art for a dull opaque caricature of oil.

But let me remember that I am not writing now for art students; though, since most people visit the exhibitions, some art-talk will have an interest even to general readers. Moreover, I must just indicate some other subjects which were to make up the studies that should be exhibited at the year's end, to admiring or silent acquaintance. So we suppose the sun sinking lower and lower into the sea beyond the castle walls; and the shade and light all altered; and all but the very eager art-followers wearied out; and, after the settling in solemn conclave of the next gathering point, the wheels passing off the noiseless turf into the noisy road; the pedestrians winding through the cool meadows and over stiles, and through clover and incipient wheat, by shorter cuts, home: a pleasant day over, and some work done, and much talking.

It has been a pleasant day to me, at any rate; although, according to my wont, I have sat a good deal alone. Meditation concerning ones pursuits, and concerning the sharers in them, is the greatest part of the enjoyment. I like to be a little apart, in any pleasant gathering; not aloof, but apart; and to muse and philosophize, and watch, and speculate. Then the siesta in the open air is always a pleasure, whether in

'The sweet spring days, With whitening hedges, and uncrumpling fern, And blue-bells trembling by the forest ways,

And scent of hay new mown,'
or in the long and lazy summer
hours,

While to my ear, from uplands far away, The bleating of the folded flocks is borne, With distant cries of reapers in the corn— All the live murmur of a summer day.' Or in August, when a hint of change is just making the summer thoughtful, to sit, sometimes to recline,

'Screened in this nook o'er the high, half-reaped field.'

and in intervals of the painting to enjoy the beauty close at hand: to note,

Through the thick corn the scarlet poppies peep.

And round green roots and yellowing stalks to see

Pale pink convolvulus in tendrils creep; And air-swept lindens yield

Their scent, and rustle down their perfumed showers

Of bloom on the bent grass where I am laid, And bower me from the August sun with shade.'

Or even later: when the days are short for sketching, and the foliage thinning, and the sky a colder blue above the flushing landscape, to try to place the waning scene upon the paper that refuses no season: and to sketch, now,

'The gleam-lighted lake;'

or to touch in

'The hill side, Thin-sprinkled with farms, Where the high woods strip sadly Their yellowing arms.'

There! all these bits I got from one portfolio—a portfolio which, if better known, would be oftener

sought.

But I must just go back to our club, and note down certain of our expeditions, besides that, which detained us so long, at the castle. Next time then, we assembled about a quaint country church. There were here, too, pleasant greys enough, and upon the shingle roof much cadmium lichen, and cool silver half-crowns of lichen all over the ancient walls; there was, moreover, which rather puzzled our sketchers at first, a pigeon-house-looking white wooden place where the steeple should have risen. But this looked rather picturesque on paper or canvas, however unpromising its appearance in Nature had been. The great point of attraction for our party, however, had been three hugestemmed mighty yew-trees, which stood, and had for hundreds of years stood, in that churchyard: giving a grand semi-transparent shade to the

ground, and a picturesque gloom to the grey building. A beautiful little vignette this made, touched in against the young green of a hopgarden, which adjoined the sleeping place of the dead. The new white crosses, and the ancient grey, and the sombre yews, with their sienna trunks, and the girlish green (so to speak) of the young and sportive hops: here, you will perceive, were materials enough for many a choice sketch. Would they had had more justice done them, we all fult.

Again, we met above a blue seabay; France smouldering in the distance, like a faint white cloud; a bold gorse-hill in full bloom in the foreground; snowy sails distinct against, yet as it were melting into, the soft hazy sea; white-winged sea-gulls dipping here and there, and setting knives to work to scratch them upon the ultramarine; dull smoke of steamers on the horizon.

Again, it was a white gabled-cottage, over its ankles in a brook; set in masses of trees, heavy and dark, and silent, in that depth of summer foliage which just goes before the change; into which, indeed, the warning streak has stolen here and there. I need not say that at this period the robins began to take a kindly interest in our work, and I felt that, even if I could have caught that breathless hush of the landscape, the scene was robbed of one its chief charms by the absence of that sweet, cheery, interpreting song.

And then we boldly ventured upon a grand autumn clump of trees. Some took fright altogether, and would not try them; some took the whole scene, some a single monarch. In one case alone might we unite to award enthusiastic praise, and collecting about the board of one successful, yet despairing workman, to exclaim unanimously, after all our own failures:

'Tis done; and see,
Backed by the sunset, which doth glorify
The orange and pale violet evening sky,
Bare on its lonely ridge, the tree! the tree!

There is something very pleasant about such a club as this whose annals I have unworthily set down. There is a pleasure in lonely ramblings; but, after all, man is a gregarious animal, and there is greater pleasure in meeting together for an amusement which is also an employment; not a harmful pursuit or a mere profitless dawdle. There is a freedom in it all, a liberty, an out-of-door feeling; and the sunny side of character comes into prominence; the stiff unbend, and the silent talk, and the shy feel at their ease; and the old grow younger. There are drawbacks, no doubt; besides the traditional bull, there is the terrific possibility of-just as you stood back to look at your oil sketch—seeing it tip forward in a light air, and—but let us draw a veil over the scene. Of course it falls on its face; and oh, the bits of grass and grit! Or you have backed on to a sedate cow that lay ruminating on the grass, and delighted your friends by shooting backwards and over the amazed animal. Or some dozen of girls and boys, mothers and babies, collect round and crowd you up, and much disconcert you, being of rather a diffident turn. They don't understand the processes; and they express their opinion in loud whispers; also, they have had onions for dinner.

However, when all is said and done, we have enjoyed our day. The communion of mind with mind, and the meeting of lighter thought with thought, in a pleasant foil-play, this was of itself healthy. And the communion with Nature: with that which is always calm amid our ceaseless perturbations; always great among our pettinesses; always fresh among our wearinesses; always new while we grow so old: is not this charming, also elevating to the mind and heart?

"O dreary life!" we cry, "O dreary life!" And still the generations of the birds Sing through our sighing, and the flocks and herds Screnely live while we are keeping strife] With Heaven's true purpose in us, as a knife Against which we may struggle! Ocean girds Unslackened the dry land-savannah-swards Unweary sweep-hills watch, unworn-and rife Meek leaves drop yearly from the forest trees, To show above the unwasted stars that pass In their old glory. O Thou God of old, Grant me some smaller grace than comes to these ! But so much patience, as a blade of grass Grows by contented through the heat and.

OCTOBER TERM AT OXFORD.

cold!

If there ever was a place purely dependent for the impression it creates upon the mind of the stranger on the external condition of the atmosphere, that place is assuredly Oxford. Seen in the glad days of summer, when the sun of June illuminates aged buildings with the light and beauty of youth the visitor -heu nimium credulus!-like the youth whom Horace apostrophizes in the Ode to Pyrrha, is sadly apt to carry away the idea that the old university town upon the Isis will be always golden, always lovely. Slightly to mould our advice upon that contained in the celebrated lyric of the Bard of the sounding Tiber, let such an one wait till he may repair to Oxford upon a typical November day, when the fog-and an Oxford fog is scarcely inferior to a London fog-hangs low over the spires and towers; when a drizzling

rain persists in steadily falling, without intermission, for four-and-twenty hours, and Addison's Walk, in Magdalen Gardens, lies ankledeep in leaves decaying or decayed; then, indeed, will he deplore the changed gods and his too childlike faith.

But even an Oxford October or November has an occasional day of a very different order-days 'when the sun is cloudless wholly,' and when the glorious tracery of St. Mary's or Magdalen Tower stands out in exquisite relief against a sky whose 'utter blue' is rendered deeper still by the touch of frost in the air; when the fact that the year is dying is forgotten in the sense of life and its fulness which the animation of the spot, the genius loci, inspires. Upon the trees some foliage will yet linger, as if loth to quit the scene of its vernal glories;

and the creepers which twine themselves round cloister-supporting pillars and black, crumbling walls, have turned to a deep, rich red. At such a time as this Oxford is the perfection of beauty-a place for every one who can to see, and when seen a place not easily to be forgotten.

Nor for these reasons alone. It is just as the year of Nature is hinting quietly at its approaching dissolution that the year of the University commences. Exactly inverting the physical order of things, Oxford begins to awake from her long vacation lethargy, and rises like a giant refreshed with sleep as autumn fairly sets in. In a word, the October term is the favourite one selected for the débût of the budding undergraduate upon the academical stage, and youth waxes green just as 'Nature is doing brown.' A certain great German historian of Rome starts the question why the lords of the earth should have selected for the situation of their capital a spot so notoriously unhealthy as that on which the seven-hilled city is built. In the same way valetudinarians might be disposed to ask why it should be the prescriptive custom for Alma Mater's younger sons to commence their residence at Oxford at a season when the conditions of the climate are the most trying. To which interrogatory, if it were put to a well-known and not a little popular university medical man, whose residence is in Beaumont Street, the answer returned would be 'Fudge! It is not Oxford which is unhealthy; it is the kind of life which some of the silly young gentlemen, when they are fresh here, persist in leading'—an observation the truth of which we entirely and unreservedly endorse.

As a rule, everybody is 'up' in the October term. Tomkins, to whom it was kindly hinted by the authorities of his college last spring that he would find the air of the country highly beneficial during the months of May and June, has made his reappearance. Smith, who is usually supposed to be the most antiquated undergraduate in the University—who, it is currently reported, has tried no less than eight times for his degree, and who has during the last twelve months been seeing what hard coaching and rustic retirement will do-suddenly turns up, and announces, amidst laughter inextinguishable, his desperate and final design of 'flooring the schools this time.' Man proposes and Providence disposes. Alas! when the schools come on the obliging clerk of that establishment will have no testamur for Mr. Smith of Brasenose. For two or three days before the first of the term, perhaps even for a week, Oxford has been in a state of initiatory Tradesmen have been ferment. busy displaying in their shop-windows a tempting assortment of 'the latest autumnal novelties '-trouserpatterns of astounding dimensions, ties of extreme loudness, and boating-jackets of all the colours, and embroidered with all the strange devices that the various colleges Walk patronize. through quadrangles of Christ Church or of Brasenose, and you will see scouts hurrying to and fro, arranging the rooms of their young masters, engaged in close colloguy with tradesmen who are anxious to secure their influence for the vast troop of freshmen which a few days more will see in all the full-fledged glory of the extremely inelegant undergraduate's gown.

But there are other sights than these peculiar to the commencement of the Michaelmas Term. Walk down the High Street; lounge quietly before the steps of St. Ambrose, and you will notice probably a highly characteristic group. That elderly gentleman is the father of the youngster who stands close beside him, and he is occupied with asking questions innumerable of the other personage who makes up the trio—the Rev. Henry Togatus, senior tutor and dean of St. Ambrose. A second look at the son, whose attitude is conspicuous, who glances nervously from his father to his tuture college superior, will be enough to tell you that our young friend is an intending freshman. Mr. Blumley père is a country rector, who has just brought up his eldest

When will hopeful to matriculate. the candidates be examined? The Rev. Henry Togatus replies that the hour fixed is ten o'clock to-morrow morning, and assures the anxious parent that at four the same day he shall be informed whether his son has or has not satisfied the college authorities as to his fitness to become a member of St. Ambrose. pleasantly adding that from the account which he has received from the head master of the school which Blumley fils has just quitted, he has little doubt that matters will terminate in a desirable manner. Young Blumley attempts a bow, handshaking ensues, and the three sepa-

Outside the door of St. Ambrose Hall are gathered some fifteen or twenty lads, all of much the same age, anxiously awaiting the vision of Mr. Togatus, who is to give them their examination papers. Many of them are public schoolboys-we reserve with all due deference the title 'men' till they have appeared before the vice-chancellor—and consequently old acquaintances. They endeavour to assume an appearance of careless indifference; but if the secrets of their hearts could be known it would be discovered that there were few who looked forward to the coming ordeal with anything approximating to apathy, and that most were endeavouring to recollect what is the rule for the second aorist imperative of some of those shockingly irregular verbs, or what is the exact construction of the elaborate figure pertaining to the forty-seventh proposition of the first book of Euclid's Elements. denly the form of Mr. Togatus looms into sight; the doors are thrown open, and writing begins.

'Paper, paper, everywhere,
And all our hearts did shrink;
Paper, paper, everywhere,
Paper and pens and ink.'

Away they scribble till one; in again at two; da capo till half-past three; and precisely at five minutes to four Blumley junior receives the glad tidings to convey to Blumley senior that his requirements are all that the college authorities demand.

In an hour afterwards the telegraph will have flashed the joyful message to all the Blumley family as they sit in the rectory drawing-room, and the Miss Blumleys will straightway commence to talk of 'my brother at St. Ambrose.' At 6'30 sharp, father and son dine together at the Mitre. A bottle of port is discussed, a world of good advice is given. Young Blumley is implored to read, not to run into debt, for there are other young Blumleys who will require a university education in due course, and to conduct himself with propriety; to steer clear of fast sets, and never to absent himself from morning chapel. Let us hope that when Christmas comes this young gentleman will be able to return to his Lares and Penates with the comfortable conviction that the paternal precepts have been carried out into practice; and let young Blumley be very sure of this-crede experto-that it is the first term which will determine for good or for evil the whole character of his subsequent career, on the very sound maxim that ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute.

Saturday is usually fixed as the opening day of term, and on Sunday morning it is expected that young Oxford duly presents himself in chapel. We will have a glimpse of each day and of the scenes which they severally present. We would strongly recommend any young gentleman who commences his university career in the month of October to eschew entering Oxford by the last train at night, that is, if he has a wholesome objection to undergoing an infinite amount of inconvenience and discomfort. He will find himself in the midst of an overwhelming crowd of arrivals; he will search for his luggage amidst a perfect chaos of hat-boxes, portmanteaus, and cases of books; he will clamour fruitlessly for a cab, and will generally find himself in the lurch. This by the way. To shift the scene from the station itself to inside the college walls. What a contrast is presented to the gloom and desertion of a week since! Lights shine out from the windows: and from within merry voices are

heard. About this period the various occupants of these illuminated chambers are engaged in the celebration of supper, and in comparing their different experiences of the long vacation. 'A horrid nuisance coming up here,' says young Jenkins, 'just as the pheasant-shooting is coming on, and the governor's coverts are in such splendid form. However, I ought not perhaps to complain, for I had a rattling good month on the Perthsbire moors, and have had more than my turn at the partridges.' So speaks Jenkins, in a manner scarcely consistent with fact, for our friend's father is a rather impecunious Welsh parson, holding a poorly-endowed living, and of whom it would be as reasonable to talk as possessing elephant-jungles as pheasant-coverts. 'Well, Fumble, exclaims another, what have you been doing with yourself for the last few months? Ah, mon cher,' replies Fumble, who assumes a continental and anti-British air, 'Tyrol, Bavaria, and that sort of thing, you know;' the real truth being that Fumble, after much persussion, induced his father to furnish him with funds sufficient to make the regular Swiss round. Such instances of embellishment of facts as these, however, ought perhaps to be looked upon as the generous extravagances of youth. Any way they are exceptional. Listen again and you shall hear a thousand and one stories told of readingparties in North Wales, by the Scotch lakes; of yachting-trips round the islands of Shetland and Orkney, which we will venture to remark to young Oxford, when properly managed, are at once the cheapest and most enjoyable way of spending six weeks or a couple of months; of walking tours, salmonfishing, and what not. Altogether the evening on which college chums meet after the long vacation, making every due allowance for the occasional fiction which the youthful passion for effect begets, is a very enjoyable time. Probably there never was, or never will be, an undergraduate who did not thoroughly appreciate the luxury, for luxury it is, of being once more the independent and autocratic tenant of his own snug rooms.

The chapel at St. Ambrose is one of the finest specimens extant of Elizabethan architecture. quarter to eight on the first Sunday in term the bell commences to sound, and the undergraduate, roused from his slumbers by the vigorous interruption of his scout, takes a wild leap into his tub, hurries on his clothes, thrusts himself violently into his gown, and rushes through the drizzle and mist of an Oxford October morning to the chapel-door. More old friends are met, more topics are discussed during the few intervening minutes that await ere the service is commenced. The bell tingles more rapidly as the 'dons' in single file troop in; the last tintinnabulation is sounded and the doors are closed. Here you will see the freshmen contingent in great force. Young Blumley bears in mind his father's exhortation and is duly there, in company with many others whose status in the University is precisely the same. On the whole the service in a college chapel on the first morning of October term is impressive. It ushers a number of lads into a new life-life at Oxford. What will they do with it?

There is probably more lounging done at Oxford between the months of October and December than at any other period of the year. Men who boat and men who hunt are actively busy enough; but men who do neither are apt to find the time hang somewhat heavily on their hands. Snaffle of Merton, who keeps three hunters, regards the Michaelmas term as the acme of academical felicity. Now as Snaffle is a youth of property in the present and expectations of still more in the future, why should he not? Nature has endowed him with no great intellectual gifts, but she has given him a kindly disposition and a good seat on horseback. The former he finds gratified by his posthunting dinners at the Mitre; the latter by a good gallop with the South Berkshire hounds. There is no finer specimen of muscular youth than the young Oxonian, who hunts

because he has been accustomed to the sport, and who has the means to follow out his wishes. Moreover, Snaffle is, what only very few young Oxford men are, a capital rider, and in this, as in other respects, very different from Wiggins, who hunts, because he has an idea that in so doing he achieves the correct thing. The greatest hour of Wiggins' triumph is not when he finds that the hounds have a good scent, and that the fox has taken a fine open line of country, but when, on arriving at Bagley Wood, he discovers that there is no fox to be got—that covert after covert is fruitlessly drawn; and when somewhat prematurely returning home, he displays his pink to his admiring comrades as he slowly walks up the High Street, and professes to a select circle of friends, grouped upon the steps of his college, his extreme disappointment at the mortification of a blank day. Snaffle is a proper and pleasing phenomenon enough of the October term, but we would sooner have as few of the Wiggins type as possible.

Let us return to the freshman, who, on the whole, is the most prominent feature of this period of the academical year. As he sits solus at breakfast in his rooms, or possibly in the company of some newly-made friend of his own standing, or perhaps some old school chum, his door reverberates with knock after He may listen to much the same sound a year hence, but they will inspire different feelings then and be attended with very different results. Enter a tradesman's touter. Then ensues the obsequious bow followed by the production of a Can he (the touter) serve Mr. Blank with anything to-day? Mr. Blank, perhaps bearing in mind the paternal exhortation, sternly replies in the negative. Ah! that is a pity, but perhaps Mr. Blank will kindly bear 'us' in mind whenever he wants clothes, tobacco. cigars, ironmongery, or wines, as the case may be. In the afternoon our friend Blank, in default of anything better to do, strolls up the High Street. On all sides, shops dealing in every conceivable species of goods

make their tempting show. occurs to Blank, that after all he does require a coat, or a pound of cigars, or a dozen or so of wine in addition to the home-sent supply. It is a delicious feeling that of walking into any storehouse of goods you like, ordering whatever you please. and commanding the shopman to despatch them to your rooms. 'What name, sir?' inquires that insinuating individual. This little ceremony is easily complied with: and when our freshman returns to dinner at six he will find his chamber stored with the commodities in the acquisition of which the afternoon's The thought stroll has terminated. may possibly come across him, as he gazes at his newly-acquired property, that the time when payment will be desiderated may some time or other But what of that argues come. Blank: I am in my first term now. and 'sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.

This, briefly stated, is the exact programme of the Oxford credit system. Jones, Brown, or Robinson, upon commencing academical life, discovers that within reasonable limits, provided he is a member of a good college, is a young fellow of decent address, and manages to appear in company which tradesmen respect, he may gratify his every wish. Of course the period of reckoning will arrive; and even the Oxford shopman will not suffer himself always to be fed upon hopes, and staved off with promises and new orders. But providence is not the characteristic of youth. Before knowing it almost, the undergraduate may sow for himself a crop of debts which will embarrass him for Now, whose fault is this? The subject has received some painful illustrations lately, made known to the world through the columns of the newspapers, and is deserving of some attention. In this case, as in that of most systems which are radically wrong, there must be some one to blame. Say a number of those wiseacres who are always ready to favour the public with their scheme of reform for this and every other evil, let the college tutors be held responsible for the extravagance of undergraduates. If this were really done, it is in the first place impossible that the end desired would be really gained; in spite of any precautions of this kind, loopholes for inordinate expenditure would still be found. In the second place, the step could not be taken without coercing to an extent that is highly undesirable the free action of the undergraduate, and without limiting his own responsibility exactly in proportion as that of his college guardian would be increased. One of the great advantages of an Oxford education is, or should be, that it enables a lad to enter life with a certain fund of experience already acquired. The world of the Universities is, after all, merely a miniature edition of the great world outside; and young men are sent to Oxford and to Cambridge at an age when it is of vital necessity that they should begin, at any rate, to learn how to take care of themselves that they should, as it were, rehearse the great lesson of life. The true remedy for the evil of the Oxford credit system is to be found not in increasing the responsibility of the college tutors, and diminishing that of the undergraduates, but in shifting it entirely upon the tradesmen themselves. A man of moderate means in after life can only gain credit to that extent which his income warrants. In the same way let Oxford tradesmen clearly understand that it rests upon them to discover a lad's prospects, and that having done this, they must trust their customers accordingly, and little more will be heard of the oft-repeated theme of University extravagance.

Perhaps it is by the banks of the Isis that this freshness and fulness of Oxford life in the October term are most completely seen. It is a busy time with captains of college boat clubs; it isn't too busy with that portion of young Oxford which prefers handling a gun to feathering a scull. Pigeon shooting is never likely to become very catholic as a University amusement, but nevertheless the London Gun Club has its imitation in Oxford, Let the afternoon be fine and bright, and you

may stroll down by the river-side as far as you may, and come across different specimens of academical existence in infinite varieties. Your boating man is discernible at a glance; he has been handled sufficiently often and with sufficient effect in the pages of 'London Society:' we will dismiss him now. rough pea jacket, his ample flannels. and his oft-folded comforter are known well. The hour is three, and the day is perfection. It seems as if two-thirds of the members of the University of Oxford had agreed to display themselves on the fair pastures of the Berkshire side. You may see the college don largely represented—from old Snuffle, who looks upon the pastimes of the young Oxford with a kind of cynical contempt, down to Mr. O'Brien, most popular of tutors, most athletic of college deans. There, too, is every conceivable species of the undergraduate—fast and slow, studious and non-studious, aquatic and non-Costumes of every description are to be met with, from the rough shaggy terrier monkey-jacket worn now, as in the days of Verdant Green, to the last elaborate coat which Mesars. Foster and Co. have been able to turn out for the young Oxford exquisite. Suddenly you hear a sharp 'Crack, crack;' you look to the left and you discover a. number of young gentlemen engaged in waging war against the fowls of the air, in the shape of pigeons. The amusement is considered correct and distingué; it is, in fact, to a certain extent the thing to do. Round the marksmen are gathered together groups of singularly villanous-looking men, accompanied by the 'dawgs' of the period. Round about, scattered at intervals, ragged. urchins are discerned, on the lookout for those of the birds which may escape with a wound, as, in truth, a good many manage to do, while possibly a majority run the gauntlet without experiencing injurious effects of any kind whatever.

But if the Michaelmas term is emphatically the month of freshmen, and its general characteristics are such as they have here been described, it possesses certain other features

without an allusion to which any portrayal of its peculiarities would be sadly inadequate. Just as the old Roman conquerors used to drive their triumphant cars with a kind of tiger perched behind, in the shape of a captive in chains, less to enhance the impression of their own magnificence than to serve as a seasonable memento of the possible reverses of fortune, so before the eyes of the thoughtless throng there ever looms in sight amid the fun and frivolity of the October term, amid its pleasant social gatherings, round the nightly fire, the dispiriting vision of the grim phantom of the 'schools.' is the skeleton which sits at all their feasts-the sword which is ever

suspended above the head of Damocles. The budding freshman as he commences to enter into the life and spirit of the place, looks forward with a tremulous shiver to the approaching end of the term, when smalls must be faced. Johnson, who is some six months his senior, has his own special interest in moderations: and as for Smith, patriarch of undergraduates, his trying ordeal has been already hinted at. But the merefact of such a dénouement in store does but serve to add further justification to our observation that Oxford. if it is wished to witness it in the vigorous strength of its young academical year, should be seen as it is in the October term.

EVERY-DAY ADVENTURES.

No. II.—At Margate.

By ANDREW HALLIDAY.

DEWARE of the person who hates Margate. Rely upon it that person is a snob—one who apes gentility, one who has no sympathy with the great mass of humanity.

Ask him why he hates Margate, and he will answer, 'Because it is such a vulgar cockney place.' Well, certainly, Margate is vulgar in the common acceptation of that word, and it is not to be denied that its frequenters come chiefly from Cockaigne; but if there is not much refinement at Margate, there is a vast deal of frank heartiness, which, though vulgarly expressed, is very refreshing to witness.

As a rule the visitor to Margate

does not pretend to be better than he is. He is not ashamed of his shop in London—it may be in Whitechapel; he is not ashamed of his homely missus, nor of his swarm of children. He does not care who knows it—he is plain John Smith, boot and shoemaker of the Mile End Road (repairs neatly executed), and he is there for a little recreation and for the benefit of his health and that of his family. If he meets a neighbour from the Mile

End Road he is heartily glad to see

him, and the idea of cutting any one,

or being cut, never enters his honest head. If he can afford it he takes lodgings on the Fort or in the Royal Crescent; but the swell location does not make him at all proud. He carries with him the habits that are natural to him: sits down to tes in his shirt-sleeves, and smokes a long pipe in the balcony. He murders the Queen's English, but he is a loyal subject; he calls his wife 'the missus,' but he is a good husband; he refers to his children as 'the kids,' but he is an affectionate father; he drops his h's, but his 'eart' is a heart for all that.

I have far more toleration for vulgarity than for that hateful thing gentility. Vulgarity may drop it has, take tea in its shirt-sleeves, and smoke long pipes in a balcony, but it pretends to nothing, conceals nothing, and when it grasps you by the hand and says it is glad to see you it means it. Whereas gentility, as a rule, is continually torturing itself to keep up appearances. You will see the sort of gentility I mean if you step over to Ramsgate. There it walks about, stiff and starched, never for a moment unbending to a ride on a donkey, or a dance in the public rooms. It is miserably poor,

but it dines at seven o'clock on a scrag of mutton, prefaced by a sardine by way of fish. It will have table napkins, plated forks, and finger-glasses, but not enough to eat. If you call upon it, it will have nothing to offer you but a cold shake of the hand and some genteel talk. It is too genteel to send to the public for some refreshment to give you. It cannot afford wine, and it is above beer. How different from hearty vulgarity at Margate, who, without asking you, runs off to Love Lane in his shirt-sleeves, and himself, in his own jug, fetches you a pot of Cobb's treble X!

There is something in the very aspect of Margate, as it dawns upon the view of the approaching visitor, suggestive of this comfortable homeliness and freedom from restraint. How often have I heard vulgar people on board the boat exclaim as St. Peter's church and the three windmills hove in sight, 'Dear old Margate!' For myself I am not ashamed to say that I love Margate; not the native people there, nor the freeand-easy enjoyments which the place affords, but the grey old town itself, for ever pleasantly associated with the fort, and the parade, and the assembly room in Cecil Square (which was once genteel), and above all the There is but one jetty, and Margate possesses it. My heart warms to that jetty, when I first catch a glimpse of it running forth into 'the sea, knee deep among the waves, to give me welcome. I can remember when it was a humble thing of wooden laths, which the sea covered when the tide was up, when visitors made their way across its slimy steps, as upon stepping-stones, affording much amusement to the vulgar boys on shore, as they slipped and flopped among the water which flowed over it. That remembrance leads me to compare the Margate of that day with the Margate of this.

Every one who loves to go to Margate loves to make the journey by 'the boat.' You don't mind returning by rail, or running up and down by rail, once you have been there; but when you pay your first autumnal visit you prefer the boat. It is pleasant to renew acquaintance

with the stages of the delightful old journey. To look out for them as you glide along, to tell them off as you pass them by — Greenwich, Woolwich, Sheerness, the Buoy at the Nore—what an old Buoy he is getting—Reculvers, with its double tower, and then dear old Margate!

The first thing that struck me on going on board the Prince of Wales at London Bridge was that there were more aft passengers than in former years, and that the female portion of them exhibited more elegance and taste in dress. They were the same sort of people, but they seemed to be better off, or at least to be better dressed. A symptom pointing in the same direction was presented by the aft-cabin table when it was laid for dinner. Elegance and luxury had crept in. When I first voyaged by this very boat to Margate, the forks had three prongs of steel, now they have four of silver, or something like it. In those days the chief ornament of the table was some substantial joint, now the field of the cloth of damask glows with flowers and sparkles with crystal goblets. Then a single beer tumbler was sufficient, now each cover is flanked by three thin wine glasses, a pink one for hock, a green one for claret, and a crystal cup on a scientific stem for champagne. At the sight of all this I begin to tremble for Margate. Is she—feminine gender, I think—grown genteel?

When dinner began my mind was at once relieved. The voyager called for 'ock and sham, and was not particular which glass he used. He drank his wine as he used to drink his bottled beer, jollily. If there had been no wine he would have been content with beer. He would not have pretended that he never drank beer. No, he has not grown genteel, he is only better off.

I cannot help pausing here to remark upon the many evidences which we see around us of people generally being better off than they were ten yearsago. We see them in the increased consumption of butchers' meat by the lower class, and in the growing familiarity of the middle class with luxuries. In lodging-houses, and in the parlours behind

shops, wine has taken the place of beer at the dinner-table.

It is wonderful how the taste for claret is spreading among the people. At many common publichouses claret is sold by the tumbler. I am told that during the extreme heat of the summer claret and iced water was a favourite drink of the cabmen. There's luxury for you! Praise be to Mr. Gladstone!

At the tables of the rich it has become the custom to serve as many varieties of wine as there are varieties of food. The same custom prevails at public dinners, and hence it is that public dinners have become so noisy and disorderly. The unaccustomed get tipsy before the dinner is half over. We sadly want reform in this matter. The quantity of dinner wine must be reduced. It is lavished beyond all reason and all requirement, merely, as it appears to me, to swell the tavern-keeper's bill. No wise man will get up to speak at a public dinner after the third or fourth toast. He is sure to be insulted either by deliberate in-

In the meantime we have arrived at Margate. What a crowd on the jetty! Surely all the children of the kingdom of Cockaigne are here. It is the husbands' boat—Saturday evening—wives and daughters ravenous for food and affection. Literally this is what I overheard. Palo girl in blue gored skirt and little sailor's hat, tilted up behind by her chignon, loquitor:—

terruptions or by noisy indifference.

'Oh! papa, I'm so glad you are come, for we've had nothing to eat for three days.'

She spoke for her mamma and her sister. I am sure papa, who was a remarkably good-natured looking paterfamilias, had not kept them short of money. I felt assured that he had left them their full allowance for the week; but they had been 'too free,' as the Margate phrase goes. They had indulged overmuch in donkeys and basket chaises; in visits to the Hall by the Sea and the Assembly Rooms; in excursions to Ramsgate, Kingsgate, Broadstairs, Pegwell Bay, Minster, and Sandwich, not to say Deal, Dover, and Canterbury. I don't believe for a

moment it was literally true that they had had nothing to eat for two days, but that it was merely hyperbole for two days of short commons. I cannot affect Lord Byron's horror of a young lady eating; but it is painful to think of a young lady with fashionable clothes on her back going without necessary food. I'd rather see her gnawing a bone.

It is, I confess, a sordid sight, when the 'husband's boat comes in, to see wives and daughters turning Paterfamilias's pockets inside out the moment he steps on shore. I remember a very little pater who belonged to a very big mater and three tall filize, who, as he walked along the jetty, with a carpet-bag in one hand and a bundle of umbrellas and sticks in the other, was suggestive of a goose being plucked. Mother and daughters took advantage of the paternal hands being occupied to dive their hands into all his pockets one after the other. Once I detected the tallest daughter smothering her absurd little father with kisses, while the other one, assisted by her mother, deprived him of his loose cash. And the fond little goose seemed to like

It is evident, from the great crowd on the jetty, that Margate is very full. I am told that lodgings are at a premium. I find it so. Mrs. Foat, Mrs. Paramor (old county name, I am told), Mrs. Philpott, and the other native landladies all opening their mouths very wide and talking of outrageous sums in guineas. I try to moderate the rigour of Mrs. Foat's demand by pleading that I will give no trouble. To which Mrs. F—— replies, not impudently, but seriously and in good faith, 'I don't mind trouble, but I must have the money.'

A fly-driver said something of the same kind when I remonstrated with him for 'cheeking' two ladies who declined to hire his vehicle.

'That is not the way to get customers,' said I, reprovingly.

'Customers be —,' said the savage; 'I don't want no customers; I want their money.'

Landladies, fly-drivers, and tradespeople were all very independent when I arrived. 'Take it or leave it' was the motto all over the town, except in the dry goods shops, where, the articles exposed for sale not being necessities, politeness was at all times overpowering. Dry Goods was willing to 'send home' as little as sixpennyworth; but Messieurs Butcher, Fishmonger, and Poulterer would only 'deliver' when it suited them. If you looked twice at a sole or a fowl they deliberately took the goods up from under your eyes and tossed them aside, as much as to say, 'I can't take up my time with you.'

I heard a lady timidly suggest that some fowls were dear.

'Dear!' said the polite poulterer; 'it's you that's got no money.'

But a great change came over the spirits of Madame Lodginghousekeeper and Messieurs Butcher, Fishmonger, Poulterer, and Fly-driver when the wind veered round to the sou'-west and blew up rain. Every boat went up crowded with shuddering visitors, flying to the comforts of home. The two stations were besieged at every train time. 'Lets' are hung out all over the town, like flags of distress; flymen are importuning you; Mr. Fishmonger will send you home a three-halfpenny bloater: Mr. Poulterer will take half-a-crown. and thank you, for the capon which he asked you four shillings for yesterday, and said, 'If you didn't like it you might lump it.' While the rain lasts Margate is civil; when the weather clears up, and boat and rail pour more visitors into the town, it once more puts on its cap of That cap is by no impudence. means a fool's cap.

I cannot, however, be very indignant with these bold brigands. They tell you very candidly that if they do not rob industriously while the season lasts they must starve in the winter.

I can see at a glance that Margate has been making great progress, and has gone up rapidly in the estimation of the holiday-making public. I remember a time—not many years ago—when it was thought that the glory had departed from Margate for ever. The fortunes of Margate, however, took a turn, and the present

season is the most brilliant that the old town has ever seen.

I ascribe this to the increased and increasing attractions of the place. to the greater variety of amusements and entertainments which it affords. The influence of Messrs. Spiers and Pond is discernible all over the town. Stimulated by the bright and lively example of the Hall by the Sea, the old Assembly Rooms in Cecil Square have put on quite a new appearance. The rooms themselves and the approaches, once so dingy and depressing in aspect, have been cleaned, painted, and deco-The large room on the ground floor, which used to be a gloomy smoking den, has been turned into a public bar, opening upon the colonnade, where visitors sit under shelter and take refreshment at marble tables—the bar suggestive of New York, the marble tables and seats outside suggestive of Paris. At the side there is a restaurant where excellent dinners are served, and served elegantly. There was nothing of this kind in Margate previous to the advent of Spiers and Pond, with their marble and coloured glass and flowers, so grateful to the eye and so inviting to those who have a taste for ele-Messrs. Spiers and Pond were. I believe, the first to render public bars attractive by a display of tastefully-arranged glass of various colours interspersed with vases of flowers. They were the first, too, to recognize the agreeable effect of ladylike girls behind the bar in place of the sloppy, horny-handed counter scrubber and the rough, sulky barman in his shirt-sleeves. It relishes your glass of wine or tankard of beer vastly to have it presented to you daintily by a tidy, nicely-dressed girl, with clean, white hands and pleasant manners. places of public entertainment in Margate now abound with these attractions — coloured agreeable glass, flowers, and neat - handed Phillises everywhere.

Competition within reasonable limits is always wholesome. When the Assembly Rooms stood alone in offering the delights of music and dancing to the visitors, they were but poorly patronized; but now that rivalry has been established, it is found that where formerly there was not room for one there is ample room for two. During my stay the Hall by the Sea and the Assembly Rooms were both crowded almost every evening. The entertainments at both were of a high order, and the after dancing was conducted with the greatest propriety and decorum. A controversy was raging between the proprietors, Mr. Villiers on the one hand and Messrs. Spiers and Pond, represented by Mr. Hingston, on the other, as to which place of entertainment, the Assembly Rooms or the Hall by the Sea, was the more genteel. If I might be allowed to decide, I would say that they both offer as much gentility as can possibly be secured at any place where the price of admission is only a shilling. I observed no impropriety at either place, nor any symptom of anything that needs deter Materfamilias from visiting the entertainments in company with her daughters. When I first made the acquaintance of Margate, the only rivals to the Assembly Rooms were certain bazaars in the High Street, where raffles for all kinds of rubbishing prizes were carried on to the discordant jangling of planes. These places have long been swept away, and gambling for tea-trays and chimney-ornaments is no longer a feature of the holiday life of Margate.

Another evidence of the progress of Margate is to be seen in the fact that the theatre, once so remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow, was this year visited by some of the London theatrical stars of the first magnitude - Mr. Benjamin Webster, Mr. Charles Mathews, Miss Furtado, Miss Amy Sedgwick, Mr. John Clarke, Mr. John Toole, &c. On the night of my visit to the T. R. M. there was a full house to witness Miss Sarah Thorne, the I came manageress, play Leah. away wondering how it had happened that an actress who displayed so much intellectuality and refinement had never reached the London boards. In a little girl, who played a boy's part in Mr. Byron's burlesque of 'La Sonnambula,' I saw the neatest, most piquant, most fascinating actress of the class that I had set eyes on since Miss Marie Wilton took all our hearts by storm by her acting of the little milkmaid in 'Perdita.' By reference to the bill, I see that the name of this pretty little animated china ornament, à la Watteau, is Clara Thorne. Now then, managers, run for the prize; only two hours and a quarter by the London, Chatham, and Dover.

Another and most conclusive evidence that Margate is taking a new lease of life as a popular watering-place is the fact that since last season upwards of a hundred new houses have been added to the town. These new houses will be found chiefly on the Fort. conspicuous among them being a fine hotel, containing a large number of handsome apartments overlooking the sea on one side and the fields on the other. I can testify that they provide excellent dinners at this hotel. The choice cookery and the elegant service mark a wonderful stride in the progress of Margate. Half a dozen

years ago the visitor accustomed to

'dine' had no choice beyond the

tavern ordinary at two or three

hours there was positively nothing

to eat except cold meat, chops,

o'clock.

Before or after those

steaks, shrimps, and oysters. The mention of the last-named bivalvular esculent—a fine phrase that!—recals a visit which I paid one forenoon to a little wooden shop—the last but two, I think, in the High Street, right-hand side going up from the harbour. This is the old original oyster-shop, the oldest in Margate. Walk in, and you will find behind the counter the old original oyster-man. will tell you that fifty years ago he lived and sold oysters in that little wooden shop. He lives and sells oysters there still. His business has been at one time or other wholesale, retail, and for exportation. He has had more oysters through his hands than any man living. He sold two dozen of na-

tives to Charles Lamb on the

memorable occasion when Elia went down by the hoy. Charles paid dozen. The sixpence for his two dozen. present writer paid two shillings for the same number; that is to say, twopence apiece. But it was say, twopence apiece. worth all the money to have the opportunity of talking with a man who sold oysters to Charles Lamb at Margate. Indulging in oyster talk with the venerable proprietor, I ventured to remark that twopence each was not so much after all. when we considered that an oyster took three years to come to maturity. (I think I had learned this fact in natural history from the letters and articles of the oysterculturists in the newspapers.)

The original oyster-man smiled

contemptuously.

'Why, sir,' he said, 'the oysters you are now eating are six years old. Natives are never in their prime until they are five or six years.'

'What constitutes a native?' I asked this for information.

Answer of the Old Original. 'An oyster brought up and fed on the coast of England. O. O. goes on to explain. Foreign oysters are not so good as English ones; but if you catch a foreign oyster young and bring him over here for his rearing he will become native and to the manner born. In the English bed he is born over again; the English sea is his alma mater. In two years he will lose every trace and twang of his! French origin, and speak to your palate like a native. If this is correct natural history, the boast which we have given over as regards men is at least true as regards oysters. One English oyster is worth two French ones; in fact, the British oyster is the molluscous pride of the ocean.

It will rejoice the oyster-lover to learn, on the authority of the Old Original, that oysters are likely in coming years to be more plentiful, and consequently less expensive. The oyster, like other crops, depends for its abundance upon a genial spring. Although it is a cold-blooded creature, the oyster requires warmth to nourish it in its tender infancy. The mild spring of the

present year was highly favourable to the young oysters; so that in three years' time we may expect a

full crop.

Not the least agreeable feature of the visitor life of Margate during the past season was the prevalence of pretty girls. They were as thick as daisies in a meadow in spring time. You could not take six steps in any direction without meeting either a pretty girl or an attractively-dressed girl. And now-a-days the plainest girls seem to be able to make themselves attractive. If their features fail them they turn their hair to account; or if they can make nothing whatever of their heads they have still a last resource in their feet. Nature is wonderfully kind to girls. She rarely deprives them of every kind of attraction. If she does not give them pretty faces, she gives them good figures or neat feet and ankles. It is a theory of mine—founded upon long and curious observation—that pretty-faced girls rarely have good feet and ankles. On the other hand, I have noticed that girls who are deficient in facial beauty are generally compensated by a graceful treatment of the lower extremi-How often, my bachelor ties. friend, have you been led a dance after a girl by a pretty pair of ankles and a natty little foot, to find at last, when you peeped under the veil, that she was as grim as a witch or as old as your grandmother? Two very important elements of female beauty at the present time are a chignon and a pair of high-heeled kid boots. Place these two articles on a table, or, if you like, on a crimson cushion, like regalia, and they look sufficiently vulgar and commonplace. But place that mop of hair artistically on the top of a little head, fit those boots upon a pair of neat little feet, and you produce an effect that is positively ravishing. It is the foot that gives beauty to the boot. Did you ever notice an old, worn, trodden-down, discarded boot lying in the gutter? What a coarse, sordid, repulsive thing it is! You would not touch it with a tongs. But look at this dainty little pair outside No. 6 in the corridor!

Adolphus, who is smitten with the fair wearer, declares them to be a thing of beauty and a joy for ever.

I have seen the rise and fall of many fashions at Margate. fashion of the present year is the prettiest of them all. A blue serge skirt clinging to the figure, a jacket of the same, with broad sailor's collar, both trimmed with white braid. A very tiny straw hat with blue ribbon, perched on the bump of benevolence, the brim of the hat turned up coquettishly behind by the chignon. The hair flowing in a lovely cataract down the back. High-heeled boots, with laced ankle pieces, and tassel hanging down in front. On girls and children this dress is charming; but stout Materfamilias looks a fright in it. There is nothing more ridiculous than an old cat pretending to be a kitten; yet the old cat, when she sits quietly by the fireside dozing, with her tail tucked in, is a highly respectable animal. She may catch mice, but she should not play with reels of cotton.

I observed that shoes were making an effort to assert themselves at Margate. I saw a wonderful pair one day on the jetty. They were supported by very high red heels, causing the fair wearer to look as if she were walking on her toes, and were adorned by a large blue rosette in front. I think the young lady was a missionary for the propagation of shoes; for she was most persistent in showing off her feet. When she grew tired of marching about like a militiaman practising the

step, she sat down on the side of the Jetty, and swung her feet about under the eyes of all who passed. The shoes were much commented upon; but I don't think they damaged the prospects of boots.

You may be very gay at Margate, or you may be very grave. It is but a step, so to speak, from the flirtations of the jetty, and the giddy revels of the Hall by the Sea, to the quiet shades of the long avenue at Minster, planted by the monks of old. Here are the restored remains of the first Christian church erected in this country. Here was Christianity first preached to our rude forefathers and foremothers, dressed not in blue serge or broadcloth, but in blue paint. The Isle of Thanet is the garden of Britain's Christianity. Here were planted the seeds of the faith that civilized us. At every step you stumble upon some monument of those venerable Dreaming of those old days and calling up before you the images of the saints, and good men and women who laboured in this vineyard when it was choked and tangled with briars and thorns, listening in imagination to the solemn tolling of the convent bell, or the sweet sound of vespers, you may wander alone from village to village, and from church to church, in an ecstasy of If you the keenest enjoyment. should feel the gay holiday life of Margate to be ridiculous, you have but to take a single step outside the town to find yourself in the midst of the sublime.

LONDON LYRICS.

The Faces.

A TERROR is in the city,
By night and by day,
And whenever that terror passes
I tremble and pray,
And the eye of my soul closes swiftly
To shut it away.

Not the sneer of the worldling,
The smirk of the saint,
Not the poor lost women
With their smile of paint,
But faces, and ever faces,
With a warning faint.

Faces, and ever faces,
They pass on the stream,—
Piteous human faces,
Like things in a dream;
Morning and night, and most awful
In the gaslight gleam.

Faces, terrible faces,
With a tale unsaid,
Fixed human faces
Whence the light has fled,
Faces, and ever faces,
Where the soul is dead.

Faces, lost pale faces,
Of the rich or the poor,
Faces of hearts where meanness
Hath eat to the core,
Faces—the signs of spirits
That muse no more.

The sadness of these faces
Is sad beyond belief,
Meaner than the shrill sorrow
Of the harlot or the thief;
The gladness of these faces
Is sadder than their grief.

Oh, there seems hope for evil,
Though bloodiest crime befall,—
But life that hath neither beauty
Nor foulness—it is so small!
Alas, for the frozen spirits
That do not stir at all!

They gather the gold and raiment,
They buy and they pay;
But, ah! at the glimpse of their faces
I tremble and pray,
And the eye of my soul closes quickly
To shut them away.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

IS IT THE FIRST?

DEAR Bella, you've shown me this morning
The rarest of tropical blooms,
Your greenhouse and hothouse adorning
With exquisite tints and perfumes.
There are plants of great beauty abound there
With buds just preparing to burst.
But—see—here is something I found there,
Now tell me, dear,—is it the First?

No! It is not a Japanese lily—
It is not a rose of Cashmere—
Don't smile, miss, and say I am silly,
Or else you will make me severe!
It's a something I chanced to discover
Where the flowerpot yonder's reversed.
It's a small billet doux from a lover:
And, Bella, pray—is it the First?

Confess that you know who 'twas hid it—
'You cannot divine, on your word!'
You don't 'spect it growed there'—now did it?
I don't think 'twas brought by a bird.
Is it one of those favourite cuttings
That the whole winter long you have nursed?
Come! It's useless attempting rebuttings,
So tell me, dear,—is it the First?

Well, give me some slight information
My doubts on the subject to clear.
'Tis a note of—I guess—admiration;
And mine's interrogative, dear!
No! I don't mean to give up the letter
Till the postman's full charge is disbursed.
So please pay the fee—you had better—
By answering—is it the First?

Oh! it's useless to get in a passion
At Chance which your secret unveils.
You know flowerpots placed in that fashiou
Are meant to catch earwigs and snails!
And I just turned it up to inspect it
For earwigs—or slugs at the worst!
"Twas by chance that I came to detect it,
So tell me, now,—is it the First?

Nay! I'll not give it up till you tell me.

'Tis vain to petition and sue.

You know that you cannot compel me
Unless I'm assured it's for you!

So let's have the truth—the whole truth, dear,
For which I confess I'm a-thirst.

Come, who is the fortunate youth, dear,
Who wrote it—and is it the First?

Unless, miss, this silence soon ceases,
You'll pay for it dearly! For, mind,
I shall tear it in thousands of pieces,
And scatter the bits to the wind.
You'd grieve were the tender epistle
By pitiless breezes dispersed
Far and wide—like the down of a thistle:
So answer me—is it the First?

Do you know what we do with the vermin Thus under a flowerpot found? You'd scarce wish that fate to determine The end of this note, I'll be bound! You'll hope that no letter so sweet 'll Be e'er in hot water immersed,

As we serve master earwig or beetle—
So you'd better say—is it the First?

You won't? Then I'm bound to destroy it—
My eloquence moves you no whit.
Oh! I see that it's vain to employ it
While you're in an obstinate fit.
What's that? Oh! 'You'll answer my question,
But will not be forced or coerced!'
My love! who made any suggestion
Of that kind? Well! Is it the First?

OUR TRIP IN 'THE DULCINEA.'

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'YACHTING ROUND THE WEST OF ENGLAND.'

'I HAVE had a little surprise today,' I said to my wife, as I returned home from my chambers somewhat later than usual, for I still went there every day to read the paper, that people might not say that I was an idle man.

'A surprise, what was it?'

'What do you think? You'll never guess. I heard a knock at the door, and my clerk came in with a brief. It was sent by Spriggs. You remember Spriggs—rather short and stout—he called here one day?'

You mean the man who brought all the black mud into the drawingroom. Oh! indeed, I well remember him, and so does the housemaid. She couldn't get it out of the carpets for three days afterwards.'

'Well, my dear, I dare say Mr. Spriggs isn't a very fashionable man, but he's better than fashionable, he's a thoroughly good fellow. He sent me my first brief, and now he has sent me my second. Didn't I tell you I met him last week in the Strand?'

'No, you did not. You never tell

me who you meet.'

'I think I did, my dear; you were not attending. He asked me where I had been last summer, and said how much he envied me, and how fond he was of the sea. I did not say anything definitely to him, but I should like to ask him to come with us for a cruise. He is not looking quite the thing—not so fat, or I should say so firm as he was. Office-work is very trying to the health; I know it from experience.'

'But don't you think, Joseph, that as you are getting into business, we had better remain in town

this year?'

'I can't say I do; I think the fresh sea-air will do us all more good than any business I shall ever Pesides, the best way of increasing my practice is by showing

attention to Spriggs.'
'Very well,' she replied, 'just as you like. I'll ask Miss Muggleton to meet him. She called here yesterday, and she makes herself so

agreeable.

Now Miss Muggleton was one of that large class of persons of whom people say that they must have been very handsome in their youth, although all that can be safely asserted is that they are not so at present. She had passed the age of silence and retirement, and had become very confident and insinuating; and although she had probably conquered few, had certainly alarmed many. For eligible bachelors she had a honied and penetrating smile, but she had certain strong opinions on religion and politics, which she expressed with laudable boldness to married and unqualified men. Her volubility was most astonishing, and her attempts at pleasantry, innumerable repetitions, and general drifting about from one subject to another. invariably produced upon me a sensation of weakness and giddiness.

'Must we have Miss Muggleton?'

I replied, faintly.

'Well, I should think Miss Muggleton is as good as Mr. Spriggs,' retorted my wife.

'Oh, certainly,' I replied.

'One of the Muggletons of Muggleton, one of the oldest families in England. Her mother was second cousin of a niece of Lady Powderhorn's. I remember her father's sister-in-law perfectly, although I was but a child at the time. She was rather tall, that is, above the middle height, and had dark hair, brown with a golden tinge. She lived in a street near Sussex Square. You turned to the left on leaving the square, and then you took, not the first, but I think it was the second turning. I forget whether it was to the left or right, but there was her house, and there I saw her first husband's eldest sister, who I will say——'

'Yes, exactly, my dear,' I replied, a little exhausted: 'exactly. Very well, we'll have Miss Muggleton.'

'Yes; and I don't like your disparaging my friends. I am sure your solicitor, with his dirty boots, needn't turn up his nose at Miss

Muggleton of Muggleton!

Matters being thus happily arranged, I called upon Spriggs to tell him of our little plan. He was delighted. He said he had just four days to spare in May, and we might make two or three pleasant expeditions. I told him I thought he was acting somewhat unhandsomely in giving us so little of his company, and that not much yachting could be accomplished in four days, as we sometimes were weatherbound for more than a fortnight. Under these circumstances he altered his plans, and it was arranged that he should come somewhat later for a longer Miss Muggleton was also invited, and expressed her appreciation of our kindness in her most exuberant style.

The Dulcinea had been lying all the winter at Southampton, as I was having some alterations made in her, and was intending to proceed in the direction of France. Nothing could be more fortunate on the present occasion, for the Solent, or 'ditch,' as it is facetiously called, is an excellent place for receiving friends, especially such as prefer silks and music to waterproofs and

stormy seas.

Brown had been in attendance all the winter, and on the 15th of April I gave orders to fit out, an operation which involves not only refurnishing the cabins and readjusting the rigging, but also the accompaniment of scraping, painting, and varnishing, which generally occupies six weeks. Old Tom and Billy again joined us, but we were obliged to engage two new hands, for George and Sam's berths were vacant. George was still in hospital, and incapacitated from ill health; Sam Was away. He had given us no cause of complaint during the previous season, except his having on

one occasion given 'a bit of his mind' to Simpkins in terms more scriptural than polite; but immediately on his return home he married a donkey-woman, a widow with four children, and, upon this promotion, gave up the sea and took to driving a pony-chaise, much to the amusement of his neighbours. His charioteering came to a premature end, by his upsetting his best customers into a ditch and breaking the carriage to pieces. After this misfortune he became silent and moody, and it was supposed he had come to some words with his wife, an opinion which received some confirmation; for one morning, without any previous notice, he got up very early, packed up his kit, gave his wife and her children a good walloping all round, and set off in a vessel which was just starting for Australia.

The Dulcinea anchored at the head of Ryde Pier on the 3rd of June, and on the 6th our friends were to arrive. Spriggs came a little before I expected him, and I walked with him down the pier to our boat to await Miss Muggleton, who was with my wife, and had promised to join us immediately. We sat some time in the boat without any signs of an arrival, but at last on looking up I perceived at the top of the steps a pair of boots some two inches too long for the wearer, protruding from a cloud of complicated embroidery-that was, doubtless, Miss Muggleton. I rose immediately and offered my arm, and notwithstanding the slippery condition of the stairs, we accomplished a very successful descent. We then had another success in getting the fair one into the boat, which was not, however, accomplished before that, alleging nervousness, she had nearly capsized it, and made a little exhibition which for many reasons would have been much better withheld. As soon as Miss Muggleton's baggage, which was very cumbersome, had been duly arranged, old Tom gave the word 'all right,' and we pushed off, and pulled smoothly through the calm water. Spriggs was thoroughly enjoying himself. If daring enterprise and fashionable

society could not inspire his soul, nothing could. He sat opposite me in a very stiff attitude, with his spectacles adjusted to an exact angle, and with such a happy smile on his countenance, that I had not the heart to tell him that his coat-tails were in the water.

As soon as everything was comfortably arranged on board, we got under weigh, proceeding in a westerly direction towards the Needles. Cushions and 'overland' chairs were placed on the deck, and the easy progress and balmy sea-breeze produced most enjoyable sensations, and put us all in good spirits. Miss Muggleton became particularly sentimental. The conversation soon turned upon travelling in general, and she observed that enjoyment entirely depended upon our companions; what, indeed, were any of the pleasures of life without some one beside you to respond to your feelings? 'What, indeed!' repeated My wife gave me a sly Spriggs. look, and Miss M. confessed that for her part her wants were so few that she could be happy upon a very limited income.

'I have always,' I observed, 'found it difficult when travelling in company to make the pecuniary arrangement in a manner satisfactory to both parties. On one occasion I was accompanied by a man who said that we should club together in everything, and who ordered champagne every day when he knew I was forbidden that wine. On another, I was with a parsimonious friend, who said it was an unnecessary extravagance to pay the waiters, and left me to save him from neglect and insult out of my own purse.'

'I don't approve of partnerships,' said Spriggs; 'I've seen a good deal of them in business, and something in personal experience. I once joined a friend of mine in keeping a horse, and the second time I rode out, as I was going steadily along, toes turned in, body slightly forward, thumb and fingers all right on the reins, I found myself suddenly on my back in the road, thumb and fingers still in the right position. I knew that I was riding properly, for I had taken a lesson the

day before. I could not understand this at all, but the same thing occurred next time, and in consequence I was unable to ride for some days. I found afterwards that my friend, who was an old hand, when he took his turn on the horse, did nothing but teach it tricks, that I might be unable to sit it, and that he might have the whole benefit of it himself."

In this kind of conversation a couple of hours passed away very successfully, until as we were passing Yarmouth, the ladies finding the heat of the sun oppressive, retired below. Spriggs and myself, thus deserted, began to console ourselves by pacing up and down the deck. We were silent for some time, for Spriggs was evidently revolving something of importance in his mind. At length he inquired—

'I suppose you always lock your door at night when you sleep on board?'

'Never,' I replied; 'why should I?'

'Aren't you afraid of being murdered?'

'Not in the least,' I returned.

'It would be so very easy, when out at sea, for the men to murder you and make off with the vessel.'

'Not so very easy, I think. The authorities make great inquiries at every port about every vessel that enters, and if there appears anything suspicious about any one, it is seized immediately. But whether this be the reason or no, practically such outrages are never committed.'

'Do you feel yourself safe in your berth?' he continued. 'Aren't you afraid of the deck coming through upon you when you're sleeping in the cabin?'

'Not at all,' I replied, somewhat amused; 'no more than you are in a house that the roof will break in upon you.'

'If I had a yacht,' he continued, 'I should go to the Mediterranean and be out all the year, summer and winter, going from one place to another, always living on board, and carrying 'my home and comforts about with me.'

'I doubt whether you would,' I returned: 'there are very few men

whose affairs will admit of their being absent all the year from their own country. As for cruising in the winter in the Mediterranean, you would not find it very pleasant, for the weather is stormy there, and you might be swallowed up in a white squall; and as for the summer, I think that in that season we have treat enough on our own coasts.'

'Well, then, I'd go in spring and autumn. I'd sail up the Adriatic, round Greece, and up the Archi-

pelago.'

'You'd have to be well provided to go up there, sir,' interposed Brown, 'or else you'd never come back again. All the fishermen and sailors about those islands are pirates.'

'You don't say so,' said Spriggs, much astonished, and setting his spectacles straighter at Brown.

'Yes they are, sir; and indeed, when I was in those parts, about ten years ago, there were a great many of them along the Italian coast. I remember a schooner there, of 150 tons, being attacked by a small vessel manned with Greek and Italian pirates. The captain, perceiving his danger, put his wife under the lazaret—a scuttle in the Lower deck-and told her to remain there until he called her. The pirates tied the captain and all the crew to the anchor, and then let it down forty fathoms, and having plundered the ship, sailed away. But the contrivance of the anchor, by which they thought to cover their crime, was the means of bringing it to light, for it prevented the vessel from being driven ashore and destroyed. A troop-ship fell in with her, and on hearing the account from the captain's wife, went in pursuit of the pirates, who, seeing they were detected, ran their vessel aground and fled into the moun-Things had become so bad in the time of the old king of Naples. that the French, English, and American governments told him that if he did not put a stop to such outrages, they would take the matter into their own hands.

'Well, then,' returned Spriggs, 'if I could not go there, I would sail along the coasts of Spain and Africa. I should like to visit old Carthage, and the different places along that coast. That would be pleasure—there would be something to see about there.'

'Yes, sir, there would; and if you didn't take care, you might see a little too much. It's a very dangerous coast; and if the wind was to fail you, and the natives to see you becalmed, they'd come off and seize the vessel, and take you all for slaves.'

'For slaves!' exclaimed Spriggs,

in horror.

'Yes, sir. I know the Mediterranean, for I sailed in it many years, and we always kept as near the coast of Spain, and as far from that of Africa as possible. On one occasion we were sailing in company of a brig from Yarmouth, and as the wind became light they parted from us, and stood southward, thinking they'd find a better breeze there. Nothing was heard of her afterwards, until a gunboat being sent in search of her, she was found cast away on the shore of Africa, without crew or cargo. The vessel was taken in tow and restored to the owners, but the crew could nowhere be found. Some one afterwards accidentally heard where they were; but the five men were not ransomed under four thousand pounds. heard of another case in which a sailor was carried off and remained a slave for fourteen years, during which time he was employed in tending cattle, and was passed from one to another until he reached Egypt, where he made himself known to the British Consul. He was in a most wretched condition, and his body was covered all over with brands, for every owner to whom he had belonged had set his private mark upon him.'

'How very dreadful!' gasped Spriggs. 'I wonder the government

doesn't interfere.

'Tain't easy to frighten them natives off, either,' added Brown. 'When Lord T—— was out there in the Seraphina, he was once becalmed off the coast, and the natives came out in their boats, and he called out to them to keep off; but they would not; and as he was pretty strong-

handed, and had brass cannon on board, he fired at them, and before they would turn back he sank two

of their boats.'

By this time we were outside Hurst Castle, and a slight undulating motion began to be perceptible, which gradually increased as we advanced. The wind, which was from the south-east, had freshened up considerably, and on passing the Needles we were so unfortunate as to find a very considerable swell in the Channel. Spriggs' observations became less and less connected, and at last they diminished into monosylla-As he was evidently not thoroughly enjoying himself, I suggested that he should go below, and lie down on one of the sofas in the saloon. We found Miss Muggleton already installed on the opposite sofa; and my wife withdrew into the aftercabin, as she observed, archly, that she thought that they might like to be a little alone together. regard to their being left alone at that moment, nothing could have been farther from their wishes, for the thoughts of both were turned to the humiliating spectacle which they felt morally and physically certain they were soon about to present. What would become of Miss Muggleton's elegance and delicacy? what of Spriggs' boasted exploits in the Calais steamer? Such thoughts were too dreadful; and the degradation in prospect seemed more overpowering than the death-like sickness by which they were prostrated. Spriggs fixed his eyes on the swing lamp, which he supposed to be the only motionless article in the cabin, and placed himself in the position in which he should suffer the least His feelings were from oscillation. far too deep for words, and the creaking of the timbers, and movements on deck were the only sounds which broke the stillness. At length, as the rolling seemed to be increasing, Miss Muggleton managed to call 'Steward,' in a very faint and scarcely audible voice.

'Mr. Spriggs, would you be so kind as to get me a glass of water?'

Could anything have been more dreadful? Spriggs, duly settled, with his eyes riveted on the lamp,

was called upon to move. He hesitated—nature forbade, but gallantry commanded. With a convulsive effort he got upon his feet; but no sooner had he accomplished the feat, than a sudden lurch threw him forward: he seized the table for support; it gave way, and down he fell flat on his face between its legs.

Miss Muggleton gave a loud scream. I was engaged in looking over the chart with Brown on deck. but on hearing the noise, made the best of my way down to the saloon, and I am ashamed to confess the attitude of things there tried my gravity to the utmost. The table was lying with its legs in the air, as if in protest against the treatment it had received. Spriggs was on his hands and knees, trying to crawl, tortoise fashion, across the cabin; and Miss Muggleton was covered with books, writing-cases, pen-trays, and ink-stands, which had been left upon the table and precipitated over her.

'Come, get up old fellow,' I exclaimed, 'we shall soon be all right. We're not going to Weymouth; we shall put in to Poole. We shall soon be in smooth water;' and, calling the steward, I directed him to restore matters to their former position.

'Do you think there is any danger?' moaned Miss Muggleton. 'The sea appears to be very high.'

'None whatever,' I replied; 'we think nothing of a breeze like this.'

The waves, however, continued to rise until we reached Studland, and I forbore entering the saloon again, for certain mournful sounds proved that our poor friends were engaged in casting up their accounts in earnest. The sea beat against the bow of the vessel like an infuriated giant, and seemed to shake her from stem to stern. At length one of the waves, rather larger than the rest, broke right over our quarter, and the companion hatch not being closed, rushed in considerable volume into the cabins.

'We're going down! we're sinking!' screamed Miss Muggleton, springing up from the sofa. 'The water's coming in'. Spriggs leaped up at the same moment, and both rushed to the doorway, in which, being very narrow, they both stuck fast.

'Save me! save me!' cried Miss Muggleton, throwing her arms round Spriggs, who was getting the best of the struggle to reach the stairs.

'Let go, ma'am!' roared Spriggs, endeavouring to shake her off; 'let go, I say!' But the more he tried the more desperately she clung to him.

'Save me, if you are a man!' she

One of the crew now came, by Brown's direction, to draw the slide over the companion, which had been improperly left open.

'Let me up!' shouted Spriggs, frantically. 'Help! help! I shall be drowned. This cursed woman will—-'

And suiting the action to the word he gave Miss Muggleton such a push that it sent her on her back into the water on the floor.

'Let me up,' vociferated Spriggs.
'What is the matter?' I inquired, hearing his voice above the gale.
'We're all right. You'd better stay below. We'll have the water pumped out in a minute, and we shall soon be at anchor.'

This time my promise was ful-filled. Spriggs, however, came up from the conflict looking ghastly with fright, and supposing that I was unaware of the amount of water in the cabin. Whether the cold bath -there was two feet of water in the saloon-cooled Miss Muggleton or not I cannot say, but I left her to my wife, and saw nothing more of her until, having taken a pilot on board, we were smoothly making way with full sails towards Poole. Everything now seemed changed, and we might almost have supposed that nothing had happened, had not the events of the day cast a sad cloud over the spirits of our companions. Mr. Spriggs did his best to make an apology to Miss Muggleton. In the excitement of the moment, he had, as he observed, lost his senses—he could not be considered responsible for what he had

said or done. Had he been a swimmer — 'or a gentleman,' suggested Miss Muggleton—'he would have acted otherwise!'

We spent the night in the hotel, but although we raised a little stilted conversation, it was evident that the harmony of our party was destroyed. We therefore did not press our guests to continue the cruise, when, the next day, they thanked us for the great pleasure we had given them, and informed us that the train would soon be starting for London. My wife observed that Miss Muggleton wore, she thought purposely, upon this occasion, the elaborate dress in which she arrived on board, and which had been entirely destroyed by the salt water.

In two hours all was over and we were again alone. We were opposite Branksea Island, and, by way of consoling ourselves for this misadventure, we determined to take a stroll upon it, feeling the more interest in it from its castle having been the residence of the unfortunate Colonel Waugh. found that the sheet of water which separated us from it was of a singularly deceptive character; for whereas it appeared like a deep arm of the sea, it was in reality so shallow that even our light boat was constantly running aground. We at length observed certain lines of stakes and branches standing above the water, and it was only by following these that we were able to reach our destination. The island is enriched with a variety of beautiful evergreens and deciduous trees, and there is in the centre of it a calm lake with a cool grotto, around which, amid a charming mixture of wildness and cultivation, the heron and moorhen dispute dominion with the pheasant and partridge. But hold!-I must not reveal its mysteries too far, for before we had ceased to admire, we discovered, somewhat disagreeably, that we were trespassing upon private property.

On leaving Branksea we set sail for Studland, and nodding a farewell to 'Old Harry'—a tall chalk giant which stands out in the sea as if on the watch for passing vessels—we

made our way back to the island, and thence to Southampton for some slight repairs. Two days afterwards we started for Havre. The afternoon was fine, and we had a light breeze from the west, so that we soon made the circuit of the Brambles. By this time, however, the wind became almost imperceptible, and we ran a losing race with another cutter as far as Ryde, where we did not arrive until eleven at night. Brown now proposed to anchor and wait for morning; but while we were deliberating a little breeze sprang up, and we decided upon continuing our course. We passed Bembridge light at two o'clock, and when I went on deck at nine, we were in sight of the cliffs of Barfleur. We were unable, however, to reach either that port or Cherbourg, for the wind had veered to the south, and as the tide was running six knots against us, we had the pleasure of remaining until five in the afternoon without making the smallest advance. The sea was very billowy, though there were no breakers, and there seemed to be a strange feeling of isolation, cast as we were in our little bark upon a world of waters, where we did not see another vessel the whole day. The sun was intensely hot, and I took advantage of the opportunity to have all the blankets and mattresses brought up, for the double purpose of drying them and of protecting the deck. But what caused us most discomfort was that our provisions had run short. Expecting to reach Havre in the morning, we had provided accordingly, and were now compelled to apply to the men, who could only furnish us with some salt herrings and some hard ship's biscuits. Just before we commenced this miserable repast, my wife, who had retired below on account of the heat, came up the companion with a countenance full of terror, conveying the awful intelligence that the vessel had sprung a leak. I at first thought she must be mistaken, but her statement was corroborated by Simpkins with such undisguised satisfaction—for she detested yachting-that I began to think there must be something seriously wrong. I immediately repaired to the spot

indicated, and there certainly perceived a considerable stream flowing into the cabin. The place from which it emanated, just below the pantry lockers, was certainly somewhat strange, and on Brown being summoned, he at once decided that it could not be a leak.

'Yet,' I replied, 'it looks like bilge-water,—see what a dark co-

lour it is!'

'It's something stronger than bilge-water,' said Brown, tasting it with his finger. 'Here, steward, bring a glass or two to stop this leak.'

On the lockers being opened, the cause of alarm was discoveredmuch to Simpkins's dismay — to have originated with herself. ing had some misgivings as to the character of French liquors, she had laid up a snug little nest of bottled ale in one of the darkest recesses. The spirit of this detachment having risen with the motion of the vessel they had in a fit of enthusiasm fired a general volley into a harmless bag of biscuits on the opposite shelf. The bottom of the locker had become a kind of Nyanza, and it was from this rich source that the mysterious stream was issuing.

I need not say that in the state we then were, we rejoiced when the tide changed, and we felt ourselves bounding along with a spanking breeze towards our pro-nosed destination. Before dark, the twin lights of Havre, about thirty miles distant, were visible on the horizon, and after a lapse of three hours, which appeared to me interminable, we cast anchor, in a kind of confused darkness, at the mouth of the Seine. At twelve I retired to rest, at least to such as could be obtained amid a rolling and bumping, which raised in my mind an interesting speculation as to whether our stern would be stove in, or our anchor chains parted. We were resisting the full force of the tide pouring up the river, and the waves delivered such blows on our quarter, that Brown fancied more than once that we must have struck on a rock. Towards morning the commotion began to abate; at six 1 rose and went on deck, and the

scene I beheld-more striking after such a night-fully compensated me for all I had undergone. Around us, lit up by the morning sun, rode vessels of almost all nations loosening their pyramids of canvas to the breeze, and plunging among the fresh billows like steeds impatient of restraint. The beautiful banks of the Seine half encircled us towards Honfleur, and immediately in front rose the town of Havre-a mass of tall white houses with their long windows glittering in the morning sun. The soft breeze. mingling with the sweet clear air of France, added much to our enjoyment, and nothing was wanted to complete it but to sail in amid general admiration, and take up our quarters in one of those bright mansions where elegance and luxury seemed alike to await us. Although it was so early the pier was already black with a mass of visitors, this being a favourite promenade for the bathers, particularly when the port is open for the admission of vessels. But although we were so near our smiling destination, it seemed impossible to reach it. No pilot was visible, and we went bumping up and down in front of the harbour. performing, in company with the other expectant vessels, a kind of irregular quadrille. At length a boat was seen emerging, and making in our direction: it contained two We threw out a rope, hauled them alongside, and asked them whether they had a certificate. They replied in the negative, but said I could not find a regular pilot disengaged. I then demanded what I was to pay. 'Thirty francs.' I offered them twenty; whereupon they let go the rope, taking off their hats, with a polite 'Bon jour!' Here, then, we were again on our travels. Brown, however, being a knowing man, observed a large vessel entering the port, and rightly judging that where there was water for her there was water for us, we sailed in most gallantly, and took up our position in the basin along one of the principal quays. We were not called upon to pay for a pilot, although it is a general rule in France that a certain sum must

be paid whether one be employed or not; and even the Southampton packet, which is constantly passing to and fro, has to pay fourteen pounds a week for pilotage.

Although living on board is very pleasant in rivers and some open harbours, it cannot be said to be very agreeable in 'basins' and town canals such as those at Havre. Not only did the crowd of shipping oblige us to be constantly changing our position, but, although the water glittered with silvery little fish, the larger portion of its floating burden was neither beautiful nor fragrant. There were also only two ways of reaching the yacht, and neither was entirely satisfactory. One was to send the gig to the steps, which were in such a filthy state that we always carried away some little souvenir along with us; the other was to cross a yacht beside us, attempting which always occasioned a disagreeable commotion,—the company on board adjusting their eyeglasses and lorgnettes, while the captain, with a politeness we could have dispensed with, placed mats for us to walk upon, and called two men with mops to clean up after us. We found it, for many reasons, desirable to take up our quarters in the hotel, which we found most convenient and comfortable.

During our stay we made acquaintance with an American family, principally through Are-thusa's taking a fancy to their daughter, who was a very fasci-nating little girl. Her father was a particularly quiet, retiring man, and I was much surprised on his telling me that he had been a blockade runner. He spoke highly of President Davis as a disinterested man, and indignantly repudiated the idea that he was in any way connected with the President's assassination,—an act, as he observed, planned and executed by madmen. He said that at first blockade running was very remunerative, but after a time the Yankees grew too sharp, and it became a losing business. The squadron established communications with the shore, and one dark night, when he had just set out with a fine vessel and

a large cargo, a rocket was sent up from the harbour, as a signal. One of the gunboats was immediately under weigh, so that, to avoid capture, he was obliged to run his vessel aground and abandon her, in accomplishing which two men were killed and several wounded by the enemy. It became eventually a very dangerous enterprise; and such was the fire kept up, that when attempting a run not a man could stand on deck even for the purpose of steering. The vessels were built in Liverpool and other ports of England, and being necessarily very sharp and narrow, many of them had foundered at sea-few people knew how many. He had at that time several upon his hands, for they were almost unsaleable, being too large for river purposes, and too cranky for the sea. These and other details were interesting to me, as I had met with many sailors who had been engaged in these enterprises. Most, however, were unwilling to embark in them, inasmuch as they would endanger their certificates; and although they were promised a large bonus if the attempt succeeded, it had become well known that many had been afterwards defrauded of their due, in which case they were left without any redress. The sympathies of the majority of seamen I had met with were decidedly with the United States.

I should recommend all yachtsmen who visit this neighbourhood to lie at Honfleur, where there is a clean basin and a pretty country, in preference to Havre, which is a most undesirable station. The charges appeared to me very heavy,—among others was one of five francs a day for leave to keep a fire on board. When leaving for England we were obliged to hire a steamer to tow us out, which cost twenty francs more; and altogether the payments amounted to a considerable sum.

We left in the evening for the Solent. Night came on when we were little more than four miles from shore, and we had to exercise great vigilance to keep clear of the numerous fishing and coasting vessels, which were sailing about without lights. At one time we almost grazed the stern of a large pilotboat. Should any disaster occur the parties not exhibiting a light are liable for the whole damage; but this will afford little consolation to those who know how difficult it is to obtain compensation for losses. It was not far from where we were now that a remarkable accident occurred some years past to a gallant admiral, since 'gone aloft.' He was not engaged at the time in fighting the French, but was crossing over most peaceably in the The night was Havre steamer. dark, it was blowing half a gale, and the old sailor was standing near the stern, taking a last look at the weather before he retired, when suddenly an immense spar swept across the after part of the deck. To avoid being knocked into the sea he seized hold of it, and in an instant was whirled aloft in the air, and then pitched down upon the crest of a wave. He held on with the strength which the danger of immediate death supplies, and became by degrees able to realize his critical position. He was clinging to the end of the bowsprit of a large vessel, which, having no lights up, had come in contact with the steamer. The latter had got free, and proceeded on her course, and the admiral was no doubt supposed to have been lost in the collision. vain he called and shouted; breaking of the waves and the labouring of the ship drowned all other sounds. At length, when he was almost exhausted, and was on the point of letting himself drop into the sea, some boys on board went to amuse themselves on the bowsprit, and hearing from the end of it what appeared to them to be an unearthly cry, nearly fell into the water with fright. They called some of the men, who at once discovered the cause of the sounds, and the admiral was speedily hauled in, and restoratives applied. arms, however, were so injured by the protracted strain upon the sinews, that he did not recover for more than a month.

I remained all night on deck, for

the wind freshened so much during the passage that sleep was out of the question, and I wished to see how the vessel was handled. was proposed to make her 'snug by setting the trysail and stormjib; but Brown determined to keep on, as he thought the gale would increase before it lessened. Havre, owing to its trade with the West Indies, is a grand depôt for rare animals, especially birds; and Arethusa had persuaded me to purchase her some from Senegal, whose plumage had caught the deep lustre of the tropics. As the vessel was labouring on among the waves at midnight, the spars groaning and shricking as if a legion of evil spirits had taken possession of the rigging, a flash of light appeared to cross the deck. I could not distinguish the cause of it in the dim glimmer of the ship's lamp, but it soon occurred to me that perhaps the turmoil had set free one of the little prisoners below. Such was the case. Poor thing, it was soon free indeed! It had flown under one of the boats, and I would not have it disturbed, for fear it should take fright and fly overboard; but my care in this respect was of no avail. In a few minutes I saw it again on the wing beside us. attempted to regain the vessel by making for the bow, but just as it was about to perch on the rail, the wind gullying out of the jib caught it and swept it down into 'Beauty the dark merciless deep. attracts as many thieves as gold; and there, on that tempestuous night, far from its sunny home, this poor little captive was released for ever from its prison bars, and perhaps found the surges of that wild sea more friendly than the selfish tenderness of man.

After the banging and creaking which had been going on all night, we were not sorry to see through the misty morning rain the phantom cliffs of Albion — St. Catherine's Head and the eastern coast of the 'Isle.' It was a considerable time, however, before we felt the shelter of the highlands, and the men stood collected together in the fore part of the vessel watching

the bowsprit—which bent like a reed beneath the straining jib-and giving it as their opinion that it would 'go,' and that we should 'get into trouble.' One of them went so far as to protest that we were tearing the vessel to pieces, and that we should be 'drowned like rats.' Brown at the helm appeared in no way discomposed, although in his expression there was that mixture of keenness and determination which seems peculiar to seafaring men on critical occasions. He said the weather would be worse before it was better; that the bowsprit was a good stick; and that he liked to see what the vessel could do. His forecast of the weather proved correct, for the gale continued to increase until we reached Portsmouth, and there, in smooth water, it blew with such fury that it was difficult to keep a footing on the deck. After some deliberation we selected what appeared to be a good anchorage, and I was heartily glad to be able to retire below and turn in, after such a fatiguing night. My disappointment was proportionably great when just as I had begun to feel the relief of repose, and to relax into the forgetfulness of sleep, I was aroused by a shouting, tramping, and clanking overhead, the cause of which I was at a loss to determine. It was evident they were weighing anchor —surely we were not going to sea again! I hurried on my clothes and stumbled up the companion. There I at once perceived the cause of the disturbance. We had taken up a position right in the way of the floating-bridge, which was steaming down upon us, roaring and clattering like some invention of the infernal regions, a very 'monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens.' great dexterity we frustrated its evil intentions, and again coasted about to look for a quiet locality. The best we could find was under the stern of a frigate, which, as Brown observed, was sure to have chosen a good position. Here we should at all events be at rest; and although the late commotion had left me with a slight headache, I again turned into my berth to solicit sleep. The balmy visitor soon arrived, and I

was just beginning to see Spriggs dancing a hornpipe on my last brief. when I was stunned by a sound to which thunder would have been a pin-fall. It seemed as though everything in the vessel-my own head included—had been suddenly blown to pieces. I had scarcely collected my senses, and gazed mechanically out to see whether I was in air or water, when another report set all my nerves ringing. I forthwith summoned Bolter, the steward, and heard to my dismay that one of the princes had arrived, and the frigate was firing a royal salute just over our heads. Under these circumstances, sleep being out of the question, and my headache much increased, it seemed absurd to lie longer in my berth. I accordingly dressed, ordered the boat, and set out for a stroll on shore, thinking the fresh air might revive me, and I probably should have derived benefit had I been in any other town but Gosport. The damp and gloom of the place seemed positively infec-tious, and I felt as though the dreariness and discomfort by which I was surrounded had taken possession of me for ever.

I returned more dispirited and unwell than when I started, and after calling a council, gave orders to weigh anchor immediately for Southampton. The event proved that my directions were easier given The anchor exhithan followed. bited a stedfastness perfectly emblematic. In vain the men strained and toiled at the windlass, in vain Brown exhausted the resources of his prolific genius—the anchor would not come up. The men said the girls of Gosport had got hold of it, but however that might be, we could neither raise it nor afford to lose it, so our position was most embarrassing. Brown's last sugges-tion was that we should send to our sulphureous friends alongside, who seemed to be provided with all kinds of infernal instruments, for the loan of some grappling-irons. He went in person to make the request; was received with great civility; and a boat with six hands was sent off to our assistance. The irons were let down, and twitched, and

twisted, and dodged, and jerked. but, alas! without any result—the anchor remained a constant quantity. Nothing now remained but to send for a diver, an expensive and tedious expedient, which would preclude the possibility of our moving until the following day. The boat, indeed, containing the apparatus was very soon brought into position, but the equipment of the performer consumed an incredibly long time. At length, however, the operation was completed, and the pale, sickly little man-for the occupation is unhealthy—was transformed into the most formidable monster I ever saw beyond the walls of the Polytechnic. He looked horrible and heavy enough to sink to the bottomless pit; but still it was necessary to fasten leaden weights to his feet, to enable him to walk under water. Our anchor had caught in one of the government moorings, which form such a network at the bottom of Portsmouth harbour, that the divers are constantly in requisition to release unfortunate strangers, and make, as I was informed, a very respectable living.

The next morning was lovely the breeze was light and fresh, and the water so calm, that but for the changing scenery we should have ourselves motionless. imagined Everything around seemed to breathe joy and happiness and health. There was considerable activity on the water, but it was the activity of pleasure, not of business. It seemed as though both Nature and man had united in keeping a general holiday. Here ran the swift excursion steamers, freighted with youth and beauty, with bright smiles and brilliant colours; there glided the gay yacht, the triumph of art, the home of enterprise and fashion. We anchored at the head of the pier, and I could not help reflecting that, except as regards society, Southampton, as a yachting station, has great advantages over Ryde.

Next day one of the men I had originally engaged at this port gave notice of his intention to leave. He said he was unable to stand the heat of the forecastle, which I was surprised to hear, as he had been

long in the West Indian trade. should mention that I had heard some complaints on the subject the year before, and had accordingly caused an opening to be made in the fore part of the vessel, which was ever afterwards kept religiously ahut. I had also bought a stove, to enable the men to cook on deck; but the second day after its arrival it was packed away somewhere below, and never appeared again. This unexpected notice to leave caused us some annoyance, as it was difficult to procure a desirable substitute. The only man who appeared at all suitable was a thin, sallow individual, with whom Brown did not seem satisfied, observing that he was 'a light hand.' We were, however, somewhat prepossessed in his favour owing to his bringing a written testimonial, a kind of recommendation yachtsmen seldom possess. He was consequently engaged, but scarcely had the agreement been made when he informed us that he was a married man, and that while at South-ampton he expected to be allowed to spend the night on shore. All, especially my wife, were impressed with the necessity of the case, and permission was accordingly given, which was soon interpreted to admit of his leaving at four for his conjugal tea, and not returning until twelve next day. At this hour he was not any great acquisition, as he said it was not the custom in yachts to do any work after breakfast, and in this respect acted well up to his principles. On Sunday he never appeared at all, as he said that no blessing attended people who worked on Sunday; but from what I heard he did not consider intoxication upon that day to be at all equally offensive. He pro-

mised, however, to be constantly at his post as soon as he was out of reach of the attractions of home, and we looked forward brightly to the time when we should have the benefit of his services and experience, of which he gave a most tantalising account. Alas for the vanity of human hopes! The invaluable Jones sprained his wrist on the very day we left Southampton. He was unable to haul or coil; it would have been cruelty to have attempted to make use of him in any way. He perhaps thought that he should be doing us the greatest service by standing about the deck in picturesque attitudes, with his arm in a sling, assuming a lovelorn and sentimental expression; but Brown, being of an entirely different opinion, had the heartlessness to say that the alleged injury was all 'a sham,' and told the elegant artiste, on his refusing to do his work, that he was a 'growler' and a 'good for nothing.' This led to recriminations. Jones applied to me, and talked and complained so much, and with so little regard to what he said, that I was surprised that he did not sprain his tongue as well as his wrist. Our faith in him had, I am sorry to say, to undergo several severe trials. We had full reliance on his experience as a fisherman, until on his being shown a brill he said it was a turbot, and our high opinion of his knowledge of navigation was not increased when he mistook the Caskets for the Hanois light. It must be admitted that his antecedents were not very promising; for although he had only been ten years at sea, he had sailed in seventeen yachts, and one of them, on his own showing, he had lately wrecked on the coast of Sark.

ABERYSTWITH.

THE little town and harbour of Aberystwith lies on the curving shore just below the confluence of the river Ystwith with that famous stream the Rheidol. It is the chief town of Cardiganshire, only to be competed with, longo intervallo,

by Cardigan itself. The county town and the fashionable town occupy the two extremities of the county. Quaint, diminutive, oldfashioned is Cardigan; but its broad tidal river rushes grandly beneath the arches of its noble bridge, and on a summer evening the water is alive with the boats and barges of the townfolk, who find here their most constant and genuine enjoyment; and just below the town the river widens into an arm of the sea. with deep wooded shores. And what a quantity of salmon they get down there! I know that one day this summer it was selling at eightpence a pound. You see the fishermen moving along the Teivy shore with their coracles on their backs; and all through the livelong night they ply their task, as fishermen did once on the Lake of Galilee of old. Just above Cardigan, too, you come to Cilgerran Castle, which may be taken as the one scene which is the most beautiful of all scenes in Wales. -the beauty of rocks, wood, and water-where rocks are most steep and frowning, woods most dense and green, waters either still or foaming, either expanded into a lagoon or contracted between narrow basaltic walls. The most primitive simplicity still lingers in Cardiganshire. On the shore of sea and river the old episode of Nausicaa and her nymphs appears to be often repeated, as the Cardiganshire maid, with her frolic companions, bounds beneath the wave, startling the passing horseman or pedestrian. Then, again, this district is almost utterly free from the incursions of tourists, and is thus, as far as possible, different from Aberystwith, which we are about to visit. We hardly know which we enjoyed most, and the contrast is interesting enough. But we have to traverse the whole length of this long, long county, before we reach Aberystwith by way of Cardigan. So long as you skirt the exquisite shores of the Teivy you are well pleased; nothing can be more pleasing than the succession of peaceful landscapes as view after view is unfolded in the windings of the stream. But this pastoral region will give you a very inadequate idea of the true nature of Cardiganshire, which is pre-eminently both the 'desert country' and the 'lake country' of Wales. You should leave the rich alluvial valleys and traverse the bleak mountain region, studded with vast nomadic flocks of sheep, and herds of horses and ponies, where the stray woman-kind, 'charming Welshes,' as they may be considered, display highpeaked hats and red-flowered gowns, and if you accost them, shake their heads and make unintelligible answers in an unknown tongue. larger part of Cardiganshire belongs to Central Wales, and partakes more of the wild character of North Wales than of the more subdued scenery of South Wales. Each wooded valley that you enter has its mountain walls, and at times you come upon some mine, whether exhausted or deserted, or attesting, by smoke and noise and every outward token of unsavoury kind, the existence of a mining population. Vast sums in times past have been obtained from silver mines, and may be obtained again. Then you come upon a railway; a railway with one line; a railway where a telegraphic message travels much more slowly than yourself; a railway where, in the case of a junction, it is ingeniously contrived that you should wait perhaps several hours before you go on; a railway where all ordinary notions of punctuality and despatch are considered as exploded. And in this way we come to Aberystwith, and we look at it and don't like it, and the longer we look at it the less we like it. The neighbourhood of the station is repulsive, dirty in wet weather, dusty in dry; there is not the slightest touch of natural beauty hereabouts; the bus or fly seems instinctively to select the back streets which are narrowest and dirtiest. You arrive at an hotel, where you are shown to an attic. for which you pay first-floor prices, and where the unpitying morning sun streams through windows utterly unprovided with curtains to awake you from your scanty slumbers. You remember that you are still in wild Cardiganshire, and come to the conclusion that this remote watering-place is not the least barbaric part of it.

But wait a little. Aberystwith will certainly improve upon acquaintance. There are charms which it certainly possesses, and others which it certainly wants. I will tell you frankly, lector benevole, the pros and cons. You have none of those

sweet pastoral lanes which you love so much on our southern seaboard. you have no hedges laden with wild roses, streams brimming the turf, cottages festooned with flowers and honeysuckle. But as you follow the curve of the shore, you perceive that seawards Aberystwith puts on a fair and fashionable appearance, whatever may be the defects and shortcomings of the town in the rear. Before the Crescent is a broad, open space, and beneath the raised wall of this space you have the sands and shingle; and rejoicing Paterfamilias discerns with a commanding glance that this is one of the best spots in all the world where his children may disport themselves with perfect safety. Then if you ascend Castle Hill on the south, or, better still, Constitution Hill on the north, the vast panorama of the unbroken, lonely Atlantic is stretched before you with a poetry and grandeur that satisfy the highest conceptions. Then you have shortly to acknowledge the great hygienic properties of the You are due west, and the wind which you mainly encounter is the bracing, renovating west wind. So in ordinary cases of ill health you may generally count upon a speedy and delightful convalescence, and I should imagine that the climate of Aberystwith must at any time be one of the healthiest in the kingdom. Then, although it can hardly be said that the immediate environs are pretty or interesting, still, if you give your excursions a wider sweep, you will find that the district amply repays any time that you may allot for its examination. I was grumbling just now about my attic, and as I was by no means charged the lowest price in the tariff, a vein of melancholy speculation was opened as to where the worst rooms could possibly be, and how far they could be fit for human habitation. The hotel I was at was the huge building, the Queen's, of really noble proportions, with brilliant assembly-room, coffee-room, dining-room, library, all on a tolerably complete scale, and with a great deal more genial and pleasant intercourse than is usually the case at watering-places. But, as with every limited liability hotel I ever entered, the attendance was insufficient, and a pause of twenty minutes between the dishes at the table d'hôte is not agreeable to hungry people. Just below Castle Hill there is a splendid edifice, to which a curious history belongs. It was planned by Mr. Seddon, the architect, and for some little time it was used as an hotel, and so far as position and architecture were concerned, it must have been the ne plus ultra of such establishments. If I were a duke, I would build a palace exactly like it in a position precisely similar. The speculation did not succeed, and the magnificent edifice was sold for a comparative trifle to some persons who are trying on the curious experiment of an unsectarian university for Wales. The Bellevue is the old fashionable hotel in the middle of the Terrace, a favourite among its frequenters, and highly praised by 'Murray.' Aberystwith is not now what it once was. Its palmiest days are over. Llandudno on the north, and Tenby on the south, are formidable competitors. There was a time when Aberystwith was the most fashionable watering-place in Wales. The concourse of company was very great. The carriages were almost as thick as upon the Steyne. But now the visitors are not so many, and the class of visitors has fallen off. I was told, but only give the information upon hearsay, that the rents rose to such an enormous height that public feeling was aroused, and visitors deserted the place in shoals. If this is so, there is a moral in the story which other watering-places may ponder—the moral not to kill the hen that lays the golden eggs. At Llandudno the rents are equally high, but you obtain a better return in house and furniture. But the real charms of Aberystwith are independent of all mutations of fortune, and there will always be those who will be affectionately constant to its balmy air and its commanding heights.

Aberystwith came into existence at the beginning of the present century. The harbour was then well nigh sanded up; a sail only rarely appeared on the horizon; the shore, so peculiarly rich in its pebbles,

was unexplored; living, now so dear, was ludicrously cheap; and few no-ticed the attractions of the magnificent bay, the glad twin streams, and the mountains almost running into the sea. The pebbles just mentioned should be particularly noticed, cornelians, jaspers, crystals, agates, and so on. Now the whole range of watering-place dissipations —albeit, limited and mild—is opened to the visitors who have constantly flowed hither since the first discovery of the region. As you look upon Cardigan Bay, you are told that within historical times that was once a fair province where now the ocean rolls, and the curious story is told that the carelessness of some drunkard led to its submersion. The bottom to a great extent certainly consists of the decayed matter of forest, and on calm days it is said that ruined houses can be detected far out at sea. It must be said for the old castle on its rocky height that it furnishes an exceedingly fine set of promenades, and is deservedly a favourite lounge for the morning or evening hours. The castle has been besieged, taken, and burned, over and over again, but the antiquaries doubt whether this is the same castle which Gilbert de Strongbow built so many hundred years ago.

There is also a pier, whither we greatly resort, and much reliance for amusement is placed on a nigger who has a great deal to do in looking after it. At times, too, we have our mild scandal and our little jokes. The crier rings his bell—great is the excitement; the crier, from suppressed laughter, can hardly exercise his semi-judicial functions, and the excitement is redoubled: 'Lost —near the Queen's Hotel—a lady's heart. This heart is made of stone. It was slightly chipped from much use—and is now completely broken. I did not catch the reward, but of course it would be something fabulous. We have our little jokes about the owner of the missing heart. Then if you like to go into the market, it is picturesque enough and cheap enough, and if you attempt to trade, you will soon be convinced that Welsh is a living language, and, in all conscience,

eloquent and emphatic enough. Then for a bold walk, but still within a manageable distance, there is the noble headland which the Welsh call Craiglais, and the English, Constitution Hill. Thence, on this western sea, you obtain the sunset at sea in all its magnificence, and landward you may discern the Cader Idris group, and beyond that the region of Snowdonia. Descending the hill, you come to the village of Borth—which is making gasping attempts to become a remunerative watering-place. Better stay as it was, a genuine fishing-village, 'of an ancient and fish-like smell,' and justly famous for its four-mile run By this village is of firm sands. the estuary of the Dovey, and when you have passed it you are in North Wales. Then as for our company, it is largely recruited from the commercial ranks of the principality; but you ought to see us at our raceballs in the Public Rooms if you would really wish to know the full extent of provincial resources. have also got a chalybeate spring, with something that is humorously meant as a pump-room; and when you begin to comprehend the joke it is really rather funny than otherwise. Also, let it be noted, to the immortal glory of the place, that during the very hot season the supply of ice was practically illimitable. Sometimes we get reading parties who don't read, and fishing parties that don't fish. The nonreading is easily explained, for reading could never have been very seriously contemplated from the beginning. The non-fishing is explained by the fact that the horrid mines have poisoned the rivers, and people are getting more and more indisposed for the sea. Everywhere on the coast I find the boatmen complaining that boating is carried on much less vigorously than used to be the case. A new feature in Aberystwith society has been noticed: that young ladies come down in twos and threes, without any elderly element, and much more on their own hook' than used to be the case. There is a popular theory widely held at Aberystwith, that the castleviews and the sea-views by moonlight are rather special to the place,

particularly, I suppose, when assisted by a romantic haze and an aroma of flirtation.

There is one great sight most intimately connected with Aberystwith. This is its tributary province. its dependency, its appanage, its main accessory—everything in short that can denote the absolutest subsidiary conjunction. This is, of course, the Devil's Bridge. There is a considerable variety of Devil's Bridges in the world, amid scenery more or less remarkable. The prototype is that which most of us have seen on the St. Gothard pass, and the bridge over the Mynach is a very genuine specimen. On a diminished scale, it is exactly like the Gothard bridge; and we heard precisely the same story as that which we heard at the Gothard. What that legend is, the reader will find very prettily told in Longfellow's Golden Legend,' as the guide relates it to Elsie and Prince Henry. Told prosaically, the legend is that the Devil built the bridge on condition that he should have the first living thing that passed over it. A cunning old woman threw a piece of meat across; a dog ran after it, and so the Devil was outwitted. Welsh name Pont-y-Mynach (Monk's Bridge) points to what is probably the true state of the case. that the bridge was made by the monks of Strata Florida. My friend, if you are travelling by the route where Strata Florida meets you as a railway station, it would not be a bad move that you should get out there. explore some of the surrounding region, and then proceed to the Devil's Bridge, and so on to Aberystwith. If you really intend to go to Strata Florida, this will prove the easier and less expensive way. There is little enough to be seen now, but the few arches and croziers of a deeplyrecessed arcade in a lonely, desolate region; but of old this was the greatest religious foundation in Wales; hither came the barons with their armed retainers, wayfarers and pilgrims with staff and scrip; it was a home of hospitality, an asylum of patriotism, until the evil day when its abbot made an impossible promise to Edward the First, and the king gave Strata Florida to the re-VOL. XIV .- NO. LXXXII.

vengeful flames. Near here are some of the wild desolate 'Cardiganian' lakes, from one of which, popularly supposed to be unfathomable, issues the clear stream of the Teivy, where beavers were once found and the otter-hunt is now not infrequent. These are all 'troutful,' and night-lines are much used. From here, too, you get to Tregaron, whose stream is confluent to the Teivy, and which is famous as the home of the famous Twm Shon Catti (pro-nounced Toom Shone Catti). Have you read the life and adventures of this bandit-squire, a kind of Claude Duval or Robin Hood, a kind of Gil Blas or Lazarillo de Tormes? If not, read the account of them, one of the most amusing and characteristic narratives possible. Some persons represent him as a poet and antiquary; others as a rogue and a vagabond. The fact seems to be that he was rogue and vagabond in early life, but after he had married an heiress, and settled down into country squire, he settled down into poet, antiquary, and thorough Cardigan gentleman. He is the great hero of the shire.

But all this while we are keeping away from this bridge, whether of monk or devil. Perhaps the two names denote the same person—denote him as he was for that temporary period during which he became a monk:

'The devil was ill, the devil a monk would be.'

As at the Gothard, there is a double bridge, the lower being the older and the legendary one. It is still possible to descend to this lower one—at least one of the tourists did so-if it is still safe. To see the scenery, you have to put yourself under the direction of a guide; assume the alpenstock, and, if you like, an Alpine costume as well; you have also to go through the indispensable ceremony of paying a shilling. You descend long flights of steps, when you stand by the side of the Mynach. The scene is certainly remarkable. The river has contracted into a gorge, and the gorge has been scooped by the ceaseless action of the waters, or by some earlier convulsion of nature,

into a succession of huge, unearthly caldrons. Immediately beneath the bridge this gorge is further contracted into a mere chasm in the slate rock, a cleft almost shrouded by trees and shrubs, and so narrow, that a man supposes he could easily leap it, if only he could be sure of a firm footing on the other side. This, then, is the far-famed Devil's Bridge. But there are other parts of the scenery, to my mind, really finer, in the meeting of the valleys and in the succession of waterfalls. You have to descend to a little promontory between the Mynach and the Rheidol. The rocks, the foliage, the succession of falls, the roar of many waters, deep and incessant even in the driest weather, and after heavy rains absolutely sublime, make up a scene as grand as any that can be found in North Wales. There is a steep descent of steps on one side the gorge, where you have the help of a hand-rail indeed, but you still need a firm eye and firm step, which is perhaps still more the case with the opposite and more beautiful side, immediately fronting the When you have achieved your day's work you find a tremendous table d'hôte lunch spread for you in a summer-house overlooking the gorge, with which you may promptly reward virtue. There have been several accidents on this descent. On one occasion a lady fell. down into one of the deep pools formed by the waterfall; but her crinoline acted as a parachute, lessening her fall and sustaining her in the water until help could be procured. Several instances of this sort of accident have occurred. The day's work done, nearly every one returns to Aberystwith, climbing the hills which roll on in a succession of waves towards Plynlimmon, and catching some fine peeps of the valley of the Rheidol. But you, my friend, write the word HAFOD deep upon your heart, and tarry for the night at the 'Devil's Bridge Hotel,' and go there next morning. There were more than a million of trees there once, planted by a single man, in a wild barren glen, and though too much thinned by the present proprietor, they are still exceedingly

worth seeing and are much too rarely visited by the tourist. Here are gardens and terraces, treasures of books and manuscripts, and some painted glass, and sculpture by Chantrey. The Ystwith here flows through some of its prettiest scenery before the goal of Aberystwith is reached.

It is very interesting to compare the language of the older writers with that of the modern guidebooks. Thus, William Hutton, of Birmingham, published in 1803 his 'Remarks,' giving the result of sixteen tours in the principality. He is not very condescending towards Aberystwith. He owns that it is ' pleasing at a distance, but viewed internally it excites no emotions except disgust. The streets are narrow, dirty, and ill-paved.' He relates that a churchyard was pointed out, covered six or eight feet at high-water, where he clearly detected human bones. He says that the only beggar he saw in four tours was at Aberystwith, who very simply accosted him with the language, 'Sir, I am a poor old man.' The people were so entirely Welsh, that they found great difficulty in understanding him, even when he wished to convey the pleasing intelligence that he was desirous of bestowing money upon them. The familiar 'Beauties of England and Wales,' in describing the scenery of the Devil's Bridge, warns the tourists a warning not altogether unnecessary now-not to 'place their curiosity under the direction of the guides. Those who would visit all that is entitled to attention must trust to themselves and explore the valleys in every direction, wherever they can find or make a path.' What a delightful idea is here sketched out by the amiable man who is discoursing about 'the beauties.' To wander uncontrolled by guides, making or finding a path for oneself, is the most charming of all things, and how happy to be able to do it in Wales without having to go to Africa or the Rocky Mountains for the luxury! It is a luxury not often to be attained in this country, but still possible for those who will start for explorations from Aberystwith.

CORPUS CHRISTI DAY IN ANDALUSIA.



POBABLY the principal of the many festivals characterising the Roman Catholic Church is that known as Corpus Christi. or anniversary of the institution of the Holy Eucharist. feast is determinable by Easter in each year; and the thirtyfirst of May became the day of celebration in 1866. Happening to be in Cadiz at the time, and as it afforded the best possible means of observing the national character and taste, we made the best of the opportunity, and visited everything that by the church is provided for the gratification of its faithful. city of Cadiz is built after the manner of the Moors, its houses being tall and streets narrow, with here and there an open Plaza, or square, used by the inhabitants in the evening as a promenade; and we may here

observe, that the visitor cannot fail to be struck with the extreme cleanliness of the streets. As may be supposed, on the occasion of which we write, the city was decorated to its utmost possible extent—not with flags, banners, tinsel-work, and transparencies, which form, at least in our own country, the acmé of street ornamentation, but in a style almost peculiar to Spain and Portugal. The balconies are hung with parti-coloured cloth, and festooned with flowers and wreaths; while through the thoroughfares where the procession passes awnings are stretched from the tops of the houses, completely shading the street from the glare of the powerful sun. The whole effect of this simple decoration is charming in the extreme: the gaiety of the scene is heightened by the presence of the beautiful Andalusian ladies, dressed in colours of every shade and hue, and bonnets are superseded by the picturesque mantilla.

The procession of Corpus Christi started from the cathedral—which is a

The procession of Corpus Christi started from the cathedral—which is a comparatively modern structure, of the Corinthian order of architecture—and consisted of images of the various favourite and patron saints, and the custodia, upon which the consecrated wafer was placed. This is very magnificent, being mounted on wheels, and is about twelve feet in height. It is constructed of pure silver, elegantly chased, representing a car surmounted by a small domed temple, under which the host is placed. When this passes, all the people kneel and show much devotional affection for the wafer, or the sacrifice of which it is the memorial. The bishop and clergy, habited in their gorgeous vestments, and the principal civil and military authorities in uniform, accompany the procession, which, after perambulating the city, returns to the cathedral, and is signalled to the surrounding country by a salvo of artillery.

The crowd lingered about the streets until the more substantial, and, doubtless, more agreeable amusement of the day began—namely, the bull-fight; and I shall endeavour to give the reader a correct account of the pastime for which Spain is so famous, and to which every Spaniard is devotedly

attached: men and women will sacrifice the clothes from their backs, and even food, to raise the necessary funds to witness the fight. At three o'clock in the afternoon, therefore, we formed one of a vast crowd wending their way to the Plaza de Toros, or Bull Ring, which is an immense timber amphitheatre erected on an open plot of ground. The seats for spectators are divided mainly into two classes, named respectively Sombra and Sol, the former being the best, as the afternoon sun does not shine upon it, and you can witness the fight without being blinded by the powerful rays of the sun: of course the latter part is the reverse; the poorer classes go there, and sit under the shade of immense The scene when first ambrellas. you enter is a novel one; for, around a ring of some hundred yards or so diameter, are ranged some twelve or fifteen thousand spectators, mostly, we are glad to say, of the sterner The time, up to the commencement of the proceedings, is beguiled by chaffing and pleasantry upon the people as they enter; the ring is being watered, and other preliminaries are settled. Four o'clock is the hour to begin; but upon this occasion we had to wait some thirty minutes until arrival of the President, who occupies a conspicuous covered stall, and is attended by buglers. After bowing to the assembled company, he gives a signal to the buglers, who herald forth the procession of picadors, matadors, chulos, bandarilleros, &c., who are to contribute to the day's amusement. making a circuit of the ring, they approach the President, who gives his permission to begin; when all but those appointed to fight the first bull quit the ring, the doors are fastened, and the bull-fighters assume their positions. Three picadors, who are mounted, station themselves at certain distances on the left-hand side of the den from which the bull emerges; and the chulos with their scarlet capas are The door of the in attendance. den is thrown open, and a parting poke administered by the herdsman drives the bull into the ring. With glaring eyes he surveys the novel scene, and is greeted with vociferous cheers. Hardly a second elapses before he sees the picador, who, with lance in hand, is prepared to meet the charge. The bull drops his head, and bounds at horse and rider: a dull thud is heard as the bull's sharpened horns enter the side of the poor horse, from which, of course, the blood runs freely; the picador has received the charge by running the lance into the fleshy part of the bull's neck; he runs from that and charges the other two picadors in succession; the chulos, with their red capes or mantles, stand ready, and, by waving them in the face of the bull, attract his attention from the picador, if, as often happens, the horse falls and he becomes imperilled by the fury of his antagonist.

The training the bulls undergo is characteristic. The one-year old calves are brought out and tilted with spears, in order to try their pluck: those who show timidity are yoked or otherwise employed; but those who pass the ordeal are pastured until they are five or six years old, when they are ready for the ring. This tilting of the bullcalves is a favourite amusement. and in former times the kings of Spain regularly attended the ceremony. The chivalry of the bullring is completely destroyed by the brutal cruelty to which the horses are exposed. They are, of course, the most wretched screws that can be found, and only fit for the knacker; their endurance is wonderful, and it is put to the most severe test. A bandage is placed over their eyes, and they are ridden up again and again to sustain the butts of their powerful antagonist; they are unmercifully gored, and, with their entrails out, they are ridden until they drop from sheer exhaustion, or are more speedily finished by the bull's horns entering some vital part, and their misery and toil are ended: the rider can tell when his horse is likely to drop, by feeling the ear, which, if cold, he instantly dismounts, this being a sure precursor of death; the saddles are then removed, and the carcass remains in the ring until the bull is

killed; they are then dragged out

by mules gaily decorated. The nature of bulls differs: those bred in the south are noted for their ferocity; and great interest is manifested to see the appearance a bull makes. Timid bulls retreat from their assailant and paw the ground with their fore-feet; while plucky ones charge everything before them. and are much appreciated. The number of horses they kill is an index of the popular gratification; they are greeted at each successive achievement of this nature by cries of 'Viva el toro!' and feats of daring are performed by the matadors and chulos. The bull rushes madly at the red mantle; the bearer by agility escapes the charge; and surely many 'hair-breadth 'scapes' occur: the bull, acting upon the principle of 'nemo me impune lacessit,' certainly, when he gets a chance, wreaks terrible vengeance on his persecutors, and will frequently carry horse and rider on his horns five or six yards, and dash them contemptuously to the ground. On the occasion of which we write, six bulls were announced to be killed: and these, in the short space of two hours, despatched twenty-three horses and gored many others. Two celebrated matadors appeared, named Cuchares and Boanegra. After the bull becomes fatigued by his exertions, the President sounds his bugle, and the play of the chulos commences, which consists, as before stated, of playing false with the bull and working up his ire. Small darts, barbed at the end, and decorated with coloured ribbons, called banderillas, are, when the bull charges, placed skilfully in his neck: this requires considerable nerve and skill, and is much admired. Another bugle sounds, and the matador, gorgeously dressed in a tight-fitting suit of gold lace and embroidery, advances with a long Toledo blade, about a yard in length, and a red cape. He bows to the President, throws down his hat, and swears by Holy Mary to do his duty. He then single-handed confronts the bull, when, after a little by-play, the bull charges; he then thrusts his sword up to the hilt into the back part of the bull's neck, which passes

through the juncture of the neck and spine into a vital part. That instant he drops down: his course is ended. His captor withdraws the sword, crosses it over his fallen foe, wipes the hot blood from it, and retires amidst the plaudits of the spectators, which are freely accorded if he has skilfully performed his part; hats, cigars, and coin are thrown into the ring, and every possible demonstration of popular pleasure is exhibited.

The professors of bull-fighting belong to a very low social caste in Spain; they commence by being chulos, and, by their activity, nerve, and acquired skill, rise in the ranks until they become matadors: these are well paid, and receive a sum equal to 140l. for their work, which is, as may be seen, attended with great danger, few having a sound rib remaining in their body. priest is always in attendance to administer sacramental rites to those who may be hurt and dying; but those actually killed are denied religious rites of burial, not having previously confessed their sins-an assumption which the priest will never permit to be controverted.

To say that the sight is brutal is nothing; it is revolting and loathsome to every feeling an educated man should possess. That it is capable of improvement is true; for in Portugal, fine young and spirited horses are used in the ring, with full exercise of their faculties: these rarely receive a probe from the bull, whose horns are here capped, and the sight is thus robbed of this painful exhibition; but we fear it will be difficult to root from the Spanish people that thirst for blood to pander to their national amusement. They regard deeds of the ring among the highest order of chivalry; but let us hope that more civilization and education may inspire other tastes and other feelings.

We left the bull-ring with curious sensations and no wish to go again; and fruitlessly endeavouring to reconcile a brutal and revolting exhibition with a great religious festival, commemorating such an institution, we ended 'Corpus Christi Day in

Andalusia.'

THE DIFFICULT CIRCUMSTANCES OF CAPTAIN MANNERING.

By the Author of 'Ruth Baynard's Story,' 'The Romance of Cleaveside,' &c. &c.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART I.

WHAT WAS SUFFERED.

BEFORE describing my difficulties to my friendly readers, I must give a short catalogue of those of my own family who were immediately connected with my perplexities at that particular point of experience to which my difficulties

belonged.

My mother, who was a widow, lived on our paternal estate in the respectable middle - sized house known as Cleavedon Court. youngest sister, Julia, lived with her; she was very pretty, lively, and clever; the pet of the family, and aged eighteen. My elder brother, Major Mannering, was with He had his regiment in Canada. married a lovely and well-dowered Irish girl, whom I called sister Mel-Then, between myself and little Julia we had two married sisters. Mrs. Thornbill, who lived a few miles distant from Cleavedon Court, and Lady Buxton, who was, at this difficult moment of my life, on a visit to her.

As to myself, I was at home on leave; my regiment was in India, and I had wasted all the two years of my term of absence, and had begun on a six months' extension which I had been lucky enough to get, in wild conjectures as to what on earth I was to do in my state of perplexity. And my perplexity arose from the fact of the time coming on for lodging the money for my majority and my having no money to lodge; I did not know of any one who would be likely to give me money, and I was not so circumstanced as to allow of the hope of any one advancing me any. My father had paid for my company and had given me five thousand pounds. One way and another I had got rid of that money. I was to have ten thousand more on my mother's death; but this was so united to the questions of survivorships, and probable wives, and possible children, that I was, in a settlement point of view, a marriageable man, but not a man whose prospects in the future were such as to induce any money-lender to begin upon his robbery and specu-

late upon his ruin.

This might have been consoling when viewing life as a grand whole, crowned with grey hairs, and three-score and ten years of health and respectability; but, as a young man, full of life, with hopes indefinite, and plans unsettled, gay-hearted, popular, strong, and, as even my steadiest and best friends allowed, decidedly handsome, what was this far-away future to me? I wanted the money for my majority; all life was condensed into that fact. Where was I to get it? All speculation was contained in the question.

Everybody said, Alfred must But to me marriage was the very vaguest idea possible. had had my little love affairs, but I had never fallen into the abyss to any such depth as to make it impossible to scramble out without help of clergy. I had contemplated marriage as a serenely happy future. I had smoked many pipes in peaceful dreaming over the home of the days to come; and I had seen, 'by the smoke that so gracefully curled, visious paradisaical; but no particular Eve had ever so turned her face towards me as to make me sure that I should know her again. now-now that I wanted money, what should I do? Why, marry, of course!

We Mannerings were not a silent people, given to keeping our anxieties secret, or to brooding mysteriously over the dark past. We told our loves, explained our griefs, described our misfortunes, and rehearsed our experience; of course, we had unfailing animal spirits— very communicative people always have. My mother wrote to the Major in Canada, my little Julia wrote to 'the other sisters,' and each of them replied from their different towers of observation, 'Al-'You must fred must marry.' Oh! marry,' echoed my mother. who can you marry?' exclaimed Julia, and she had put the idea into a practical form.

As to marrying, I hated marrying for money; for, notwithstanding my unlucky loss of the patrimonial five thousand, I was a very good sort of fellow. It went dreadfully against the grain to think of selling myself. But still, sometimes, I felt mad enough to do anything. loss of the money that was to have bought me on was very irritating. I was growing miserable, and I felt in despair, for there was no heiress to fall in love with, nor even a rich widow to accept me as a sacrifice. My difficulties were affecting my health, and my perplexities depressing my spirits.

In this extremity there came. what my mother called 'a Providence.' The manifestation was in the shape of a letter from Mellicent. containing these sentences: 'Alfred should marry pretty Lucy Lorimer. She is fifty times off my cousin. She has at least forty thousand pounds, and she is one of the dearest girls in the world. Charlie Moore was in love with her; oh! he left ours because of that. Surely Alfred must know him. He joined in India before Alfred sailed, I But there is something to know, and, as I have written to Lucy to say she is to belong to us, and that her aunt, Mrs. Marmaduke Smith, had better offer you a visit, I may as well tell you the mysteries at once.

So then, our sister Mellicent— Mrs. Alexander Mannering—in two closely-written pages, explained 'the mysteries' at full length. Shortly, all mysteries were confined to these few facts. There had been three brothers called Lorimer. The eldest and youngest had married, and the middle one had died a bachelor. They had made a good deal of money. Mrs. Marmaduke had first married the eldest brother and then In her state of second Mr. Smith. bereavement she had gone to the youngest Mr. Lorimer, then widower, and kept house for him. Finally, the bachelor-brother had come to live with them, and it was said generally, and probably with justice, that Mrs. Marmaduke Smith ruled the entire fortunes of the house of Lorimer. In course of time, she and Lucy were left alone. she with a good annuity, in addition to a handsome fortune left by Mr. Smith, and Lucy with a large fortune, which was to be her own at twenty-five or at any previous time, on her marriage, provided such marriage was made with Mrs. Smith's consent. Lucy was only twenty-two when Charlie Moore appeared on the scene. They had together begged and prayed for the merciful countenance of Mrs. Marmaduke Smith, and together they had failed. And now it was proposed that I should sell myself to pretty Lucy Lorimer; that is, marry a girl who, two years before, had been asking on her knees for leave to marry dashing, handsome Charlie Moore, the pet of his regiment, and take her back into Charlie's fascinating company. was to sell myself at a risk, certainly. Even suppose Lucy fell in love with me in obedience to the aunt's orders, and in compliance with my own suggestion, was I going to like a girl who could fall in love twice within a limited time, and not shrink from the idle intimacies of Indian life, with dear little Charlie Moore, her almost broken-hearted lover, in it, and myself, as her husband, looking on? I did not like the prospect. You will allow that things might have looked pleasanter.

'Well,' said my mother, 'it's a

providence.

'And here,' said Julia, 'is an Irish letter, mamma.'

And, sure enough, Mrs. Marma-

duke Smith had written fixing a day for her arrival, under an assurancel 'from Mrs. Major Mannering. with the regiment in Canada, that she should be welcome.' She had long wished to show Lucy a little more of England, and might she bring with her a friend of her late last husband, Lizzie Smith, 'a very dear young creature, and a black orphan, with no friend on earth but herself. And perhaps Mrs. Mannering might remember Lizzie's father, the Archdeacon of Domerton, for he was alive and not ten miles off when Mrs. Mannering was married.

'I remember him perfectly,' said my mother; 'he married late in life. He died poor. His wife used to grieve over wanting money to take her to Buxton. She was I have not Dear me! thought of them for an age, and now they reappear like old friends. You must win Lucy, dear Alfred. You really must. It is quite a providence.' And so it grew to be a suddenly settled idea in the house that I was to marry Lucy. But it made me uncomfortable nevertheless

Mrs. Smith's having so quickly acted on Mellicent's suggestion really vexed me very seriously. I thought that my will to marry ought to have been somehow ascertained. I said that Mellicent had made an imprudent revelation, and that when Lucy had read the letter declaring that she ought to belong to us, she should have stayed for me to come to her, and not allowed her aunt to start off and bring her to 'It is,' I said, 'like taking my will for granted. It is an attempt to pledge me to consent.' To offer a visit under the circumstances was most offensive, and contrary to my feelings of propriety. But my mother would listen to nothing against her newly-adopted Mrs. Marmaduke Smith.

'What she has done makes it easier every way. Her decision must be final at last.

'Happily, I must speak first,' I said, with vexation. 'I suppose her offers will cease with this questionable beginning.

'My dear, I thought you wished

for a wife.' My mother affected a bland astonishment at my irritability. 'I want to choose for myself. Why not?' My mother would not see cause for vexation. 'Well, well, never mind,' she said, hastily; 'she may refuse you.' 'If she were really in love with Charlie Moore, she ought, I said. My mother looked grave when I said this. 'If you are in earnest in thinking that, do not ask her.

You see,' I said, 'there really is a good deal that is unpleasant in it. If I ask her I shall expect her to say yes; if I do not ask her I shall be wasting my time: if she says yes, I shall not know what to think of her; if she says no, I shall have made a fool of myself.'

My mother looked very grave. 'You know this Charlie Moore?'

'Yes; he is one of the most at-

tractive men in creation.'

'Well,' she said, 'you are not obliged to do anything. Stay here a day or two, and then, if you are determined on not asking her, go away for a short time: there are more women in the world than Lucy Lorimer.

It is indescribable how I vexed myself over my difficult circumstances. It grew to be positive suffering sometimes; the period of this preliminary torture did not last long, but while it stayed, I had no rest night nor day. I acted the most impossible scenes in my dreams, and I dreamt through all the ordinary actions of the day till I was of no use to anybody, and a worse annoyance to myself.

The day of Mrs. Smith's arrival came. She had certainly taken care that it should be the earliest day

possible.

They were to come by the Irish steam - vessel; three ladies and a woman servant. Conscience makes cowards of us all—I refused to meet them on landing, but absented myself on purpose at the house of an old friend. It was the end of the harvest time. The country about us was in the highest state of cultivation, and the drive of a few miles between our house and the busy seaport near us was through exquisite and very varied scenery.

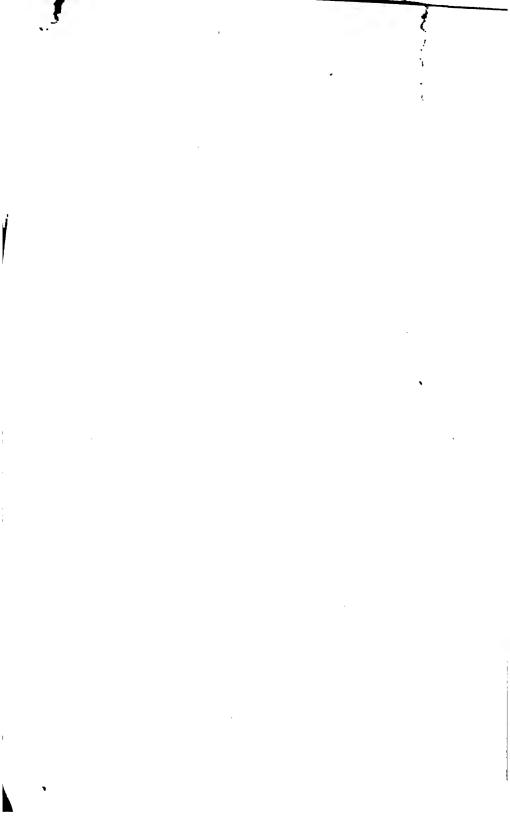
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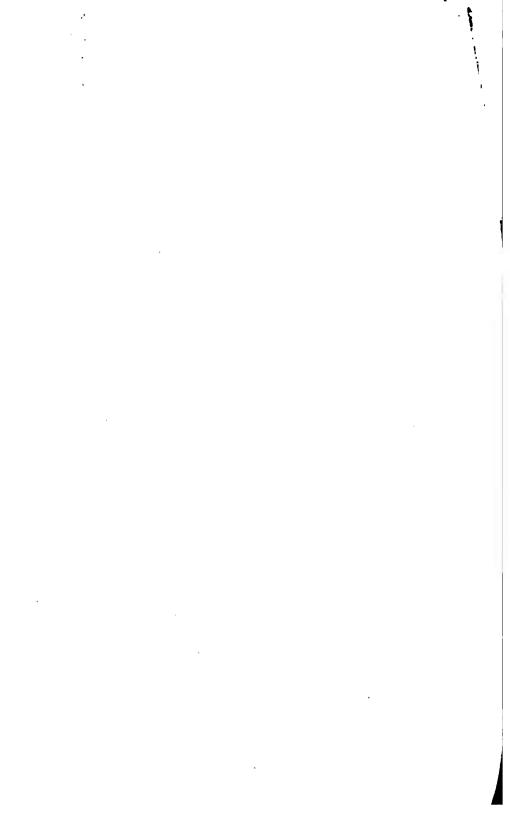


Drawn by M. Ellen Elwards]

MISS LORIMER OR MISS SMITHS

The ratio sat, are thy as rest, the missives of the annual co."





My mother went in an open carriage to welcome her friends, who were due with the tide in the river at a

certain hour.

I kept up appearances by going the previous day to my friend Jerrard, and I appointed to return shortly after the hour of our guests' arrival. So on that day in the afternoon, having come straight home, I left my dog-cart at the stable, and walked into the house and into the drawing-room. And there, sitting alone, on a sofa near a bay-window was a very young - looking personage—indeed she scarcely looked more than eighteen—as fair as the morning, with Aurora's golden hair, too, and a most levely face. This was more than I expected. She looked at me. I said, 'Miss Lorimer, I suppose?'
'And why not Miss Smith?' she said, very softly, and with a drollery that suddenly fascinated me. 'Well, Miss Smith,' I said. 'No. But the first guess was right. I am Lucy Lorimer. And I would get up but the book is so large.' She had a great treatise on illuminating in her 'How d'ye do, Captain Mannering?' I could not help smiling; there was a pretty sort of sweet gentle audacity about this little creature that overwhelmed me. am very well,' I said. 'I am sorry I was not at home to receive you. 'Oh, thank you, Mrs. Mannering came to fetch us-so kind-this place is hers, isn't it?' 'Yes. And I am not the eldest son.' 'No. He married my cousin, Mellicent Mangin. She had money.'

I gave a sudden groan of surprise. I could not help it. There we were in the midst of money, matrimony, pedigree, present possessions and future possibilities. What kind of an angel is this? I questioned of my inner consciousness. And as I thus thought of the matter—there she sat, utterly at rest, the mistress of the situation, speaking in a low, sweet, silvery voice, and looking straight at me with a face of bewildering beauty.

Said I, 'I think—a-hem—I think I must go and find my mother.'
'Ta-ta,' said the beauty, sending a smile after me that almost took my breath away; 'ta-ta, I am going to love your mother very much.'

I was safe outside the door. I felt as if I had escaped some peril. I was as nothing in her hands. She would marry me if she chose; I knew she would. Yes; marry me, rule me, and keep me enslaved to my life's end. 'The fact is, I shall sell out,' I said, as I walked off to my mother's room.

My mother gave one glance at my scared face and burst out laughing. 'You have seen her,' she said. 'Yes.' 'Well?' 'I feel perfectly stunned; she is the handsomest creature I ever saw.' 'Oh yes; quite,' interrupted my mother. 'And such a cool hand,' I said. 'Perfectly artless.' 'Oh, that's it! I never saw any one perfectly artless before.' I intended this to be ironical, but my mother answered unaffectedly and sincerely, 'Nor did I, I think. I am charmed with Lucy; and—but oh, my dear boy, Mellicent must have said something very positive. Mrs. Marmaduke quite intends the marriage—is longing to see you, and expects you to propose

directly.'

'Now, mother,' I said very seriously, 'if I am to get out of this safe, I had better run away: get off through the night, you know.' Once more my mother laughed merrily. 'But why go at all?' she said; 'why not marry her?' 'It's awful to be run down like this—what's that?'

It was a knock at the door. I opened it. And there stood a speaking wonder. She walked in. 'I'll introduce mesself. I'm Mrs. Marmaduke Smeeth.'

That was what she said, as well as I can tell you; but she contrived to impress me with a sense of hopeless captivity as she announced her name. To come, to see, to conquer was evidently her custom. She had had, I felt, no other experience of life, and how was I to teach her 'the differ?' She was a very short, very fat, very pretty elderly woman in a black wig, made with long hair, and worn with a net. I literally staggared under this new shock. She held me by the hand, and looked up at me with eyes

drilled to express a most winning tenderness; she told me she wished me every blessing; and then—'Good luck t'ye, ye darling!' In spite of her accent, and the effrontery of her smile, there was a fascination about her that silenced me. I knew that all argument would be as nought with her; I felt that the whole strength of my character was simply disregarded if not defied.

As I bowed in dumb wonder, she said, 'You will do exactly: you will indeed. I admired your brother so. And when Mellicent wrote me her wise little letter I felt in my bones that it was just the very thing for every one of us all round. So I spoke to Lucy. "Lucy, dear," to her, "here is a man who is not to be trifled with. He'll leave the service," I said, "if you ask him prettily. I'll promise anything in reason for him. But you'll not be asking anything greater than that." "And I'd never have him leave the service," said she, "I'd be a soldier's wife and go to India any way for a year or two." And so, Captain Mannering, your wooing is half done for you, and I congratulate you with all my heart; for a finer man, with a more trustworthy countenance, I never saw; and she has near five-and-forty thousand pounds well secured, and a sweeter girl never lived. We shall have good news to send out to Mellicent by the next mail, I hope. Time flies, but you need not be long about what's left for you to do, God bless you!'

I hope it will not be considered profane if I say that I distinctly remember the sensation that nothing less than somebody's annihilation could deliver me from the great difficulty in which I stood, and set Whether my own or Mrs. me free. Marmaduke's disappearance from this sublunary scene was before my mind, or whether in my despair I was able to make any individual distinctions I do not remember: but I hope I may never again feel my own life and its responsibilities suddenly shifting away from me, leaving me in weakness and woe, a stray atom, adopted and used by some other Mrs. Marmaduke Smith. Like some poor fly whose powers of voluntary motion have got crippled and caged in the meshes of a malignant spider, I struggled off, breaking away from my mother's room, but still with a sense of constraint and moral subjugation strong upon me. Should I ever be able to escape from the net-work of circumstances that had so suddenly enveloped me? The daring impertinence of Mrs. Marmaduke Smith, the weak folly of my mother, the superhuman ease of that pretty Lucy Lorimer, and the impudence of everybody? What a web they were spinning round me with their idiotic industry!

I got to my room confused and angry. I jeered myself—I addressed my unhappy individuality jokingly as the man who would marry an heiress, and who had suddenly discovered an heiress who intended to marry him; and then I bravely determined to regain my freedom at any price. But the very strength of my resolution seemed to show me the absurdity of my position, and I could not refrain from a wretched little laugh at my own expense.

Just then old Laurence, the servant who had been in the family before I was born, came into the room. He prided himself on being valet to 'the young Captain,' I knew. Now, his honest face wore a veil of got-up respect over the sparkles of some great enjoyment. 'Well, sir,' he began, looking me over with a curious sort of satisfaction, 'I think we shall do. You have been close, Captain, very close; but as it is all known in the servants' hall, I thought I would just, with a private word, wish you joy;'—and absolutely the tears stood in the good creature's honest eyes.

'Laurence,' I said, 'who has been talking about me?'

'Mrs. Smithson, the maid; and all told so handsomely in Ireland before they came away. "Pray for me," she said—Miss Lucy, I mean; and money, and all sorts of good gifts were bestowed far and wide. They are greatly beloved, sir, I hear,—and, says Miss Lucy, "I shall be off with the Captain, who waits for me;"—and "Good luck to your honour!" was cried, with blessings and cheers, when they went away."

I felt the picturesqueness of the situation from the red-cloaked happy-peasantry point of view, and I also felt the increased difficulty that all this by-play brought upon me; but it only made me more determined to make no surrender.

If I cannot fight I can fly, thought So I contented myself with saying to Laurence rather mysteriously—'Remember that I have not told you anything about this,' and then I went on to comfort myself with thoughts of that better part of valour called discretion. Anything would be better than a storm. No man could possibly enter into violent opposition against an army of women all screaming to do him a service, and eager to marry him to an heiress and a beauty, with a bewitching tongue and a portion of more than forty thousand pounds out at respectable interest. So if the worst came upon me, I could be off by moonlight with as much as my pockets could carry and—like a runaway young lady—with a note left on my dressing-table to explain matters.

As I went downstairs to dinner I met the housekeeper, once the good nurse who had protected my child-hood. 'I must speak, my dear, I must!' she cried. 'She is the beautifullest little creature that ever was made, and a very angel for goodness. And you! Well, she may search from Joppa to Japan—' I heard no more. I kissed my hand to the true-hearted old servant and rushed away out of her reach.

In the drawing-room I encountered my pretty Julia. 'Oh, Alfred!' She held up her fair face to be kissed, and I performed the brotherly homage, saying, 'Now, hold your tongue. I am neither married,

ong to be married.'
'Oh, Alfred! you are.' 'Not this time.' 'Oh, nonsense; you don't know.' 'No. Indeed, I don't.'
Julia was so horror-struck that she turned white, and trembled. 'Hush!' she said; and then my mother and Mrs. Marmaduke Smith walked in, and just behind them came Lucy.

She looked indescribably lovely; all clothed in glittering white up to her throat, but falling away from her well-rounded snowy arms in some sort of hanging-drapery fashion. A sparkling trinket hung from a black velvet round her neck; she had precious things round her wrists, and her delicate white fingers were perhaps rather loaded with rings. She walked forward and stood still by my side.

'Ah, I like to see you together,' said Mrs. Marmaduke. Lucy bent her lovely little head, and blushed; but she stood her ground with a glance that claimed my indulgence, and then, with a droll smile, seemed to apologise for her aunt. What could I do? It was not in human nature to be in any degree offensive to this dazzling little beauty. She had dropped her gloves when her aunt spoke, and I thought it was to give me something to do, and prevent my answering. So I gave them back into her glittering fingers, and smiled in answer to her smile simply because I could do nothing else.

You perceive that I had been taken at a disadvantage from the I had been snapt up and allowed no moment for reflection. I had been pushed into deep water and given no time for resistance. And now I had to scramble out, and I felt, till I grew hot under the excitement, that every moment lost was lost power. Every occasion when I might speak, and yet could not speak, would be called consenting. But still I was dumb. The boy-god, Cupid, whose pleasure it is that lovers should be blind, had played me a trick; he had surely shifted the bandage from the eyes With all the desire to to the lips. speak, I still was speechless. It was a race with Time. If I did not speak soon it would be of no use to speak at all. I had asked for an heiress and there she was. If I neither cried out nor ran away I should be married off-hand, and settled in spite of myself.

It was a position the difficulty of which I can hardly over-describe.

Well, I picked up Lucy's gloves, and Laurence announced dinner; then I stepped forward to conduct Mrs. Marmaduke Smith.

'No, no,' said the lady; 'go in together, me children. I bless the

day! Now Lucy, me love!' And the girl was on my arm, and being conducted past our admiring and consenting friends, before I was aware of anything beyond the one depressing fact that I was being sunk deeper and deeper into my difficulties.

Lucy sat by me. She accepted her position with a shy serenity that took all the courage out of me. Before dinner was half over a dozen things had been said that seemed to tie tighter the knots of the cords that bound me to the will of my tormentors. Lucy received everything that was said with a visible understanding of its meaning; every time an allusion was made she gave to it some consenting look or gesture; nothing was lost upon her, nor, for the matter of that, on me either. What could I do? I determined to sit grim-looking and silent. But could any silence, save that of the deaf and dumb, be of more than two minutes' duration if Lucy had resolved otherwise? She said the drollest things with sweet smiles in silvery tones, and drove me halfdistracted. A gentle insanity born of despair seemed to overpower me. I could not preserve my self-control. and then, suddenly, there was an unexpected apparition at my elbowthat of a woman with a damaskcovered tray, and a voice proceeding from it said, 'For Miss Lizzie, sir; and there, positively, was the woman Smithson, Mrs. Marmaduke's maid, and the mistress herself in a loud, clear voice was saying, 'Me dear captain, Lizzie, me niece, will trouble you for her dinner on the tray. As we are one family now, or going to be, you'll excuse the indecorum. She is in bed with the toothache. the darling.

And so, under Smithson's direction, to which I submitted with humiliation, I supplied Miss Lizzie with a sufficient repast, and in so doing I encountered the middleaged spinster's scrutinizing eyes, and, being surprised out of all self-possession by her glance of congratulation, I burst out into such a fit of laughter as had to be stifled in my dinner-napkin. 'Ah! yes, me dear,' cried out Mrs. Marmaduke, 'they

may laugh who win. It's an old privilege, and we grant it you entirely.' Even before the servants I was compromised. I felt my fate running away with me. But a violent pang of despair restored me to myself, and I groaned out, 'What the end of this is to be I cannot imagine'

imagine.' 'I know the end,' whispered Lucy, and you will be good to me I am sure.' Our eyes met. How tender and asking were hers! I remember them as I write. Then I was sure that she had suffered. I said. 'You have not had a happy home?' She answered, 'I look forward to another now.' The statement contained in these words so confused me that I could not tell what to say to her again. I felt, guiltily, that silence gave consent; guiltily, I looked in-different, as if I had not heard; but from that moment I knew that a grand explanation must be come to, with all possible speed, or my diffi-

culties would overwhelm me. When the ladies left the diningroom Mrs. Marmaduke's look at me over her shoulder defies description. It was a look from a world of which I knew nothing. She was, as I have said, decidedly good-looking; a fat, fair little creature, with that utter absence of human respect in her face that made it quite amusing. Something in her countenance said that she had been managing men all her life; I should have made sure of that if I had not known the history of the three brothers Lorimer, and guessed at the experience of the late Mr. Smith; and that parting smile over her shoulder had informed me that this queer little personage was managing me; the unscrupulous freedom of that glance of triumph had revealed me to myself in my new character as hopelessly the slave of Mrs. Marmaduke's will, and the man whom she had marked down as Lucy Lorimer's

I returned to the table to take a final glass of wine, and give a few minutes of quiet consideration to my circumstances. My first thoughts were that it would be a horrible trouble to free myself from Mrs. Marmaduke's toils, and I hated

every description of domestic strife with a strength beyond calculation; and then Lucy was such a wonderful little creature. Why could I not take the goods the gods provided, and make no objections? If Lucy were willing to marry me why should not I marry her?

This was one view of my state. and the view was sufficiently clear. Lucy was quite willing to marry me; they had come from Ireland with ready speed to see and secure me; they had not been six hours in the house, and the process of 'nailing' me had gone on so fast that I had scarcely any power left to move in the matter. They wished it, but why? That word why presented a difficulty. A young creature, beautiful, clever, educated, and rich, had to be got rid of; and the means fixed upon were a marriage with me and a voyage to India. Was that the case? Or was it that she had been secretly engaged all this time to Charlie Moore and that he had jilted her? Was he too fast a fellow, and was she too sparkling, lovely, and rich? Two years had passed since they had parted, at least, and in less than another year she would be her own mistress. If he had not jilted her why could she not wait for the man whom she had loved so well? After much thought I could only believe that this was the solution of the difficulty. She had made some silly resolution to marry the next man who might offer himself, and Charlie had certainly married a rich banker's widow, about whom we had cruelly joked him till we had found that it would not do. I had not heard from my friends in India very lately, owing to my having obtained my extension of leave at almost the last They were, in fact, only just informed that I was not sailing by the 'Eastern Star,' as I had announced my intention of doing. 'Ah,' I meditated, on arranging all these possibilities, 'I shall wait for my next letters from India. I think I might marry her in six months' time, and then I shall probably sell out.' So I took another glass of wine with rather a sublime determination to do pretty much as I

pleased. Then I felt a decided desire to see that lovely face again, so I proceeded to the drawing-room. Little Lucy, poor little pet beauty! Jilted by Charlie, and quite at my service now! I thought I should take her, I really did. I felt very condescending; and with my last view of affairs possessing my mind like positive truth, I strolled into her presence.

Julia was pouring out tea, and Lucy was sitting by her engaged in the formation of some wonderful lace-like work, by means of a complication of manœuvres in which hands and fingers appeared to be engaged bringing order out of chaos.

'How did you ever learn it?' I said, 'and, when once learnt, how did you ever remember it?'

'Ah!' she said, 'women were ever clever at such intricacies; spinning and weaving are their natural employments; pins and shuttles are the tools that belong to the sex; scissors too—the Fates were women, you know.'

'They are our fates still,' I said, with a smile. 'And each other's,' said Lucy, with a visible shudder running through her frame. I thought of the banker's widow, who had, no doubt, robbed her of Charlie Moore; I thought of my own position. 'And do you never take your own fate into your own hands?' I asked. She looked straight into my face for one instant. 'I think that I am doing so now,' she answered.

'Take care that you don't repent,' I said, stooping low and speaking very gravely.

"I take my fate into my own hands," she said, keeping her eyes down on her work, but speaking very distinctly, "in order to give it away. I have been driven upon my destiny." Then she looked at me again. "But I can say to-night that I am glad of it." There was something very like tears in her eyes when she said this so bravely.

I said, 'Is it so very good a thing to place your fate in another person's power?' She answered, 'It is pleasant; it is more, it is grand; and it makes me great in my own eyes to give my fate into the hands of a true-hearted gentleman.'

Her words were so spoken that they seemed to knock straight at my heart. I felt captivated by her sincerity, and if we had been alone I should have had the whole question out with her in five minutes: but Mrs. Marmaduke had been calling upon her to sing, and she now rose in obedience to that command and walked, with a gentle grace about her movements, to the pianoforte. It was really a pleasure to look at her, she was so extraordinarily beautiful. I followed her with my eyes, quite fascinated in spite of myself. She played a few passages with a power that told me at once she was a musician, and she began to sing, not the usual love-song that I had expected, but a piece of Irish comedy, with such skill and such intense humour as to subject Mrs. Marmaduke Smith to a succession of fits of uproarious delight. I could scarcely credit the fact I witnessed. The whole performance was so perfect in its cruel absurdity that to bear it without utter loss of character as the hero of the house was impossible; so I fled, jumping lightly from the low window to the green turf below, thoroughly overcome by the song and the singer, and reduced to the painful weakness of uncontrollable laughter in the ridiculous loneliness of a shrubbery close by.

In half an hour I ventured back. She was then singing a duet, which I knew very well, with Julia. I was in good practice as a singer myself in those days, and I heard with criticism, which ended in breathless amazement. I declare that I felt awe-struck. She had thrown a sort of religious sentiment into her singing; the words were not merely a lover's ravings, they seemed like a good man's solemn vows; and then I felt that Lucy's love would be a thing worth having, a thing that might become the priceless treasure of a wise man's life.

back to my sleeping-room when I met Mrs. Marmaduke Smith. wanted a word with your mother, she said; 'which is her room?' I showed Mrs. Marmaduke to my mother's door, and then she said to me with visible emotion, 'She just sings like one of St. Cecilia's own angels. There's a deal of feeling in that poor heart of hers. Oh, I misdoubt me as to my own conduct sometimes; but you will bring peace to us all.' And then, as I rested with a puzzled mind on her words she—I don't know how it hap-pened, I don't know how she managed it, the surprise was so excessive, but she kissed me. I had had a hug as tender as her fat little arms could give, and, I suppose it was as I stooped to open the door, she positively kissed me. The climax had been reached. Some sobbing words, such as 'the seal of our contract, me adopted son!' and she had passed through the open door and left me in the passage, standing silly, vexed, astounded, ashamed. I do not know any more. I only remember that when I got to my own chamber I resolved to suffer no longer, to have a thorough understanding with Lucy the very next day; and I said that I would then leave the house. I would never see either of them again if I could help it. With the fact that had just been accomplished I thought my sufferings should end. I would not live through another six hours of such adoption; accepted, secured, smiled on, kissed; and though I had one or two laughs at the unexpected difficulties of my circumstances, I could not get over Mrs. Marmaduke's good-night.

Again I left the room, this time

quietly and by the door, intending

to give myself half an hour's thought

in my 'snuggery' where I enjoyed a

made me no wiser, and I was getting

My thoughts

cigar sometimes.

(To be continue !.)



THE PHYSIOLOGY OF THE DANCE.

A bet arranged in Eight Figures by Com Pood.

(ILLUSTRATED BY FLORENCE CLAXTON.)

THE DANCE DOMESTIC.

I. THE GYRATION ARCHAIC POSTPRANDIAL.

THE danced styled 'Domestic' I sing about next:—
But ere I proceed to enlarge on the text
Let me utter the ban of all creatures perplexed
On the music domestic with which they are vext—
The neighbour's ne'er-ceasing 'pianny'—
The shrill penny-whistle that's played by the lad—
The thoroughbred Cockney attired in a plaid,
Whose performance on bagpipes might well drive one mad—
And the German brass-band that is ten times as bad;
And to these as a crowning calamity add

That grinning Italian, Giovanni, Who grinds his vile organ, distracting the head Of him who is grinding his brains to make bread, But cannot 'mid sounds so uncanny.

Ah! would that the public, conferring a boon On brainwork, would ne'er on piano, bassoon, Pipe, or fiddle, encourage an inoppor-tune, Or give to that grinning organic baboon

So much one half-farthing of copper as!

And now—having uttered this terrible ban
On the organised plots 'gainst the comfort of man—
I proceed to the subject with which I began—
'The gyration archaic postprandial' (see plan),
A sort of at-home entertainment you can
Nickname if you wish early hopper-as.

In the days of ''ifackens,' 'I wis,' and 'I trow '— The date is a wide one, I freely allow, But I cannot provide you a better, I vow,— In the days when the gentleman followed his plough, And the lady looked after the fowls and the cow,— In the days of the Thegns (or between Thegn and now)

When a noble might lay his own tax on, Assessing his vassals as he had a mind (If they took it unkindly, he took it in kind, His rod often laying their backs on);

If, after he'd dined,
For amusement he pined—

Some young Saxon gentleman gaily inclined
To pay tax with his hops he would instantly bind:
For hops now you count on your pockets, I find,
In those days you counted your Sacks-on.

Well! there before gentle, and damsel, and groom,
The youth featly footed in midst of the room,
As you often depicted have seen, I presume,
In those manuscripts ancient, whose margins illumination so brightly bespangles.

The figures perchance may seem awkward and stiff, But you scarce at such dancing should scornfully sniff, Since dancing, of course, must be angular if The people who do it are Angles.

Round and round
With many a bound
To the drum and the bagpipe and violin's sound,
He sprang like a deer that's pursued by the hound,
And lustily leaped liked a sturgeon.
All by himself he stood forth on the floor,
And lightly the rushes went capering o'er,
For from sharing the dance every lady forbore
As though she such levity awful forswore
By the sainted commands of a Spurgeon.

Meanwhile, I regret to record that the Thegn O'ercome by the bagpipe's mellifluous strain (For they e'en in those days took a pipe with a drain) In a drone of his own oft indulging amain Was with loud nasal psalmody seemingly fain

To vary the usual tedium.

We must pardon this slip—or this sleep—for, I fear,
He was one of those people so prone to good cheer
That they're oft in a state which a critic severe
Would entitle 'disgraceful,' but we will call 'queer.'
He didn't care much for the hop, it is clear,
Which the Council of (Burton-on-) Trent, as I hear,
Had not at that period counselled for beer,
And found mead was a happier medium.

Yet still would our dancer without any stop As brisk as a cricket continue to hop (A simile, that, which is really tip-top For a ball what than cricket more proper?) Till he grew so fatigued he was ready to drop, When a mot à propos in the jester would pop, Declaring the capers he cut were first chop And he for the cutting first chopper.

Then the company laughed for propriety's sake, And the Thegn all at once from his nap would awake, And, not hearing the joke, perchance umbrage would take— Bid the jester another instanter to make,

Or he'd never again get a tester;
And the wit—no incapable though bell-and-capped—
Said 'the joke he had missed was inapt, as he napped,
Nor should he complain that to miss it he'd happed,
For he'd had in the slumber in which he was wrapped
A digester instead of de jester.'*

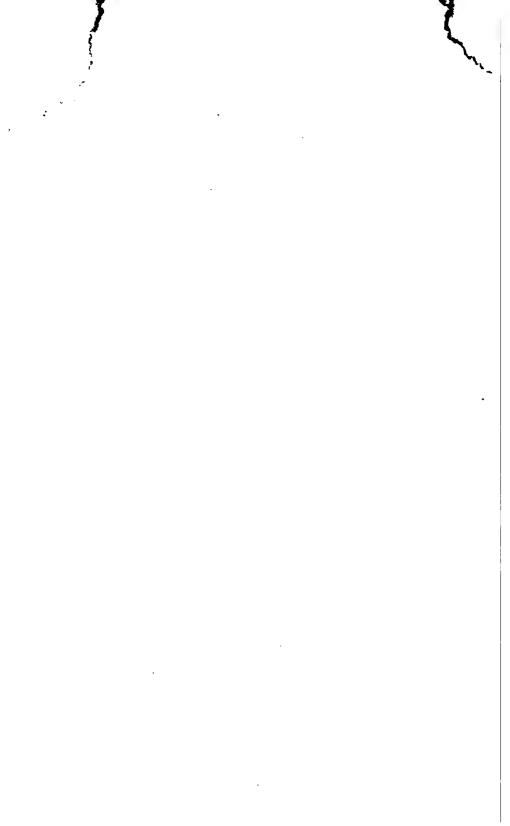
Such then was the dance that delighted our sires!— This age of its fore-pas' pas seul rather tires, Pas de deux à deux temps is the thing it admires, From which fact one deduces the moral

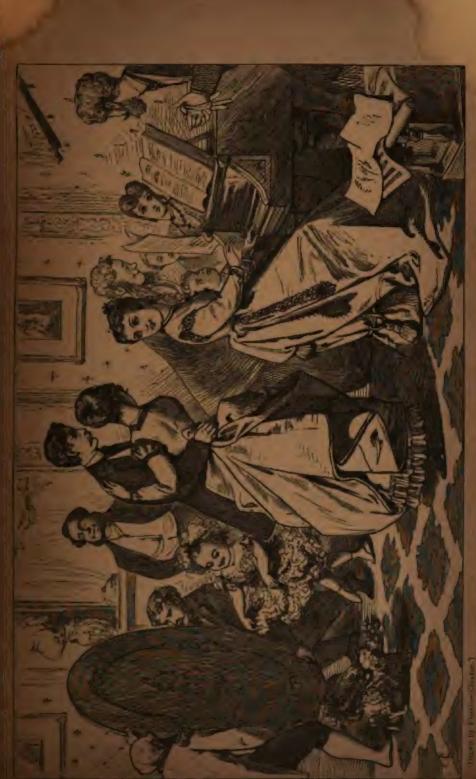
* Concerning these 'jokes,' if the reader protests,
And calls them jejune-ior than middle-age jests,
Well, the charge is correct—I admit it!
Our jokes are far-fetched ones I freely allow,
But theirs had such latitude vast, that I vow
Their jests were as broad as ours long are just now;
So for cracking a joke we had better, I trow,
Try by splitting the diff'rence to hit it,



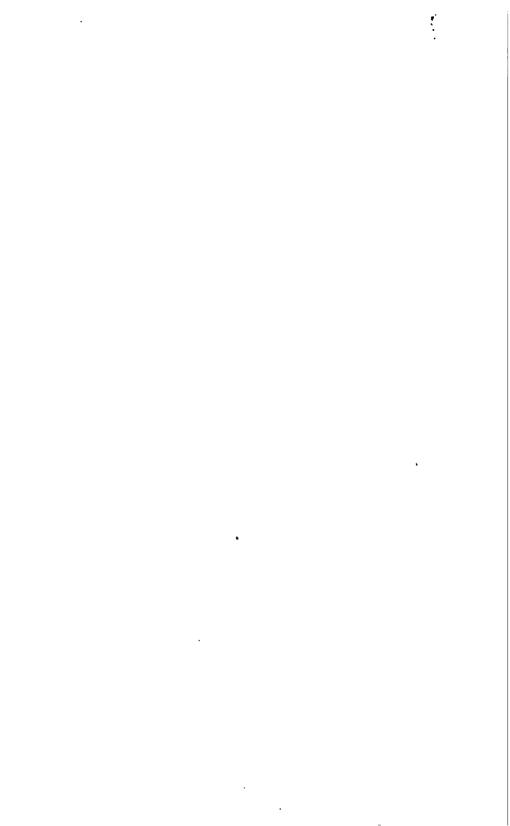








HE DANCE DOMESTIC, THE CARPET-TRISK MODERN EXTEMPORANEOUS.



That dancing and discord are somewhat akin, Since in this or in that a 'set-to' to begin, You must e'en have a partner to aid you therein; For a solo in dancing is not worth a pin,

And it always wants two for a quarrel.

2. THE CARPET-FRISK MODERN EXTEMPORANEOUS.

And now to the dance we have come that's confest To be better—much better by far—than the rest, As its wide popularity soon will attest.

Yes, a carpet-dance clearly is held to be best—

Not a drug it at all in the markets.

And yet upon drugget it's pleasanter far,

While floors highly-polished most excellent are.

(The French call them parquets, but cockneys will jar

The ear by pronouncing them 'parkets.')
This dance's courageous inventor to bless
All men should unite; for 'tis jolly, I guess,
To exchange (as all sensible men will confess)
The evening's deep black for a light morning dress—

A reform that we greatly rejoice in.

And the company's pleasant as well—it's so free
From stiff etiquette and its fiddle-de-dee;—
A small friendly party, which both he and she
Have plenty of room for a choice in.

Oh, mamma gives a sign for the sports to begin, As the heralds of old some grand tournament in Shouted out 'laisses aller' o'er all of the din,

And each knight at once 'aller laissal.'
So somebody's quickly prevailed on to play,
And the servant is summoned to take out the tray
And the table is raised, and is cleared clean away,
Thus becoming a tabula rasa.

Then the gentlemen, choosing their partners, begin, And—while some of the married folk gaily join in— Each bachelor bent upon having a spin

Is for straightway selecting a spinster.

And (saving the few who 'sit out,' since no doubt

Those who haven't got partners must e'en go without.

Like those who are laid by the heels with the gout,

Nor can toe, knee, heel, instep, or shin stir)
All—fogey and dowager, stripling and girl,
Are launched in the waltz's impetuous whirl
On the Brussels, or else Kidderminster.

And even the little folk taking their part Are as light of foot as they are of heart, And enjoy it, although not too skilled in the art

Described by the bard as Terpsichore's.
Ask little Miss, yonder, who's holding her frock,
And then—of her likings appraising the stock,—
You'll discover that dancing, as sure as the clock,
Is the thing she loves next after cocoa-nut rock,
And a mighty deal better than liquorice.

E'en the dog is enjoying the dance—as he may,
Dancing dogs are the dogs who, you know, have their day,
Although wise legislation has quite done away
With the dogs that were harnessed to barrow and dray
(Mr. Martin, I think, brought the bill in).

Fido capers about, and remarks, 'Bow wow wow!'
With which observation, if me you allow
The Dickens to play, I'll explain to you how
He means that this 'Barkis is willin'!'

Oh, many a marriage most happy, I ween,
Commenced at a carpet-frisk thus has there been,
When Love, the great Monarch, and Beauty, the Queen,
For a dance took their places together:—
But to lengthen for life such a dance, thought not wrong,
And, hand claspt in hand, have gone tripping along,

And, hand claspt in hand, have gone tripping along,
Thus making existence all music and song,

And sunshine and summery weather.

Then take my advice—dance whenever you can— 'Tis a harmless diversion for woman and man. If a general hand-shake's a capital plan, A general foot-shake no worse is.

So'list not to canters whose teaching is false;
They're not always weakest who go to the waltz!
And that maxim the close of my verse is!

FINALE.

Our measure's completed, kind reader, so now Conducting you back to your seat with a bow, I'll retire to my place, should you kindly allow,

And not as a bungler contemn me.
I've endeavoured with clearness my theme to expound,
But supposing my utterance noise and not sound,

And if I've not found

For my fling enough ground,

An appropriate sentence you'll pass, I'll be bound,—

To 'a dance upon nothing' condemn me.

THE CITY OF THE ORPHANS.

THERE is now rising up in the west of England a new city which may be appropriately called the City of the Orphans. And a remarkable city it is. A vast colony of orphans would anywhere be a strange sight, but in this case it is more than strange, it is marvellous. This City of Orphans is wonderful as being the result of one man's work; it is wonderful for the vicissitudes through which it has passed: it is wonderful for its extent; it is wonderful for what it promises to The history of this ever-expanding city takes us altogether out of the current of ordinary things and makes us look upon human effort from a new point of view. We have seen often what a love of ostentation can do; we see here what an individual will, guided by a lofty faith, can do. In connection

with this city of orphans we have a biography which, when it comes to be written, will read more like an extravagant fiction than a plain matter-of-fact nineteenth century narrative. In the life of George Müller there is a singularity not to be found in the common crowd of biographies: it is a strange life, a worthy life, a great life; especially great in an age when individuality, as Mr. Mill has remarked, is on the decline, and mankind are moving on to their destiny in a ruck which has few really distinguished leaders.

The City of the Orphans is situate on Ashley Down, mear Bristol, this down being a breezy eminence on which, until lately, the farmer grazed his cattle. To trace the origin of this city we must go back to the year 1835, in which year a poor Prussian—George Müller, who

was then living in Bristol, and who had come to England a few years before in connection with a missionary project-conceived that it was his duty to do something towards providing for the numerous orphans who are to be found in our large cities. At the time that Mr. Müller first began to think of this work he was a minister to a small sect known as the Brethren, and had for a fellow-labourer the late Henry Craik, the well-known Hebrew scholar, and brother of the late Professor Craik, author of the 'Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties.' Mr. Müller had no salary whatever in connection with his ministry, he and Mr. Craik having resolved not to accept a salary, but to leave their needs to be supplied as the Brethren voluntarily should decide. arrangement produced very curious results. Sometimes Mr. Müller was very well off, but as he never made his wants known to anybody, and never, on principle, asked anybody for anything, his means were occasionally very low. On these occasions his outward appearance indicated the emptiness of his exchequer. and individual members of his congregation were in the habit when they met him with a shabby coat on of taking him to a tailor's and buying him a new one. But poverty never affected the cheerful spirit of George Müller. In March, 1836, he was living at No. 6, Wilson Street. Bristol, and this house he resolved to transform into an orphanage. On the 11th of April he began to take the children in, and by the 18th of the following month he had for his guests no less than twenty-six orphan children who had lost both father and mother by death.

Mr. Müller's position was at this time a very remarkable one. He had no regular income himself and was in fact a poor man. How was he to provide for the twenty-six orphans that he had taken into his house? He resolved to carry out the same principle in respect to the orphans as he had done in respect to himself, that is, never to ask anybody for assistance and never to make it known publicly who had given him anything. If anybody

sent him a present for the orphans, whether it was in money or goods, it was never acknowledged in connection with the donor's name but only with initials. Persons who gave for mere estentation had consequently no chance of being advertised in connection with the orphanage; for whether a large or small amount was given, nothing more than the donor's initials were made public.

Under these singular circumstances Mr. Müller opened his orphanage. Some people thought that the orphanage was a freak of fanaticism, and others predicted that an institution founded on such principles could not exist. But others again, who saw what a large number of children Mr. Müller had to feed, sent him assistance in money, in flour, in draperies, &c.

Still there was a continual chorus of depreciators, who said the thing must fail; but instead of heeding these, Mr. Müller, who found that more children were brought to him than could be accommodated in his house, rented a second house, and in a short time he had this one as

full as the first.

The wants of this orphan community were literally supplied from day to day by gifts from the public; but nobody was asked for anything. A family of fifty or sixty consumed a good deal of food; the amount for clothing them was no inconsiderable trifle; the rent of two houses involved expense; and as Mr. Müller had engaged nurses and teachers for the orphans, there was a further outlay in this direction.

It was no wonder that even persons who were friendly to the young institution should have doubts as to its endurance. There was no list of subscribers, no income of any kind except the promiscuous gifts of the public, who were never solicited to give. Mr. Müller, however, did not share these doubts. relied solely on the efficacy of prayer, and believing that the care of orphans was a worthy work for a Christian minister, he had no doubt that the means of providing for the orphans would be forthcoming. Help came to him in the most ex-Many people traordinary way.

whom he had never seen sent him money for the support of the orphane; anonymous donors dropped cash and trinkets into his letterbox, and occasionally he had a considerable sum on hand. But still there were periods when Mr. Müller was down to his last penny and did not know where he would obtain the next meal for his orphans. In these periods people said he had gone too far, and while they were discussing what would become of the children at the break-up of the institution Mr. Müller opened a third house, for boys, and took in more orphans. The fact was that as the character of the institution became known, applications were made on behalf of orphans, and Mr. Müller, having these cases brought before him, was not disposed to refuse the children admission.

Ordinary prudence would have heaitated, but Mr. Müller seemed to lack this, depending solely on his prayer, and before the end of December, 1837, he had seventy-nine orphans under his care. Surely then it was time to stop. In July and August, 1838, Mr. Müller had frequently not a penny in hand, and as he made it a rule never to go into debt, the necessities of the institution had to be supplied by the donations as they came in day by day and often hour by hour. At these times nearly everybody lost heart in the work except Mr. Müller. In his published 'Narrative,' referring to this period, we often find entries which show the extreme necessities of the institution; yet, strange to say, there was never a single instance in which the children lacked either food or clothing. Under the date August 18, 1838, for instance, we find: 'I have not a penny in hand for the orphans.' On August 20 he was again 'penniless.' Three days afterwards he writes in his 'Narrative:' 'To-day I was again without a single penny, when 31. was sent from Clapham, with a box of new clothes for the orphans.' In the same year, on the 21st November, he makes this entry: 'Never were we so reduced in funds as today. There was not a single halfpenny in hand between the matrons

of the three houses.' But before the day was over funds were forthcoming to meet the wants of the day. At the end of 1838 there were in the three houses 86 orphans—31 in the girls' orphan-house, 31 in the infant orphan-house, and 24 in the

boys' orphan-house.

A man who has a family of nine, even when he has a fair income, thinks he has a good many mouthsto fill, but the remarkable peculiarity of Mr. Müller's case was thathe had a family of nearly ninety lodged in three large houses; thathe provided them with wholesome food in abundance, and also with clothing and suitable education, and yet he had no fixed income-whatever! It is true that for many years his means were very low, but it is equally true that in his ex-tremest need help always came. Sometimes he had help from strangers, for even in these early days of the institution it became known that the poor Prussian, whose heart yearned for the orphans, had a family of nearly ninety depending solely upon the public for support. Sometimes a five or ten-pound note was dropped anonymously into hisletter-box. Other contributors who had observed Mr. Müller's work sent him presents of oatmeal, of treacle, of vinegar, of cloth, of shoes, &c.; but there was no ostentatious publicity to be got out of the contributions, whether they amounted to hundreds of pounds or to a singlepenny, nothing but the initials of the donor being given in the accounts in any case. Nor had the donors any right of nomination in respect to candidates for the insti-tution. All Mr. Müller asked of persons who brought orphans to him was, Are both the child's parents dead? was the child born. in wedlock? is the child destitute? If these questions were satisfactorily answered there was nothing said. about the favour of subscribers or the religion of the deceased parents. The children were taken into the houses, so long as there was room. for them, in accordance with the order in which application was made for them. Mr. Müller's plan was a literal application of the familiar

phrase, first come first served, and from this plan he has never deviated.

The enormous responsibility which he voluntarily undertook, when he was, according to all human calcudations, absolutely without means, would have appalled even moderately rich men; but where others saw difficulties he saw only encouragement. Nothing disheartened him; and when those who knew the daily poverty and the 'hand to mouth' supplies thought of failure, he was looking cheerfully towards the future when he would be able to have twice the number or perhaps ten times the number of orphans under his care.

In 1830 there was a repetition of the previous year's experience. Daily necessities strangely met, and the unfailing confidence of Mr. Müller. On February 9th he records in his 'Narrative' that he had 'not a penny in hand.' On April 9th: 'I am once more penniless.' On the 5th August there was 'not a penny in hand,' and on the 12th there is a similar report in the 'Narrative.' The same thing occurred at various subsequent dates up to the end of the year and all through 1840, 1841, and 1842. About the middle of 4843 there were many applications for the admission of orphans, but as the three houses were as full as they could be, having regard to the health of the children, Mr. Müller, to the astonishment of the neighbourhood, rented another house, and this too he soon filled with orphans.

Up to this time these strangelysupported orphan-houses had been a marvel to everybody. Some had scoffed at the efforts of the poor Prussian minister, but many, struck with the true humanity of his daily dife, his most tender care of the fatherless and motherless family of which he had taken charge, helped him. Some sent him silver spoons and half-worn trinkets and jewellery; poor men saved a portion of their wages for him; rich men gave to him liberally. But as his expenses were great, all he got occasionally failed him, and then the institution seemed on the verge of destruction, but only to prove once more that

there was in it a principle of vitality which, however incomprehensible it might be to ordinary observers, was nevertheless real.

Four large houses all full of merry children—many boys among them rescued from a pauper's doommany girls saved from the streets and brought up from their very infancy under influences which form as near an approach to the family influence as can be obtained in an institution in which a large number of children are associated together! And all this done by a poor foreigner who never asked any man for any-

thing!

No wonder people began to look more closely at this singularly-conducted institution; and the more they examined the more their wonder was excited. They saw that there were no annual dinners, no publication of the names of donors, no solicitation for funds, no canvassers or collectors; but as good wine needs no bush, a good deed adver-There, before the public tises itself. eye, were four large houses filled with children; the man who had gathered them together, and who had become in the most direct sense a father to the fatherless, was a humble-minded, poor man, whose quiet, unpretentious life had often Those who are been remarked. conversant with the phenomena of crime say that every great criminal has many imitators; that there is a morbid influence which extends from the original criminal, whether he is a Turpin, a Jack Sheppard, a Palmer, or a Caseley, to other minds which are susceptible of such influence, and produces a crop of imitators. In like manner the influence of a good deed may be traced. There never was a great philanthropist whose work did not create an emulative spirit in generous natures, and George Müller's influence was He had not without its effect. taken all the responsibility of bringing up and educating a small colony of children who had been deprived by death of father and mother, and philanthropic observers, seeing this, claimed to share in the work by sending to the founder of the new institution help in money or goods.

But although the helpers were many and were continually increasing, the institution was not without its difficulties in 1844. On the 2nd of April Mr. Müller writes in his 'Narrative:' 'The need of to-day was 3l. os. 6d. Yesterday I had paid away all the money in hand, but in the afternoon there came in by sale of articles (given for the benefit of the orphans), 2l. 178. 5d., by the boxes in the orphan-houses, 5s. 6d., and by needlework of the orphans, 4s. 3½d., so that we were enabled to meet the demands of the day.'

On the 10th of June he had not a penny left, and on the 12th of June he had only threepence for the next day's maintenance of the orphans. Timely help came, however, and the children, who knew nothing of the poverty of their protector, never went without a single meal. On the 24th of June Mr. Müller writes: 'To-day two orphans were brought from Bath, for though we are so poor the work goes forward, and children are received as long as there is room.' The poverty and the expansion, in fact, went along together, Mr. Müller's plan being to take in children, irrespective of his present means, so long as he had space in his houses to accommodate them. At the end of July, 1844, Mr. Müller had received in donations 7748l. 16s. 48d. without having applied to anybody for a single subscription, and he had then in his four houses 121 orphans.

This large family often exhausted his means, notwithstanding the liberal donations he received. One day he was comparatively rich, another day he was exceedingly poor. Under the date August 7 he writes in his 'Narrative:' 'There came in, when there was not one penny in my hands, 4s. and 3s. 6d. I also found 3s. in the boxes in my house, 10s. was given as the profit of the sale of ladies' bags, and 2s. 6d. as the produce of a forfeit-box at a young ladies' school. Likewise were given to me two gold rings, two gold watch-keys, a pair of earrings, a gold brooch, two waist-buckles, a pair of bracelets, a watch-hook, and a broken brooch. Thus we have a little towards the need of to-morrow.

All through 1844 there were occasional days when the funds were exhausted and other days when there was abundance of means, and these vicissitudes continued through 1845 and 1846. In the latter year Mr. Müller resolved to build a house specially adapted for the orphans. The large number of children he then had in his four houses in Wilson Street were found to be a great inconvenience to the neighbourhood, in consequence of the noise they made during their play-hours, and there were also defects in the houses in respect to drainage, the houses not having been built for so large a number of inmates. Mr. Müller accordingly bought a field at Ashley Down, and in July, 1847, commenced to build his new house, and thus laid the foundation of what we have called the City of the Orphans.

The new house was built to accommodate 300 children, namely, 140 orphan girls above seven years of age, 80 orphan boys above seven, and 80 male and female infant

orphans.

This building cost over 15,000%, and Mr. Müller transferred his orphans to it from the four houses in Wilson Street in June, 1849. The size and accommodation of the house may be estimated when it is stated that it contains about 300 large windows, lighting work-rooms, school-rooms, bakery, store-rooms, teachers'-rooms, play-rooms, dormitories, &c. There are also connected with it large open play-grounds with swings, jumping-boards, &c., for the children.

Since the opening of this new orphan-house at Ashley Down in 1849 the progress of Mr. Müller's work is one of the most extraordinary romances that ever was written. It was remarkable that he should have been supplied with the means of building the first large house at Ashley Down, considering that he never asked any man for help, but what followed was still more remarkable.

He had not had possession of the new house long before he had it filled to its utmost capacity with children. It was wonderful to see three hundred orphans amply provided for in such a noble house through the instrumentality of one man, a simple-minded man who prayed for help when he needed it and believed that his need would be supplied. As soon as his new house was full Mr. Müller found that he had to turn away from his doors many orphans who were just as worthy of admission as those he had under his care. He had a great responsibility, for 300 children is no small family, but the insufficiency of his house gave him great anxiety.

When Father Mathew set out on his great crusade against intemperance he made use of the memorable words 'Here goes in the name of God.' Mr. Müller, on finding the house containing his 300 children too small, resolved to build another. saying that it was God's work and not his. He made his second house larger than his first, and soon filled it with 400 more children, making a total of 700. Still the orphans came to his doors, and in spite of the warnings of people who said the institution was already too large, he resolved to build a third house, larger than either of the other two, for the accommodation of 450 more orphans. This also he soon filled, thus increasing his family to

Number One, Number Two, and Number Three, as the houses are called, have been in full operation for some years, and as the three proved inadequate, Mr. Müller resolved to build two more houses, Number Four and Number Five, so that he might increase his family to upwards of 2000! And these two new houses are now almost completed, and in a few months will be fully occupied. When Mr. Müller had forty orphans, people said he had too many; what will they say now to his 2100? The objectors have disappeared, and the institution is accepted as a great fact. Success has made it so; and now, when Mr. Müller's needs are greater than ever, he never has to complain of poverty. He counts his balances by thousands sterling, and continues to extend his 'city' till people won-der where it will end. The sum expended on the buildings in which

the orphans are lodged amounts to about 100,000l., a large sum when it is remembered that all this has been contributed without the name of any donor being published. The total sum which Mr. Müller has received for the orphans since he opened his house for them in 1836 is upwards of 280,000l. The letterbox of his humble house, which is at 21, Paul Street, Bristol (for Mr. Müller does not reside in the institution, although he spends the greater part of the day there), is as valuable as the cap of Fortunatus. Passers-by drop in all sorts of jewellery, and cash and bank-notes without stint. It is no uncommon thing for him to acknowledge in his 'Narrative,' which he publishes annually, a penny from an errand-boy or domestic servant, and in the same line a thousand pounds from 'A. B.,' or some other equally unpersonal initials. He has often received gifts of 500l., 1000l., 2000l., 3000l., 4000l., up to 8000l., at one time, and these vast sums are all anonymous so far as the public are concerned. Last year (from May. 1867, to May, 1868) the expenses connected with the orphans were nearly 34,000l. Of this about 13,000l. was the current expenses in connection with the orphans, and the chief part of the remainder was in providing new buildings. The cost of each orphan during the year was 12l. 10s., inclusive of every expense without exception. The general expenses for the previous year were upwards of 27,000l.

What becomes of the children when they grow up? The girls remain in the institution till they are able to go to service. Mr. Müller keeps them till they are sufficiently qualified for a situation, and especially till their constitution is sufficiently established. They generally remain under his care till they are over eighteen years of age. If there happen to be any who are unfit on account of delicate health for domestic service, they are apprenticed to some light business. The girls are greatly in demand as servants, and their thorough training fits them admirably for such a position. Many of the girls now in the institution have been under Mr. Müller's charge for over seventeen years. They are instructed in reading, writing, arithmetic, English grammar, geography, English history, a little of universal history, all kinds of useful needlework and household work.

The boys are generally apprenticed between fourteen and fifteen years old, but in each case Mr. Müller regards the welfare of the individual orphan without having any fixed rule. They have a free choice of trade, but when once they have chosen they are not permitted to change. Boys, as well as girls, have an outfit provided, and any other expenses that may be connected with their apprenticeship are also met by the funds of the orphan The boys have the establishment. same mental cultivation as the girls, and they learn to knit and mend their stockings. They also make their beds, clean their shoes, and do a little garden-work in the way of digging, planting, and weeding the vegetable plots around the institu-

The health of the orphans is remarkably good, a fact which may be easily understood when the hygienic arrangements of the orphan-houses are known. Lofty, airy, houses are known. Lofty, airy, warm, and thoroughly-ventilated rooms, for school and play, and sleeping apartments which cannot be surpassed for healthful comfort. The rate of mortality is considerably lower in the City of the Orphans than the average mortality of England. While in London—one of the healthiest of the large cities the rate of mortality is over 20 per annum for every thousand living, the rate in the city at Ashley Down is little more than half this, a fact which is remarkable when it is known that many of the orphans have naturally a weak constitution. The healthful and cheerful appearance of Mr. Müller's children is a matter of remark by all who see them. In their play-rooms they have plenty of toys-contributed by the publicand it is a matter of real interest to see hundreds of them together in these vast apartments indulging in all kinds of childish sports and

games. They are a happy community, full of animal spirits, and apparently as capable of enjoying life as the most favoured children in the country.

It is long since the City of the Orphans acquired far more than a We have only to local interest. look through the most recently published of Mr. Müller's 'Narratives' to see how widely the institution is known. As we glance casually over the pages we see that a baker in Bedfordshire sends 5l., being a penny on every sack of flour he bakes and the first money he takes in a morning in his little shop; a Bristol donor sends 1001.; from Devonshire (no further particulars being supplied), 1901. 28. 11d.; from Appenzell, Switzerland, 2l.; from Holland, 40 florins; from Blackheath, 100l. from a shipowner, 100l. instead of insuring his ships; from R. S. C., Calcutta, 5l.; from Demerara, 4l.; from Bengal, 100 rupees; from the neighbourhood of Bath, 500l.; from Scotland, 50l. From every point of the compass, from far and near, Mr. Müller now receives aid, and it may be truly said that there are few foreign mails which do not bring

the orphans at Ashley Down. The wonderful progress of the great work has already started in the minds of active philanthropists a very important question as to the future of the orphans of England. We cannot in this country do what is done at 'The Howard Mission and Home for Little Wanderers' at New York, that is, take in destitute children and keep them till homes can be found for them. This country is densely populated, and labour is not so valuable as in America, consequently the demand for children to adopt is not so great here as in the United States. There are still left to us, however, three ways in which we can take care of the orphan population. We can keep them in workhouses as we do at present; we can take them out of workhouses and place them with families, giving with them a certain amount per week, as recommended in Miss Florence Hill's invaluable work 'The Children of the State;'

donations towards the support of

or we can expand the City of the Orphans founded by Mr. Müller.

The first of these plans is the worst of all. An orphan may not be of pauper parents, but place the child in a workhouse for half a dozen years and it is a confirmed pauper with little chance of ever being anything else. The second plan has been tried, it is said with success, in Scotland, particularly at Edinburgh, and as an initiative experiment in Wiltshire. If it could be made general—as it ought to be —it would simply be an extended system for granting out-door relief, for the money paid with the child would have to come out of the poorrate. In this case therefore the child does not get clear of the pauper influence altogether.

These facts make philanthropists look with great interest to the development of Mr. Müller's plan. National scandals have been entirely removed by voluntary effort. A case in point is supplied by the Royal National Life-boat Institution. Be-

fore the organization of this truly noble society our coasts were comparatively unprotected: through its efforts there are life-boats on almost every dangerous part of the coast. We have still the national scandal of a neglected community of orphans. Is it not possible that Mr. Muller's orphanages may yet do for these poor waifs of humanity what the Life-boat Institution has done for the seamen wrecked on our shores? In a few years Mr. Müller has provided accommodation for a sixth of the destitute orphans of the country; he is still in vigorous manhood, and there cannot be a doubt, if we may take the past as a guide to the future, that his five great houses for 2100 children are only the forerunners of other houses of a similar What the institution character. will lead to the future must determine; but, according to all present appearances, it seems destined to bring about the solution of a question which has baffled all the practical philanthropists of our time.

THE PICCADILLY PAPERS.

By a PERIPATETIC.

A DAY AT THE OLD BAILEY.

THE Old Bailey, or, as it is now called. the Central Criminal called, the Central Criminal Court, is not a very savoury or enjoyable place. A criminal trial has a dramatic interest about it which does not often belong to a civil trial; and it may be conceded that a struggle for life or liberty is in itself more intrinsically interesting than disputes about right and property. Still there is a frightful vulgarity and monotony about all criminal trials. One feels this very much at the Central Criminal Court. A man attended there one day and went home saying that there was only one respectable man in the whole court and that was the prisoner. I suppose that on that occasion the judge was the judge of whom Lord Sydney Godolphin Osborne spoke in a late letter to the 'Times,' as one who passed sentence in the most

severe moral tone, and was known to be flagrantly immoral himself. About once in two years I go down to the Old Bailey; if I went oftener I suppose I should not care for it at all; but going so seldom it is the most sensational sort of thing that comes within my experience. I enter by the north court and send in my card to the sheriff, intending thereby to be civil; and though I have no reason to think that my card ever reaches that august functionary, its production generally has the desired effect. The humblest functionary has a magisterial air, and is apparently fully persuaded that he is a prop to the British constitution. On entering the court you perceive a majestic being clothed in superhuman attire, conspicuous by a vast gold chain and other heavy ornamentation, reposing beneath a splendid

canopy, the very embodiment of the British lion and of imperial justice. You at once conclude that he is a Lord Chief Justice; at least you are quite sure that he is the judge who is to try the case. Presently there enters a quiet gentleman in a plain gown and wig, who takes his modest seat at a side desk. You presently discover that the gorgeous gentleman has nothing more to do with the trial than if he were a bobby. and that all the important business is really done by the quiet man, who cannot for a moment compete with him in the article of fine raiment. The judges preside at the more important trials at the Old Bailey according to a regular rota, but the regular judge of the court is the Recorder. Very fortunate is the City of London in possessing such a recorder. He is a man of mark, a member of the Privy Council, a member of Parliament, the commissioner who did an important national service by going out to But we are now speaking Jamaica. of him in his court, where he is one of the most acute, patient, and painstaking of judges, at the same time singularly gentle and humane; and it is quite a treat to watch his management of the court, and to listen to his terse, luminous charges.

There are always three courts sitting and sometimes a fourth They are merely rooms, these chambers of justice, where the most important judiciary business of the country is transacted, and rooms so small that any gushing advocate who likes to shout and scream can be easily overheard in other courts than his own. scene is always interesting, and there are ways of making it specially so. There is a great contrast be-tween the Old Bailey and an assize court, for an assize court is generally a lofty and spacious hall, crowded with the best people of the county town, and the preponderance of indictments is for light offences: but here, when it is a case of life or death, or large figures and heavy penalties are involved, the Central Criminal Court has little of a court bout it but is a mere business office for the transaction of justice. You slip at will from one court into another, and in each court some important trial is going on. Moreover you come upon groups of persons who are directly interested in the proceedings. It may be a set of witnesses and the prosecutor, not at all elevated by his public position, will enter upon an amicable conversation with you and clear up any doubtful points in his evidence; or there may be a number of the prisoner's friends who are rejoicing over his acquittal or bemoaning his Sometimes, though very rarely, you have a chance of a brief interview with an illustrious culprit. You come back to your court, which perhaps you have deserted through the long extent of a counsel's florid speech. A great deal has been said about the acquired gentleness and humanity of English law in the last generation in allowing counsel to a prisoner; while it is a remarkable fact, which I should like to have explained, that prisoners were more frequently acquitted in the days when they had no counsel than in days when they can have as many as they can afford. Upon the whole you greatly admire the way in which justice is administered. I was much Two pleased with one incident. wretched women were brought up for 'concealment,' a wrong more against themselves than against society. The judge postponed passing sentence, and said they would be visited by some ladies who would see what could be done for them.

I wonder, indeed, how it is that the jury by no chance ever use the pen, ink, and paper so abundantly provided for them. I also wonder whether the juryman, whom I observe to be fast asleep, can upon the whole be said to be giving an undivided attention to the case. Still, they do not make so many blunders, though every now and then we hear of an innocent person being found guilty, and it is very common indeed that a guilty person should get off. You are soon able to see that in London the juries are much sharper than in the country, and, as a rule, more ready to convict. The juries are sometimes a cause of great disturbance and objurgation to the officers of the court. An ill-conditioned jury that cannot make up their minds is the special horror of the officials who have to take care of them or who are in charge of the court. 'It's a very bad sign, sir,' said one of the officials, when the jury ask leave to retire, and are so very quiet as soon as they get into their room. Now this here jury, sir, as soon as they got into their room didn't say a word to one another, but were as glum as could be. I should not be surprised if they didn't give a verdict till midnight.' This was said to me in the first trial of the late Rachel case, when the jury were discharged without giving a verdict. I have had some interesting conversation on the ways and habits of juries. Some jurymen, if they foresee a long delay, take the precaution of replenishing their brandyflasks at luncheon time. This I take to be thoughtfully provident on the part of a juryman, and no infringement of integrity. They make themselves very comfortable, I was told; 'lie at full length, and do a deal of smoking.

When I go to the Old Bailey I generally select some day when a cuuse celèbre is being tried. As you enter the Old Court what a crowd of recollections arise of such causes 88 you look around! You might furnish forth a Chamber of Horrors as large as Madame Tussaud's entire collection from the ladies and gentlemen who have figured in the You might furnish forth the population of a moderately-populous town with the number of people who in the old hanging days were sentenced to death from that bench somewhere about which the black cap is always kept in readiness. I was talking to a solicitor one day whose lot it had been to have had a great deal to do with persons con-demned to be hanged for murder. He told me that murders were not committed so much through drink, as is popularly supposed, as from some sudden access of passion or 'And they all said the same thing, if they only could, could have one more chance.

The trial which I last attended was that of Madame Rachel, the French Jewess. On the first day there was a murder trial going on at the same time; but murder was quite at a discount, and Madame Rachel was quoted as first favourite. There was the more interest in the case as Lord Ranelagh was to be examined, perhaps to be crossexamined, and it was to be hoped that some scandalous revelations would be made. It is not often that they get hold of a lord at the Old Bailey. The last time, how-ever, that I was there—it was the trial of the Baron De Vidal on the charge of attempting to murder his son-there were one or two lords and princes who spoke highly in favour of the defendant's general On this occasion Mr. humanity. Justice Blackburn presided, with all that decision and acuteness which he afterwards showed in the Manchester trials; and the scene between the judge and the prosecutor, who utterly refused to give a word of evidence against his father, was really fine. The judge showed tremendous severity in his manner to the recalcitrant witness, but gave him a very moderate penalty for his contempt of court, and the Baron got a year's hard labour, and seems to have altogether disappeared from the social life which he had hitherto after a fashion adorned.

The examination of Lord Ranelagh was eminently satisfactory; in the first place, because he entirely cleared himself of the vague charges which were floating in the air against him, and in the next place because he gave damaging evidence against both the worthless women who principally figured in the case. He knew nothing of the prisoner beyond casually visiting her shop, which acquired so much notoriety after the Carnegie lawsuit some years ago. On the other hand, he had never given Mrs. Borrodaile his card; much less worn her shirts on his back, borrowed from her a tenpound note, or beheld her as Venus rising from the waves. Lord Ranelagh wished to give his explanations as a gentleman to gentlemen, but the lawyers have a superstition that

it is always necessary to give a direct answer to a direct question. whereas, in a case where personal honour is involved, the categorical question and reply is by no means the best way of conducting a case. He claimed some latitude of speech. but the Recorder sternly refused any indulgence of the kind. He appeared to yield submissively, but with great skill and coolness he went through all the little explanatory speeches with which he had prepared himself, and altogether departed from the usual groove of the witness-box. All this time Madame Rachel would almost form a study for the statuesque. She reclined in a comfortable arm-chair, with her finger to her face, tired but attentive, a picture of repose and immobility: intelligent, well-bred. well-dressed, it difficult to believe that she was so illiterate that she could not write and could hardly read. Let it be said for Mrs. Borrodaile, whom her own counsel stigmatised as an idiotic fool, that she gave her evidence with a voice not unmusical, a manner not unladylike, and if her chin had not fallen in, might be still flirtable. She had a great mass of hair, and proffered her perfect willingness to submit her hair to Mr. Digby Seymour's cross-examination; but she did not clear up the interesting point as to whether this hair was the product of Madame Rachel's scientific appliances. Mr. Seymour's thoroughly Hibernian eloquence testified the stentorian lungs; but though he was speaking for several hours it is astonishing into how small a compass the pith of his remarks could be brought, even when doing him every justice. While he was speaking the Recorder was again and again examining the letters which performed such an essential part in the history of the case, but they fairly mystified the right honourable gentleman; there was no theory submitted to the court which could give any intelligible account of them. The one hypothesis was that Mrs. Borrodaile was a lunatic; the other, that she was the most artful, bad woman that ever lived; and it was impossible to accept or to reject either hypothesis. For our own part we do not regret the no verdict which was equivalent to the not-proven of a Scotch court. The trial had thoroughly exposed the character of each, and had covered each with all sorts of social penalties, and this result was quite satisfactory, and it might be wished that the public should hear no more of an infamous and disgusting case.

But did nothing transpire respecting all those Cyprian mysteries of the toilet, whose renowned priestess was thus rudely brought before the public gaze? Where, oh where, we thought, is the Magnetic Rock amid Sahara's howling desert, whence distils the mystic dew which is to rejuvenate the most leathery cuticle? Will not the Royal Geographical Society send out an expedition to investigate the locality and lay down the latitude and longitude on the map? Will not the British Association, then sitting at Norwich, send some of its members to verify the process of extracting the bloom and freshness of peaches which is to make beautiful woman beautiful for And the balms and spices and flowers of Araby the Blest, shall we not now hear concerning them what will give us a modern Arabian Nights' Entertainment? But, alas for Madame Rachel! the case resolved itself into a very vulgar charge of fraudulent extortion and swindling. And, alas for the 'Saturday Reviewers!' it does not appear that the 'girls of the period' besiege 49A, New Bond Street, for philtres and cosmetics. The modern Canidia does not appear to be very flush of coin. She does not drive a roaring trade. She sucks extremely dry an occasional dupe, and now and then she talks with a lord across the counter; but society at large has no extensive dealings with her wares. She knows something of mortgages and executions; something of the infirmary and the prison; she has few friends, and she can't get bail. This does not exactly look as if her trade were extensive and she herself flourishing like a green bay-tree. The rule of the goodness of English women is only proved by the abnormal monstrosity of a Mrs. Borrodaile. We shall still continue to disbelieve in 'the girl of

the period'—except among the immediate friends and relations of Mr. Saturday Reviewer.

WOODS AND WATERS.

September is the most enjoyable month of the year, whether in town or country, and all those who can afford it, and a vast number who can't afford it, now take their holiday. They are scattered abroad, speeding across the seas, skirting lakes and glaciers, climbing mountains, traversing galleries, investigating museums. People give anxious glances at the 'Continental Bradshaw,' a most delicious publication; and men who are left in town turn to the insular edition to see how they may get away to the uttermost part of our island. It has always appeared to me that there are a class of persons, an exceedingly numerous class, who are never satisfied with pleasures unless they are expensive, and who gauge their pleasure by what they have to pay for it; and who lose the delights that lie immediately at hand because they cannot reach sufficiently far to attain those at a distance. All Roederer's or Mumm's champagne have never equalled the pure draughts of water which I have quaffed on Ben Lo-mond or Loch Katrine; and many crowded table d'hôtes at foreign hotels are forgotten as I recal long wanderings amid remote English landscapes and the simple refreshment taken beneath the shadow of some mighty elm or beech planted in front of a village hostel. After all, the simplest and most genuine delights of the summer and early autumn are the woods and waters! And these are so easily accessible to us all. If, instead of being afraid of solitude, you love her, and find her most companionable, then you will enjoy her most thoroughly, not in surveying sights and scenery which you are ordered to admire, and which levy fatiguing claims on your attention, but when thoroughly enjoy your leisure in the tranquil home delights of meadow, stream, and grove. Horace was a sensible man, if any, and he knew what fine scenery was and appreciated Soracte, but above all things,

he enjoyed the woods and waters, and we like him at his best when he is lying on the green turf listening to the stream, or listening to the stream, or listening to that could hull his poor fevered friend Mecrenas to sleep—of falling water.

cænas to sleep—of falling water.
Yes; I like this bank and the swaying boughs, and the modest refreshment provided against the certainty of the afternoon summer And here is a huge quanthirst. tity of books wheeled out to me, very pretty in their rainbow-coloured bindings, that is to say the new books that have come from publishers or the town libraries (I think nearly all that have been published of late), and with them, in sombre coverings, those heavier books which are old and not inconstant companions of the peripatetic's more studious hours. But though the books are here, I am by no means clear in my own mind that I shall read them. I have a right to my leisure. I have helped my friends at the troublesome beginning of their election work, and by-and-by I may have to help them again, when the time draws nearer. do any reading here it shall be of the lightest, in accordance with my surroundings. But I have an impression that, while listlessly turning over the leaves, I fall into a light summer slumber,—that sleep in the sun which the old Greeks loved so well—for I suddenly rouse myself with a glad feeling of elasticity, and find myself handling those irresistible publications.

Mill, Grote, Bain,—the three wonderful friends whose works, in awakening and directing thought, stand pre-eminent in all our modern literature. Very useful men in their way—Mill and Grote are among my closest personal benefactors - but their names are painful just now. Instinctively I turn away from their The proceedings of the words. British Association at Norwich-for the present I will take them for granted. I will get my scientific: friend to mark out for me all the best addresses, but in the mean time my scientific friend can only attend to the lobster salad and champagne of Mr. Harvey's tremendous feed. Here

is a handsome book—'Historical Records of the Forty-third Regiment." It has a special interest for soldiers, but it will also have a general interest for all who love their country. There is something striking that arrests attention in every page. But I am not up to the mark for history, nor yet for science—whether physical or mental—but I have no objection to a little poetry, or lots of novels, or some essays, or some biography,—and here, by Jove, they all are.

George McDonald's novel, or rather a brace of novels. How industrious the man is! Some day I will hope to deal fully and fairly with McDonald; but his story-sermons hardly suit this listless hour of woods and waters. Here is a story which I will briefly speak about, 'Sunshine and Shade.' † I did not like the story at first, and threw it aside, but I somehow persevered, and my pains were not unrewarded. The novel is inexperienced and inartistic, defective in plot and devoid of sensationalism. But there is much to set off against all this. The verisimilitude is great; it is a true transcript of real life; and there is a sweet idyllic grace about it. hero and heroine love each other as children; they are engaged as boy and girl; and after much suffering and a long separation they are married in mature life. The heroine's mother is a very sweet and natural character, drawn with good feeling and good taste; the character of the hero's mother is well drawn and is a character only too common. She mistakenly believes that she is consulting her son's true welfare in persuading him to break off with his old love and marry a handsome girl of large fortune. Such a mistake as this is extremely common, very natural, and invariably fraught with unhappiness. In the result she is in part estranged from her son, and proves to be the cause of incalculable misery. At the same time we do not think that the dénouement is satisfactory. The first wife of the hero dies off, in order

that he may marry his second. Now to hold out before young people the notion that a false marriage is not irretrievable, but that a lucky death may set things right, is to inculcate a false notion, being a thing impossible in all but a most infinitesimal minority of instances. The moral of the story, though imperfectly brought out, is a very good one, and we take it to be this, that a man should never leave his first love, and that if he does, he should come back to her as soon as he can.

A volume of poems by Adah Menken, the title 'Infelicia.' We wonder if Adah Menken really did write these poems. We observe that the name neither of printer nor publisher is to be found in the volume, and substantially the only guarantee that we have of its genuineness is a photographed letter of Charles Dickens', opposite the title-page. Some of us have had the advantage of contemplating Miss Menken's photograph as she appeared in company with M. Alexandre Dumas, and, generally speaking, it may be said for her that she established a reputation for indecency almost without parallel in the The internal most indecent times. evidence is strongly in favour of the Menken authorship. She has appropriately formed her style after the worst model conceivable, the eccentric Walt Whitman, whom we take to be a literary scoundrel of the deepest dye. There is some touch of mad genius about Walt Whitman, but he is as flagrantly immoral in his 'Green Leaves' as, let us say, Miss Menken in her public performances. The great secret of this style of composition is, to intercalate passages of ecstatic or lunatic prose between lines of rhyme, or simple rhythm. We can conceive that such poetry may be highly popular, say in convict establishments or among the backwoodsmen of the Rocky Mountains, but it can never find the least acceptance among those who have the most elementary taste for verbal music. Miss Menken has a better nature as well as a falser nature in things literary as well as

* 'Infelicia.' By Adah Issacs Menken. 1868. London. Paris. New York.

^{*} By Sir R. G. A. Levinge, Bart. W. Clowes & Sons.

^{† &#}x27;Sunshine and Shade.' R. Bentley.

things moral. At times she writes fluent graceful verses, and at times also she discloses a weird tragic power, which might have gone on to high things. There is enough evidence to show that Adah Isaacs Menken was heartily ashamed of herself before she concluded her sinister career. There are some touching confessions in this volume which will go far to redeem her errors. We have hardly ever read a more melancholy and touching poem than the last one, called 'Infelix.'

Then upon 'Essays:'* we are very glad that Mr. Bernard Cracroft has gathered together a selection of his papers-especially glad, too, for the noble, candid preface which he has prefixed to his second volume. These short papers do not levy too sustained a demand on our attention. Skip the political articles, but own that the literary and social papers almost reach the standard of perfection, for culture, thought, and clearness—at least such perfection as can be attained within such brief limits. Mr. Cracroft argues that as a periodical writer he may not be so good a man as one who writes a book, but that the periodical writer acquires a skill in tasting and discussing books which the bookmaker as a rule does not possess. We need not say that we entirely acquiesce in this pleasing proposition, but we must also say that we fully believe that Mr. Cracroft is fully capable of producing some magnum opus. There, that will do for books. I shall just take up this one, Bateman's 'Life of Elliott of Brighton,'† and saunter away beneath the trees, or watch the trout, refreshed by the rains, who think they have found a place of safety in the pool below the bridge. Those who know Brighton—and who does not?-will recollect Elliott of St. Mary's, as eminent and well-known a man in his line as Frederick Robertson was in his. I will only make one remark about this bookwhich is, that I have all but read it

* 'Essays, from various Sources.' By Bernard Cracroft. Trübner.

through twice. Ah, my friend! secure the blessing of leisure, get hold of a thoroughly interesting book, linger long among our own woods and waters, and you have caught the substance of the year's holiday, while the palpitating crowds are flying about after its shadow.

CONTINENTAL BATHS.

The chief medical agent, in the case of persons visiting Switzerland, is mountain air. What has been called, with much truth and propriety, the air-bath, is found to perfection on the Swiss mountains. Mountain air is a powerful tonic, and, like all powerful medicines, it requires much prudence in its administration. It is a great mistake to suppose that mountain air is a universal panacea. Some forms of ill-health are aggravated by it, and in some regions there is a distinct disease known as the mountain disease. On the other hand, it is almost a specific in cases of debility or incipient phthisis. It is a curious fact that consumption seems hardly ever to occur in places five or six thousand feet above the level of the In Switzerland a course of mineral waters is frequently combined with mountain air. Most of us who go to Switzerland can testify to the glorious effect of the air-bath.

The baths of the Continent are those of earth, air, and water. We have just spoken of air-baths. Are our readers acquainted with earthbaths? M. Michelet, the eminent French historian, has given an interesting account of his restoration to perfect health through the earthbaths of Acqui.* He was nearly dying, when an Italian physician told him that he must return to earth, and that, buried under the sod, he would have new life. Accordingly M. Michelet tells us how day after day he lay in a mud-bath, and like Antœus, he renewed his strength when he touched kindly mother earth. He has given a most enviable account of his sensations when he left all his ills behind in the marble sarcophagus which contained

^{† &#}x27;The Life of the Rev. Henry Venn Elliott, M.A.' By Josiah Bateman, M.A. Macmillan.

^{* &#}x27;La Montagne.' Par J. Michelet. Paris: Lacroix et Cte.

his earth-bath, and he felt that mother Nature was soothing and caressing her tired, worn child and healing him with her revivifying influence.

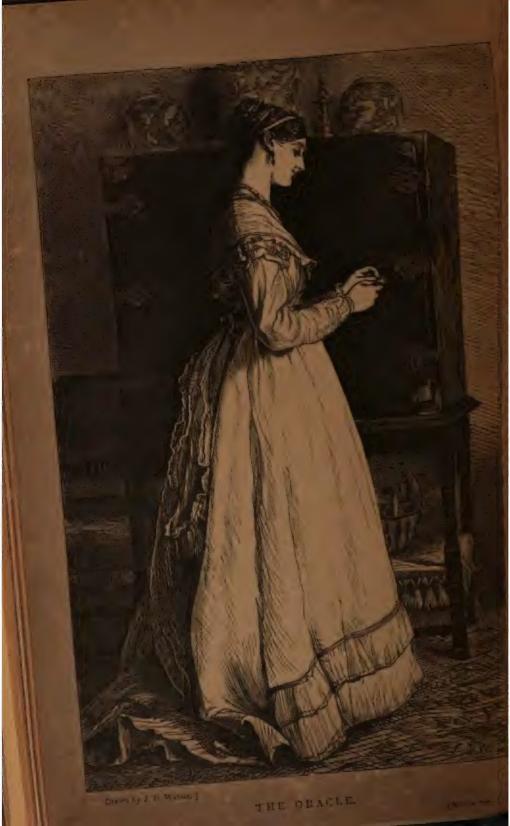
But the earth-bath and the airbath are both subordinate to those healing fountains which Nature has so lavishly opened on the Continent. With all our patriotism it must be admitted that the English mineral waters are as more child's play in comparison with those of the Continent. It may be urged that the beneficial effects derived from these may proceed from very simple natural causes—the thorough change in air, scene, diet, companions, and associations. Of course it must be granted that all this is very much. and yet we must advise most strongly any reader who is going to 'try the waters,' to examine the subject very fully before he fixes his locality; and when he arrives at his locality to consult a medical man before he takes his bath. Only the other night I heard of a gentleman-I think it was at Carlsbad-who, having taken the waters, could not be persuaded by any warnings to forego his customary glass of brandy, and died half an hour after taking it.

We have been examining with much interest Dr. Edwin Lee's series of volumes on the Continental Baths." Dr. Lee's works are both popular and scientific, and are the result of a vast experience in travel and observation. They are full of interest to the general reader, of very special interest to the invalid. His account of the Vichy waters, which meet what we may call the prevailing type of the fashionable distempers of the day, will be very useful; and the account of the Auvergne baths throws light on a subject concerning which much is still to be known. Dr. Lee does not confine himself very rigidly within defined limits. He gives medical notes on various localities which are not strictly 'baths,' which cannot fail to be useful to the tourist and the sojourner for a time. Thus his notes are very

* Baths of Switzerland and Savoy— Baths of France—Baths of Germany.' By Edward Lee, M.D. James Churchill & Sons. useful to those who are going to Interlacken for the summer, or to Montrene for the winter. A scientific discussion is given to all localities that can urge scientific claims. These claims are very great in Switzerland. Perhaps there is no place in the world so well adapted for rheumatic complaints as Aix les Bains. The Baden of Switzerland may be compared with the more famous Baden of the Grand Duchy. The account of St. Moritz, the highest bath in the world, on the glorious Engadine range, explains a district only known to occasional tourists.

Hombourg is very much crowded at the present time. The social and scenic advantages of Hombourg are so great, that the popular mistake is easily committed that ignores or underrates the waters. They are very potent in cases of indigestion and of the gouty diathesis. Of course they are still more potent at Carlsbad. That was a lucky accident when, according to the story, the stag, pursued by the great Emperor Carl, leaped from a rock into the valley where the spring was hid. We believe that it is perfectly allowable to draw a comparison, and to say that the Carlsbad springs stand at the head of all springs. There are none that have so uniformly sustained a high reputation—none which have been so much discussed in medical literature. The prettiest place about is Lord Findlater's Mound and Temple. But there is not very much to amuse the mere idler here, and the place is rather too distant for most idlers; people go here who are ill and want to get well. We had desired to discuss more minutely some watering-places that are more familiar to most of us -Ems, Wiesbaden, Kissengen, and so on. But we must not usurp Dr. Lee's functions. Only, verb. sap. don't linger ill at home, but try those healing fountains abroad; try them under intelligent direction. Above all, do not race through the Baths, perhaps only attending to the Kursaal, and thinking and knowing nothing of the living healing waters close at hand, which may be the very medicament you want.

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LONDON SOCIETY.

NOVEMBER, 1868.



SEE ' BRITONS AT BOULOGNE.'-P. 473.

BOX AND COX IN THE BAY OF BENGAL; or, The Indigo Queen.

CHAPTER L.

THERE never was such heat before, and there never could be such heat again, as that which we encountered after leaving Calcutta. Such at least was the profound conviction of everybody on board the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steam-ship 'Suttee.' People in the City of Palaces take to YOL. XIV.—NO. LXXXII.

the water as a relief from the land, and the alternative as a general rule is efficacious. But when there is no wind, and the month happens to be May, the change is very apt to be for the worse. In a house, by dint of shutting out light and air—that is to say, letting in about as much of the one as will suffice for

the reading of a novel, and as much of the other as can be blown in by a thermantidote through a screen of khus-khus, and raising an additional gale of wind by a vigorous, though I need scarcely say vicarious, exercise of the punkah—you may obtain a negative degree of coolness, and even arrive at a languid version of existence not without its enjoyment. But in a ship you are necessarily more exposed. Your cabin, even though you have one to yourself, is simply insupportable. In the saloon you may get a little air from the punkah. But here there is always a crowd. There are meals for the most part of the day either going on or going off; and when there are not meals there are people who write letters and diaries, and what one would expect to be three-volume novels from the amount of paper they occupy, but which usually turn out to be complaints to the 'Times' of the refreshments, and threats to patronize the Messageries Impériales instead of the Peninsular and Oriental for the future. Or, even worse than these, you find am occasional official with a grievance, who is brooding over a box of papers, which he assures you in confidence will smash some authority or other in India as soon as he gets home. His society has not a cooling influence, and upon every account you betake yourself to the regions above. Here, on the quarter-deck, you may have the shelter of an awning, where the lady-passengers congregate, and in their light and varied costumes form the prettiest of parterres; or you may go for ards, and not fare perhaps much worse, for you may have a cheroot there, and get the chance of a breath of wind.

We have been delayed in the Hooghly—people are nearly always delayed in the Hooghly for one reason or another—and shall not reach Madras until to-morrow. As a general rule passengers do not become very intimately acquainted at so early a period of the journey home; but it chances that most of us are old friends and acquaintances, while those who are not among the number seem just as available for companionable purposes as those who

are. So although we have been only three days together everybody is quite at home, and tired, as a natural consequence, with the monotony of life. And thus it comes about that private theatricals are suggested at an unusually early period.

You would think from what I have said of the heat that exertion of any kind was out of the question; and this is usually the theory of persons who shut themselves up in their houses on shore. But there are bolder spirits, who spurn restraints of the kind. They dread heat, but they dread ennui even more. In India they are largely represented by both sexes. They play cricket, or rackets, or croquet, as the case may be, in almost the warmest weather. They drive out to tiffin parties in the day under blazing suns, and they dance at balls in the evening until in danger of dropping from exhaustion. theory is that when you are once very hot nothing you do can make you much hotter. This at least is the explanation they give; but I am inclined to think that in the majority of cases they simply like the fun, and don't care what follows. men among this class on board ship are always doing something. are as fresh at breakfast as if they were in Leicestershire in November. and were laying in stores preparatory to a fox hunt. From the hot bread to the hot coffee, the hot ham and eggs and the hotter curry, to the cool claret and water with which they conclude, nothing comes amiss to them. This is at half-past eight o'clock or so in the morning; but twelve finds them faithful to lunch, and four equally devoted to dinner; nor are they often scarce when tea is served at seven, while they are sure to be particularly plentiful when stronger liquids, consumed with the assistance of water, are placed upon the table at half-past nine. Indeed some of their number manage to secure a share of these afterwards on deck, and have convivial little parties, not unaccompanied, it may be, with comic songs. All this seems like an exaggeration of refreshment, and perhaps occasionally is; but the P. and O. are liberal, and it is felt, doubtless, a graceful act to meet them half way.

But eating and drinking is not all that these active men do. They play at quoits with rings of cable contrived for the purpose, and frivolous youths among them descend even to cockroach races. Lotteries upon the time of our arrival at the next port are a frequent resort; and a sweepstake for the approaching Derby is also a source of excitement. As for miscellaneous betting, men so disposed will always find opportunity for that, just as a couple Americans would manage to 'trade' together if cast naked on a rock. is rather early in the voyage to start a newspaper, but before we reach Suez we may count upon the appearance of the Suttee Gazette—a journal produced in manuscript upon a sheet of foolscap, which will run, say, two numbers, and by that time give such offence by its personality, as to be discontinued by general consent. There are very quiet persons among us, who shun society, and read or write alone in out-of-theway places. One, who smokes cheroots all day in the forecastle, and talks to scarcely anybody, is said to be writing poetry. These, however, are the exceptions. majority are merely killing time, and meeting with more or less success in that sporting pursuit—one, by the way, in which the game must be sought among themselves, as the Overland Route is of course no novelty to any of us, except a few, who, born in India, are going 'home' for the first time.

CHAPTER II.

You may gain from the above some idea of a day on board the 'Suttee;' and one day would have been very much like another but for an element in our society to which it is time to allude. We had a gorgeous collection of ladies on board, and all the chance, therefore, that people have on shore of great events in a small way. There were the usual variety of married ladies with their husbands, married ladies with

out their husbands, and married ladies who have had husbands and have them no longer; but the remarkable feature was a far larger proportion than is usual on the homeward journey of ladies who have never had husbands at all. Of these all were not of course equally conspicuous. In common with the passengers generally, they were very much divided into 'sets.' There were quiet sets, and there were noisy sets; there were flirting sets, and there were non-flirting sets; and there were also combinations of these varieties, for some of the noisy people never flirted, while some of the quiet people flirted a great deal. I should not omit, too, to mention sets who talked about every body else, and other sets who were especially talked about; besides persons who did not speak to one another, and other persons who were thought to speak to one another a trifle too much.

You were sure to see most of what I may call the representative people -as far as the ladies were concerned -under the awning on the quarterdeck soon after breakfast; and it was there that Captain Lightly of the —th Royals, on the day referred to above, betook himself to see a few in whom he was particularly interested. Lightly was a very pleasant fellow, with easy manner, easy good looks, and easy everything, who knew most people on board, for the simple reason that he knew most people on shore, and made the acquaintance of the rest as if by intuition. Before finding his way to the quarter-deck he remembered that he had promised a photograph to a certain lady, and went to his cabin to get it. On his way back from the bachelors' quarters for ard, he was stopped by his friend Bridoon, -th Light Dragoons the (Lancers), who had apparently some matter of importance upon his mind. Bridoon was a very good specimen, in point of appearance, of what a Light Dragoon ought to be: but he was reserved, and if not shy, certainly lazy, and never troubled himself about society, which he fancied he despised. He had spent his time since leaving Calcutta with very little companionship beyond

that of a short pipe, and was understood to look upon ladies as objectionable persons. The latter sentiment was so exactly the reverse of Lightly's way of thinking, that the pair had little in common as far as ordinary intercourse was concerned. So when Bridoon stopped him Lightly thought he was going to be bored; but he was too easy to make the fact apparent, and was superficially pleasant upon the shortest notice.

'What's the matter now?' said he, as if something was always the matter but he did not mind it, and liked being bored rather than other-

wise.

'I want you to tell me about that girl,' was the somewhat hesitating realy

'Girl! What girl? The ship's full of girls. How should I know

whom you mean?

'Ah, you know well enough. The girl; the strange girl that nobody knew until she came on board.'

Lightly laughed. 'So you have found her out?' he said. 'Well, I'll tell you who she is. I suppose you have not even heard their name?'

'No.'

Well, her name is Asmanee, and they are indigo-planters; that is to say, her father was an indigo-planter before he died; and she is now supposed to have the pecuniary rewards of indigo-planting in her own right—to what extent, however, is not known.

Never mind. I want you to in-

troduce me.

'Well, I usually introduce myself in such cases; but as you please.'

So Lightly took his diffident friend to the parterre under the awning; and after a few words and a little flutter, Bridoon found himself sitting by the side of as pretty a flower as a man would wish to wear in the button-hole of his affections.

Pretty, I said—the word should be beautiful. It was beauty, beyond a doubt. There is beauty that trips you up, and beauty that knocks you down. Hers took the sudden and decisive course of action. You could no more mistake its effect than you could mistake a hit from a round shot. Striking, in the orderly acceptation of the term, would be a mild description of the mode in which it took you by storm; but some such word must be applied to it. Girls you see who are showy, like a shawl or a carpet. She was not that, but was brilliant, as a gem is brilliant—through its light rather than its colour. You need not expect a recitation of details—beauty is not to be catalogued in the manner of an auctioneer-but I may sum up by saying that her style is describable as fair with dark points: that her eyes were azure, and her general effect that of a star.

Bridoon had been three days worshipping her from afar—he who fancied he despised women—and was delighted to find how much pleasanter it was to worship at close quarters. But the realization of his dream bewildered him: it felt like aspiring all night to a planet, and sitting by its side in the morning, and remarking that it was fine weather. And no planet could look brighter when spoken to than did Amabel at the smallest remark of this lieutenant of Light Dragoons. She had never known a cavalry man before, for the military station nearest to her father's factory boasted of nothing but native infantry, with the exception of a battery of artillery, also foot; and she was so sensible of her inexperience of the world, that she took omne ignotum pro magnifico as regarded things in general, her Majesty's forces of course included. She had great reverence for the mounted branch of the service, moreover, because she had read about it a great deal in novels, where its officers were always pictured as superb fellows, irresistible to the other sex, and the conquering heroes of society wherever they went. regard to intellectual qualities, they were usually represented in a negative character; so Amabel was not at all surprised at Bridoon's feeble remarks. Stupidity, she concluded to be as proper to a cavalry officer as his spurs. She was not at all aware that her companion was a very clever fellow, and that he appeared stupid simply because he was in love. So she was quite interested to hear that he thought India un-

pleasantly hot at some seasons of the year, but a charming country in others; that he had seen several parts of it, and had once been in action; that they had a very pleasant mess, but he was rather tired of always meeting the same men, and spent a great deal of time in reading. Amabel's part in the conversation was not stupid at all. Her being in love or not would have made no difference in this respect. She had perfect self-possession—the proud way in which her head was placed upon her shoulders would have assured you of this—and all the airs and graces that nothing but high birth and breeding, or the most careful culture in the largest capitals of Europe, are supposed to supply. How such a star ever arose in the Mofussil of Bengal I do not pretend to say. The causes of such phenomena are nature's business, not mina

The worst thing about Amabel was her mother, a lady of grand physical organization, but a little Mofussilized in mind; not too strong in the head, and exhibiting the not unfrequent combination of the utmost apparent good-nature with that appreciation of self-interest which is known in India as 'liking sixteen annas to the rupee.' She had never been in Europe, but always talked about going 'home.' This affectation once drew from a cynical listener the remark that she needed only 'eight annas and a hackery' to accomplish the objectthe allusion being to the price for which she might hire a native cart to convey her to the nearest bazaar. The sarcasm, by the way, was not quite appropriate, as the lady, like her husband, was of pure European blood.

The theatricals to which I have alluded were Amabel's suggestion. She insisted, in the spirit of a domineering duchess, that something of the kind ought to be done for her amusement. This was during the first ten minutes of her conversation with Bridoon; and he, delighted to gratify her lightest wish—to have any object with her in common—readily undertook the management of a performance. So

when the mamma, thinking that enough had been done for a first interview, took her daughter away upon some feminine errand, he at once set to work to keep his promise.

It was something new for Bridoon, albeit companionable, and even popular, to take an active interest in a proceeding of the kind, and his friends were not slow in ascribing it to the right cause. Lightly, as you may suppose, was especially pleasant on the subject, and wished his friend a success which he did not dream of his obtaining. 'However,' said he, 'the play's the thing for the present; and if we want the play we'd better get hold of the doctor.'

This was the doctor of the ship, who was a very good amateur, kept a collection of Lacy's acting editions, and was himself ready to take a dozen parts on the shortest notice.

The drama principally patronized afloat is not of the most elevated kind. Serious plays are considered out of the question, and nothing in five acts is likely to find favour. regret to say that the result of the meeting held upon the subject that afternoon in the forecastle was a very light and frivolous selection-'Bombastes Furioso,' and 'Box and Cox.' A special advantage in favour of these pieces, however, was that they could be cast at once without trouble, having been already studied to any extent by the intending performers; so nothing remained but the dresses and the 'mounting,' which are matters easily managed on board ship; and it was arranged that the performance should take place on the first night after leaving Madras.

CHAPTER III. '

The day wore on as days do, and the night arrived with its usual punctuality. Bridoon, with the audacity which belongs to so many men who are believed to be bashful, followed up his advantage with the 'Indigo Queen,' as the lady of his affections was called by the bold men on board. Except at dinner,

where there was a Mede and Persian arrangement as regards seats, he was constantly by her side; and not only was the daughter delighted, but the mamma smiled upon the intercourse of the evidently happy pair, and marked her approval with the instinct of match-making maternity, by keeping out of their way as much as possible. As they walked up and down the deck in the sunset, occasionally leaning upon the bulwark to watch the red glare reflected in the darkening waves, or pretending to see ships on the horizon, and other objects of interest, you may be sure that they did not escape commentary from their fellow-passengers, some of whom were similarly engaged, while others were seated about in groups, enjoying the witching hour in their own way.

'It looks like a clear case,' said Captain Lightly to the object of his temporary attentions, whom he was escorting upon her evening promenade. 'I didn't think Bridoon had it in him. He is usually so shy of ladies. At Meerut, where we were stationed together, he generally divided himself between books and billiards, with an occasional deviation in favour of private theatri-

oals.'

"But she is so pretty," said his companion, Miss Kutcherry, the judge's daughter, who was pretty herself, and could afford to make the admission; but as for Captain Bridon——"

'He is only a lieutenant,' interrupted Lightly—military men are always chary of brevet rank being

given to their friends.

Well, Mr. Bridoon—I never saw him until this morning, and I cannot say I admire him. He is dull—wants vivacity, I think. You observe that he seems to have very

little to say.'

Lightly took this as an implied compliment to himself, as his errings were not on the side of silence; so he observed that fellows of the kind seldom got on with ladies, and then, dropping Bridoon abruptly, proceeded to justify his own reputation as a fellow of a very different kind indeed. I suppose his conver-

sation was very amusing, for the lady laughed a great deal, in a pretty, fluttering manner, and when she talked in return was full of the most engaging superlatives. But she looked with serious interest at the course of their movements to and fro.

Another pair of promenadors were not quite so favourable in their criticisms. Mrs. Galloper, the widow of Captain Galloper, who had been A.D.C. to the Commander-in-Chief at Bombay, prided herself upon being a dame du monde, who knew European society by heart, looked down upon Indian society, and would never allow that any good could come out of the Mofussil. She was making a fast impression upon young Tapeling, of the Civil Service, her present escort, and criticized Amabel in a desperate spirit of raillery; when descending to serious commentary, talking of 'her manner as something mysterious, her ensemble as wanting in a je ne sais quoi, and so forth. She admitted that she was pretty, however; but 'after all it is only the prettiness that you see in a picture upon a box of bon-bons, which may be very Watteau-ish and so forth, but is only admired by very young and very old men.

Tapeling, who could not be considered very old, and did not wish to be thought very young, agreed with this worldly sentiment, and remarked that 'Girls who looked like Dresden china ornaments soon got

placed upon the shelf.

In return he was told that he was very clever, but too severe; so you see the conversation went on just as it ought to do; and Tapeling—thinking exclusively of himself all the time—looked down upon his companion's dark inquiring eyes and pale handsome face—not, however, of the bon-bon order of beauty—and fancied himself half in love with her.

Some of the groups were less charitable still upon the unoffending lovers—who would at least have been unoffending had they not made an unpardonably appropriate pair, and left other people to them-

selves so as to be disagreeably ag-

gressive.

'I have no patience with her,' said Mrs. Colonel Pommel, as she called herself, to her friend Mrs. Cantle, the wife of a captain in her husband's regiment—the Chillum-chee Irregular Horse—with whom she was coming home on leave; both ladies being what are irreverently

designated 'grass-widows.'

Well, I can't say that,' was the philosophical rejoinder, 'for I never take any notice of her, never see what she is doing, or who she is talking to—she may monopolise all the men in the ship as far as I am concerned. But I do think,' added the lady with sudden decision, 'that girls of her age who go on in that way ought to be whipped and sent to bed.'

'And if I was her mother—that is to say, supposing I was old enough,' said the elder lady, who was in her second bloom, and wished to make the most of the season—'if I had the control of her;

in fact---'

But what the irate lady would do in such a contingency was lost to the world, owing to the sudden appearance of Mrs. Asmanee herself, who wore that air of triumphant suavity which mammas assume under the conditions which were in so rapid a course of development as regarded her daughter. She was a stranger to the speakers—they had taken care of that—but addressed them with charming courtesy, as she was about to seat herself in an adjacent chair.

Does this chair belong to your

party?

'Yes; I am keeping it for a friend,' returned Mrs. Pommel, savagely, drawing the article of furniture suddenly to her side as she spoke.

Mrs. Asmance was nearly falling upon the deck, but recovering herself, bowed with a sumptuous air of pity, and sailed away. Not quite knowing what else to do, she made a point of catching sight of her daughter by accident, and, bowing graciously to Bridoon, asked if the young lady would not like to go down-stairs' and take some tea?

As if people ever took tea in

dreams of love, with a setting sun leaving its last glow upon the ocean!

The empty chair was the cause of some mortification to the grasswidows. A Calcutta friend of theirs
—a young merchant of wealth and influence—took possession of it, and with careless ingenuousness began praising the Indigo Queen. He had an idea that the ladies, being married, would not dream of being jealous of her, so he declared his opinion that she was one of the prettiest and most charming girls of his acquaintance. Twilight is very brief in the East, and it was almost too dark to see how his companions received this information. but it is certain that they both suddenly discovered that they wanted tea themselves, and went below to seek that refreshment. Even in the saloon they were not free from annoyance, for Mrs. Asmanee had already descended, and, with Mr. Tapeling and his fair friend of the deck, and a colonel devoted to ladies and cards, had just made up a party at whist.

The deck was now nearly deserted. Indeed the moon which succeeded the sun fell upon little of life except the lovers. It was a new moon—a crescent of promise—and made everything as light as day. The sky was clearer than it had ever been before, and the sea looked grand in its blue depth, with its surface beauties of foam and phospho-There was a fair breeze, rescence. which softly cooled the air; the steam was lowered and the sails unfurled; and the ship went flying through the waters, as though in love with the land, and determined to be in the arms of Madras by the morning.

It was in such a scene as this that the young Lancer, standing by the bulwark with a little white hand within his own, poured forth to its lady owner the utterance of his

heart.

When the Indigo Queen descended to the saloon it was noticed that she looked very serious, but happy as a bird. Her mother saw at once what had happened, and trumped her partner's king in the first nument of exultation.

CHAPTER IV.

At daybreak there was a great rustling of ropes and chains, a trampling upon deck, the noise of many voices in tongues familiar and strange; then there came a sudden shake and a stop. The ship had cast anchor. Looking through the porthole of your cabin you saw the surf breaking over the flat shore—the higher ground beyond—the white houses, the lighthouse, and the fort. There was no mistaking Madras.

The ardent people, as usual, went on deck at full speed; the indifferent people, as usual, remained below to make full toilettes. Some dashed on shore in haste before breakfast; others proceeded at their leisure after that meal. A few hardened travellers, who had seen everything, did not go on shore at all; a few indelent travellers, who did not care to see anything, also remained on

board.

The Indigo Queen was among the dilatory number. She was late in the saloon, not wishing to meet Bridoon in the presence of a crowd. Fortunately there were very few there when she emerged, and she made her way upon deck without being either stared at or talked at. Here were the usual visitors from the land—jugglers, jewellers, and the vendors of red and yellow ices: and there was a whole fleet of Massoolah boats alongside, taking people on shore. Here, too, was her mother, who kissed her affectionately—as she had been doing from the first thing in the morning—and told her that she should pay a visit to the town as soon as they! found a gentleman or two to escort them. course there was a gentleman close at hand, and you may guess who he was, and what a pretty meeting took place between the pair. So the three went off together in one of the Massoolah craft, where they were 'all in the same boat' as far as being bullied for bakhsheesh was concerned and stood a chance of being crushed together in affectionate harmony.

I will not accompany the party on shore, where they spent a hot and I hope happy day. Luring their absence several new passengers came on board, and among them one who was destined to exercise no little influence upon their recently-formed plans. It was by his beggage that the new arrival first became known. The black 'overland' trunks were new, and evidently on their first journey, and they were conspicuously inscribed with the name and style of 'Lord

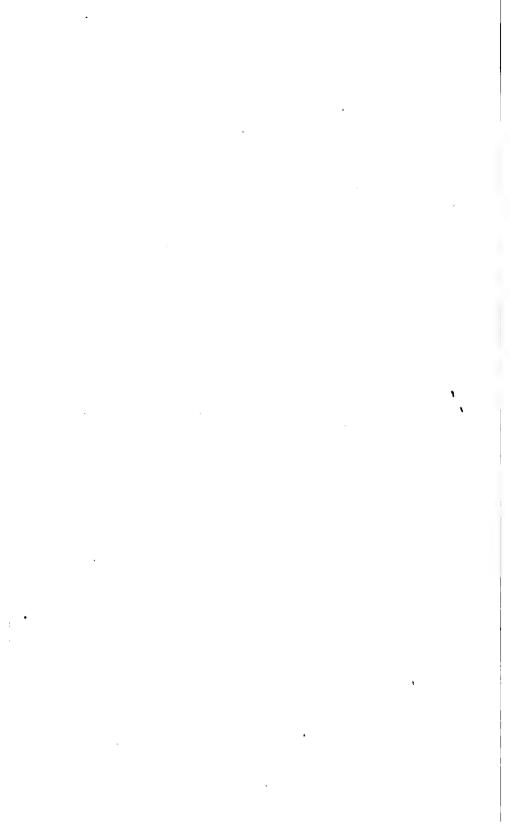
Topham.'

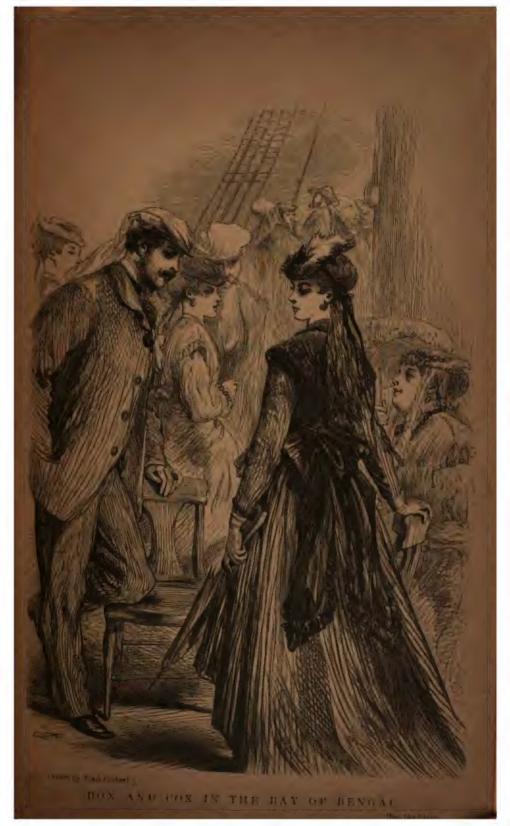
À traveller of rank is always a great object of interest on board ship, especially if he holds no official authority, and may be tuft-hunted by anybody hardy enough to venture on the chase. People who would have no opportunity of knowing him on shore try their utmost to make his acquaintance affoat, and but that he has usually a friend to protect him, his life would be insupportable. On shore he has the world before him wherein to escape from intrusion, but in a ship he is a prisoner, and tries to be civil to everybody in self-defence. Lord Topham's friend was a half-pay captain named Sharp, who, as fortune would have it, had had some acquaintance with Mrs. Asmanee in Calcutta; so he was duly pounced upon by that lady on her return from the shore, as soon as she was extricated from the depths of the boat and stood in safety upon the deck. At first he was inclined to give her a very cool reception, not considering her quite bon ton; but the appearance of the daughter disarmed him, and he could not choose but be cordial.

'And who is this Lord Topham with whom you are travelling?' asked the lady, as soon as she could slip in the question edgeways.

Captain Sharp told her that he was the son of the Earl of ——, naming a well-known statesman of the day; that he was very young, and unmarried; that he was seeing the world with a view to the completion of his political training, and that immediately upon his arrival at home he was to enter the House of Commons, where he intended upon an early day to bring forward a motion for the reform of nearly everything he had seen in India.







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From that moment a new world opened itself to Mrs. Asmance's To have a daughter imagination. the wife of a baron, who would one day be an earl—a probable cabinet minister, perhaps the premier himself -to 'move' in the highest circles and be caressed by society, to say nothing of having a splendid fortune at command, as every nobleman must have, according to her idea! Such was the picture that presented itself in vivid colours before the impressionable mind of this Alnaschar's vision model mother. was nothing to it. She had already spurned from her mind's presence the lieutenant of Lancers, with the contempt which his miserable position deserved. Her daughter, indeed, was not going to marry into the barracks, with this splendid prospect before her! And there could be no doubt of its speedy realization; for as they spoke his lordship joined the group, and after making an inquiry of Captain Sharp as to the whereabouts of his despatchbox, caught sight of Amabel, and betrayed evident signs of admiration. He had a pleasant comeliness, which came principally from a fresh and fair complexion, easy, open manners, and well-appointed costume; his general 'form' being authentically London, and conveying the idea, as Mrs. Asmanee afterwards declared, with a profound ignorance of her subject, of 'every inch the nobleman.'

It was not difficult to get an introduction, for his lordship asked the honour on his own account, and once over the conventional bridge was not slow in availing himself of the advantages of the country. So engrossed was he with his new acquaintances, that he had not time to notice the disgusted looks of Bridoon, who, however, had no excuse for quarrelling with anybody, and was obliged to be content with a place in the background, from which however, he soon took the dignified course of moving off altogether. He was spared the pain therefore of witnessing what followed, that is to say, the appropriation of his fiancée by the susceptible lord, who, when the anchor was up and the ship

once more under weigh, escorted her up and down the deck precisely as Bridoon had done the night before, and under an even stronger fire of remarks from the amiable

groups scattered about.

Mrs. Pommel and Mrs. Cantle were, you may be sure, particularly incensed, though what harm the proceeding did to them it is not easy to see. The former declared her opinion that Amabel was a 'minx,' whatever that may be; and the latter made the discovery that Lord Topham's family dated no farther back, as far as their nobility was concerned, than the time of Pitt. Miss Kutcherry did not think the young lady so pretty as she had thought her before; and Mrs. Galloper thought that mysterious 'manner' of hers worse than ever. As for Amabel herself, she was rather frightened than otherwise: and what made her feel more awkward was that she took it for granted that her new admirer was going through the same course as her old one, and that she would very soon have to make her election between the two. A cavalry officer had seemed to her yesterday a superior being; a lord appeared to-day nothing less than an angel. She knew not what she was doing, but when his lordship proposed to join the people below and play at chess, she acceded as a matter of course. She had an idea that it would be a breach of etiquette to refuse anything to the nobility.

At the table in the saloon the pair were the observed of all observers, and this fact did not restore Amabel's presence of mind. had a feeling of relief, however, when she found that Bridoon was not present. She could not play at chess, so they tried backgammon; and the play-in which she regularly lost, I believe also in a spirit of complaisance to rank—lasted until it was time to retire. Once only Bridoon had looked into the saloon. He was very pale, and said nothing. As she met his eye she turned still paler, and could not have spoken for her life. Mrs. Asmanee's tri-

umph may be conceived.

CHAPTER V.

The next morning Bridoon sought an interview with Amabel, but could not obtain it; and Mrs. Asmanee, who had become as cold as one of the pink and yellow ices of the day before, would not assist him. As for Amabel, whenever she appeared in public Lord Topham was by her side, and whenever he left her she ran and hid herself in her cabin.

The theatricals were to come off that night. Bridoon had nothing to do in the first piece, but he was to play Cox in the second. Fancy playing Cox in his state of mind! But men have pride in small matters as well as women, and he had not courage to make a public exposure of his discomfiture. Upon the quarter-deck he saw the stage in process of erection—a raised flooring shut in with canvas, some scenery of general utility, a proscenium made from union jacks, and footlights all in form—appliances and means kept carefully for such occasions. As he heard the hammers going at the woodwork, the cheerful impression came upon him that he had been ordered for execution, and that the men were engaged in putting up the scaffold. However, he made his way to the forecastle, where the ladies and gentlemen of the company were 'called' for rehearsal. 'Bombastes Furioso' had just been got through, and 'Box and Cox' was imminent. Mrs. Bouncer was there in the person of Lightly, who had been used, when an ensign at Meerut, to play young ladies, and could now, as a captain manage to play a middle-aged female, as his face was bare with the exception of a little hair upon his upper lip, which could be easily powdered into insignificance. The doctor of the ship was to play Box, and he presently appeared, bringing with him the last man in the world whom Bridoon cared to meet, as he had good reason to detest him very thoroughly, but none at all for a formal quarrel. His presence was soon explained. Several passengers were ill: the doctor feared that his attendance would be wanted in the course of the evening, so he thought it prudent to place Box in other hands. Lord Topham, who had several times played the part at Christmas time at his father's castle, had kindly undertaken it upon this cocasion, and he would be quite up to the mark after one rehearsal.

Lord Topham was so frank and pleasant, so utterly unconscious of giving any one offence, that Bridoon was quite disarmed. And, after all, he thought, how am I justified in supposing that he means mischief, and still less that he means any slight to me? So he met the proffered acquaintanceship half way, as in courtesy bound, and, the free-masonry of society being established between them, entered upon the business in hand with a lighter heart than he had known since they had left Madras.

The rehearsal over, Lord Topham lit a cheroot, and offered his case to Bridoon. The Lancer would rather have smoked his own, or anybody else's cigar, but knew not how to refuse his new friend, whose cordiality was difficult of resistance. So they smoked and talked for a full half hour, found that they had many associations in common, and, in fact, fell naturally into one another's society. It was a bore for Bridoon; but, as he reflected, what could he do? The man had only made up to the prettiest girl in the ship, as he had done himself the day before, and had evidently no notion that he was interfering with anybody else.

Bridoon's seat at dinner was a long way from that of Amabel, and Lord Topham's was separated from When the repast was over, the Lancer did not deign to approach his betrothed, but determined to let matters develop, as we shall find that they presently did. Amabel had looked very serious all the time that they were at table, and he thought that her brilliant eyes showed traces of tears. I am inclined to think that his conjecture was right; for I know that people, passing her own and her mother's cabin not long afterwards, heard distinct manifestations of unwillingness on the one side, and persuasion on the other, as if an elder lady were impressing upon a younger one the necessity of doing something to which the latter was averse; after which came mingled sounds of grief and expostulation. The subject in dispute appeared to be a letter, which the mother was trying to induce the daughter to write.

CHAPTER VI.

It was a brilliant night at the theatre. Seldom had the parterre of the 'Suttee' been graced with a more gorgeous assemblage. All available space in front of the proscenium was occupied by all available chairs, and all available chairs were occupied by all available ladies, with cavaliers in agreeable proportion. Above was the clear sky and the crescent moon. The west and the east were bound together in beauty. There was no occasion for the lamps to shine over fair women and brave men, or you may depend upon it they would have done so. Upon the present occasion the auditorium consisted of infinite space, and was light enough for all practical purposes. The only artificial lustre was from the cocoa-nut oil floats, and mimilar illumination behind BOSDOS. Among the distinguished company we especially observed Miss Amabel Asmanee, who occupied a place in the front row, to the intense disgust of some other ladies, who were not equally favoured with conspicuous positions. She sat by her mother's side, and had no loyal knight and true paying his attentions to her as usual. Perhaps that was the reason why she looked so and.

After an appropriate selection of music from the steward's band, the green-baize curtain rose upon 'Bombastes Furioso.' I will draw a veil over that performance, as it was too much like 'Bombastes Furioso' as usually played by amateurs, to call for particular notice. The only characteristic which gave it peculiar distinction was the rich variety of costume, contributed, as far as the male characters were concerndation different uniforms of her Majesty's service. Thus Bombastes himself were the jacket of an officer

of Hussars, and wonderful boots ornamented with gold, belonging to some regiment of irregular cavalry; while the king wore the scarlet of the Line, and a Highlander's full-dress cap overburdened with plumes. A novel feature was introduced, too, in the great scene with the boots. Those displayed on the tree were not those worn by that distinguished general, but a pair of ladies' Hessians with tassels in front, so much affected by the 'girl of the period'—an exhibition which caused a great deal of speculation as to their probable ownership.

A few more airs from the steward's band, and the curtain rose upon 'Box and Cox.' There was a scream of laughter at the appearance of Bridoon in Cox, whose eccentric costume, one would have thought, could scarcely have been supplied on board. The aspect of Mrs. Bouncer, in the person of Lightly, was a still greater triumph. He had laid some of his fair friends under contribution for the clothes, and had been dressed by no less distinguished hands than those of the grass-widows, Mesdames Pommel and Cantle. He was much more ornate than is proper to Mrs. Bouncer, but the fault was justly regarded as one on the right side. He looked, in fact, a very comely person of thirty or thereabouts, had on a wig nobody knew from whence, and his moustache was so judiciously disguised as not to matter in the least. Lord Topham, in Box, was an equal success, and the way in which he had made up like Mr. Toole was a marvel to all beholders.

The piece, in fact, was a brilliant triumph, up till nearly the close, when some incidents occurred which I must relate in detail.*

When Mrs. Bouncer brought in the letter from Cox's intended wife, Cox took it, according to stage direction, when the dialogue proceeded

* It may be here mentioned, for the benefit of Lord Macaulay's New Zealander, that Box and Cox are respectively a hatter and a printer, who occupy the same apartment without being aware of the fact, one being out all day and the other out all night, and that they have both been paying attention to the same widow at Margate.

in this manner, the words of the play being interpolated with the private remarks of the performers:

Cox. (Opens letter-starts.) Goodness gracious! [Is it you, my lord, who have caused me to be insulted in this manner?

Box. (Snatching letter - starts.) Gracious goodness! [No, sir; I know nothing about the letter.

Cox. (After reading the letter again.) He means your intended. [You must know something about this.

Box. No, yours! However, it's perfectly immaterial-but she unquestionably was yours. You are

making a mistake altogether.]
Cox. How can that be? proposed to her first. [You must have been aware that the lady was

engaged to me.]

Rox. Yes. [If you mean Miss all. But then you—now don't let us begin again—go on.

Then, after Cox has finished reading the letter, they went on in this

way:

Box. Generous, ill-fated being! You are under a strange misap-

prehension.

Cox. And to think that I tossed up for such a woman. [I shall expect an explanation when this foolery is

Box. When I remember that I staked such a treasure upon the

hazard of a die! [You shall have it.] Cox. I'm sure, Mr. Box, I can't sufficiently thank you for your sympathy. [Simply an insult; and I shall consider it in that light.]

Box. And I'm sure, Mr. Cox, you couldn't feel more if she had been

your own intended.

Cox. If she had been my own intended! She was my own intended! [You must have known of the engagement.]

And so forth. Matters got worse, too, when Mrs. Bouncer came in

with the second letter.

Cox. Another trifle from Margate. (Opens the letter—starts.) Goodness gracious! [This is too much.]

Box. (Snatching letter — starts.) Gracious goodness! [I can only say I know nothing about it.

The dialogue proceeded in similar

style until the incident of the third

Cox. Put it under. (A letter is put under the door.) Goodness gra-This confirms my suscious! picions.

Box. (Snatching letter.) Gracious goodness! [This is as surprising to me as yourself—I have been the victim of some imposition.

But the worst was to come.

Cox. Box! [I have had no hand in this.

Box. Cox! (About to embrace-Box stops, seizes Cox's hand, and looks eagerly in his face.) You'll excuse the apparent insanity of the remark, but the more I look at you the more I'm convinced that you are my longlost brother. This is infernally ridiculous.]

Cox. The very observation I was going to make to you. [Yes, and I

believe you are the cause.]

Box. Ah! Tell me-in mercy tell me-have you such a thing as a strawberry mark on your left arm? This is too absurd.

Cox. No! [I'm glad the thing's

just over.

Box. Then it is he! (They rush

into each other's arms.)

The embrace was so fervent as to considerably astonish the audience, who had fancied that something must be the matter, especially those in front, who caught a few words now and then in addition to the regular dialogue; and Cox, it was observed, seemed to be laying violent hands upon his particular friend, to the extent, at least, of giving him something very like a shaking. This did not last more than a minute; Box extricated himself from Cox's grasp, and the remaining few words on either side were got over nobody knew how.

As soon as the curtain fell an ex-

planation ensued.

'Once for all, Lord Topham,' asked Bridoon, 'was it at your instigation, or with your knowledge, that those letters were written to me, and delivered upon the stage?"

'I give you my honour, no,' was the answer; 'and I might ask you the same question concerning the third letter, addressed to myself, and

also delivered on the stage.

Of this Bridoon, in his turn, de-

nied all knowledge.

'All I know,' interposed Lightly, 'is that I found them in the pocket of my—my dress,' he added, glancing at his feminine apparel. Then, seized with an idea, he added, 'Mrs. Pommel and Mrs. Cantle looked after my get up, and Mrs. Pommel gave me the letters, which I supposed to be dummies, to deliver in the course of my part. If they gave me real letters instead of false ones, it is not my fault.'

'Do you know,' asked Bridoon,

what the letters contained?

'Certainly not,' was the answer.
'I thought they contained nothing

at all.

What the letters did contain was very simple. The first, addressed to Bridoon, was from Mrs. Asmanee, and informed him that, for family reasons to which she need not more particularly allude, she must withdraw her implied consent to Mr. Bridoon's marriage with her daughter, and that she hoped, therefore, that he would not address that young lady for the future except as ordinary acquaintance. second, also addressed to Bridoon, was from the young lady herself, informing him that her feelings had changed towards him, and that she must ask him to release her from her imprudent promise; she would always respect him as a friend, and desired that he would not regard her in any other light. The third letter, from Mrs. Asmanee, and addressed to Lord Topham, informed his lordship that his attentions to her daughter having been such as to render a formal declaration on his part unnecessary, she had much pleasure in assuring him of the satisfaction with which she would receive him as a son-in-law; adding that she need not make any addition on the part of her daughter, as he must be fally aware of the feeling of that young lady towards himself.

These interesting missives, it subsequently appeared, had been taken by Mrs. Pommel from Mrs. Asmanee's Indian ayah, who had been told by her mistress to leave them in the cabins of their respective addresses; and the two grass-widows, suspecting that some mischief would ensue, had taken measures to make Lightly deliver them on the stage.

There was, of course, no quarrel between Topham and Bridoon. Topham had no intentions, nor any intention of having any. With Bridoon it was different—poor fellow, he had been in earnest. He never spoke to Indeed she gave Amabel again. him no opportunity, but shut herself up in her cabin, thoroughly ashamed of the part she had been weak enough to play. Mrs. Asmanee was furious with Topham for not responding to her advances, and still more furious with herself when, upon looking over some English newspapers at Point de Galle (where Topham and Bridoon both left the ship), she read a paragraph to this effect :-

'The Martingale peerage, by the death of the late lord, descends to his nephew, Mr. Bridoon, a lieutenant in the —th Light Dragoons (Lancers), who also inherits the large family estates.' There were some further particulars, but these were quite enough to induce mortification of no common order.

I asked Bridoon, after his arrival in England, when the news first

reached him.

'I knew of it,' he answered, 'before I left Calcutta, but did not want to be bored during the journey. I could see that I was thrown over on account of Topham's rank, and was, of course, the less likely on that account to tell my own.'

I was glad to see that he was recovering from his disappointment. I saw the Indigo Queen a year afterwards at Baden-Baden. She was still looking like a star, but not so bright a star as when on board the 'Suttee.' She was not then married, but her mother was trying hard at an Italian Count.

SIDNEY L. BLANCHARD.



HOW I STOOD FOR THE HALLAMSHIRE BOROUGHS.

CHAPTER L

THE season was really over, and I was the last man left in town. Not that I had really very much to do with the season, or that it was at all a point of punctilio with me about being or not being the last man in town. I don't pretend to. set the fashion, as some fellows do. I have rooms in the Temple, but they are by no means fancy rooms. I know one or two lords, but I don't think they are fond of me. I belong to a club, but with all its vast pretensions I acknowledge in my own soul that it is only a second-rate club. And this brings me to the confession that I am merely a second-rate man. I took a second-class at college; I came in second at a steeplechase; I generally travel second-class by railway. So, all things considered, I am only a secondary sort of fellow, and I never contemplated that a grand political occasion would arise in which I should play first fiddle. But let me not anticipate. I am on my legs—the reader will pardon an electioneering metaphor - for the purpose of relating an unvarnished story. My patrimony was small, and on that patrimony the children of Israel had already committed considerable ravages. My chief social distinction lay in the fact that I was the undoubted nephew of Mr. Langlands of Langlands Castle, who owned almost any number of broad acres you might choose to name in the county of Hallamshire. But unfortunately the relationship was only on the spindle side, and the difference of name—my own being Bobus—materially interfered with the extent of credit which I might otherwise have received from tradesmen. Neither had I any chance, approximate or ulterior, of touching any of those perennial thousands which belonged to the Langlands estate. My uncle had three sons. The first was in the army, the second was in the church, the third held a very good appointment in the Tape and Sealing-wax Department. The

two youngest were married, with progeny, and the eldest was going to be married as soon as he was released from active service abroad. The chief advantage which I derived from my avuncular relation was that I had a standing invitation to go down every autumn to Langlands Castle for the shooting. The pleasure had its drawbacks. The servants drew blood like fleas, and the gamekeepers stood me in a little fortune. I was not rich. I was just called to the bar, and was endeavouring to make ends meet by the help of a little literature. may be interesting—in a statistical point of view—to mention that my legal income for the year had amounted to half a guinea, and my literary income to a guinea and a half. Still, upon the whole, I thought it was worth while to go down to Langlands Castle.

It is a long distance into Hallam-That wave-washed county lies at the very extremity of our isle. The express starts at some very early hour, none o'clock, or some other abnormal hour. When I said that I travelled second-class, I should have added that an exception was furnished by my annual visit to Hallamshire, when, for the sake of the family dignity, I always went first-class express. It had so happened that I had fixed a particular day for arriving; and my uncle was the soul of punctuality, and had not much soul worth mentioning besides. I was nervous lest I should lose the train. I mentioned this to my friend Frazer. Extraordinary man Frazer; sleeps all day and works all night. It is an open question whether he will end on the woolsack or in a lunatic asylum. He kindly tells me that I may spend any time of the night I like in his rooms, and that he will make me some strong tea early in the morning, just before he goes to bed. I go to the theatre, and then I go to a supper party, and about three in the morning I knock Frazer up.

He is as bright as a daisy, and as busy as a bee. The room is pleasant with a low fire and several lamps, and Frazer is busy with his books and papers. I doze after a while. About six o'clock that good-natured Frazer makes some strong tea. doze again. At eight, Frazer not being able to sleep - I shouldn't think he could after such strong tea and so much brain work-puts me into a Hansom for the terminus. am half asleep when I get into the cab and when I pay the cabman, half asleep when I take my ticket and tumble into the railway carriage. There was just one lady in the carriage into which I was violently packed almost as the train was in motion. It was not very polite of me, but I was very tired, and flung myself at full length on the seat. Presently I heard a voice, pleasant, but rather sarcastic, saying—
You seem to be very much fa-

tigued, sir.'

'I am, madam,' I answered; 'and for your sake I am sorry for it. Otherwise you would find me a very pleasant and agreeable companion during your ride.

By the pleasant way in which this persiflage was received, I thought that I at least had secured a plea-

sant companion for myself. As I looked at her face, I recognized it. It was a fine face, more fine than pretty. I had seen its owner before. At the Zoo, at the

Botanic Fête, at a soirée dansante, at a dinner at Lord Avon's.

'I think I had the pleasure of seeing you at Lord Avon's in June, at a dinner party, but I forget if I —I am Mr. Bobus—was introduced. to you.'

'I thought I knew your face. We know Lord Avon, and we must

have met there.

She was Miss Delmar. She belonged to the neighbourhood of my uncle's country. I remembered now that I had heard that the Delmars never stayed very long in town, but took the cream off things in May and June.

We come to the great junction. There the young lady is to meet Mr. Delmar. He is coming up from

some friends in the country, and is going home. She was put into the carriage that morning by an aunt who is going on the continent. Rather a trying position to be found by an elderly parent, solus cum sola, in animated conversation in a railway carriage.

'Oh, papa,' she said, 'I find this gentleman, Mr. Bobus, and I are friends. We were introduced at Lord Avon's. Do you remember

him?

He did not give a direct reply.

'Lord Avon is here. I saw him on the platform just now. He is

going on to his place.'

Now I don't like Lord Avon much. As a rule, our lords are very fine fellows; but as for this Avon, if you did not know he was a nobleman you would hardly think he was a gentleman. All was hurry and confusion at the junction. His lordship vouchsafed me a curt nod. Taking my sherry and soda at the refreshment counter, half screened by an enormous urn, I overhear a brief conversation about myself, and have the proverbial ill luck of all listeners.

'Who is your friend Mr. Bobus, Lord Avon?'

'Well, he's hardly my friend. nephew or some poor relation of Langlands, the big squire in Hallamshire. A briefless barrister, or something of that sort; and always

will be one, I expect.

This was not pleasant. Neither was my lord very pleasant during the score of miles that he went on with us. Neither was Mr. Delmar for the next hundred miles. was silent, and the young lady became silent also, and hid away her face behind books and newspapers. In due course they also disappeared.

CHAPTER II.

'By Jove, sir,' said my uncle to me, 'old Ferguson's got the gout in his stomach.

'What of that, sir?' I asked.

'What of that, sir!' said my uncle. 'I'll tell you what it is—an important political event. He ought never to have touched that '29 port the other night. I knew it would lead to no end of trouble.

'I am sorry for old Ferguson,' I replied; 'a very hearty old fellow. But I can hardly see how the gout in his stomach can be an important political event.

'Let me tell you, sir, that ministries have fallen, and a European war occasioned by less important events than Ferguson's gout in the stomach. This gout will be a most important matter for Hallamshire.'

Now I had not heard a whisper of politics since I had been down in Hallamshire. The general election was to pass off as quietly as possible. Things had gone on in an amicable groove, and all parties were pretty well satisfied with the existing state of the representation. And now Hallamshire was to be convulsed because Mr. Ferguson had an aggravated attack of the gout.

'Old Ferguson always said,' resumed my uncle, 'that if ever the gout became very serious he must resign. He couldn't have it much worse than he has it now. If he don't resign the gout will soon make him resign in toto. And then what shall we do for the boroughs?

'But what has Ferguson to do with the boroughs, uncle? Ferguson sits for the county. Sir James Merton represents the boroughs; and I heard you say only the other day that there could not possibly be a contest.

'You don't know the working of these things, Harry. Ferguson gives up the county, and then Sir James will naturally take the county. He much prefers it, and after so many years' services he has a right to expect it. Now if your cousin Charles had come from India, things would be all right. He would get in as easily as possible, and there could hardly be a contest. John can't, because he is a parson; and Edgar won't give up his desk in the Tape and Sealing-wax Office.

You may wonder why my respected uncle did not offer himself as a candidate, since his county influence was so commanding. fact is odd, but still it is a fact, that he really did not care for it. He had come late into his great pro-

perty, and he loved the country, and early hours, and a regular life, and had long since made up his mind that the house was not fitted for him nor he for the house. Yet he was ambitious enough that his eldest son should have a seat.

'I say, Harry, what are your political opinions?'

'I am sure I don't know, uncle. Bluish, I suppose.'

'Bluish!' said my uncle, with a

look of horror.

'Buffish, I mean,' I said, perceiving my mistake. 'Buff is very

much about the colour.'

'I should think so, indeed,' replied my uncle. 'The estate has been Buffish ever since we had the estate. Can you speak in public, Harry?'

'I believe you, my boy. I belonged to the Lunatics, in the

 $\mathbf{Temple}.$

The Lunatics!' repeated my uncle, looking like one himself, and unconscionably taking me for another.

'I only mean a debating society, sir, where we men used to meet every four weeks, and so pleasantly called ourselves Lunatics. I did something at the Eton Debating Club, and something at the Union, and once or twice I have had a turn at some Discussion Forum in London.'

'That will do finely, Harry. You shall stand for the boroughs. You won't mind being warming-pan to your dear cousin Charles. You will keep the seat in the family until the next election.

'But, my dear uncle, an election is a costly thing, and I can't stand it. I am not a moneyed man.' Indeed, only that morning I had been turning over in the inmost recesses of my own mind the feasibility of asking my wealthy uncle for the loan of a hundred-pound note, and had definitely decided against the lunacy of the idea.

'They have abolished the qualification now,' said Mr. Langlands. 'I didn't like their doing so at the time, but I dare say there will be some good in it. Now, Harry, will you stand for the boroughs?'

I continued to demur.

'Say you will, and I'll write you a cheque for a thousand pounds. If that doesn't clear your expenses, I will give you anything that does.'

A cheque for a thousand pounds! I would instantly take the command of the Channel fleet for such a consideration. What a delicious bit of paper it was which my uncle by-and-by handed to me—'Pay Harry Bobus, Esquire, or Bearer, one thousand pounds.' With the eyes of the flesh I had never previously witnessed such a sum in the lump, or even its paper equivalent. I wondered if I should telegraph to the bank to 'prepare them for such an inroad on their !resources. honed the bank would not smash in the interval. How strange that this little green slip of paper should now represent a thousand pounds and now a miserable fiver. A cheque for a thousand pounds ought to be written on a sheet of paper of the size of foolscap. I was subsequently to ascertain that a cheque for a thousand pounds would not go very far towards a contested election.

'We will go over to Hallington this afternoon'—now Hallington was the capital of Hallamshire—'and see Tweedie.' Now Tweedie was a mighty man in Hallington, and was the agent and lawyer for the Lang-

lands estate.

I don't think that Tweedie cared very much for me. Indeed I think that Tweedie was considerably disgusted. Tweedie would have preferred my uncle or my cousin, or some juicy candidate who would have bled coin at every pore. Still Tweedie potted his thousand a year out of his administration of my uncle's revenues, and clearly recognized the legitimate claims which my. uncle had upon him. I will do Tweedie the justice of saying that he worked very vigorously, and put on the screw manfully on all the tenants who had obtuse perceptions of legitimate claims.

'But there is a right and a wrong way of doing these things,' said Mr. Tweedie, 'and we must take care that there is nothing irregular. Ferguson resigns, I know, and Sir James goes to the county. There will be a paragraph about it in to-

morrow's paper. Well, you must get a private meeting of the leading gentlemen of the boroughs who will support you. Then there must be a requisition presented to you, asking you to stand. Then you should go up and see the Buffs in town, and make all right with them. Then it will all be plain sailing, and I don't think there will be much difficulty in procuring the triumph of Buff principles in this Buffish part of the

country.

The meeting of the notables of Hallamshire boroughs duly came off at the castle. We invited every one whom we thought of influence, and yet we afterwards discovered that we had mortally offended others, of whose support we had made too certain, and had not thought it necessary to conciliate them. It was a great thing for the borough people to get to the castle. The castle was by far the grandest place in the county. The eating and drinking there was superlatively good, and it was a very high social distinction to be visiting at the castle. The borough of Hallingtonthe chief borough of a group of four or five places which, under the new Reform Act, returned a single member—was almost built entirely upon the property of the Langlands Castle estate. It was in the power of the lord of the castle to make the grass grow in the streets of Hallington. And he was a man very likely to make the grass grow in the streets. Also, a very large number of the tenants only held from year to year, and he was a man very likely to give notice to quit if he thought it desirable to issue such notices. In the meanwhile, my uncle was undoubtedly a creat benefactor to the town of Hallington. He made nearly all his purchases there, banked there, munificently supported the charities, distributed fruit and game liberally, resided nearly all the year round, and, as he thought, made himself indispensable to the comfort and happiness of the people. In return, he only asked leave to form their opinions for them, and return their member.

In the meanwhile, the requisition was being got up. A very queer

document was that requisition. It was the earliest, and also a very heavy item in the expenditure. Here was I, fully resolved on being a candidate, and yet a requisition was to be presented to me, praying that I would allow myself to be put in nomination; and I was supposed to allow myself, gently and gracefully, to yield to persussion. whole lot of loafers were employed on getting up the requisition. Two or three of them went to the publichouses and copied names out of the police-reports of the newspapers while they drank their beer. The local knowledge of Mr. Tweedie and his clerks was the cause of checking many a threepence a head on the list. Still the requisition almost gave us an actual majority on paper. Paper majorities are deceitful things.

'But you really ought to consult the great Buff party in the country,'

said Mr. Tweedie.

'But how can I consult the great

Buff party,' I inquired.

'Oh, go to Mr. Sprott. Sprott is the great Buff party.'

CHAPTER III.

So I got up to town, and went to Pall Mall, to look up the great Sprott at his club, the Pavilion.

The porter said that Mr. Sprott wasn't in the house; the boy-inbuttons said he was. On the strength of this statement the boy-in-buttons was entrusted with my card and a letter of introduction. I was shown into the strangers' room to wait. Presently the illustrious Sprott made his appearance. I thought that he would have had an immense respect for me, as the prospective member for the Hallamshire boroughs. It appeared, however, that Mr. Sprott had had an immense amount of acquaintance with prospective members, and I am afraid that familiarity had had the not unusual effect of inspiring contempt. He took me up the tremendons steps of the Pavilion club, and we sat down to converse on a cushioned niche.

Mr. Sprott was in an immense state of indignation both with the government and with the opposition for bringing on the election at such an awkward time of the year. It was a time when gentlemen ought to be shooting and not to be electioneering. The partridge-shooting had begun, and he wanted to be shooting partridges. He had made arrangements to go down into the country to-morrow for some shooting. Could not the business of the Hallamshire boroughs stand over till his return?

'A great mistake, this election, altogether, Mr. Bobus. An election ought to be sharp and quick, and not upset the whole country for a twelvementh, doubling the expense

and worry.'

I put on the sympathising air of a man who had been putting himself to expense and worry for the last year.

'And then to bring it on just at the beginning of the shooting season, spoiling all natural enjoyment on this side Christmas! It is abominable. The selfishness of politicians

is proverbial.

Then Mr. Sprott and I conferred together on the subject of the elections. Mr. Sprott naturally supposed that I had a design on the funds of the Pavilion Club. I was very willing to receive any funds with which the Pavilion Club might favour me; but I soon perceived, that having once made it apparent that Langlands Castle had made up its mind to carry the election, Mr. Sprott had speedily settled that no funds were absolutely wanted from the Pavilion Club, and therefore that none should be forthcoming. 'But I don't suppose that there'll be any other candidate forthcoming, Mr. Sprott.' 'Don't you though,' said Mr. Sprott, 'but I do. There are lots of men who would willingly spend ten thousand pounds to get into parliament, and there are a good many places who would vote in favour of ten thousand pounds being spent among them. elections hit the country gentlemen hard. A country gentleman generally lives up to his income. He has to keep up his style and his charities, to give portions to his daughters and allowances to his sons. And when an election comes

on he does not care about spending four or five thousand pounds over it, and does not often have it to spend. But these trading people—people who have been saving money all their lives—have it in any quantity for an occasion like an election.'

Mr. Sprott accompanied me down stairs, eagerly asking me about the prospective state of pheasants, and whether I was any judge of a breechloader. The only further notice which he vouchsafed to politics was to give me the address of a Mr. Rufus Bicks, to whom I was to resort in case of a contest.

When I got back to Langlands Castle I found that the triumph of Buff principles was gloriously advancing. The requisition had been very numerously signed, and was presented to me; only I confess that I was a little annoyed when I perceived the names of Robinson Crusoe, Tom Jones, Samuel Weller, and others well known to fame, more predominant than could be accounted for by any theory of coincidences. I made a graceful and affecting speech to the deputation who presented it, which composed all the Castle tradesmen and two or three small gentry on the outskirts of the town. I was very much touched with this proof of their affection and esteem for myself and my ancestors (under which term I somewhat inaccurately and irreverently included my respected avuncular relation), and though the sense of my own demerit was sufficient to deter me from seeking such a distinguished honour from their hands, yet the consciousness that the great Buff principles were at stake throughout the country induced me to waive every personal consideration, and become the Buff candidate for the boroughs. I then sent off to the printers the address, which I had drawn up before the requisition was presented, and withdrew into the study to try and find out, by the help of the penny papers, what the great Buff principles might happen to be. The deputation had a good feed in the dining room, after which my health was given with vociferous cheering, and I shook hands with them all round, and had a wash afterwards.

But, alas, I had hardly complied

with the prayer of the requisition and issued my address, before an opposition candidate was in the field. This was Mr. Delmar, of Delmar Hall, in the adjacent county. He cried Blue to my Buff all through his address. Great were the rejoicings through Hallamshire when the fact became known that there was to be a contested election. was even a gleam of satisfaction in Mr. Tweedie's eyes; and most people seemed to think that they would be able to turn an honest penny by it. I immediately cashed that thousandpound cheque, and, like Oliver Twist, I asked for more. I also immediately telegraphed for Mr. Rufus Bicks.

Mr. Delmar was a formidable opponent, but he hardly came up to the standard of Langlands Castle. In fact I felt that the constituents of the Hallamshire boroughs were in luck. Langlands Castle represented land, but its owner was also very rich. Mr. Delmar was a moneyed man, but he also had a name among the landed gentry. He had been a country squire, but his estate, though small, had been held unimpaired in his county for centuries and centuries. Suddenly he had had an accumulation of A railway had lucky incidents. run through his property, and paid very highly for the satisfaction of doing so. A mine had been discovered on another portion of his property. He had married a lady who brought him one fortune and unexpectedly fell into another. And now, great people, like Lord Avon, discovered to what a very ancient and spotless family he belonged, and the supercilious parent of the very pretty girl with whom I had travelled down from London was about to crush my rising ambition, as he had ruthlessly destroyed my dawning love.

Love, however—and, in the faintest possible degree, there had been such, perhaps—gave way to war, and I ardently longed to 'double up' my enemy both in a physical and a metaphysical sense. Little was to be done, according to our local lights, until Rufus Bicks should arrive. Acting by the advice of Mr. Tweedie, I enclosed a ten-pound note to every lawyer in the different boroughs, as a retainer for his services. To my great diamay, nearly half our retainers came back to us with the intimation that the gentlemen in question were engaged on the opposite side. We had all the lawyers in Hallington, but the lawyers in the other districts were mostly retained against us by the atrocious Delmar.

I asked Mr. Tweedie what he thought of our chance. He only looked a deal wifer than any man possibly could be, and answered—

'Look here, my young friend. Here's a list of five hundred new electors that I really know nothing in the world about. Could I tell—could anybody tell—how they will jump? It's a leap in the dark altogether. Nobody knows how these householders and lodgers will vote. They were never looked after, either, on the registration, for who thought that Sir James was going to leave us?'

So matters rested for a few days. Mr. Tweedie recommended that I should explain my political views to the electors. Accordingly handbills were everywhere circulated, stating that Mr. Bobus would address his supporters next Saturday, on the conclusion of the business of the market. I passed the next few days getting up my first political oration. and even read a little of Burke on the 'Sublime and Beautiful,' with a view of giving grace and strength to my style. About seven in the evening I stood up in a market cart, surrounded by a large amount of local respectability, and faced by the entire boy population, all the washerwomen of the place, and a number of roughs on whom the above-mentioned washerwomen might very suitably have exercised their vocation. All my grave sentences for sook me, and I was obliged to descend to the level of the oc-I explained that Britons casion. never would be slaves, that virtue was a fine thing, that the Buffs were angels and the Blues fiends. that the success of the Buff cause was certain, as my promises already placed me in an overwhelming ma-I then circulated in the crowd, patting the heads of children, shaking hands miscellaneously, and asking Mr. Tweedie if it would help the Buff cause if I kissed one or two passably pretty young women. I expected that there would have been a shower of rotten eggs and dead dogs, but, on the present occasion, this was not de rigueur. On the whole, though no great enthusiasm was provoked, I was not dissatisfied with my first public appearance.

public appearance. But when Mr. Rufus Bicks came he told us that popular enthusiasm was absolutely necessary, and that he would get ten pounds' worth of it for me when I should attempt the next borough of Welsby. Nothing succeeds like success, and to win I must seem to win. Banners and music are prohibited; but we got up four or five open carriages, and a set of horsemen, and when we got into the town, popular enthusiasm was at such a height, that men who had been boozing all day took out the horses and dragged me into the village green beneath the old elm. The carriage oscillated in a fearful way, and I think I would have sacrificed my political prospects for the assurance that I should not presently undergo concussion of the brain. One or two furious fights came off, and Rufus, who had received his earliest political training as a prizefighter, succeeded in breaking the ridge of the nose of the prominent member of the Blue party. A small boy, however, bribed by the opposite side, succeeded in taking off one of the wheels of the carriage on which I stood; the result of which was that I was head over heels on the top of an old woman's apple-stall. Rufus Bicks rather took the incident to heart, as he had not bargained for such a discomfiture, and thought that popular enthusiasm was more

hollow than he expected.

Mr. Bicks, indeed, in his thirst for political knowledge, blacked his face and tore his coat, and went freely among the poorest lodgers and householders. He found that most of them hoped that, some how or other, they would get a little good out of the election. He found also that the enemy was working secretly and darkly in this subterraneous region, sending out their

mines and curtains and threatening to explode us all at the last. Mr. Bicks, in solemn conclave, whispered the words that we must 'turn on the screw.' My uncle turned pale, and whispered something about freedom and purity of election. He even showed us a letter which he was about to send off to the 'Hallamshire Times,' stating that every tenant was free to vote according to his conscience. Considering that my uncle was a benevolent despot, benevolent, indeed, but still a despot, I thought this mean. Mr. Bicks pronounced this document to be unmitigated rot, and refused to proceed any further until it was committed to the flames. The other side had turned on the screw-which was certainly the case-and we must turn on the screw also. My uncle wished to be popular, and to be held up in the penny papers as an example of magnanimity; but it was not easy to run both with hare and hounds, to make sacrifices in the cause of public virtue, and not to suffer for them. So public virtue was at a discount. Mr. Bicks also suggested that all the public-houses and beer-shops should be taken, and 'no questions asked' should be the great principle of the day. Here also, to a considerable degree, we were anticipated by the adversary. The general result was that the county of Hallamshire, as a county, was for a long time considerably in liquor.

The canvassing in the meantime went vigorously on. There were many who frankly confessed their ignorance of all the political principles involved; many whose ignorance, unconfessed, was at least equally apparent. The tenants, equally apparent. whether Buff or Blue, went in herds like sheep with Buff or Blue land-There was a strong and healthy tradition in the county that the votes formed part of the property of the soil, and that a voter voting the wrong way would get punishment, and deserve it. There were many Roman Catholics who voted pretty well as their priests told them, and many Dissenters who voted exactly in the same way just as their pastors told them. Many openly lamented their hard fate in having the suffrage forced upon

Whether they voted, or them. whether they abstained from voting, they were sure to make enemies. whom they did not wish to make. The screw was also put on in every variety of way. Little accounts were pressed for, or would not be pressed for, according to circumstances. The banks would renew bills, or would not renew bills, also, according to circumstances. doctor at Hallington, who had hitherto been a consistent Buff, now turned a most azure Blue, because the castle housekeeper, having a gathering on her little finger, had called in the village apothecary instead of sending for him. We lost another voter through the same pestilential housekeeper, because, very unversed in the gentle electioneering arts, she declined to give six shillings to a voter's wife for a scraggy pair of fowls, and her master was pronounced 'no gentleman.' I have seen brothers cut each other. and heard Mrs. Lawyer Simpkinson (Blue) call her mother, Mrs. Coalmerchant Jones (Buff), 'Ma'am,' through their conflicting opinions. Many persons took the election quietly and good - humouredly enough; but among many more I saw that malignant mob feeling and seditious feeling stirred up which was illustrated so fully and awfully in the little states of old Greece and mediæval Italy. I felt certain in the case of some, that if it were not for the restraints of law, they would fly at each other's throats and tear out each other's eyes.

CHAPTER IV.

One morning I mounted my horse and rode away to the sweet pastoral village of Graville. I wished to call on the rector, Mr. Benson, and his wife, with an object partly social and partly political, and then to go on to a little town in the neighbourhood, an electoral district, where I was to meet one of my commit-The sense of peace and quiet which I enjoyed on my ride was quite a happy experience after the turmoil and confusion of the last six weeks. It was a mild autumnal day; the decay of nature was of the gentlest and most serene kind, and not far off was the calm sea, a shield of shining silver. The Bensons were excellent people. Before all these civic troubles broke out wo used to have croquet and archery on their lawn, and lots of the nicest girls in the county to play. I knew that Benson was a Blue, but Buffish as I was, I felt certain that no angry political passion could ever rage in the calm atmosphere of the rectory, and that I was sure of a kind and hospitable reception.

As I entered the lawn I perceived Mrs. Benson in her garden hat and gloves very busy adjusting some roses that clambered up her drawing-room window. She was evidently talking to some one within the room, for I caught 'broken

fragments of a silver voice.'

'It's Mr. Bobus, I declare,' she exclaimed, coming forward. 'I am positively angry with you. Why haven't you been to see us for the

last month or two?

'But, Mrs. Benson, I am Buff, and you are so intensely Blue, that I was almost ashamed to show myself as a Buff candidate. I did not like to ask you, and I know that you would not like to refuse me.'

'Stuff and nonsense!' she exclaimed. 'You'll be refused by a lady more than once some of these days, I dare say. But come into the

drawing-room.

In a recess of the drawing-room window, half-screened by curtains, a lady was sitting. Mrs. Benson did not introduce me, but such is becoming the unsocial fashion of these times.

'Mr. Benson wanted to see you very much. He was going to ride over to the Castle to-morrow to see you. But you must know, Harry, that he means to give you a vote.'

'That is so kind of him,' I replied. 'To me it will be worth a dozen votes anywhere else. But I

thought he was Blue.'

'So he is, Harry; but he is not satisfied with the conduct of the Blue party on the great question of the day, and so, on this occasion, he means to vote for you and the Buffs. He likes you very well, but he is also very partial to Mr. Delmar. Do you know Mr. Delmar?'

'Mr. Delmar,' I exclaimed, quoting

my own emphatic language when recently on the stump, 'is a man for whose public character and political principles I entertain the sincerest and most unmitigated abhorrence. He belongs to a bloated and corrupt oligarchy of wealth that battens on the bones and blood of the people! Then, as a sense of private injury recurred to me-that slight on the railway-I added. 'He is cold and narrow, obtrusive without being frank, and supercilious without being dignified.' I thought this was very Johnsonian, and would come in very nicely as the peroration of my next speech.

'Oh! hush, hush, hush! Mr. Bobus: this is Miss Delmar!'

It was Rose Delmar, who came forward, stamping her fairy foot, her brilliant eyes almost savage in their lustre, and face, neck, and bosom like a carnation.

'Howdare you speak that way, Mr. Bobus, of my father, who has never done you any injury in the world?'

I was ready to sink to the ground. 'Oh! tell her I didn't mean it, Mrs. Benson,' I exclaimed; 'it's only parliamentary language. I'm getting it up in case I should want to ber, my dear Mrs. Benson, the difference between the English language and parliamentary language.'

With some difficulty Mrs. Benson succeeded in explaining to the angry beauty that my language was quite consistent with profound esteem for Mr. Delmar's character and esteem and affection for his person. When a pacification was effected the young lady acknowledged that, though Blue as a rule, she shared in the Buff prejudices of the Bensons.

'But you can hardly say that your father has not injured me, Miss

Delmar?

'Oh, in this election, I suppose. But you also wish to injure him, that is to say, to make him lose the seat. So you are quits; and it is very generous for his daughter to say as much as that.'

'I don't mean that. I mean that pleasant morning when we came down from town, and he and that stupid man Lord Avon got in at the junction and spoiled our little

debate.'

'Well, Lord Avon certainly is a stupid man. I give him up. You must blame him, and not my father.'

Mrs. Benson asked me if I would stay lunch or go on to Graville. The rector had gone over to see Mr. Delmar. Mr. Delmar was staying at the hotel there for a few days, and had left the young lady at the rectory.

I elected to stay to lunch.

'But ought you not to go over to Graville and look after your inte-

rests, Harry?

'Oh, never mind my interests,' I replied. 'I know when I am well off, and I mean to stay here till Mr. Benson comes home.'

'You will lose your election.'

'It will be well and cheaply lost

for a quiet morning.'

So I stayed lunch, and then the ladies and I had a long walk in the shrubbery, and we came in doors, and Rose sang song after song. She seemed to think she was committing high treason in conferring with the enemy, but for some minds political crimes have a sort of fascination. We had become very good friends when at last I really went.

Outside the house I met Mr. Benson, and with him Mr. Delmar. took off our hats in the stateliest manner to each other as combatants about to engage. I thought with satisfaction that Mr. Delmar now probably entertained a more respectful opinion of me than, thanks to Lord Avon, he had seemed to have formed of me at the junction. Mr. Benson asked me if he should call on me next morning, or whether I would drop in at the rectory. I declared that I could not give him the trouble of coming over to Graville, but that I would call at the I discovered afterwards rectory. that he and Mr. Delmar had a long talk about me, and the rector found terms much more flattering than Lord Avon had done in which to discuss my merits. In the meantime I had secured another very pleasant day with the Bensons and their fair guest.

Three weeks afterwards I introduced a novel and most complicating element into the political condition of the country by proposing to Rose Delmar.

Now let me confess that this was

a most masterly and strategical act on my side. It would beat Rufus Bicks to fits. I did not exactly perceive what special advantage it would be in my case to be elected a member of parliament. I should gratify my vanity and have a social advantage with the Avons of society, but otherwise the distinction would operate as a disadvantage to me. It would entail on me increased expenses. It would not, so far as I could see, advance me in my profession. It would render any advances with Rose Delmar almost an impossibility. My uncle altogether declined to state if he would make me any allowance during my tenure of a seat in parliament. He hinted to me, indeed, that he regarded me merely as a warming-pan to hold the seat, not till another general election, but until his eldest son came back from India, and should find it convenient to take it. Under these circumstances I considered that it was as much open to me to look after my own interests as if I had been one of the constituents. I discovered also that the acquisition of Rose Delmar would add a modest ought (o) to my remaining income of 250. per annum; but, demoralised as I was by politics, I can make affidavit that my conduct was not dictated by any considerations of filthy lucre. I threw myself at the feet of Rose. She owned that she was not indifferent to me. but she could never marry a man who was blighting her father's dearest political hopes. I told her that the distinction of M.P. was but dross and chaff before the wind compared with gaining her for a bride; I would resign all my pretensions if only I might be When this noble allowed to hope. sentiment of mine was conveyed to Delmar père he was deeply affected. He almost shed tears. He joined our hands and blessed us. Indeed I am not without the hope that he will not insist upon the political sacrifice on the part of one so disinterested and magnanimous. However, if the reader does not find the honoured name of Bobus triumphantly at the head of the poll, he will conclude that I have given way to my extremely solvent father-in-law.

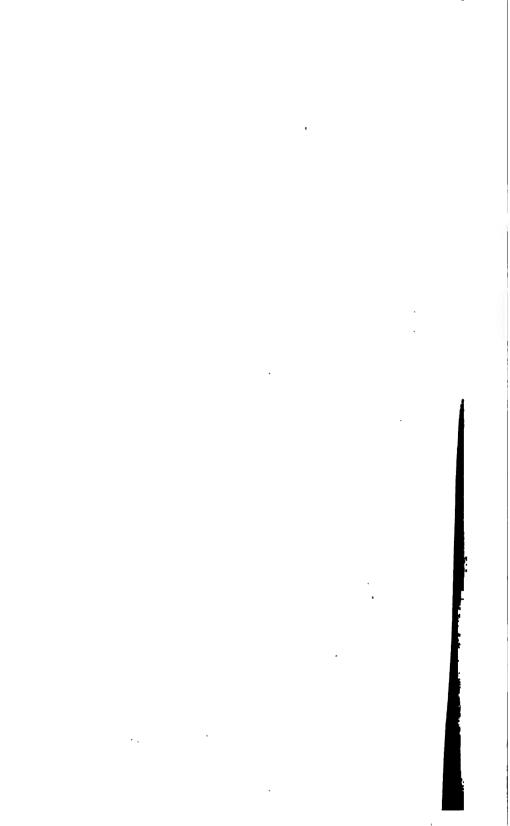
THE LATEST PARISIAN WHIM: -VELOCIPEDES.

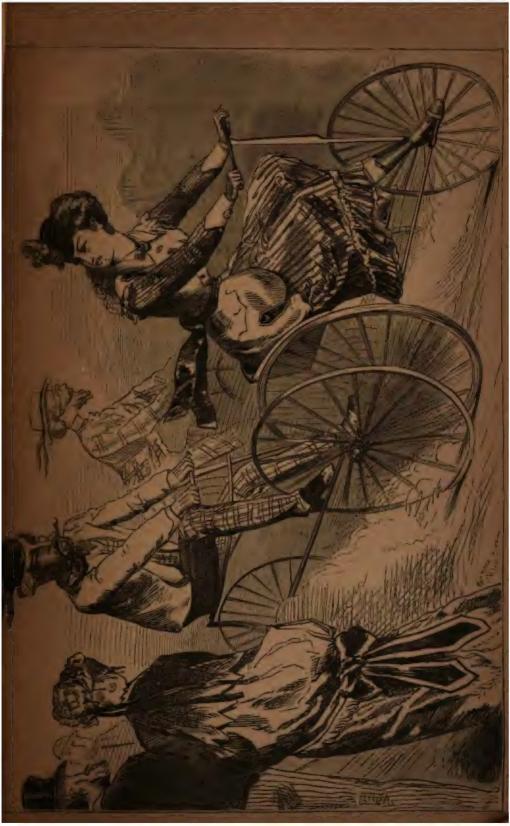
MERCURIAL Paris must have an excitement of some kind for its million and three-quarters of loquacious tongues to talk about, and as revolutions and political demonstrations generally are not 'la mode' under a paternal government, it has constantly to content itself with, and make the most of, a very small nine days' wonder. What a furore, for instance, was created by Procureur-Général Dupin's tirade against the unbridled luxury of women, as though 'paint-ing the face, tiring the head, wearing of gold, and putting on apparel, were not as old as the prophets. Journalists, pamphleteers, dramatists, caricaturists, and 'bavards' of the Boulevards lived upon it for months, till the renown of Gladiateur drove Paris, as it were, racing mad, and the dames of both 'mondes took to flaunting Count Lagrange's colours in the Bois de Boulogne. Then the 'Giant' balloon commenced its ascents, and ere it had collapsed Thérèsa, singing praises of her 'Sapeur' and the 'Femme à Barbe,' was in the plenitude of her fame. In due course the 'diva of the people' had to céder le pas to Cinderella and 'La Belle Hélène,' following whom came Père Hyacinthe, the eloquent Carmelite, and the Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein, with the 'Odeurs de Paris,' the Universal Exhibition, and a surfeit of sovereigns from three-quarters of the globe in her The last crowned head had barely departed ere the telegraph proclaimed that 'the Chassepot had done wonders' at Mentana, and then things warlike had their turn for a time, including endless discussions on the rival merits of the needlegun, the Chassepot, and the Snider, and experiments with the Mitrailleuse, or revolving cannon, the canons-éventails, and the new Mortimer revolver, in the midst of which Rochefort hangs out his 'Lantern,' throwing all Paris into a whirl of excitement for a few weeks. Ere this is obscured by a bushel of legal condemnations. Paris is startled at the apparition of hundreds of

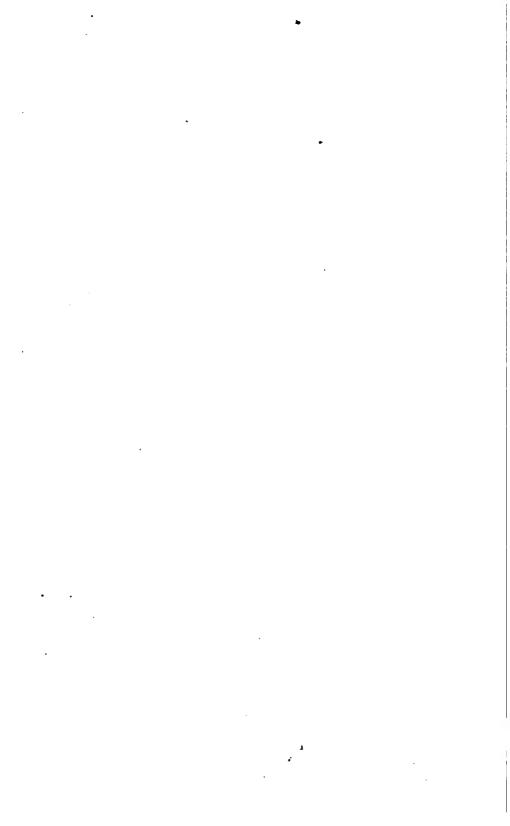
velocipedes intersecting the avenues of the Bois de Boulogne and cutting in and out the carriages in the Champs Elysées and the Boulevards at a maddening rate of speed.

The velocipedists have stolen a march on the coming flying man, for while he is busy adjusting the wings with which he intends to navigate the clouds, they have attached wheels to their legs, enabling them to skim the earth with the speed of a fast-trotting horse. The resuscitation of velocipedes—a ninety years' old invention—is due to the petits crevés and cocottes of Paris. At the present moment, however, they are a mania with all classes, and count among their more fervent partisans, princes, dukes, and other titled personages, several high functionaries, and even one staid member of the French Academy. Every alternate Sunday or so velocipede races have taken place in the environs of Paris—at St. Cloud, Vincennes, Enghien, Pantin, and elsewhere. Mounted, too, upon these flying horses, amateurs dash along the crowded thoroughfares of the capital, while adepts at the risk of their lives drive their velocipedes of two wheels—one directly in front of the other-along the narrow stone parapet at the side of the Seine, and down the hundred and one steps of the Trocadéro; rising up in their seats, lying down on their backs, letting go the handle of the vehicle, and throwing both legs over it while performing these daring feats. Government employés living in the suburbs ride to their offices every morning on the new iron horse, a hint to dwellers on certain suburban lines of railway on the other side of the Channel. You may see them on their return journey at night, steering in between the throng of carriages with lighted lanterns swinging in front of them, and with other velocipedes sent out by enterprising tradesmen displaying illuminated advertisements before and aft. The compositors of 'Galignani's Messenger'and other newspapers are said to go to and return from work on velocipedes; and several of the col-









lecting clerks of the Bank of France have begun to use them. Provincials stare aghast at these modern centaurs dashing in and out the whirl of vehicles, much as the country people of old did at the apparition of the Thessalonians mounted on the horses which they were the first to tame; while the cabmen of the capital exhibit their hostility by dodging in front of the velocipedists whenever they get the chance, and by chaffing such amateurs as are not sufficiently expert to give them a wide berth. Prices of velocipedes, including what Moses of the Minories would style directions for self-measurement, are advertised on the walls, outside the kiosques of the Boulevards, and in all the papers, and announcements of lessons on the art of managing them may be met with in almost every journal, and posted up in all quarters of Paris. The public schools, too, are to have professors to lecture on the new method of locomotion, and to teach the youth of France how to manage the willing steed. Meanwhile the Prince Imperial has been furnished with a 'velocipède de luxe' mounted in rosewood and aluminium bronze.

Paris is in a perfect state of frenzy with respect to its new toy. newspapers call upon the government to order a supply of velocipedes to save the overworked legs of the rural postmen and of the messengers attached to the provincial telegraph bureaux; and even advise a limited number of these vehicles being furnished to infantry regiments, to enable outposts to reconnoitre and to communicate rapidly with the main body of the army. Some, carried away by their enthusiasm, ask why a species of light cavalry, mounted on velocipedes, should not be instituted. It is suggested, too, that lifeboat crews on thinly-populated coasts should be provided with velocipedes, by means of which a more rapid assembling of them in time of need might be effected; and, moreover, that gardes champêtres, and country doctors and curés who cannot afford the expense of a horse, should travel about on the new vehicles, which, by the way, have shouldy

penetrated to the provinces, for seaside loungers, mounted on them, were to be seen at all the Norman and Breton watering-places, and on the shores of the Mediterranean, coursing along the coast. Eccentric sportsmen, too, chase their game with velocipedes: artists use them to go sketching-tours, and photographers employ them on distant expeditions. Guests at country châteaux organise races with velocipedes among themselves, just as in England they do games at croquet; and at a recent election contest in the department of the Var, on its being discovered that the government had hired all the public vehicles in Toulon for the day of the election, the partisans of the opposition candidate procured a supply of velocipedes, on which the liberal electors dashed to the poll. Dramatists introduce velocipedes into their pieces; and at several Parisian theatres they play a prominent part in some of the more striking scenes. Caricaturists, however, have turned them most to account, for every week brings forth some pictorial skit in which they occupy the first place. The toy-dealers, too, have not been idle, for you cannot pass along the Boulevards without getting your feet entangled in a toy velocipede, mounting a large red lantern—at present a prohibited emblem in Paris—and with the rider working his arms and legs up and down like an ordinary scaramouche, which some enterprising hawker, the better to display its attractions, has set going along the asphalte pavement.

Now that velocipedes promise to become useful as well as popular. our French neighbours of course claim the merit of the invention the 'new conquest made by man,' as they grandiloquently phrase it. They have exhumed from the 'Journal de Paris' of July 27, 1779, a description of a vehicle invented by MM. Blanchard and Masurier—the former the celebrated aëronautwhich was exhibited in rapid motion in the Place Louis XV., to-day Place de la Concorde, in presence of many members of the French Academy and a large concourse of ordinary spectators. At the head of the machine was the figure of an eagle

with outspread wings, to which was attached the apparatus with which the driver directed its move-Behind him was seated an individual who gave an impetus, more or less rapid, to the machine by pressing his feet alternately upon the ground. He sat down or stood at discretion, with his legs half concealed in a sort of box, where the springs that communicated movement to the machine were evidently placed. The inventor subsequently transported the vehicle to Versailles, and exhibited its capabilities in presence of Louis XVI., Marie-Antoinette, and their idle court. The next velocipede, known under the name of the 'célérifère,' made its appearance in the gardens of the Luxembourg exactly sixty years ago, in 1808, and people point to a caricature of the time in proof of the This machine was mounted, it seems, on low wheels, enabling the rider to place his feet upon the ground, and by means of the impulsion thus secured he made the heavy vehicle advance, guiding it as best he could. The forward movement was, in fact, a species of skating on dry land, sufficiently fatiguing, as may be supposed, and not unattended with danger, for the slightest false movement commonly resulted in painful sprains. The steering was accomplished with much difficulty, as the machine could not be restrained from accelerating its speed while going down hill, whereas the modern velocipede can be guided and stopped at will while descending the steepest in-

The invention, unable to contend against the shafts of wit levelled mercilessly at it, speedily succumbed. Caricaturists represented it struggling with an improvised locomotive—at that time also an object of ridicule—each endeavouring to force the other along, and amidst shouts of laughter the célérifère disappeared from public view. Two-and-twenty years later, however, a M. Dreuze came forward with an improvement upon the original invention which met with partial success, inasmuch as a certain number of machines were constructed after his model and distributed among the country postmen, who used them with advantage for a year or two, until a heavy fall of snow rendered them unserviceable and led to their ultimate abandonment, much to the gratification of that conservative class who, detesting everything in the shape of innovation, had early prophesied their failure.

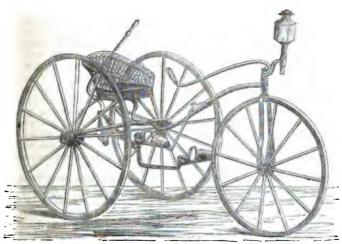
The velocipedes about which the Parisians have run mad at the present moment are of various kinds. Some have two and others three and even four wheels; all have either pedals or reels on which to place the feet, and usually either breaks or levers to regulate the speed. The two-wheel velocipedes, the bicycles as they are styled, are intended for the male sex only, and are by far They are the swiftest machines. usually of wrought iron, and have pedals or reels attached to the front and larger wheel, and the working of which, by a light movement of the feet, gives the requisite impulsion to the vehicle. The saddle is poised on a bar of iron suspended a few inches above the top of the The hands rest on a fore-wheel. handle in front of the machine, which, working on a pivot, serves as a balancing-pole, the equilibrium being preserved by giving a slight twist to this handle. The break, which at once stops the revolving motion of the wheel, is applied by means of a sharper twist. Here are the rules which one of the most skilful amateurs has drawn up for the guidance of beginners:-

'Run beside your iron horse, leading it, as it were, with your hand, so as to familiarise yourself with its movements: this will be an affair of a few minutes merely. commence practising with it on a slope, and after mounting it, let it move forward of its own accord, while you occupy yourself with studying the effects produced by the inclination which you give to the balancing pole or handle of the machine. When you thoroughly understand the action of this, place one foot on the pedal and follow its movements without assisting them. The difficulty with beginners is to restrain the unnecessary expenditure of muscular force; they ordinarily perform ten times the labour that is requisite. Next repeat the experiment on level ground, having both feet on the pedals, and working them alternately with scrupulous regularity. Speed is obtained by simply accelerating this movement.

'After an hour or two's practice



the tyro will be able to accomplish a distance of from thirty to forty yards without running the risk of an upset. Should the machine incline on one side, all that is necessary to be done is to remove the foot on the same side from the pedal and place it on the ground. This can of course only be accomplished when the velocipede is of a moderate



THREE-WHEELED VELOCIPEDE, WITH CHECK, LEVER, AND ECCENTRIC STOP.

height, which, by the way, is the proper kind of machine for beginners to make their first essays with.

'To alight, both feet are raised from the pedals at the same instant, which has the effect of slackening the speed of the machine; the feet are then placed simultaneously on

the ground without the handle being let go.'

The tricycle, or three-wheel velocipede, is easier to guide and safer to use than the bicycle; its speed is however less rapid, still it can be made to pass a carriage going at full trot. As the fair sex largely

patronize this vehicle, the seat is more commodious than that of the bicycle, having sides and back of wicker, and a horsehair cushion to sit upon. The hind wheels, though large, are light, and revolve with facility; the fore-wheel, which is smaller, serves to guide the machine, being acted on by means of the handle, which causes it instantly to turn in the direction indicated by the rider. The pedals are shaped like slippers, which facilitates the movements of the legs, and at the same time admits of the foot being disengaged instantaneously. The movement required to impel the machine is a perfectly natural one, analogous, in fact, to that of walking, that is to say, without the slightest pressure of the foot, and certainly without producing any unusual fatigue, for the motion of the leg developes itself, as it were, until the limb becomes fully extended, entirely without effort. In addition to all these advantages, the larger three-wheel velocipedes have a lever which follows the line of the eccentrics attached to the pedals and fits on to the axles. By assisting the movements of this lever, the speed of the vehicle is considerably increased, and a simple pressure against it checks the rotatory movement of the wheel and stops the progress of the machine. This lever is, in fact, both a means of impulsion and a break.

Ordinary two-wheel velocipedes range in price from two hundred up to four hundred francs, according to the completeness of their fittings. Vélocipèdes de luxe mount upalmost to any sum. Three-wheel machines are priced at from one hundred and sixty to two hundred and fifty francs. while smaller sizes for children can be purchased for fifty francs. somewhat numerous etceteras comprise the requisite instruments in the event of the machine getting out of order on a journey, with a lantern, a grease box, india-rubber cushions for the iron bar in front of the machine on which the legs are generally allowed to rest when not in action, and an indicator to mark the distance travelled.

The speed attained by the swifter kind of velocipedes averages from

twelve to thirteen miles an hour: adepts find no difficulty whatever in accomplishing fully fifty miles within five hours without once alighting from their vehicles. A couple of amateurs making a tour through a part of France challenged each other as to which could perform the greatest distance within four-andtwenty hours. One gave in after having accomplished eighty-seven miles; the other went on an additional six and thirty miles, making one hundred and twenty-three miles in all. On the 21st of last September a party of nine quitted Rouen early in the morning mounted upon velocipedes, and arrived in Paris in time for dinner the same evening, having performed the distance of eighty-five miles, exclusive of stoppages, at a rate of speed averaging between ten and eleven miles an hour. It should be understood, that in impelling a velocipede, the limbs are not constantly in motion, as on level ground when the impetus is at the average rate, or when the machine is descending an incline, the feet may be removed from the pedals, and the legs be placed on the bar fixed in front of the velocipede for this purpose. A slight impulsion given to the vehicle from time to time suffices to keep up the speed. The ascent of any incline greater than 1 in 25 is said to be impracticable. When the rider. therefore, encounters a hill of more than average steepness, he has to dismount and lead his velocipede with his hand, which we are told he can do with almost the same ease as he can carry an ordinary walkingstick.

The velocipede races in the suburbs of Paris are ordinarily rather exciting affairs. Advantage is generally taken of some fête day, when the village selected to be invaded will be certain to be in holiday guise, with tricolor flags flying from the tops of tall Venetian masts, and decking the 'Mairie' from roof to basement: when property pasteboard eagles and laurel wreaths and imperial crowns and ciphers brilliant as Dutch metal can make them, and hired for the occasion, will be certain to meet the eye at every turn; and when across the streets a few score

coloured lamps will be seen suspended, to imply that a fête de nuit. in other words, illuminations, fireworks, and dancing and drinking in the booths until midnight, may be counted upon Perhaps Monsieur le Maire in his tricolor scarf of office will favour the races with his Sapeurs-pompiers, with presence. their broad belts, their big brass helmets, and affected military swagger, are certain to be particularly grand on these occasions, rendering the tall gensdarmes in their large cocked hats, their bulky breeches, their long sabres, and their somewhat ferocious-looking mustachios, more than a trifle jealous. racing ground is all marked out with flags, and there is certain to be a large cluster of banners flying at the starting place, near to which, in some reserved enclosure, scores of velocipedists are exercising their docile steeds. A certain number of them wear jockey caps and jackets of various coloured silks, and all appear to have their legs encased in high leather boots. The moment of starting arrives, and the com-petitors are duly drawn up abreast, with as great a distance between each as the width of the course will The fair sex mount on chairs and wave their little hands and flourish their pocket-handkerchiefs, and laugh and almost scream with delight as at the grounding of the starter's flag their several favourites dart off, working their legs up and down with such an amount of energy, that one cannot help thinking a fortnight's exercise upon the treadmill would be admirable probationary training for this sort of contest. Spite of the exertions of the tall gensdarmes, the crowd closes in behind the competing charioteers, who are consequently soon lost to After the lapse of a few sight. minutes, however, distant shouts and cheers announce their return, and the crowd opens to allow of the passage of the victor, who drenched in perspiration, and with his legs working up and down with equal regularity and greater speed than the piston of a steam engine, the safetyvalve of which is fastened down, passes the winning post amidst the cheers and laughter of the crowd,

who enjoy the sport more than they would the finest horse-race; and as soon as he has dismounted proceeds to dip his sun-burnt beak into a foaming glass of Strasburg beer.

At these races the average length of the course is 1800 mètres, nearly a mile and a furlong. At Enghien this distance was traversed-a portion of it being over a stone-paved road - in 4 minutes and 25 seconds by a velocipede with two wheels, and in 6 minutes and 28 seconds by a velocipede with three wheels. At Vincennes the same distance took 5 minutes and 5 minutes 45 seconds respectively to accomplish, two-wheel velocipedes only competing. Greater speed was attained at St. Cloud, when the course of 2400 mètres, almost equivalent to a mile and a half, with an incline of a in 100 for a third of the distance, was traversed in 4 minutes and 50 seconds; whereas the final race at Vincennes over a level course of 3600 mètres-20 yards short of 2 miles—took 9 minutes and 10 seconds to accomplish. But at these races prizes are not given for speed alone; they are also accorded to those who occupy the longest time in traversing a specified distance, a far more difficult proceeding than accomplishing a mile in a few minutes, as when going at a snail's pace, it is almost impossible to preserve the proper balance, and horse and rider are usually both capsized. In a contest of this character at Vincennes, over a course of some 160 yards in length, out of six experienced amateurs who started only one succeeded in reaching the goal. In another race over the same course, where the competitors were deprived of the means of steering their vehicles, out of seven who started only two arrived at the winning-post.

The prizes given at the foregoing contests have been usually gold and silver medals and silver cups; now and then, however, money prizes of 500 francs are awarded. Several efforts have been made to induce the fair sex to compete at these races, but hitherto without success, although they are ready enough to engage in a contest with any casual cavalier whom they may encounter

on his velocipede in the Bois de

Boulogne.

The latest novelty in the velocipede line is the podoscaphe or vélocipède-marin, as it is called, formed of a couple of cances covered with canvas and joined together by two iron bars, between which is a paddle-wheel put in motion by means of two pedals placed at the extremity of the arc. These machines may be constantly seen in action on the lake of the Bois de Boulogne and on the

lake at Enghien, and even on the Seine itself opposite the Tuileries. The inventor is sanguine that these machines will eventually attain the same rate of speed as the land velocipede already accomplishes. Quite recently an enterprising amateur offered to wager 10,000 francs that he would cross the channel between Boulogne and Folkestone on a vélocipède-marin within the limit of three hours—wind and weather, we presume, permitting.

INGENIOUS AIDS TO HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

EVERYDAY people little consider to how remarkable a degree they are indebted to the ingenuity of inventive men for many of the comforts and conveniences around them. If they obtain money's worth for money paid, they won't trouble about who did it, or how it was done. This may be natural, perhaps; but still we may do worse things than peep once now and then into the merits of an invention, and see how curiously the principles of mechanism and the discoveries of chemistry are brought to bear upon the familiar things of common life. The Americans have done much to deserve our thanks in this matter. With them time is very valuable, and they are not beset by the oldworld prejudices which so frequently interfere with the introduction of new inventions in England. smiled at first at the 'perambula-tors,' 'baby-jumpers,' and 'baby-propellers;' but they have become almost English institutions in recent years; insomuch that New Oxford Street is now the very paradise of badydom. Many other things which had their birth on the other side of the Atlantic have in a similar way become naturalised among us. Whether the real inventors always obtain the praise or the profit may be doubted; the world is a little crooked in this matter.

From the very beginning of our day's history, these English or American ingenuities wait upon us. Many will remember the unparagoned bedstead at the Great Exhibition, which, at a given hour.

urned the sleeper fairly out of bed whether he would or not. But that was a special exhibit, not a regular product made in the usual commercial way. Among our earliest wants in the morning are a fire and some hot water; and many tempting novelties invite us in these directions. Of course the orthodox paraphernalia comprises a lucifer match the days of flint and steel being long since past), paper and wood, cinders and coal, and a kettle of water; but inventive talent is not to be cooped up within such narrow bounds. Here, for instance, is the 'bachelor's kettle,' which, flat in shape and homely in structure, will boil a quart of water over a farthing wheel of fire-wood, and be ready for shaving or for other uses by the time the bachelor is well out of bed. Here are 'spirit-stoves' and 'spiritkettles' in great variety, with a provision for using either spirit of wine or methylated spirit as fuel. Here is the 'asbestos fire-place,' to keep up a cheerful fire with that strange. substance called asbestos, which becomes intensely incandescent when heated by gas-flames, and yet scarcely burns away at all. Gas: alone, or gas with asbestos to give the 'open fireplace' charm, are employed in a multitude of ways to produce warmth: as exemplified in the 'gas kettle-stand,' the 'air and gas broiler,' the 'water-dish heater,' the 'asbestos boiler,' the 'gasbath,' the 'gas conservatory boiler,' and so forth. As to stoves and ranges proper—from the majestic 'kitchener,' which will cook ever so.

many hundreds of dinners in ever so short a space of time, down to the humblest garret grate or workshop stove—they are too familiar to need notice. But there is a peculiar 'Norwegian cooking apparatus' which merits attention, because, in truth, it is a stove and a refrigerator in one. Having a peculiar arrangement of felt lining, it either keeps heat in or keeps cold out, according to the way in which it is used. Whether it 'provides a hot dinner at any moment required' is a curious problem for a hungry man to solve.

But the impromptu fire-lighters and water-boilers are more curious when they grapple with some small cookery or other, as if for some solitary bachelor or spinster whose family cares are restricted to Number One. Here, a little in advance of the 'bachelor's kettle,' is the 'bachelor's oven,' wherewith he can bake, boil, or fry his lonely meal, and almost fancy himself as happy as a Benedict. Here is the tiny mimic cauldron,' which can be carried in the pocket or in a lady's reticule. and which enables the fortunate possessor to boil water, make tea or coffee, boil eggs or rice, stew mushrooms or oysters, make gruel or beeftea, stew steaks or chickens, boil tripe or trotters-in great felicity. Another member of the fraternity is the 'salamander,' for cooking chops and steaks, available for those who have gas laid on in their houses. It has a curious kind of something which we will liken to a warming-pan or bed-warmer, with a number of small perforations in the upper surface, and a channel for gas through a short handle. When the supply of gas is turned on through this handle, scores of little gas-lights jet forth through the perforations; and according to the side of the warmingpan which is turned up, so can a chop or steak be either broiled or fried in an iron vessel to which the pan is adjusted, or over which it is placed.

To combine the making of tea or coffee with the lighting of the fire and the boiling of the water, is a very favourite achievement. Here, for example, is the 'etna,' a compound of teakettle, teapot, and coffee-pot, which makes a cup of tea or coffee with a farthing's worth of

methylated spirit. Here is the 'tea percolator, which makes a cup of tea quickly by means of a little apparatus placed in and over the teacup itself. And then there is the 'tea-float,' a little affair useful with any ordinary teapot. You put your tea into a little perforated metal cup, and immerse it in the hot water in the teapot; the strength of the tea is drawn out well and quickly while no tea-leaves or sediment fall to the bottom of the teapot. An elegant affair is the 'ladies' tea-maker,' too costly for a poor bachelor or spinster, but really scientific as well as graceful. The tea-'real gunpowder' or 'fine-flavoured young Hyson,' let us suppose—is put into a little wire-gauze silver cup, and the cup into the teapot, which is then filled up with cold water; a little spirit is put into a little lamp under the teapot and ignited, and a teacup is put under a projecting spout. After a few minutes the tea pours itself out, and the lamp extinguishes itself! Taken altogether, this is one of the neatest bits of practical philosophy you will see in a long way. The same principle is adopted in the 'automatic eggboiler,' in which the lamp puts itself out just when the eggs are done; and the pith of the thing is, that if you want your eggs well done you place your lamp deep-side uppermost, whereas for underdone eggs you place it shallow-side uppermost the quantity of spirit being in this way duly adjusted. There are also several kinds of 'coffee-makers,' automatic in their action, but not so elegant as this. One calls itself the 'kaffee-kanne:' it has a hot-water jacket, a filter, and an interior arrangement which leads to the production of strong but well-filtered coffee very quickly; another is the 'solitaire,' for making a bachelor's morning cup; and a third is the 'cafetière,' which ingeniously pours out its own coffee when ready. We may here remark that English people are much in arrear in the art of coffee-making. There are handy little 'coffee-roasters' and 'coffeegrinders' now to be had, which, if used more frequently than they are among us, would save the first cost in no great length of time, and give us that which the French know so much better than ourselves—a good cup of coffee. Let us not, however. among these curious and sometimes expensive novelties, forget the 'automatic Mary Jane.' This name is in itself a marvel of ingenuity. Mary Jane is supposed to be the hardworked domestic who calls us in the morning, brings shaving-water, &c. Here the apparatus, as a faithful and early servitor, we are told, 'unfailingly wakes you up at any required moment, strikes a light, kindles a lamp, boils two kettles of water, screamingly informs you when they are ready, and is then at your further service for tea, coffee, rasher, eggs, chop, or kidney.' No forgetfulness, no delay, no cross temper, no waste. This Mary Jane's only failing is reputed to be a fondness for spirit; but then a farthing's-worth is the measure of her indulgence during the above-named amount of work. The question with us is whether this is not almost too much to be well done—whether the mechanical Mary Jane can achieve so much without getting out of health, and requiring a mechanical doctor?

Do we desire to hash, or mince, or slice our meat and vegetables? Here the inventors are quite in their There is the 'sausage-machine,' wherewith any domesticated housewife can make sausages which would bear the scrutiny even of Sam Weller himself as to the honesty of their constituents. The machine is temporarily screwed to the edge of the dresser; the skin, purchasable ready for use, is fixed over a nozzle or projecting tube; a kind of hopper is filled with meat, which is pressed down with a fork or by any other means; an easily-managed handle is turned; and the machine both chops the meat and forces it into the skin. The younger sister of the sausage-machine is the 'mincing-machine,' to bring any kind of meat into small fragments without enveloping it in skins. With a sort of revolving cutter in the interior, the apparatus speedily does its work, making the fragments more or less small according as a slight and easy adjustment is made in the machine. The 'masticator' is a mincing machine of the same class, for the

behoof of those worthy folks who like good meat but are unfortunately without teeth that will do justice to it. The 'rocking-mineer' is a sim-pler and cheaper affair, chopping and mincing up meat with a kind of cheese-cutter having two handles. The 'four-knife mincer,' for mincemeat and force-meat, reveals its mode of action by its name; and so does a handy little apparatus called the 'suet-chopper.' The smaller kinds of mincing-machine are neat enough in appearance to be brought to the breakfast or dinner-table. where they operate upon cooked meat, both hot and cold, for children, persons with weak digestion, and the toothless.

Then, as to vegetables. The 'apple-parer' reminds us of a 'potato-peeler' which was displayed at one of the great Exhibitions; ingenious, but to our ignorant minds suggestive of a query—how if the potato or the apple be very crooked, full of ins-and-outs? But most likely our doubts are stupid; for here is the 'paring-machine,' which not only pares an apple, but digs out the core as well; or, more completely, it pares, cores, and slices all at once. The core is literally bored out, like the calibre of a gun; and when you have to deal with turnips or potatoes instead of apples, a slight adjustment enables you to pare without slicing or coring. The 'Frenchbean and vegetable-cutter' furnishes the means for slicing into fine shreds. You put your beans on an inclined plane; you turn a handle; and, presto! the thin slices and shreds make their appearance down another inclined plane — enough beans, we are told, being cut into strips an eighth of an inch wide in two or three minutes for a whole family's dinner. The 'vegetablecutter' stamps out those little fallals of vegetable into bits or discs shaped like squares, rounds, hearts, moons, stars, &c., which elegant tables sometimes display; while the garnish-cutter' has a kind of screwing instrument for cutting out carrot, turnip, or potato into garnishes. We must not forget, too, the 'sliceguard,' that ingenious appendage to a knife which so much facilitates the slicing of cucumbers, &c.

Nor is the comminution of our meat and vegetables into small fragments the be-all and the end-all of these machines. There is much mashing and whisking done by whirlabout apparatus. Some of the mincing-machines just noticed will serve equally well for meat, vegetables, fruit for mince-pies, suct for pastry, force-meat, potted meat, and meat that is to be reduced for soup. The 'rotary potato masher' does that which ought either to be very well done or not done at all. Betty the cook puts her boiled potatoes (from one to six pounds, according to the size of the machine) into a tin vessel; she covers it down; she gives a few turns to a handle: and in a few minutes the potatoes are as effectually mashed as heart (and palate) can desire. The 'eccentric masher,' for potatoes and turnips, is eccentric in the mechanical and not in the humorous sense, and has some sort of turnabout circular apparatus in its inside. The 'triturating strainer' appeals to our good opinion on the following groundsthat it will pulp and strain at the same time, operating on any kind of meat or vegetable, and preparing it for use in making soups, sauces, gravies, jellies, &c. It is set down as a merit that no hair-sieve or tammy-cloth is required. As to milk and eggs, we can first find out whether they are fresh and of good quality, and can then beat and whisk them to our heart's delight. For are there not the 'milk-tester,' to determine the quality of milk by its specific gravity? and the 'milksaver,' to boil the milk without allowing it to boil over? and the 'egg-tester,' in which, by a curiously-managed reflection of light sent through the egg, you can see whether the egg is fresh or stale by the clearness or cloudiness of the light? and the 'egg decapitator,' to guide your knife deftly in slicing off the rounded top of your boiled egg? Then here is a 'whisk machine,' for whisking or mixing eggs or milk, or any liquids or semi-liquids. It is a kind of small churn, with revolving vertical gridirons (we hope the inventor will pardon so undignified a comparison) instead of arms or VOL. XIV. -- NO. LXXXIII.

blades, calculated to mix and diffuse in a very rapid way any ingredients submitted to their action, even to the extent of compelling oil to mix with water. What the soap and pomade makers, the pastrycooks and confectioners, can do with the larger sizes, can be done by the housewife with the smaller kinds. If something still cheaper and handier be required, here is the 'egg beater,' by which eggs, egg-mixtures, or batter can be whisked up—before you can say Jack Robinson.

Bread and butter - have these every-day favorites been neglected by the inventors of useful new contrivances? Let us see. There is the 'family flour mill,' a snuggery to place in any convenient room, with a handle which any person of moderate strength can turn, and interior arrangements for obtaining one, two, three, or even four different finenesses of flour, together with bran. The flour is dressed, as well as the corn ground, ready at once for use. Then, in companionship with this mill is the 'kneading' or 'bread-making machine.' This, like the other, is a compact square box. with a winch handle on one side. You put in your flour, water, &c., you close down the lid, and turn away until the dough is thoroughly mixed and kneaded by a series of revolving knives and rollers. No dirty or perspiring hands touch the dough; nothing is wasted, time is economized, and the table and floor escape from a powdering with flourdust. Some of these machines require that the made dough shall be taken out of them; while in others there is a receptacle which can be tilted up on a swivel axis, and the dough made to pour itself out. According to the requirements of your household, so can you have a machine of four lb. capacity, or one of two, four, six, ten times the size. The bread being made, there is no need to depend on the baker for the means of baking it. Here is the 'domestic bread oven,' a bakery that will hang up in front of the kitchen fire as you would hang a leg of mutton; it is a tin vessel in which you put your loaf, with a reflector to concentrate or economize the heat; and it may

be kept rotating by any of the ordinary roasting mechanism. There are other bread ovens connected with other bread-making machines. Then, for the 'bread-slicer.' Let us suppose that Bob and Dick are limited to three slices of bread and butter each at breakfast, and an equal quantity at tea. Now it is of great importance in the eyes of those young gentlemen that the slices shall be sufficiently thick, and that each shall have its due quots of nice brown crust. Materfamilias, on her side, is desirous that the loaf shall not be 'haggled,' that there shall not be an army of crumbs straggling about, and that no fingers shall be cut by the extremely awkward way in which bread is usually sliced. Herein lies the excellence of the 'bread-slicer.' Instead of spoiling the loaf, blunting the knife, wasting time, cutting fingers, and making slices of very irregular thickness, you place the loaf on a kind of stand which has a long knife hinged over it; a handle acts on the knife by means of a lever; and you cut downwards with great facility, having the aid of a gauge to give equal thickness to all the slices. Then you can butter your bread with home-made butter. Here is a 'butter churn,' not the big affair used by the trade, but a nice little apparatus available for family use. In one among many kinds the churn is a glass cylinder, with metal wheel-work at the top and revolving arms inside; a winch-handle causes these arms to rotate rapidly; and the good-wife can see through the glass cylinder how the cream or milk fares under its ordeal of agitation. Some of these churns are so small as to accommodate only a quart at a time; and one, called the countercurrent churn, which aërates the cream while whisking it about, claims to make butter from cream in five minutes and from milk in ten. Next door neighbour to the churn is the 'butter-press,' to supersede the usual mode of kneading the butter with the hands; not only is the buttermilk thoroughly expelled, but over-salted butter can be freshened by passing it through the machine into a tub of water; and even tainted butter can be somewhat improved by the same kind of treatment. There is also a 'butter-purifier,' which applies the same method in a somewhat similar form...

in a somewhat similar form.

'We might make a tour of the dining and living rooms, and show what handy little matters the inventors have been preparing for ussome for estables, some for drinkables, some for other purposes. Look at the 'Betts' capsules,' which now close in our bottles so neatly. And at the still more clever 'airtight stopper,' with which our Crosse and Blackwell close pickle-bottles in a way that pickle-bottles were never closed before. And at our Lund's 'lever corkscrew,' which a lady can use at table so easily. And at the oyster opener,' intended to master the great problem of opening an oyster without cutting one's hand. And at the 'sardine opener,' for making short work with the tin boxes which contain those little fishes. And at the 'lemon squeezer,' with its screw action to produce a rivulet of acid juice. And at the 'folding mat,' which, by its strips of neat veneer backed with cloth may be rolled up into a tight little mass. And at the 'bottle-carriage,' more or less like an Armstrong gun, which wheels along the dining-table, and tilts up so doftly like a breech-loader. And at the odd little silver pump, to get our wine out of our bottles. And at the elegant gazogéne and selzogéne, to make our bottles. effervescing drinks in a jiffy. And at the 'grog kettle,' which travels along and tilts up at pleasure. We might proceed through a long summer's day in this fashion; but must wend on to other household localities—for there is much to see below stairs.

Down in those regions where Sally (or perhaps a boy who is Sally's helper) does much of that brushing and cleaning which are so essential to the comforts of a house, there are numerous ingenious contrivances available, economizing time, or labour, or trouble, as the case may be. If Sally has to clean the knives, she knows full well what hard work it is; and others, as well as herself, know that the usual process wears away the steel in an unnecessary degree. The 'knife

cleaning machine' remedies this. In one form, two levers or boards clasp together, and bring a pressure to bear upon a knife-blade passed between them. In another, you thrust several knives into an equal number of holes in the edge of a kind of vertical tambourine or shallow drum; you rotate your tam-bourine, and the knives clean themselves by rubbing against revolving brushes. Another, the 'gem knifecleaner,' occupies so little space that it may be screwed to a shelf; a knife-blade is thrust in between two vertical dises, having indis-rubber faces: knife-powder is introduced through a hole; a handle is turned; and lol you have a knife cleaned in a twinkling. A 'fork-cleaner' has been invented, to carry cleanliness into the intricacies of that useful implement. The 'Australian grit knife sharpener' tells its own tale: but there is more science in that sharpener which has two steel edges placed at an angle, more or less acute according to the degree of fineness you wish to give to the edge. On the same principle is the scissor-sharpener, modified in detail. Here is the rotary cinder-sifter, which receives the cinders and ashes at the top; the handmaiden gives a few turns to a handle: the separation is effected, the cinders falling into a coal-scuttle and the ashes into a bin: and the total result is that fuel is saved, time saved, and dust evaded. Boots and shoes are not neglected by these ingenious people. First there is the 'rotary boot duster' (all the world being rotary now). This is not for the nether region, but for hall or passage. You place your foot between two brushes near the ground; you touch a handle for a few seconds; and there is your boot freed from dust on all sides. The 'automatic boots' is supposed to dispense with the aid of a living 'boots' in drawing off your leathern understandings; it is a boot-jack, with an appendage for adapting it to any size or shape of boot. And there is the boot-cleaning machine. to fix against the wall; two vertical pieces of wood, with a last, keep the boot in position firmly; and then the cleaner may work away with

two brushes at once, without soiling the inside of the boot by his blackbesmeared left hand. Sally has a 'carpet-sweeper' at her service, a very ingenious modification of the lawn-mower, only without knifeedges. In the mower, there is a cutting apparatus to shear the grass, and a sweeping apparatus to collect the grassy fragments into a box. Well, in the 'carpet-sweeper,' at the lower end of a handle like that of a long broom, is a japanned iron case or box, containing a spiral self-adjusting brush. Being rolled along the carpet, the brush is made to rotate; it gathers up dust, lint, straws, hairs, feathers, odds and ends of every kind, and deposits them in the box. As it travels on two little rollers, it can be worked both ways, without scraping and rubbing the carpet into holes; and as the handle can be shifted to any angle, the apparatus may be used to sweep under sofas and bedsteads. without sending Sally down on her knees so much. Another kind of magic sweeper is the 'India-rubber squeegee' (we may be quite certain that this queer name came from the other side of the Atlantic). implement is a kind of long broom with a stout piece of india-rubber instead of hair; it is a flexible scraper, intended to clean paved floors and passages as thoroughly as if they were swept and sponged. Many other ingenious things are there hereabouts, including a 'catch-'em-alive mouse-trap '-but we must on again to other regions.

We forget the name of the lyric bard whose tuneful muse suggested the mournful lines:—

> 'There is no comfort in the house, Upon a washing-day.'

Perhaps, like many other bards, his means were scanty, bringing to him a personal familiarity with the miseries of a laundry established in the living rooms of a small house. For those, however, better provided with the good things of life, there have been some capital mechanical aids provided within the last few years, applicable to depuratory processes. The 'washing - machine,' for instance, how varied are its ar-

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rangements! In one form, a number of wooden balls rattle about among the wet linen, washing it partly by thumps and partly by friction. In another, ordinary washing is more nearly imitated. By the turning of a handle, the linen is made to twist itself into a kind of roll, which is 'slouched' in the water, and then squeezed with an elastic pressure between the press and a vibrating wash-board; each time the press recedes, the roll turns round a little, in such a way as to receive its squeezing in a new position; moreover, there is a kind of rubbing-action, which imitates, in a very curious way, the washer-woman's well-known knuckle-and-Then there is the wrist movement. 'dash-wheel washing-machine;' a simpler affair, in which the linen, with a due quota of water and soap, is put into a hollow vessel, and kept rotating until you have produced that result which is declared to be 'next to godliness.' Our grand-mothers' grandmothers were wont occasionally to rotate wet linen in a barrel; and therefore there is nothing new in this principle, however improved may be the practical appli-Then there is the 'vowel washing-machine,' the special connection of which with vowels is not altogether apparent; but we are told that 'vowel A machine' is equal to 'six shirts,' and that it is suitable to be worked with the 'B acorn india-rubber wringer.' Passing over other varieties, we may just mention a tiny little 'nursery washing-machine, small enough to be placed on a table, and to be supplied with water by one single kettleful. The 'wringing machines' are numerous, most of them acting on the same principle as those employed by calico-bleachers and dyers. They have usually two rollers placed nearly in contact, and revolving in opposite directions; wet linen is drawn between them and the moisture pressed out. machine is more properly squeezing than for wringing. The rollers are usually covered with india-rubber, to avoid injuring the linen. Many of the handy contrivances now made comprise wringing

as well as washing machines fixed upon the same frame; and one of them comprises a 'rinsing and blueing trough.' The inventors tell us with emphatic distinctness that we shall soon save all the cost of the machines by avoiding the injury to the linen which ordinary wringing produces; and although we are not obliged to believe this unless we like, there is probably a fair amount of truth in it. Nearly allied to washing and wringing is the 'man-gling-machine.' We speak not of the ponderous affair employed by the professional laundress, containing two rollers which are pressed upon the linen by a heavily-weighted box, but of the more compact family machine, acting mostly on the same principle as the wringer. Two smooth wooden rollers, one over the other, are rotated nearly in contact; and the linen being drawn between them, is smoothed or mangled by the pressure. Nor is ironing neglected by the inventors of new things, for, in addition to ironing-stoves of various kinds, here is charcoal box-iron; the ironer keeps up a little charcoal fire within the iron itself, and there is a little spout to serve as a ventilating chimney. But what is this machine with a very long name? 'portable folding, elevating, and revolving clothes drier' (most likely we ought, in the orthodox routine of the laundry, to have used this drier before mangling and ironing our linen). It is an apparatus that may be set up anywhere, on the ground or in the garden, on a roof or on a post. It consists of a central pole ten or twelve feet high, with arms radiating from a moveable socket or collar, and a hundred feet (or so) of clothes line stretched from arm to arm. You fill the lines with wet linen, and pull a rope which draws up and expands the arms; there you have the linen hanging without entanglement on a series of symmetrical lines. When out of use, the whole affair folds up like a gigantic umbrella, with which you can march triumphantly indoors. A simpler apparatus than this is the 'rotating clothes drier,' with clothes lines forming four concentric squares, and fitted to rotate either on a vertical or a horizontal axis.

The cellar is not without its ingenious contrivances. There is that famous cask-tap, for which (as the advertisements every day assure us)
'no vent peg' is ever required.
There are the compact 'wine bins' and 'wine racks,' so convenient for those who have the good luck to possess six or twelve dozen of wine. There is the 'self-acting cask stand,' which, by a slight pressure with the finger, can be tilted to any angle. and there kept in a fixed position. Still more clever is the 'self-acting barrel tilt,' which has the good sense to know when the beer is getting low, and tilts itself up accordingly, availing itself in a really scientific way of a change in the centre of gravity as the quantity in the cask diminishes. Not far removed from the cellar may, perchance, be a cistern in an unsatisfactory state so far as regards the purity of the water. The filter-makers here come to the rescue. The most recent inventor tempts us with the 'silicated carbon filter,' in which the filtering medium, instead of being charcoal merely, is a mixture of charcoal with silica or flint, prepared in a particular way. A formidable battle is being fought between the charcoal interest and the porous stone interest, in reference to the matter of filters; let us hope that the best man may win, whoever he be. One little filter, at any rate, takes our fancy, partly because it is little. You can put it into your pocket almost as easily as a cigar-case. It is a small cylinder three inches by two and a half, with an india-rubber tube attached, and a glass mouthpiece at the other end of the tube; you dip the cylinder into water, put the glass end in your mouth, and suck away. Or, if you would collect the filtered water into a jug or tumbler, use the filter like a syphon, and all is done. Emigrants and travellers are told that this is a capital contrivance for obtaining a draught of clear clean water even from a dirty stream; and if the water be not very dirty, one who is neither an emigrant nor a traveller may be disposed to believe the statement. Another form of the

carbon filter is made chiefly of glass, and is neat enough to be placed on the dining-table, where the guests can see the water filtering before them. Allied in some respects to the water-filtering subject is that of water-freezing, and the cooling of liquids in various ways. The use of Wenham and Norway ice for such purposes is now very extensive; and there are numerous forms of 'ice chest,' 'ice preserver,' 'ice safe,' and so forth, to facilitate the use. Then there are 'ice-makers' and 'refrigerators,' either to produce ice artificially by means of freezing mixtures, with or without creams and other confections; or to keep the interior of receptacles cool, for wines, and other good meats. things. There is likewise a 'piston freezing machine, which speedily makes solid blocks of ice, and freezes ice-creams in shapes ready for the table, or (with a slight change in the arrangements) makes a capital wine-cooler.

The garden, the lawn, the pleasure-ground, are more and more every year exhibiting the usefulness of mechanical aids. Is there not the 'hydropult,' to gush forth a jet of water wherever it may be needed? Are there not the 'aquapult,' and garden engines' of many other kinds; and 'hand-fire pumps;' and the 'garden syringe,' that will suit for washing windows as well as for What a pretty watering floors? instrument, too, is the 'lawn mower!' The larger kinds, that will make a cut thirty-six inches in width, and that require a donkey or a pony (shod with specially soft shoes, to prevent injury to the delicate green sward) to work them, are rather grand affairs; but some of the machines are small enough to make a cut only ten inches wide, and may very easily and suitably be used by a lady. The American 'tube-well'why should it not be available in a garden? Lord Napier of Magdala obtained water by its means in Abyssinia, from a depth of a few feet beneath the surface; there is water to be found beneath almost any garden; and the tube-well itself is easily moved from place to place, and easily fixed.

Many readers of the above paragraphs—especially readers of the gentler sex—have perhaps thought that the world-renowned, rapidly-extending, everywhere-useful 'sewing machine' might suitably be in-

cluded among ingenious aids to household economy. Just so. But it is too important to be poked into a corner; it must have a few pages to itself.

D.

THE PICCADILLY PAPERS.

BY A PERIPATETIC.

THE ENGLISH SCHOOL OF HISTORIANS.

7THE recent death of Dean Milman, in the fulness of years and honours, has taken away the acknowledged head of the English school of historians. Poet, critic, scholar, divine, historian: Milman was all this, but he was especially an historian. He was long in working his way up to this position. At Oxford he was a fine scholar, perhaps the most popular and renowned of the Oxonians of his day. In Dr. Newman's 'Apology' we have a striking testimony of the singularly high repute in which he was held at his university. In those days he was known as Milman the poet. He belonged to the school of young poets who were so powerfully affected by the genius of Byron. He was not unaffected by that Byronic fever which made so many young people ridiculous. He wrote a tragedy, 'Fazio,'* and though he protested that it was acted against his concurrence, and with unwarrantable alterations, yet he was willing enough that it should be produced in a way that he might approve. Later he produced his most popular poem, cast in a dramatic form, but incapable of being dramatised, 'The Fall of Jerusalem.' It was a poem of wonderful beauty. Men dweltespecially the 'Quarterly Review'on the vast promise of the poem, and thought that a great poet had arisen. But Milman's poems were generally confined to vast promise. As a critic he has the credit of having been one of the best of our contem-

* Fazio was performed at one of the theatres a few months ago, the manager announcing it as written by an H. Milman, Esq.

porary reviewers. As a scholar he produced a Horace, and a volume of translations from the Greek which are veritable livres de luce. As a divine his last appearance in Oxford in 1865 was one of the most remarkable that has ever occurred in the pulpit of St. Mary's. But the true basis of his fame will be his historical works.

Since Hallam and Macaulay left us, Milman stood at the head of the school of English historians. Other younger men were pressing on, with more popular subjects and with great volubility, and they were regarded with a warm contemporary interest, while Milman was held in the somewhat frigid veneration which belongs to the classic. But as a matter of fact, Milman was the solitary great historical writer left of a remarkable race, and his position as an historian was commanding and undisputed. It may be questioned, indeed, whether he could be considered inferior either to Hallam or Macaulay. These great writers had the inestimable advantage of writing on English history. the most interesting of all histories, while Milman wrote Ecclesiastical history, to so many minds difficult and repellent. But he was as learned and as enlightened as either. He was, indeed, a happy mean between the two. He had a strong element of the grace and eloquence of Macaulay, and with this, in the highest degree, the calmness and impartiality of Hallam. He uses language almost the echo of some memorable language used by Hallam. In his preface to the 'Latin Christianity' he says: 'I trust I

have not fallen below my constant aim-calm and rigid impartiality; the fearless exposure of the bad, full appreciation of the good, both in the institutions and the men who have passed before my view. hope that I may aver without presumption that my sole object is truth-truth uttered in charity; and when truth has appeared to me unattainable from want of sufficient authorities, or from authorities balanced or contradictory, I have avoided the expression of any posi-tive opinion.' These are noble words, which might well form the motto of the entire school of English historians. But with this soberness and conscientiousness he well knew the value of that ornate and picturesque style which belonged to such men as Gibbon and Macaulay. With both writers he was closely connected. He published an edition of Gibbon. enriched with notes of a multifarious erudition; and of Macaulay, whom he knew intimately, he wrote the brief, telling memoir which is affixed to the later editions of the History.

Dean Milman thus enjoyed a unique position in literature. Both in a personal and literary way he admirably maintained the dignity of the literary character, and the just claims of the English school of historians in their best traditions. His bent form, and his eye with its quenchies fire, everywhere marked him out. In the literary seciety of the present day he was as a prince, and was its connecting link with the literary society of the past. The learning, sagacity, acumen, liberality, impartiality, which marked his private character are all stamped upon his historical works. English school of historians are probably, as a rule, inferior in brilliancy to the contemporary French school, and in their wonderful success in reconstructing the story of the past; but Milman surpassed them in his ware combination of intellectual and moral force.

And now that he has gone let us take a rapid view of the present position of our school of English historians. Our best-known writers on English history are Earl Stanhope

and Mr. Froude. Lord Stanhone's work is a singularly honest and able compilation; but it is neither a work of art nor a work of historical philosophy. Yet he has sufficiently well written the period of which he speaks that it will probably never be thought necessary to write it again in equal detail. Mr. Froude's 'History' increases in value as the work goes on, vires acquirit eundo. Since Macaulay left us he may be allowed to have a clearer and more fascinating style than any other English writer of history. His real rival hardly exists in England, and is to be found in Mr. Motley, the American historian. Like Mr. Motley, Mr. Froude has worked up the rich mine of literary treasure that exists in the archives of Simancas, and family papers are committed to him with increasing con-He did not know much about English history when he began to write about it; but by dint of constantly writing about it he has now really acquired an immense deal of knowledge on the subject. He occasionally creates a great deal of amusement by some blunder in archæology or in history that lies outside his line, such as his childlike confidence in the virtues of Henry VIII. But no man, not even a Saturday Reviewer, is an Encyclopædia neatly bound in cloth. His worst sin was the adoption of crotchets, for which he did not hesitate to sacrifice the noblest reputations. But we trust that Mr. Froude will now tread, at a modest distance, in the modest footprints of Milman and Hallam. When he sent home a mare's nest from Spain against the character of Queen Elizabeth, he had the subsequent good taste to acknowledge his blunder, a fact which is truly cheering. We desire, however, to direct attention to a work of an importance and ability hardly inferior to any of the works of the distinguished authors we have mentioned.

Mr. Freeman has undertaken a work which may justly be considered of national importance.* The his-

^{* &#}x27;The History of the Norman Conquest of England, its Causes and its Results.' By

tory of the Norman Conquest has hitherto been practically unwritten; for it is impossible to understand the Norman Conquest unless we understand the history of England in the era preceding the Conquest, the period which is best known as Anglo-Saxon, but which ought to be called Early English. This important period, in which we have really to seek for the formation of the national character, the foundations of the national constitution, is generally remanded by historians into a kind of mythical and legendary limbo. The pure memory of Alfred is, indeed, conspicuous; but for most persons he is as obscure as Arthur himself; and a small col-lection of stories, in which it is often impossible to disentangle the true from the fabulous, pretty well represents the stock of public information concerning that childhood of English history which was father to our modern polity. Indeed the popular theory has been that England came into existence at the time of William the Conqueror, and that all before that was confusion and void.

But scholars who have searched into this obscure and difficult subject know far better. There is an extant literature belonging to it, both in monkish Latin and in that early English tongue which to most of us would be as unintelligible as Chaldee. Philology gave some help, and archeology still greater. Much was to be done by a diligent survey of localities; much by a diligent comparison of the records of contemporary literature. That illustrious French scholar, Augustin Thierry, did us a national service when he wrote that charming history, which was a nearer approximation to historic truth than anything which we had previously possessed in England. Other scholars took up with avidity these momentous periods, whose records are so strange and interesting, and yet so surpassingly hard to be deciphered; illustrious Englishmen

Edward A. Freeman, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College. Vol. II., the Reign of Edward the Confessor. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1868. like Palgrave and Kemble, illustrious Germans like Lappenburg. It should also be said that Lord Lytton, in his brilliant romance of 'Harold,' did much to make a difficult period intelligible. In some points of view, 'Harold' is Lord Lytton's greatest work, and abundantly indicates that he could have made himself an historian of the highest order of excellence. It is a remarkable tribute to the insight of genius that Mr. Freeman has deliberately accepted an important conjecture which Lord Lytton merely threw out for the purposes of his romance. But there was still wanted one master hand that should gather up all the many scattered threads—that should be able to weld together into one edifice all the many scattered materials. Mr. Freeman has now been found to take this national task in hand and carry it onwards towards a prosperous termination. He has a high reputation at his university—a high reputation in the world of letters. He is known to have devoted many laborious years to the study of his subject. He has already written more than one learned work that has excited the praise, or perhaps the envy, of the learned. He is no mere scholar or antiquarian groping in the dusty tomes of the past, but a man of wide culture, of generous impulses, of keen sympathy with the wants and problems of our own generation. Last year he produced the first volume of his contemplated work, which was a kind of prolegomena and clearing of the ground for the full future discussion of his subject. In the present volume he has got into the heart of matters; and we have no hesitation in saying that we are now presented, really for the first time, with an authentic history of a most important period of our annals.

The work is to consist of five volumes. It is to be regretted that they abound with such a profusion of learned annotation that in their present shape they are hardly fitted for popular use. We would really advice Mr. Freeman to issue his work some future day in an abridged and popular form. Mr. Freeman's

style is an admirable one; clear and keen to a degree; always vigorous, always couched in a high and healthy moral tone, at times exceedingly eloquent. But we think the book is too full of details. We think that he sometimes theorises on insufficient evidence. We think at times, that there is something hard and cynical about him—that he attends too much to the stately march of events and too little to the interior life of the people; and that he lacks that gift of the poet or romancist that could reproduce for us the ancient English landscapes, with earl and ceorl, cot as well as castle.

The present volume is entirely devoted to the reign of Edward the Confessor. Mr. Freeman shows that the influence of Northmen was so dominant on the mind of Edward. that in his days, gradually and insidiously, the Norman Conquest was half effected. Mr. Freeman argues that Godwin's rebellion was dictated by a feeling of patriotism against the progress of the strangers. Godwin was by far the most powerful subject in England; and as Edward's line had utterly failed, it was competent for the English freely to elect a king in the person of the noble whom they loved and honoured best. But Harold, son of Godwin, had to encounter a rival destined to overthrow him in the person of William the Count of Normandy. It is admitted that William had some claim of kinsmanship, which, though remote, was stronger than any claim which Harold could advance on this score. It is admitted that some kind of bequest of the crown to William was made by the Confessor—that some kind of oath of loyalty to William was made by Harold. Still, in the opinion of Mr. Freeman, the choice of the people was final as the validation of Harold's claim. Mr. Freeman shows that the popular idea of the Norman Conquest is a misconcep-Few conquests have been tion. more thorough; and no year in history is more important than the year one thousand and sixty-six. The English, however, were not given over to the Normans, but the Normans became merged in the Eng-

lish. The English constitution and laws ultimately prevailed. The Norman element indefinitely strengthened the English character, but the English type of character survived and was supreme. This may be called the leading theory of Mr. Freeman's work. For an abundance of interesting details our readers must refer to the work itself. They will there read the story of William and of Normandy, told at hardly less length than the story of Edward and of England; they will read how Edward was monk and his queen nun; how the great Earl Godwin inaugurated the era of parliamentary action and debates; how cathedrals and castles began to arise in the land; how English fleets and armies began to earn renown; how monasteries were founded and pilgrimages made to Rome; how great earldoms and houses were founded from which our noblest nobles sprung; and how while the life-sands of the Confessor were ebbing away, the doom-ful towers of the Western Thorney Isle were Abbey on rising, which was to be inaugurated by his own obsequies, and within a single year, witness the two most momentous coronations in English history.

There is just one other work to which some mention—infinitely less than it deserves—must be given. Mr. Kirk has recently issued his third and concluding volume on Charles the Bold.* He is an American, but makes his appearance under the auspices of Mr. Murray. Mr. Kirk is the most promising of our young and rising historians. He appears to us to have the genuine gift and faculty for historic writing. His choice of subject is very good. Most readers have some notion of Charles the Bold from the 'Quentin Durward' and 'Anne of Gierstein' of Sir Walter Scott, and would willingly acquire more definite knowledge. This they will find in Mr. Kirk's volumes. The style is at times, perhaps, rather too gushing and too pictorial, but these are good faults,

* 'The Life and Death of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy.' By Charles Foster Kirk, Murray.

as without blossom or foliage we can hardly expect fruit. But Mr. Kirk's historical method is most excellent. His exploration is of the most thorough character. He has gone carefully through the archives at Berne and all the State Papers to which he could obtain access. He has investigated personally all the localities of which his narrative speaks. He has much also of that real insight into a period which is often intuitive to the novelist and denied to the stately historian, a gift which often succeeds in conveying more knowledge of real history than any tomes of the Dryasdust order. Mr. Kirk has dealt with his period in a most satisfactory manner, and gives us great hopes that he will prove to be one of those who will worthily maintain and extend the reputation of our English and American school of historians.

SENIOR'S JOURNALS AND CONVERSA-TIONS ON IRELAND.*

We think that a sound discretion has been exercised by the late Mr. Senior's representatives in opportunely issuing the portion of his Journal which relates to Ireland. Mr. Senior himself had carefully revised those papers with a view to their republication, and has added to them some old essays of his own from the 'Edinburgh Review, which he probably attached a higher value, though in our own opinion they by no means possess an equal interest and importance. It is well known that Mr. Senior delighted in the composition of diaries, many copies of which were made in his lifetime, and extensively circulated in manuscript. From what we have seen of them we rate these autobiographical papers very highly, but we should ourselves give a decided preference over the present collection to some unpublished manuscript portions which we have recently perused. Mr. Senior was connected with Ireland by close ties both of relationship and friendship. The readers of the recent biography by Archbishop Whately will recollect

* 'Journals, Conversations, and Essays relating to Ireland.' By Nassau William Senior. In two volumes. Longmans. 1868.

how constantly he is referred to in that valuable but fatally voluminous work. There was much in Ireland that satisfied his love of the picturesque in nature and character, and gave ample scope for all his observations and speculations in political For Mr. Senior was a economy. political economist of the most doctrinaire kind, and has given to the world some of the lectures which he delivered at Oxford. It is only fair to say that he can be as severe, as statistical, as cold-blooded as any political economist whose published views are on record. Still, there was a loose point in Mr. Senior's intellectual harness. He was excessively fond of novel-reading. He not only read novels in abundance, but he published a volume of essays on the alluring subject of Fiction; and we should not at all hesitate to believe, if assured so on competent authority, that he himself had extensively dabbled in love stories. This amiable weakness possessed a humanizing effect upon Mr. Senior's mind, and prevented it from being utterly given over to the domination of facts and figures, figures and facts. We even perceive from the Journals before us that he could tell a good story and have an eye for a pretty The favourable influence woman. of light literature is very evident in his diary, where he vividly describes scenery and cleverly manages his dialogue.

For the Journal, therefore, entertain a great kindness. It is coloured indeed, more or less, by the writer's political and economical views, but it is throughout a honest transcript of his impressions of whatever he might see and hear. He fairly gives facts, without too much emphasis on any illative force they might possess, and he carefully gives versions of conversations which, for the most part, have been examined and approved by his in-We think, however, terlocutors. that Mr. Senior's friends must have lived under a constant system of terror while associating with him. As an observer and a reporter we think highly of him, although his experience was, in fact, far less ex-

tensive than might be at first supposed. He is too often moving in the same groove and meeting with the same people. He comes out in a much less favourable aspect when he is writing for the 'Edinburgh Review.' We would willingly sacrifice these ponderous articles for their equivalent of journal. In writing for the 'Edinburgh' he always appears to be holding a brief for political purposes. Much that he writes is factious and mistaken. Much relates to a state of society which has passed away. which he never expected has come to pass, and much that he vaticinated has been falsified. In one passage he stigmatises Sir Robert Peel's prosecution of O'Connell as judicial blindness and madness; in another passage, with a delightful unconsciousness of inconsistency, he considers that that prosecution effectually broke the malignant power of the Irish liberator. In discussing political economy he is often a mere somewhat pompously enunciating his doctrines, as if giving a lecture from the professor's chair. Thoroughly after the fashion of a theorist, he is fond of formulating laws from the observed facts of political economy. He lays down the position that in Ireland the poor are the debtors and the rich the creditors, and in England the rich are the debtors and the poor the creditors. This he considers to be the economical difference between a rich and a poor country. believe that this sounding generali-sation is utterly erroneous. It shows all a theorist's love of symmetry and antithesis, but unfortunately facts do not often come out in a symmetrical and antithetical way. great mass of the general litigation in England relates to small debts where the average well-to-do tradesman seeks to recover his dues from the less fortunate or less provident part of the community. Nothing is more difficult than to frame such exact laws as those which M. Comte and Mr. Mill claim for the science of sociology. Mr. Senior says: 'The duty for the performance of which I believe that Providence created landlords is the keeping down population.' We may be permitted, however, to indulge in a wider view of Providence, and we believe that Mr. Senior is not an infallible exponent of the Divine Mind. He is so blinded a partisan that he believes it to be utterly impossible that the Tories should do any good for Ireland, and this violent partisan is generally a defective philosopher. Some of his suggestions are utterly impracticable and chimerical. insists that the Queen ought to spend a considerable time each year in Ireland. At the same time he devotes a considerable part of the work to the illustration of the landlord-shooting system, and we may suggest that this nuisance should be abated before we annually entrust the life of the Queen or of the Princes to an avoidable hazard. He also urges that from time to time there should be a parliamentary session in Ireland. How the members, who from profession or business may be called London membershow the house at large could sacrifice the time they have at Westminster for any temporary shelter which College Green might afford, is not explained. Such are samples of Mr. Senior's political day-dreams.

But though we think ill of the theoretical parts of this volume, we attach a high importance to its narratives. They are clever, truthful, and unvarnished, and give us a real measure of assistance on that problem of Irish legislation, that enigma of Irish character, always so obscure, difficult, and complicated. He gives us facts, industriously and honestly related, and therefore of the highest possible value. He is perfectly welcome to his opinions while he furnishes us with the evidence on which these opinions may, when necessary, be effectually contradicted. In reference to the Irish Church problem he does not appear to have faced the question of the abolition as a practical question in politics, and he seems to give a deliberate preference to some re-arrangement of the Church system. substituting the congregational for the territorial scheme. He gives a distinct preference to the 'levelling up' over the 'levelling down

His statistics and arguments chiefly tend against some anomalies in the Establishment. He never, so far as we have noticed, connects the political disaffection of the dangerous classes in Ireland with the Church question. The entire emphasis of his book is laid upon the land question; he does not seem to have had sufficient insight to detect the proportions of the nationality question that lies behind it. On the land question his views are as Conservative as any Tory can possibly desire. But we are not discussing Mr. Senior's opinions, but his facts. He one day went over Lord Monteagle's estate and noticed that some farms were as good as the best English farms. and the principal crops of others were thistle, ragweed, and rushes. 'The clue to the difference,' said Lord Monteagle, 'is the difference of tenure; the good farms are in the hands of tenants-at-will; the worst of the bad ones are held at fee-farm rents or on long leases at low rents.' Facts like these are most important, and go very far towards the elucidation of the land question. It is indeed impossible to follow the course of Mr. Senior's observations and reasoning without perceiving to what extent of evil fixed tenure, with power of subletting, must arrive; and 'we may be sure, that if we allow the cancer of pauperism to complete the destruction of Ireland, and then to throw fresh venom into the already predisposed body of England, the ruin of all that makes England worth living in is a question only of time.

We greatly regret that Mr. Senior has not given or has suppressed the views of his hardheaded and incorruptible friend Archbishop Whately on the Church question. Whately's opinion would have been of especial He was a man who did not care a jot for episcopal rank, and who regularly gave away his episcopal income. In a case where he himself might be concerned, his natural bias would be strongly against himself. A suppression of Whately's opinions is indeed a suppressio veri. Nowhere have we seen

a more frightful picture of the evils of an exaggerated voluntary system than Mr. Senior gives us in the south of Ireland. Here is a curious anecdote: 'Three hundred pounds was wanted by a loan fund in a Catholic district in the north of Ireland. In the night one of the farmers, a man apparently poor, came to his landlord, the principal proprietor in the neighbourhood, and offered to lend the money if the circumstance could be kept from his priest. His motive for concealment was asked, and he answered that if the priest knew he had three hundred pounds at interest, his dues would be doubled. Secrecy was promised, and a stocking was brought from its hiding-place in the roof, filled with notes and coins which had been accumulating for years until a secret investment could be found.' But this is only a mild specimen of the terrorizing rule of the voluntary system. At marriages, baptisms, anointings, and burials, the dues give rise to frightful scenes of rage, abuse, and invective; the priests are poor, weak, and defenceless unless they fling themselves violently into the side of popular passions; they are only half educated, only half gentlemanly, and the most solemn interests of religious truth correspondingly suffer. Another great evil which Mr. Senior's book brings strongly into relief is absenteeism. No beneficent legislation can do more than mitigate the evils caused by absenteeism. Mr. Senior argues strongly in favour of endowing the Roman Catholic priesthood after a plan which would divest their sympathies from a foreign to the home government. We are afraid that the present temper of the public mind is not very favourable to such a scheme, but it is one which has always found most favour with dispassionate thinkers. Though the endowment would be indignantly refused at first, yet Mr. Senior holds that if the money were issued to government commissioners, whose duty it should be to distribute it among those whom they had ascertained to be the Catholic officiating clergy, and each priest were simply informed that his share was at a banker's, ready to be drawn for as soon as he thought fit; we have no doubt it would ultimately be accepted, though perhaps tardily, The archbishop humorously put it thus: 'If I were to go into a ball-room and say, "Let every young lady who wishes for a husband hold up her hand," how many hands would be held up? You will find him (the priest) no more bound by his former refusal than one of my young ladies would feel that not holding up her hand had bound her

to celibacy. The direct evils of Ireland are moral evils, which, for the most part, legislation could not possibly reach, but might very possibly intensify. Mr. Senior's work gives the strongest confirmation to the thoughtful publication lately issued by Colonel Jervis, M.P., who argues that the engrained want of industry is the fatal blot on the Irish character. He gives an anecdote of a master builder in Dublin who was about to leave Ireland. 'I am going to leave it altogether. I have two little boys that I want to rear up to industry, and I do not like to rear them up in Ireland.' 'No permanent improvement, writes Mr. Senior, 'in the physical condition of the Irish people, no increase in their capital, or in the productiveness of their industry, can be hoped while their present hostility to the law, and the consequent insecurity of person and property continues. It is hard to see how those who most approve the abolition of the Irish Church can hope that this would be a step other than utterly powerless to touch these evils. The one great argument for this view is, that as an abstract principle it would be as well to do away with But if we a visible inequality. are to disregard title, prescription, and experience, and take our stand upon abstract principles, we reopen every closed controversy and begin anew every experiment in government and society. On abstract principles we may clamour for the abolition of all privilege and the redivision of all property. There is a class among us of political doctrinaires who are not vaguely beginning to do so. Mr. Senior's vivid narratives convincingly show us that there is a want of moral culture in Ireland, a want of loyalty to the throne, a want of resident gentry, a want of good sense and good feeling which constitute the standing difficulties of the country. What we chiefly desire in this great controversy of our day is neither theory nor sentiment, but solid trustworthy evidence on which we may reason. At a most opportune moment Mr. Senior's work gives us much valuable testimony of the kind we want.

CHAMPAGNE.

Notwithstanding its great celebrity champagne is the youngest as well as the liveliest of wines. As you journey from Strasbourg to Paris you pass within a mile of Rheims the little village of Hautvillers, standing above the vine-clad banks of the Marne. Here there is an ancient monastery, in which lived a joyous monk, Dom Perignon by name, who, a hundred and fifty years ago, gave the world the invention of champagne. On account of his many virtues, in which an accurate taste and a clear head were conspicuous, he took charge of the broad sunny vineyards of the abbey, and had the control of the cellars of the establishment. Even as a blind old man his taste distinguished between different kinds of grapes, and, according to an old chronicle, he would give wise instructions concerning them, saying 'that the wine of one grape must be married to the wine of another.' His powerful mind also conceived the happy idea that the insertion of a cork in a bottle might more effectually answer the purposes which had hitherto been attained by the primitive stopper of a bunch of flax soaked in oil. He had already raised the vinous renown of his monastery to a great height when by a lucky chance he hit upon the invention of the effervescing wine known as champagne. The jovial monks kept the secret as long as they could, but at length it transpired, and the

new wine in due course adorned the suppers of the Regent and of Louis Quinze.

The first person who took the effervescing wine of champagne out of the cellars of the abbey of Hautvillers was M. Clicquot. (It ought, however, to be said that Mumm's firm is the oldest of all.) M. Clicquot, and still more his indefatigable wife the veuve Clicquot, and their subsequent famous partners Werlé and De Sachs, infinitely extended the trade. 'I knew Madame Clicquot, writes Mr. Tomes, * 'a dwarfish withered old woman of eighty-nine years, whose whole soul was in business, scanning over each day to her last the ledger of the commercial branch which she had given her name. She died in 1866.' daughter married the Comte de Chevigné, her granddaughter marthe Count de Mortemarte. ried Her cipher is C. M., which some interpret as Chevigné-Mortemart and others as Champagne Mousseux. The great triumph of their wine was obtained at the invasion of the Allies in 1815. The Russian soldiers were floored by the mimic artillery of the bottles, and returned to their own country to spread abroad the glories of this wine. The Clicquot wine, which never varies, is expressly manufactured for the Russian market, and is sweet and strong. It is not fitted for the English palate, that prefers a dry wine. Moët and Chandon, at Epernay, are the most popular producers of a low-priced wine.

Champagne is essentially an artificial, and is frequently a sophisticated wine. The champagne trade has of late years chiefly fallen into the hands of Germans. It is not possible to have a champagne that is not made by a mixture of different wines. This is the marriage of wines, or cuvée, which Dom Perignon discovered. The white grape, which grows so largely at Avize, gives the light colour so indispensable to champagne, the grapes generally being red or black. It must therefore be recollected that a fine bottle of champagne is a work of art. We

* 'The Champagne Country,' by Robert Tomes. New York, 1967.

do not wish to underrate nature's wines; on the contrary, so far from sneering, as is commonly done, at the low-priced wines of the grocers, there is no doubt but the wines, generally, are pure, wholesome. natural wines. It is a cheering fact to know that these wines are gaining ground, and in the hot weather this summer iced claret and water was a favourite drink with the cabmen. At the same time we ought to be just to the wines that have been educated into their present high state of perfection. The care and contrivance and corresponding expense in the case of sparkling wines is extraordinary. What the uncritical public chiefly want is effervescence, and the only limit to this is the strength of the bottles. With champagne, above all wines, you must not put new wine into old bottles as these bottles burst. It is only very gradually that manufacturers of champagne have been able to bring their enormous losses from breakage into a decent average, which has been mainly effected by lessening the amount of sugar used. It used to be quite a common thing that more bottles should be lost than sold. There is a man at Epernay who cooks nearly everything consumed in his house in champagne. There are little marble gutters all over his cellar which draw off the contents of the exploded bottles, and meat and vegetables boiled in champagne are not bad. Now the public are beginning to understand that so much effervescence is a mistake, and to dislike a loudly-explosive cork. Lord Macaulay somewhere likens the flat writings of some author to champagne which he had unwarily allowed to stand at his elbow. Now this shows that Lord Macaulay either drank bad champagne or was at least no judge of it. A really good wine would retain its sparkle and its goodness for many hours. It is not a bad plan to get rid of the foam and ice, which greatly disguise the wine, the ice serving to neutralize the excessive sweetness. Indeed this reaction has gone too far, and there is now a pestilential doctrine to the effect that we ought to

decant champagne and place it before a fire in order to obtain its true flavour. This doctrine, however, will never find much acceptance, as it obliterates the cheerfulness that always belongs to this wine. Champagne has lately been severely attacked by Mr. Denman in his strictures on Mr. Beckwith's report on the wines at the Paris Exhibition.* Mr. Denman's is an amusing and well-written little book, and the wines of the Greek Archipelago are, we know, very meritorious wines, more natural and pure than the champagne wines; but we do not think that he will find it at all easy to overthrow the champagne wines, or that he will find much sympathy, especially among ladies, on the subject. How insufferably heavy would our heavy insular dinner-parties be were it not for the help of champagne! Conversation has been dull, or perhaps only spasmodically lively. and perhaps host and hostess are uncomfortable on some little points. But the magic word 'champagne' is whispered, and then conversation warms and glitters, and people who were positively depressed begin to be positively witty. The production of champagne is its critical point which determines the character of the dinner, and a dinner without champagne is a body without a soul. Even more important than the social is the medical effect. Mr. Druitt, in his 'Notes on Wines,' bears evidence to this effect, but it is a truism with every medical practitioner. now constantly exhibit champagne in preference to ordinary spirits. There is a very numerous class of stomach cases in which it is found that champagne is really the only liquid nourishment which is of any service. It is a great mistake to suppose that every medicine must of necessity be nasty. A great deal of reform, on which we may speak further, is wanted in this direction, and it could not be inaugurated more popularly than by a liberal 'exhibition' of champagne.

The uses of champagne, as a roborant, are so excellent, that it

* 'What should we Drink?' By James L. Denman, Author of 'The Vine and its Fruit.' Longmans.

becomes an interesting subject for economic discussion, whether it can be so far cheapened as to become generally available in cases where this kind of stimulant is needed, and also as a wine of ordinary consumption at our tables. We have before expressed a strong general opinion of the superiority of light wines over heavy wines, which we regret to see is by no means generally shared, as yet, by the middle classes in this country. But the people who mistakenly prefer sherry to claret would still, we think, prepractical question is whether we may not obtain a champagne as cheap as sherry. Now, undoubtedly, many cheap champagnes are obtainable, and, so far as fiz and foam and carbonic acid gas are concerned, these wines can hardly be distinguished, by the uninitiated, from those magnificent wines for which magnificent prices must be paid. A certain degree of suspicion belongs to these cheap wines, which is not unnatural when we consider the enormous amount of fictitions and adulterated wines which are in the market. Some time ago there was a trial at law, which related to a way of manufacturing champagne in this country, much the same as soda water is made, but the process proved unsatisfactory, and brought its ingenious inventor into much deserved trouble. It is very probable that similar processes are in a prosperous state of activity in the metropolis. Still there is no doubt that effervescing wines may be made in the champagne country and be imported so as to be sold at very low prices, and these cheap champagnes may make a pleasant enough lunch beverage, in one point of view to be greatly preferred to sherry, especially when the sherry comes from Hamburg. The public gain an advantage when they deal with those houses who have established stores of their own in France, where they can command good vineyards, or purchase crops direct from the growers, storing their own wines until ready for shipment. Thus cheap champagne can be procured at twenty-four or thirty shillings a

dozen in some places, which are sold at other places for thirty or forty.

There is, however, one kind of cheap champagne which is very little known in England. This is known in the champagne country as the 'Tisane de Champagne.' France is the land of tisanes, and their greater use in this country is much to be desired. It is calculated that one-half of the cured diseases in France are cured by the use of tisanes. Formerly the tisane art was well understood in England, but the good old fashion has fallen off, though it is pursued still with the utmost popularity in France. author of an admirable work called 'Wholesome Fare; or, the Cook and the Doctor, thus speaks of the French tisanes :- 'Tisanes are most largely employed in France. Without consulting the doctor, and by a kind of instinct, people have recourse to them at the slightest indisposition. Often they form the only treatment. Professional men prescribe them always. The benefit derived from tisanes, whose use is the result of the sick man's longing, is fully proved by experience. They comprise the whole pharmaceutical machinery necessary.' There is a tisane, of course very different from all the ordinary thin tisanes, which, for most persons, is quite indistinguishable from champagne. It is cheap and excellent, and produces the best medical results of the best champagne. It is very little known, and as the supply is always necessarily limited, it is fortunate that there is no large demand for it, which could be only met in a spurious way. Of all the tisanes that have been invented the champagne tisane is certainly the pleasantest. The tisane is formed in the following way:-It is well known that there is a disengagement of the sediment in champagne according to Madame Clicquot's invention. The space occupied by the fluid displaced is filled up by the liqueur necessary in the composition of all champagne. It is, however, necessary to remove some amount of wine in addition to the sediment in order to form room for the liqueur, and therefore a small quantity of champagne is poured off from each bottle-which may be bottles of the best possible wines - into other bottles which, in their turn receive some of the liqueur, and become the tisane. Thus a bottle of tisane of champagne really consists of a mixture of different kinds of champagne, carrying the champagne theory of mixture to the furthest point. It is wanting in distinctive bouquet, and in some degree in carbonic acid gas, and can claim no name—and in these wines it is the name that often costs most-but it is the most wholesome and genuine kind of champagne that can be sold cheap. It is, in point of fact, much more wholesome than the best champagnes. It is a very common thing in Rheims that persons when they feel ill should say that they require some champagne tisane, which speedily sets them right. It seems to us the cheapest and best wine of a champagne kind that can be procured. It is very rare in this country, as indeed only a moderate amount is obtained in the different houses of champagne. I only know it through M. Lafittau, of Jermyn Street, the London agent of Messrs. Koch of Avize, eminent growers of the dry wines. I have to thank M. Lafittau for the information and insight which he has given me generally into the subject.

The best dry wines of champagne, especially of famous vintages, such as 1865 and as the present year will certainly be, will command that price which the best of things will always get. But a pleasant wine, and a wine pre-eminently wholesome, is to be obtained at a much lower rate. There is one other wine which should be mentioned, as a cheap equivalent for champagne: this is the Neufchatel champagne, the loss of a case of which forms the basis of Mr. Dickens' and Mr. Collins' powerful story 'No Thorough-fare,' and, for most persons, first made known the existence of the Neufchâtel champagne. It is mentioned in Mr. Beckwith's 'Notes, and M. Bouvier obtained a splendid recognition at the Paris Exhibition. Those acquainted, as we are, with the character of Neufchatel will have been struck with its excellent adaptability for vineyards. The wine is an excellent one, and is offered on its merits; but, unfortunately, wine offered on its merits' appeals to a public not fully competent to settle the question of merit.

THE ADVENT OF WINTER.

So winter comes once more, kindly and hearty, to many bracing and healthy, devoid of foliage but fruitful in evergreens. Now the cheerful fires are once more lighted; now that multitude of Londoners whose holiday is brief return to town; now the country families are settling down in their ancestral homes: now our southern watering-places are filling up; now our invalids are taking their flight to the south of Europe; now each man is seeking to make himself weather-proof and cosy in his particular nest. This is the season of light and festivity to all; and the short winter days abridge the labourer's work and give him the lightest portion of his yearly toils. But to our London poor the winter has but little of its cheerful and merry aspect. Disease and want become aggravated. There is the serious addition of the need of firing, and to those who are scantily clothed and live in bare rooms this need is doubly pressing. Then the wasting powers of disease that ever flit around a man, waiting and watching for the unguarded spot that may admit an incursion, soon find opportunity for ravages. The thought which arises to all, especially to those who are warmly housed and luxuriously fed, is how they may comfort and help the less fortunate but perhaps not less deserving of their brothers and sisters.

I rejoice to think that so much will be effected. Even in the summer there were thoughtful persons providently taking forecast for the coming winter. I rejoice to know that even in the workhouse, that bleak exponent of the national almsgiving, some humanizing elements are imparted, proper for the winter. I see, for instance, that at the Westminster workhouse, thanks

to an active and philanthropic chaplain, in addition to cheerful religious services, there are musical and pictorial entertainments devised, and that the social necessities of the pauper are carefully kept in mind. I know that in the most crowded and depraved parishes, there is an army of religious visitors. trne brothers and sisters of mercy, who may be sometimes too hortatory in their remarks and overgiven to the distribution of tracts, but who also plentifully distribute tickets for meat, grocery, bread, and coals. From time to time conduct of thoughtful munificence comes to my knowledge, from what might be thought unlikely quarters, in addition to those labours of good which we all expect from the clergyman and the medical man. I dined sumptuously one day at perhaps the best and the most expensive of London restaurants, and I incidentally heard that its proprietor, who deserves all the prosperity he can receive, allows the medical officer to draw on him at discretion for brandy, wine, and meat for the This is an example which we might do something in following. Will not the clubs at the West-End do something in following it? Will not Lord Lyttelton and Mr. Baron Bramwell come to an understanding? We know very well that letters will pour into the 'Times,' that the destitution will beat our best efforts, and that a certain number of people will die of starvation in All this would be the streets. avoided if, at the advent of winter, all persons would take thought on the matter. The real fact is that the duty of beneficence is ignored by a very large portion of the public, and an undue burden is thrown on the minority, that consists of givers. If all rich men took thought for the poor, destitution would be practically abolished. This would make the world go on sweetly and smoothly, and restore the disturbed balance of things. If onehalf of the world does not know how the other half lives, it is because it takes so little interest in the question.

THE MARRIED BACHELOR.

By the Author of 'Christ Church Days.'

CHAPTER IV.

THE THREE HUNDRED A YEAR PROBLEM.

THE acute legal mind of Mr. John Waldegrave had frequently discussed that interesting problem which from time to time so keenly agitates society—Can a man marry upon three hundred a year?

It is a great pity, however, that Mr. Waldegrave should ever have gone into the investigation of this great social problem. Surely he everything in the world which a young man could desire. He was well-booted, well-gloved, had capital chambers, belonged to an excellent club, to a profession which is the best profession in the world for giving a man a status, visited good houses, and might be said to have a good house of his own in his father's. had money at his banker's, and the doubtful advantage of unlimited credit with his tradesmen. rooms were infinitely luxurious: ottomans, easy chairs, armouries of pipes and meerschaums, a good cellaret; he had a stall at the opera, triangular billets, and all that sort of thing; plenty of friends, the Queen's drawing-room, and the opendrawingroom of the parks. Why should he not take the goods with which the gods endowed him? Why, while the world might be an Aladdin's palace to him, should he be always wanting the roc's egg? Why, O why, should he feel such a restless desire for the exaggerated advantages of female companionship, and be puzzling his brain with that troublous social problem, the most complicated problem of the multiple problems of our over-civilized age?

For he had but three hundred a year, varying from that to four. And now, not only in 'the spring,' but in summer, autumn, winter as well, 'a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.' He was blindly yielding to a blind necessity, carrying out the normal rule of life, obeying some statistical principle of

averages, without striking a blow for individual freedom. Like Anacreon. he would say that he wanted. wanted to be loved. Like Augustine, he might say that he was not yet in love, but was trying all he could to be so. But then he had, stating it in the rough, only three hundred a year. He could hardly make the ends meet now; as a matter of fact they didn't meet, but he could adjust that by and by, he hoped. Therefore he distinctly recognised to himself that he could not marry, if marrying signified the taking to himself a wife out of the region of Westbourne Terrace, and giving her a house with furniture and equipage, and, generally speaking, keeping her in the style to which she had always been accustomed. But might he not marry a girl with lots of tin? That was perfectly true, but it was also true that society could hardly be carried on for a single day if men were only to marry girls with lots of tin. Still he had no abstract objection to 'lots of tin.' On the contrary, he possessed a candid mind, perfectly open to conviction on that pleasant subject. But it seemed to him that though money-bags in theory might be pleasant, money-bags incorporated in the flesh were liable to sundry drawbacks. It almost seemed to him that for every extra thousand pounds which a girl might possess she was lacking in some accomplishment or troubled with some defect. But though he might not take money, was it not possible that he might get money's worth? There was a solicitor, whose private house was in Brompton, who could easily give him business to the tune of six hundred a year. He had two daughters, and one of the daughters at least was pleasant to the eye. But six hundred a year encumbered with a lot of work was not a congenial prospect. The solicitor might not think, he modestly argued, that he did his work properly; moreover his work would be at the equity bar, and his own turn, if indeed, as he modestly put it, he had a 'turn,' was rather in the direction of the common law bar.

And now Fate had flung a really fine girl into his arms, one who was, as he told himself, not without a foolish complacency, desperately spoony on him. And a dark thought crossed his mind that he would do even as other men did-carry her off to London, take a little villa for her, call it 'The Retreat,' 'The Hut,' 'The Wigwam,' or something of that sort, among his friends, and in a few years hence, when he was in a condition to settle down as his father had settled down before him, get rid of the beauteous incumbrance by putting her in a position to let lodgings or setting her up in This was the a tobacconist's shop. sort of thing which he had witnessed several times in the case of different men during his limited experience. But Mr. Waldegrave was not an utterly spoilt or bad man. He had his own notions of humanity, of honour, and even of religion. He told himself that he should never know what it was to have a quiet mind if he used his great influence over this girl for any base, selfish end. He did not see his way either to marry her or not to marry He hit upon a compromise which would only have suggested itself to him under very exceptional circumstances, and with reference to a rather exceptional young lady.

He spoke to Arabella with great frankness. I have by no means gone into all the details of this love affair, which extended itself over a considerable further time, through the Long Vacation, and beyond the aitting of the winter commission which sat that winter at Clyston, and which he attended. He told her that, barrister-at-law though he was, and son of a member though he was, he had not the income on which he could marry, or the house to take her to, or the friends who would receive her; but if she chose to unite her lot to his, and marry him pri-

vately, and wait till he was a prosperous man and could make her amends, why that arrangement might stand. He would let a friend take an equal share in his chambers, and let one or two other friends paint up their names over his doors. and he thought he could manage a small villa in St. John's Wood. But he must make a regular compact with her. He must work now, but his professional success would be impeded if his social status suffered -as it would suffer—in the case of an improvident marriage. To the world he must be as a bachelor, married bachelor though he be.

The terms were perhaps hard. He could not possibly offer them to one of his own class, but it was perhaps within ethical limits that he might offer them to Arabella Cracroft. She first went up to see some friends in London, and then she disappeared. The saddler and his wife were merely informed that she was well and happy. They were in great fear lest something should be said about that fifty pounds a year, but no such claim was ever made.

CHAPTER V. THE HONEYMOON.

John Waldegrave had married in haste, but he was henceforth to spend a great deal of time in the salutary processes of a leisurely repentance.

The bridal was very appropriately in spring, and bridals should be exquisite in the exquisite month of May. John determined to take his bride down to some remote watering-He knew that though May must be an exquisite month at a watering-place, yet all the summer watering-places, especially those at a distance, would still be almost empty, waiting for the regular holiday season. Moreover, in a far-off locality there would be less danger of meeting inconvenient acquaint-ances. He took her through the country to a charming watering-place on the Welsh coast. The journey was made in a very leisurely and luxurious manner. Arabella was tended with all delicate and chivalrous observance. There had been that about her in the old days which had been almost fierceness, but which was now entirely lost in a sweetness and a softness that were adorable. His wife left nothing to be desired on the score of tenderness.

They went to an hotel, which in its costly fittings and appliances was luxurious enough. The place was not full, but still there was a good sprinkling of people. Mr. Waldegrave was hardly known by his He was number twentyseven, the number of his room; at least he was one hemisphere of that number and his wife the other hemisphere. It was noticeable that no letters ever came for them. He appeared to have much money, which he spent with much liberality. They had their private sitting-room, but they were dined at the table-d'hôte when the dinners were good, or sat in the coffee-room or public drawing-room or the library. Mr. Waldegrave justly felt that if he ever meant to be extravagant he ought to be extravagant now, and to the extent of a cool hundred or so he was prepared to carry out the idea.

Mrs. Waldegrave was very much admired. She looked beautiful, or that which the world, without being very precise, calls beautiful. Her husband saw how much she was admired, and was proud enough of his handsome companion. Bachelors, as they went to their lonely chambers in the upper regions, looked curiously at the dainty little boots which reposed by the side of the manly Bluchers. Why are bachelors treated with such contumely at hotels, and banished to attic, and have no shutters or curtains, and the ugliest handmaids in the place wait on them? People asked who they were, and the waiters would say that they were not quite sure what the gentleman's name was; they had heard it, but forgotten; but they knew his number was twentyseven.

At this early stage, Mr. Waldegrave had hardly begun to criticise as he learned to criticise at a later period. But even during the honeymoon he began to find that his pretty companion could be rather I have the greatest wearisome. admiration for the writings of the Right Honourable the Lord Lytton, but I nevertheless think that an education confined principally to his writings, and much antecedent inferior romance, is of a somewhat limited character. Indeed it had failed in the commonplace effect of making the young lady perfect in English orthography. Arabella thought that her husband ought to be in a state of constant adoration; but men get rid of that sort of thing when they get far into the honey-She wanted to be spoiled, and she did not get all the spoiling that she wanted. Then Arabella began to pout very naughtily about little things which ought not to have elicited a moment's serious notice from her. Her husband frequently called for champagne, and if he omitted champagne, she took it for a slight. He sometimes went out in a carriage and pair, and if the next day he only took a 'one-horse shay,' she considered it a fall in life. She ventured to show that she was a little put out about the 'shay.' John explained to her that it was a heavy road, in the first instance, and two horses were necessary; but that few would take two horses on an easy road, for a short distance, . except for display. Arabella heard the explanation with a very dissatisfied air. But this was just the Arabella cared for display, point. as display; but John was quite indifferent on such a matter. whether a one or a two-horse vehicle took them to any famous or picturesque spot, that feeling with which she had pointed out the landscape from Barnwood Hill seemed to have shrivelled up. When they first came within sight of the precipice or waterfall, she would beg Waldegrave to put her cloak over her shoulders, or inquire whether he had an umbrella, as the sky looked threatening. If John now pointed out the beauties of a landscape, she listened with a peevish or impatient expression. He tried to fasten her down to some improv ing reading; but either because she read carelessly, or had untruly told

him she had read, she knew nothing about it afterwards. She could come out very radiantly dressed in the evening, but she was slatternly enough in her morning hours, in her rooms, reading novels, and rejected as ridiculous her husband's advice that she should take a walk on the parade or a dip in the sea. He found that her mind was negatively characterized by remarkable forgetfulness or inaccuracy, and that the meaning of anything he might say was distorted, or misconceived, or his remarks altogether forgotten. She altogether transcended the limits of the recognised female privilege of being unreasonable and illogical. The young barrister was anxious to interest her in some of his peculiar pursuits. He had had a brief sent him, where he would only be third or fourth, in a complex case at common law, which he was carefully getting up. Also a goodnatured friend had got some editor to send him down a batch of novels, on which he was to open ground in the pages of a literary periodical. He tried greatly to interest her in the narrative of the case—a narrative which might well deserve to be written down in these pages. But she was very soon confused and fatigued by the details, and when she found that any serious interest was attached to the novels, she ceased to care about them. soon learned greatly to dread her mixing herself up with the conversation of the table d'hôte and the drawing-room. She became flighty and conceited, misapplied words, and at times committed some fear-John Waldegrave ful blunders. hardly noticed all this now, but facts such as these were sure to attract his keen and full attention later. In the mean time it was impossible to be angry, or even serious, when dear arms were flung around him, and pretty lips silenced argument or remonstrance. Still Waldegrave found even at the honeymoon that conversations, where he himself had to do all the real work of the dialogue, and where the dialogue was rigidly limited in the choice of subjects, was a decided 'grind.' Under these circumstances

he smoked harder than ever, and spent a great deal of time in the billiard-room. This conduct was also deeply resented, and I do not say that it was good conduct, but still its guilt might be qualified by the plea of extenuating circumstances.

Waldegrave discovered a delightful spot on the coast. There was a gorge between opposing hills, which opened on a retired bay, and thick groves grew beneath the shelter of the hills. Here there was a charming cottage with a wide-spread lawn, and Waldegrave proposed that they should leave the hotel and settle down here for a couple of months. But Mrs. Waldegrave professed herself thoroughly frightened by the solitude, and declared that she could not bear it for a single day.

It was not destined, however, that Waldegrave should carry out his plan of seclusion with perfect success. The surface of society is, in reality, extremely small, and men are constantly cropping up like recurring decimals. One evening, to the considerable disgust of Waldegrave, he met on the pier young Barlborough of the Octagon Club. Arabella was a few yards in the rear, watching some childish amusement which was going on on the pier, and she only came up as Barlborough had seized her husband by the hand.

'And where are you staying, old fellow?' said Barlborough. 'I'll come and lunch with you, of course.'

It was just then that Arabella

came up.

Waldegrave coloured highly, and looked very confused. Arabella, on the other hand, as is the manner of women under difficult circumstances, looked perfectly cool and statuesque.

' We are staying at the Victoria.'

said Waldegrave.

Oh! it is a case of we,' thought Barlborough. 'I wonder what Waldegrave's little game may happen to be just now. I saw his people only a week or two back, and they never told me that he had been and gone and done it after this fashion.'

There was a little awkwardness,

and then Mr. Waldegrave broke the silence by formally introducing Ara-

bella as his wife.

Arabella darted a look of gratitude towards him. Her husband had done in her favour the very thing against which he had so expressly guarded himself in that curious compact which had been her only mar-

riage settlement.

Barlborough received the introduction with the greatest empressement. If Arabella had been a duchess, she could not have received a greeting into which so much homage, poetry, and devotion were thrown. Which things pleased Arabella. She wished that her husband, with all his good qualities, had more of the lofty courtesy of a Barlborough.

She had heard her husband say something about lunch, and she now asked him: 'Would not his friend, Mr. Barlborough, come in

and lunch with him.

So they went into lunch. And both during lunch, and after it, Barlborough frequently meditated whether his friend was really 'up to some little game,' or had ran some 'pretty average mucker,' in marrying without the knowledge of his relations. On the whole he felt inclined to back, with many odds, the theory that there had been something worse than any conceivable sin: from the Barlborough point of view, scarcely a mistake.

Waldegrave was, however, relieved to hear that his friend was just on his way to a neighbouring seaport, for the purpose of embarking on a distant voyage. He made him promise that he would come and see them the very first thing as soon as he should get back to Lon-

don.

CHAPTER VI.

SAILING UNDER FALSE COLOURS.

When John Waldegrave made his compact with Arabella Cracroft, he proposed to himself a peculiar theory of life, the formula of which was, that he was to be a Married Bachelor; that is to say, having an external, visible, worldly life, in which he was

to be a bachelor; and also an escteric life, secret, tranquil, and retired, in which he was to exemplify the opposites on the connubial system.

The worth of this theory he was now to test. It was by no means an original, or even a novel theory. The bishops used to try it extensively before the days of the Reformation. Archbishop Cranmer tried it in the age of the Reformation itself. Many men have notoriously tried it at this present day. But it is not a very satisfactory theory in itself, and does not ordinarily work well. If a man after his marriage becomes exceedingly attached to his wife, he cannot bear to see her in a false position. Many men find that after the rapturous happiness of the honeymoon has toned away, they are constantly discovering purer and increasing sources of pleasure, as the beauties of the mind are laid open, as the wealth of a generous affection is increasingly They cannot endure manifested. that their wives should be placed in a position which in the slightest degree should involve any sem-But if a man, after reblance. linquishing all the romance casy illusion-many of the solid hopes of life, finds that he has wrecked that priceless cargo on the shallows of a worthless nature, it becomes a question whether the somewhat monogamic position of a married bachelor may not be a serviceable institution.

All this Mr. Waldegrave was in a fair way to discover gradually. He got back to town when the October days were gradually shortening in. He took a little house in-St. John's Wood, a perfect bijou of a little house, gorgeously furnished by the last tenant, who was now ordered abroad for the winter, but not so gorgeously that Mrs. Waldegrave could not amuse herself, and gratify her taste by adding sundry little embellishments. London was supposed to be empty, but there was still a couple of million odd people who required a little recreation, and in that recreation the young woman had her share. Waldegrave took her about at first rather freely.

but as people came back to town he became chary of doing so. It was told Waldegrave père that his son had once or twice been in the stalls of the Lyceum Theatre with a handsome young woman. I think that the elderly Waldegrave had so much vaunted regard for his eldest son left, that he would have sworn and tore his venerable locks if he had known that John had committed a mésalliance, but beyond that, he did not feel called upon to notice his proceedings with hand-some young women. But Walde-grave told his wife that somebody in the shape of a chaperone must be provided before he could accompany her to public places of amusement. Arabella did not see the necessity of it -wherein she was wrong-but she told her husband to get her one as soon as he could. John promised to get her one, but he didn't, and herein he was wrong.

Marriage produces] some very curious mixed effects on a man's practical character. When a man has sobered down after the honeymoon, he begins to reflect how stupidly unbusiness-like he has been for this age past. He colours up to the ears with secret shame at the thought of the romantic, and therefore of the absurd figure which he has been cutting for the last six weeks. As if to make amends for such an abnormal and preposterous condition, he proceeds to dash with savage energy into any business matters with which he has to do. Hitherto Mr. Waldegrave had never really been busy. He had only played with business, and had given all his serious attention to amusing himself. If briefs presented themselves he considered briefs a bore. and seriously contemplated becoming only an honorary member of his henourable profession. Now he very much wished to have briefs, and to the few that presented themselves he applied himself with considerable assiduity.

He had liked society, but in rather a reserved, shy way. He had a great weakness for pretty faces, but could not always summon up sufficient moral courage to discourse with the owners thereof. He had not

even got over the schoolboy tricks. despite his legal brass, of blushings and stammerings. But now he was married he mixed quite boldly in ladies' society. He knew a great deal that he did not know before. He knew that an angel, Juno-like in her cloud of laces, could be reduced to the conditions of very ordinary humanity. He acquired as a Benedict a confidence and cunning which he never possessed as a His popularity rapidly bachelor. grew apace. Young women knew that he could be an agreeable rattle, and could very efficaciously promote any little whim of enjoyment which they might have on hand. It was pronounced that he was greatly improving through the effect of his legal career. He flirted a good deal, and he was a man on whose flirtations mothers did not look with much alarm. I do not pretend to justify such conduct. I am only relating it.

It so happened that his people came up to town much earlier than usual this year. Instead of waiting till March they came up in November. Town was cheaper than the seaside, cheaper even than their country place, where they had to dispense an immense amount of hospitality. The elderly Waldegrave saw a great deal of people, of whom they did not see very much during the season, and among such people I must honestly include John Waldegrave was the son. repeatedly invited to dine at Westbourne Terrace, and sometimes he went. One day he and his father were left together over their wine. It was an event which very seldom happened. Young Waldegrave could almost count on his fingers the number of personal interviews which he had had with his honoured On this occasion the old gentleman was very hospitable, and insisted on going down into the cellar to bring up a bottle of the new bin of Lasitte which he had lately bought.

'I met Mr. Justice Rrampford at dinner the other day,' said the M.P., 'and he told me that he thought you managed your motion the other day in that charter case very nicely. I was very glad to hear that,' he continued, 'as I was really beginning to think that you had given up the law altogether.'

'Oh no, sir,' said the young man 'I found it very dry at first, but I really think that I am beginning to take an interest in it now.

'I am very glad to hear it. Now there is Dempster and Dyster, old friends of mine, who could put quite a fortune in your way. You know Miss Dempster, John, do you not?'

'Certainly, father, and a hand-some girl too.'

'She's a good girl, every inch of her, and it's quite worth your while to attend to her a little. I told Dempster what Judge Brampford said of you, and he was very pleased. Old Brampford is a soft-hearted soul, and always says a kind thing of a young fellow, but still he never says what isn't true. Dempster says he's going to ask you to dinner, and you must be sure to go. you were a fool he could still put five hundred a year, and he could do a great deal more if you turned out a clever fellow. The young woman has got seven or eight thousand pounds of her own, which is not so bad these days. And now we will come up to your mamma and sisters and have some music.'

In due course Mr. Dempster, of the long-standing firm of Dempster and Dyster, gave a dinner-party, and asked Mr. John Waldegrave to dine with him. It was a large dinner-party, too large to be very pleasant, made up of the heterogeneous element of personal friends, The barclients, and barristers. risters were pleasant and voluble enough, but there was a great difference between the men whom the lawyer was obliged to employ from their eminent ability and the young fellows who were on their promotion. Miss Dempster was a handsome, clever girl, with an expression that was firm and shrewd, and yet remarkably pleasant. Mr. John Waldegrave saw that the dinner-party was intended to do him conspicuous honour, and that the young lady was disposed to be gracious. Now, if he had been unmarried and really in love, his

mental vision would have been altogether darkened. He would have failed to perceive that he was a petted guest, and that Julia Dempster really thought him a most pleasant and companionable fellow. He called a few mornings afterwards. Julia and her mother were alone, and they made him stay to lunch. After lunch Mrs. Dempster had to go a little lower down the road to inquire after a friend who was ill, but Julia would try that new music over for Mr. Waldegrave. drawing-room was very pleasant, for the time for fires had only just begun, and I think that the first few fires of the wintry season are simply delicious. They had a cosy chat, and altogether Mr. Waldegrave spent a very cheerful afternoon.

But although Mr. Waldegrave met the Dempsters very often, the affair with the young lady, in his mother's opinion and that of John's sisters, progressed very slowly. John had no notion of limiting himself to the Dempsters. He had a few great friends, and these friends were now coming up to town. As he went into society, he knew perfectly well that his merits as a parti were discussed: in the higher quarters he was only a detrimental; in other quarters he was eligible; but in every quarter he was sailing under false colours. He told himself, sardonically, that he was not a marrying man. Matrimony with Julia, had matrimony with Julia been possible, might be feasible, but for a little social life the area of St. John's Wood was too limited. He had some sort of footing in the Upper Ten, and one night the prime minister's wife said some-thing very civil to him. More-over, Waldegrave was beginning to work, partly because, to his own great surprise, he found that an appetite for work was growing on him, and partly because he began to see clearly that he should want more money than the allowance given him. When a married man both works and plays to a considerable extent, he has not much time for his wife unless she shares his business or his amusements.

CHAPTER VII.

THE UNMARRIED WIFE.

It is bad enough for a man to live under circumstances when he is obliged to keep 'dark.' It is bad enough for a man himself. If he has to mystify the outside world, and to make a sharer in his darkness uncomfortable, that is doubly bad. And if there is nothing in these circumstances either hopeful or con-

solatory, that is trebly bad.

Waldegrave and his wife did not get on well. Very many young married people do not 'get on' well. They have to learn a good deal, and to unlearn a good deal. As a rule, the first year is hardly the happiest year of married life. John was not always a stately gentleman, carrying, so to speak, the wig and gown into private life, always delicately pleasant in his manner and devoted in his at-When he was in his tentions. dressing - gown in the morning, shaving, and having a keen matrimonial discussion, he could make himself offensive, and even brutal. He could be curt, raspish, and if he was much put out, he could use some exceedingly violent language. Arabella came down very nicely dressed at dinner-time; but if her lord did not take himself off soon after breakfast, but preferred lounging about with cigars and newspapers, he could not but own to himself that her chrysalis state contrasted strongly with her butterfly glory. It was a pity, also, that so pretty a head should be so ill-furnished—that this glossy hair should have nothing below the surface to correspond with it in some sort of He bought a quantity glossiness. of his favourite authors, and put them in the prettiest of bindings-Tennyson, Macaulay, Thackeray, Browning, Ruskin, Bronté, which, if the young lady had diligently read, she would have done herself some good, and have pleased her husband infinitely. She made a little progress with the stories, but did not go far beyond the binding. She fell back on the cheap, worthless fiction of the day, and her husband

was not best pleased when, after an outlay of many guineas, he found her wrapt up in penny serials. She was rather a clever girl, and being irritated with the idea that she was under some sort of tuition, indulged herself for what she meant to be satirical and amusing. But this was playing with edged tools, and she only brought on herself the keen. curt retorts of a man of the world, practised in the art of sarcasm, whose barbed retorts pierced keenly the sensitive, passionate nature that provoked them. Then Arabella took less independent ground. She foolishly put herself into antagonism with her husband. She always had a most imperfect notion of a wife's duty of obedience. She systematically refrained from doing anything that he wished to be done. She walked out in bad weather, and stayed at home in fair. She declined to go with him to an opera concert at the Crystal Palace, and insisted on going to the Opera itself. If he wanted to be quiet, she went off into voluble silly talk; and if he drew up his chair, and began to tell her all the chat which he had collected, rather laboriously on her behalf, she chose to be sullen with some sense of injury. If he mentioned—which he did most rarely—anything about the dinner and the house, he never could notice that his remarks received the slightest attention. If she had a headache—and now and then she had headaches—there were long, monotonous complaints. She was certainly a very foolish girl, and all her woman's tact and management seemed to have deserted her. She did not make her husband's home a delight to him, nor did she think that his love, never very strong, required to be fostered by all wife-like graces. The result was that Waldegrave, who at first had declined every invitation that he could without offence, now accepted them, as we have seen, very freely, and often had some friends to dine with him at the Octagon. He owned to himself that he had made a very bad bargain. Still the bargain contained saving clauses, of which it was his full intention to avail himself.

But things might still have gone on, not prosperously indeed, but still in some kind of outward decency, if Arabella had not developed a crowning defect. Waldegrave was a man who really had some kind of conscience, and who wished to do well for this young creature whom he had taken to himself, and whose destiny was now altogether wrapt up with his own. He had tried to do what he could for her, to make her a companion for himself and fit for his own class of society, but his well-intentioned attempts had been defeated. He owned to himself that it was all a failure. Still he could have jogged on, quietly if not hap-pily, if only he was allowed to be quiet. But Arabella now came out as a termagant of the first water, of the true Katharine order.

The first time that she went into a violent passion Waldegrave was greatly grieved and astonished. It was not nice to see her tremble with rage, become hysterical, and then go off into uncontrollable sobs. She had said something very sharp and pettish, and something sharp was said to her again. This was the first domestic scene. John soothed and caressed her, said that she was an angel and he was a brute, and was absolutely conscience-stricken at the amount of mischief that was done. Still a man does not choose to be snubbed by his wife, and take it meekly, without remonstrance. Next. she got into a violent passion, arrayed herself gorgeously, and said she would walk all the way down to Clyston and beg her stepfather to receive her again. On the first occasion Waldegrave nearly shed tears; he clasped her garment's hem, and entreated her, by every human and divine consideration, to be reconciled and stay with him. The success of this was highly encouraging. and Arabella soon repeated the experiment. On this occasion, however, Waldegrave merely made her a low bow, and wished her a bon She departed with great stateliness, took an entire tour of the Regent's Park, and came back in a cab, in time for an excellent dinner. But her grand tour de force was especially manifested on a later occasion. She then worked herself into a passion frightful to behold. husband maintained the most provoking coolness, and threw in at times a cutting remark. Then her rage became ungovernable. seized his meerschaum, which he had coloured with so much pride and labour, threw the gorgeouslybound Tennyson behind the fire. and tore up some sheets of paper, to Waldegrave as valuable as a bank-note, and raced up stairs. John turned very pale, and followed her into the bedroom. His wife trembled as she observed the expression of his countenance. He afterwards told me that he had resolved if possible to tame his wife, and though the lesson might be an expensive one, to give her that lesson. He went up to her, tore the gold brooch from her bosom, and trampled it under foot; seized her watch, and dashed it on the ground; seized a silk dress, and tore it in half. She was calm, couchant, as a leopardess about to spring. Then Waldegrave. calmed by the evil he had wrought. rushed away to his chambers, and at the end of a week made his appearance again with surpassing suavity.

Here let me pause for a moment, to assume the privilege of moralizing. This is a dreadful domestic. picture, but those who have studied the Divorce Court under Sir Cresswell Cresswell or Sir John Wilds know that it is not in the slightest degree overstrained. In cases of matrimonial disputes people generally adjust matters by saying that there are faults on both sides. Of course there are faults on both sides, but still that is only a shallow way of getting out of difficult matters. If we knew all the facts in matrimonial squabbles, it would be found that the beginning cause of offence lay very decidedly on one side or the other. Then a chronic state of mutual offence sets in, and it is often only a matter of accident who commits the first legal offence, and is consequently adjudged by society to be the sinner.

The 'row' had so fer a salutary effect that Arabella had found out that her husband was a resolute,

unfeeling man, whom active offensive operations only served to goad up into undesirable retaliations. I must do John the justice to say that he had promptly provided his wife with brooch, watch, and dress afresh. This had materially softened the general aspect of matters. Arabella melted into tenderness. 'Oh, John, do be good to me,' she said; 'I have nobody in the world but you. Love me a little.'

Then John took her up into his big arms and kissed her, and swore that he loved her better than his life

And do be patient with me, John. I will be good, and read your stupid books, and never get into a temper again. I know that I am a very silly, ignorant girl.

John kissed her for her genuine confession. He kissed her for her pretty promises; but he felt in his heart that her promises were as worthless as promises could be.

'But I am lonely, John; I am indeed. Nobody cares for me. I never see any one, and never go anywhere. I heard you call yourself a married bachelor one day. I am sure I am an unmarried wife.'

Yes, that was just it, poor dear child. She was a wife, a pure English wife, but there was no true union of intellect and soul, no real marriage such as God had ordained, where the wife should be a help-meet. There was none of that meetness which makes marriage, and she had cared not for that meetness. She knew only that there were nooks and corners in her husband's mind, latitudes and longitudes in which she was altogether unversed, and in a sad, true sense she was an unmarried wife.

'You must get a companion, Arabella.'

'But how am I to get one?'

'Advertise for one. Go to Etty's, in Regent Street, and get one—some one who will walk with you, and read with you, and take you to places of amusement when I cannot take you myself.'

So Mrs. Waldegrave went to Etty's, and there came a mild-eyed, mild-voiced lady, who was to spend several hours with her daily. Besides the social advantages, Waldegrave, who was no fool, thought it was only right to mount guard over his handsome young wife. Let it be said, in justice to Mrs. Mildmay, the artist's accomplished widow, that she did everything in her power to be of some real use to her charge in cultivating her taste and reading. But Arabella's nature had grown into a rigid immobility.

THE RUTHIN EISTEDDFOD.

Puthin is a very ancient town' he were the words which met my ears while entering the railway carriage which was to convey me to the Eisteddfod' or 'grand national meeting of Cambrian bards,' holden at that place in the present month of the present year of grace. The speaker, who held a 'Baner Cymru' in his hand, and who was evidently in high dudgeon at some remarks which had escaped from a mild cleric with blue spectacles who sat in the opposite corner of the carriage, added as I took my seat, 'and the Eisteddfod is a very honourable gathering, is it not, sir?'

The conclusion of this sentence

was addressed to me, and I soon fell into conversation with the man, in whom, after his ill-humour had worked itself away, I found a very intelligent and pleasant companion. He was going, pro patrice majore gloria, to spend three days and six weeks' salary at Ruthin; his employer (he soon told me that he was clerk to a civil engineer) having given him a holiday in order to enable him to do so. His name was Owen Owen, and he was accompanied by three more young Taffys, delighting respectively in the names Price Price, Jones Jones, and Roberts Morris Roberts. I soon found from his conversation that Ruthin is a

very ancient town, and became aware of the important geographical fact that it is the co-county town of Denbighshire, and that much more of the county business is there transacted than at Denbigh itself. Treasure this fact, ye writers of school geographies, and insert it in your next editions! And, ye writers of school histories of England, do not forget, in your future editions, to tell us how Charles the First spent a night at Ruthin Castle, after his defeat at Rowton Heath, and how, in the following year, the castle was besieged by the Parliamentary forces under General Mytton, and gallantly defended by loyal Governor Raignolds. And, ye idyllists, store up as a motif for another fresco on vour monumentum ære perennius the legend of how Arthur, the flower of kings and poesy, beheaded his rival Huail, brother of Gildas the historian, on a block of limestone still remaining in Ruthin market-place. And, ye hero-worshippers, do not forget how two great and at least one good man have belonged to this town-Dr. Gabriel Goodman, the generous patron by whose means Camden was enabled to make that tour from which we have reaped so much benefit, and the translator of the First and Second Epistles to the Corinthians in our authorised version of the Bible; and learned Bishop Parry, who translated the whole Bible into Welsh. The former of these founded the Grammar School, over which the latter, before his elevation to the lawn, presided. All this and many other curious particulars connected with the neighbourhood I gathered from my companion, and picked up in divers quarters during my stay at Ruthin.

We were now at Rheul (pro-nounced by the natives R-r-r Howl -ow as in cow), and here we lost our clerical friend, who was going to try the ascent of Moel Famau, the mother of hills, which, with the tower crowning it, we saw at a short distance from the railway. A few minutes more brought us to Ruthin.

The town was evidently holding a high-holiday. The streets were decorated with flags and garlands, and filled with people 'dressed in their holiday best' and determined to make the best of their holiday. Here and there a Welsh motto met the eye, and over the entrance gateway to the castle the more familiar words 'Jour de ma vie,' on a banner charged with the arms of the West family, some branch of which reside within the walls of the castle. Very appropriate was the old family motto to the occasion-for the heart of every Welshman present was beaming with the joy of a transient

rejuvenescence.

We soon arrived at the market-. place—I had left the station with my companions of the railway carriage—on the north side of which had been erected a Druidical circle and cylch stone. Here we waited to see the opening ceremony. The procession, consisting of officials, the volunteer corps (in a very ugly uniform), and various followers soon appeared upon the ground. Conspicuous upon their breasts these devotees 'sported their leek,'-not, I am thankful to say, a graveolent potherb, but a brooch made in the similitude of the—how the name smells!-of some white metal.

Then with bardic rites was the Eisteddfod opened. The Gorsedd prayer, written twelve centuries ago, was read in Welsh and English by a clergyman, one of the associated bards. It is very beautiful, and in English reads as follows: 'Oh God, grant us thy protection; and with protection, reason; and with reason, light; and with light, truth; and with truth, justice; and with justice, love; and with love, the love of God; and with the love of God, all happiness.' Stately and beautiful in its language; simple and harmonious in its stateliness; earnest and impressive in its simplicity is the Gorsedd prayer.

But its stateliness, its simplicity and impressiveness were soon marred by the pompous and bombastical proclamation which followed. This was also read in both languages: 'The truth against the world! In the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight, the sun approaching the autumnal equinox, at the hour of noon, on the fourth day of August, after due

proclamation, this Gorsedd is opened at Ruthin, with invitation to all who may assemble here, where no weapon is unsheathed against them, and judgment will be pronounced upon all works of genius submitted for adjudication, in the face of the sun, the eye of light. The truth against the world!' I wonder how many times that day I heard the words shouted, sung, whispered, or spoken, 'Y gwyr yn erbyn y byd!'—The truth against the world!

An englyn, or ode, in honour of the gathering, by a bard delighting in the cognomen of Clwydfardd, and holding the high office of Arch-Druid of Wales, concluded the

opening ceremony.

Here I missed Messrs. Owen, Price, Jones, and Roberts, who had stolen from my side while I was wrapped up in the strange scene before me: so I allowed myself to be carried with the crowd, which now began to surge and crush about me, to the outskirts of the town, where, in a shelving meadow on the turnpikeroad to Corwen, in view of one of the most glorious of North Wales landscapes, had been erected a large pavilion, in which all the further proceedings of the Eisteddfod proper were to take place. This building would accommodate about five thousand persons, but it was not more than half filled when I entered, though afterwards many more people dropped in. The roof was supported by twenty-two pillars, from which hung shields of arms and other devices, the arms being those of the fifteen royal houses of Wales. Here again I found 'Y gwyr yn erbyn y byd,' and several other Welsh mottoes staring me in the face. Amongst the rest, 'Cymru fu, Cymru fydd,'—Wales was, and Wales ahall be. 'Oes y byd i'r iaith Cymraeg,'—May the Welsh language last to the world's end. 'Tra mor, tra Brython,'-While there is sea, Wales will endure, and many others. Surmounting all was the loyal inscription 'God bless the Prince of Wales.' The ornamentation, although very effective, was tawdry, being produced by the abundant use of paint, paste, and coloured paper.

The president, Sir Watkin Wynne. was, on entering the pavilion, led to his seat and duly installed by the conductor Talhaiarn.

As we shall have to frequently mention this worthy, and others delighting in equally eccentric names, it will be as well to remark that every Welsh bard adopts some pseudonym or bardic name, by which he is always known in connection with his sacred calling. Talhaiarn, who is a very respectable man, rejoices, when not astride of his Pegasus, in the plebeian appellation of 'John Jones.' Talhaiarn, his bardic name, is that of the little village where he was born and bred.

and where he still resides.

The adjudication of prizes began after a very short speech from the 'Prince in Wales,' who has a greater reputation for long-winded runs with the hounds than for longwinded speech-making. After one or two prizes had been awarded, and three young ladies had competed for that for pianoforte-playing, Talhaiarn announced that the grand prize for the best englyn to the miller had been awarded to Ioan Arfon, whose poem had been selected from more than a hundred compositions sent in for competition. What an englyn is will be best understood by the perusal of the prize poem :-

' Gwas gwlad gyda gwisg lwydwen a'i olwyn At alwad meib angen Yw'r melinydd-bydd yn ben Y bwybwyr tra bo yden.'

Respect for the sacred character of 'bard' prevents me from profaning the verse by rendering it into English. The epithet 'dark white, applied to the miller's coat, is appropriate and pleasing—the one redeeming point of the composition.

After a choral competition—the subject being a selection from a cantata by one of the bards present, Gwilym Gwent, Talhaiarn addressed the meeting in a speech overflowing with—I was going to say patriotism, but will rather write, confused pride of nationality. Nostra nos patria delectat is nowhere so true as in Wales. He lauded the Eisteddfod as the oldest literary institution in the world; and since, in the journal

conducted by the author of 'New America, certain absurd items contemplated in the Eisteddfedic programme were ridiculed, he breaks forth as follows:—'Our English critics do not deal fairly with us. (Cheers.) One of them, the editor of the "Athenseum," has already opened fire upon us with his popgun. (Cheers.) He calls the Eisteddfcd "a semi-barbaric meeting." Very well; let him indulge in fustian and imagine it wisdom-we can afford to laugh at him and to defy him. (Loud cheers.) Somebody said about him, when he was dressed in a magnificent suit of red, that everything was red about him except his works.' (Laughter and great cheering.) After comparing Wales with England and the Welsh with the English, the bard broke off into a patriotic song of his own, composed in honour of 'Cymro, Cymru, and Cymraeg, and sat down amid a complete ovation.

At the conclusion of Talhaiarn's oration I left the pavilion for the purpose of refreshing my inner man, and so missed the next few adjudications, which included that of the most valuable prize-a purse containing a hundred and fifty guiness. This prize, which had not been awarded at the two preceding Eisteddfodau in consequence of want of merit in the competitors, was offered for the best essay on the Welsh language. It was awarded this year to a gentleman of Liverpool, Lord Strangford being the judge. Talhaiarn created considerable merriment by remarking that his adjudication was in the hands of Mr. Prydderch Williams, the Secretary-general of the Gorsedd. His lordship, he believed, used a good many contractions known to Mr. Williams, and to him only. believed that no one else in the Eisteddfod could read the paper (laughter) except Sir Watkin. (Great laughter.)

Three cheers for Sir Watkin Wynne, and 'The March of the Men of Harlech,' brought the meeting to a close. In the evening was given a grand musical and instrumental concert, instead of attending which I sought for a resting-place,

and the local Bull and Fleece being crammed, was perforce obliged to seek shelter under the reof of a very humble inn. Here, in the course of the evening, I met again with my friend Owen, who had called to refresh himself with a glass of metheglin on his way from the concert to a meeting of bards which was held in the County Hall, and prolonged until long after midnight, and of which, being uninitiated, I am unable to divulge the mysteries.

We agreed to join forces on the morrow. Accordingly in the morning a knock at my bedroom-door announced his presence, and, breakfast despatched, we started at a few minutes before nine to the County Hall, where a meeting of the Social Science section of the Eisteddfod was being held. Finding this rather slow work, we left the room in the course of an hour and a half, and adjourned to our inn for some beer—

'Not that in Wales "
They talk of their ales.
To pronounce the word they make use of might trouble you,

Being spelt with a C, two R's and a W'

—and then followed with the procession to the pavilion.

There had been a great influx of visitors into the town since the previous day, and the meeting was much more crowded. The president of the day was Mr. Mainwaring, M.P., who 'opened the ball' although, as he remarked, he was not in very good dancing trim, having been thrown from his horse a few days previously—by reading an excellent address from the chair, after which a repetition of the yesterday's scene of vocal and musical competitions, and awards of prizes took place. A popular bard, named LLew LLwyvo, received a rapturous ovation on going up to receive the Pryddest Fawr prize for the best Welsh pryddest on Elijah.

One of the highest Eisteddfodic honours has been the conferring of a crown (goronog) upon the lucky bard. When the time arrived to make this award Talhaiarn announced that the bards had come to the very sensible conclusion to discontinue this form of honour. They had not yet decided what

form wrdd goronog should take; but he considered it (rightly enough) rather absurd to present a coronet to a bard who probably had not a crown in his pocket. In lieu of the coronet this year Mr. Meilir Owen, of Tanygirt, presented a valuble old medal in his possession instead of the coronet mentioned in the programme.

We went this evening to the concert, the principal feature of which was a cantata entitled LLys Arthur, a composition of some merit, by a

Mr. R. D. Jones.

After the concert was held a second meeting of the bards, to decide what should be the exercise for the Eisteddfodic chair in future years. The discussion was at first animated and at last stormy, the bards mutually recriminating one another in anything but poetical terms. The subject of the dispute was whether the compositions sent in for competition should be pryddest or awd!, these being the names of two distinctive styles of Welsh poetry. Ultimately the question was put by until the following evening. Whether it was then decided or no, deponent knoweth not.

We dropped in the next day to see the chair prize awarded, but were disappointed, the judge, the Rev. Dr. Rees, deciding that none of the compositions were worthy the prize. The subject for the exercises was a poem on Elijah, and the prize twenty pounds in money and the bardic chair of Wales, with the title Pencerd Gwalia. The chair, an old piece of carved oak, decorated with acorns and branches of the mystic oak, and surmounted with a cornucopia filled with ears of wheat, stood at the right of the president (who to-day was the mayor of Ruthin), but no happy bard was called to fill it. Some malcontents of the genus irritabile vatum began to express their chagrin and disapprobation of the award by reciting extempore poetical compositions on the vacant seat. One man got as far as, 'An empty chair, with its timber for sale, but was stopped before he was able to cap the line.

We listened to the competition in singing 'The Harp of Wales,' the

prize for which was given to a gentleman residing at Rhoslanerchrugog, a name which Talhaiarn endeavoured to raise a laugh by pronouncing 'Roast lamb and grog.'

There was another concert in the evening, and on the following day a performance of the 'Messiah.' During the whole of the week a section had been sitting for the discussion of social science. In the Town Hall an art exhibition was opened, consisting of paintings and articles of virtù contributed by various people in the neighbourhood. But these are not part of the Eisteddfod proper, and very few of them did I attend.

Ten o'clock that evening found me at Ruthin Station. The plat-form was crowded, and although extra railway accommodation had been provided, many persons failed to find room in the train. By dint of a silver key I managed at last to open one door, that of the guard's van, where I found already comfortably ensconced a sporting gentleman with three pointers, and a countryman, his wife and baby. However, seated among the luggage, under the soothing influence of a small meerschaum bowl. filled with choice Latakia-not, I would forewarn the intending tourist, purchased at Ruthin—I soon became perfectly callous to all the inconveniences of my situation.

As for my friend Owen, the last I saw of him was a catalogue of the art exhibition, which he threw to me from a dog-cart, in which, with one or two more choice spirits, he appeared to be going at a 'spanking rate' no one knows whither, as he passed me, an humble pedestrian, on

my way to the station.

My reflections on the Eisteddfod amounted to something like this: that it is a harmless, innocent, but, as at present conducted, no less ridiculous institution. The day of bards and Druids has long ago passed away; and if in the dim past the Eisteddfodau had any significance it is quite lost in the present century. Fond as I am of old customs, I do not like to see them modernized; and in my opinion the Eisteddfod of the present year was

very little less absurd than those at the beginning of this century, when the custom was first revived, and when the assembled bards appeared in grotesque costumes, with various ridiculous rites and ceremonies, and displaying not only their national leek but various occult Druidical symbols and signs. In fact, the Eisteddfod, as at present conducted -suited to the requirements of the age—is even less to be admired than the poor mad meetings circa 1820. The Eisteddfodau were originally established to encourage the cultivation of the liberal sciences, poetry and music, by inviting all comers to contend for prizes; and if the custom is to be revived at all I think that this object should be held To me it appears that in view. such innovations as the commercial elements of art exhibitions and concerts by London artistes, and the opening of discussions of the most unsavoury nature in a 'Social Science' department, are far greater deviations from the spirit in which the meeting ought to be planned than the contemptible aping of Druidical costumes and Celtic manners a few years ago.

The Welsh have great reason to be proud of their language. It is one of the oldest living languages of the world, and has passed through the course of an infinite number of years with very little change. They can also boast of a literature the inedited manuscripts of which, prior to the sixteenth century, comprise, at a rough estimate, 'thirteen thou-sand distinct poetical compositions, twelve thousand proverbs, twelve thousand triads, and upwards of two hundred ancient melodies, together with a great amount of matter in the form of grammars, dictionaries, historical chronicles, dramatic tales, &c.' But as at present conducted, the Eisteddfodau serve no useful end in keeping slive their literature.

A RAVEN'S FEATHER.

POPPIES IN THE CORN;

OR, GLAD HOURS IN THE GRAVE YEARS,-No. IV.

By the Author of 'The Harvest of a Quiet Eye,' &c.

Falling Leabes.

A STRING OF AUTUMN FANCIES.

IT is November now; and the poppies are mostly gone, and the corn was reaped long ago. Year is resting, quietly resting, almost alike from toiling and from enjoying. The vigour of its work and the glee of its play are alike over. They are merged and subdued in a tranquillity which is not enjoyment, far less pain, but which is just a passive state, the state which, after exciting labour and exciting pleasure, simply petitions now, for a season, to be left without any necessity for exertion; receiving impressions, if they must yet be received, just passively, with no reaching out of the hand after them. It is, for the year—though not for Nature—the still languor of a worn-

With a feeling akin to out life. that of extreme old age among the race of men, the Year has withdrawn from the whirl of life and death, and ceases from even the appearance of being much or strongly moved by The corn that swayed in the cool airs of evening, that whispered with a grateful undertone as the tender showers rustled down, that ripened all the long, hot summer days; the corn, that was once and for a while a thing of deep interest, anxiety, and gratification—a thing instinct with life and movement—is all put by now, whether full or thin in ear, stacked up dry and useful, and silent and colourless, in the peaked erections that nestle about the different homesteads. The cornflowers, ah! these are less easy to find; the wind took them, and they are gone; or they decayed in the rainy days; or they simply bloomed themselves out, and fell and withered where they grew, while the time was still Summer and the days still long and warm. They were not much missed then,—for many buds were opening; they are not regarded now, nor does their loss sadden, although

'The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore, And sighs to find them by the wood and in the fields no more.'

Yet not so. The Year is past that. The winds are still and acquiescent, now October's panic has gone by. In the misty, still November the search for flowers has ceased, nor can the worn and aged Year spare a sigh because the young and the beautiful are passing or past.

No, Nature does but 'recueiller pour sauter,'— but this Year, this 1868, has no part or lot in the matter. It is past taking any interest in either new-born hopes or old despairs. See! the corn is gone, the flowers are fallen, the fields are bare; the thick-heaped leaves mantle the earth of the forests, and clothe the rugged roots of the ancient trees. The grass has ceased to grow; the fogs brood over the land; there is a glistening of dull tears along the branches; there is their ceaseless drip upon the yellow and brown carpet that was lately the green and living glory of oak and beech and elm.—Well, and what of all this? What matters all this to the overold and wearied Year? What concern has it now in the death and desolation which has come over all that in its youth and in its prime made it so excited, and eager, and hopeful, and proud, and glad? It could have mourned once, it did mourn once, to watch the change stealing over all; to note the pause in the advance of life;—then the gravity which was the prescience of approaching death; then the hectic flush here and there; and the first leaves stealing down; and the blackened victims of the first frost. Year was sad in September; in October a cry of anguish shrilled from its bowers, breaking the stillness. But all that is past. It is November now. The broken Year is too old to care much for losses. For itself, December is even now at the door.

Nor does the passive, stagnanthearted Year care for gains; for new-born hopes, for promises and anticipations and lookings forward to achievements and enjoyments in which it can have no share. See, the patient earth is being, for the many hundredth time, turned over by the plough; men are making ready for the new year while the old has yet two months of life; the corn is cast into the furrows, and the poppies have shed their seed; ay, the young green has ruled the brown pages of the fields, and myriad seedlings are developing their first young leaflets out of their expanded cotyledons. Every tree in the copse and every twig in the hedge has its bud for next year even where this year's leaves have but just loosed their hold: Nature does not wait to be 'off with the old love,' before it is 'on with the new.'

But what then? How does all this latent excitement, ready to burst, at the first signal, into flame; how does all this ambush of hope and delirium and energy of life, at all affect the over-ancient Year? It is not jealous. It is not saddened. It is not impatient. It is not in the least glad or interested. All these things have nothing to do with it. All this budding life can concern it no whit. It has done, many days ago, with all these things. If regrets cannot move it, still less can anticipations. It is passionless with extreme age. It has loosed hands with life. It is waiting, but with no impatience or emotion, for the moment

'When midnight-bells cease ringing suddenly, And the Old Year is dead.'

So some ancient, very ancient grandsire or dame sits day after day in the chimney-corner; with glazed eyes that see nothing, with dulled ears that hear nothing, with numbed heart that heeds nothing, of all the noise which the young things make about the house, of all the schemes and plans of the youths and maidens, of all the work and anxieties of the men and women. There is a funeral; but the loss affects not them: there is a birth; they feel no joy: there is a wedding; but their many years have muffied all the glad ringing of the bells. Yes, like Tennyson's 'Grandmother,' they have outlived joy or grief; they cannot feel, nor are able even to grieve that they cannot, that the springs of sadness or of gladness are alike dried up.

But to what end is all this later than autumnal thought? What is Why I suppose the sum of it all? little else than this: that November has come, and that, going out to seek, I cannot find even one stray lingerer of all my scarlet poppies; and the woods were dripping, and the mist wrapping the day; and no sane person would think of projecting an out-door pleasuring; and the fire-lit Christmas season had not yet come; and so I just let my pen follow the train of thought which the mind took from the influence of the season. I set to work to saunter among the woodlands, and in default of other material, to link some fancies, analogies, whimsies, with Nature's quiet contemplation of her empty fields and hedgerows, and of her wide store of fallen leaves.

Fallen leaves, and November: yes, this it will be when my notes are But I shall have my shot at them flying, and recall the days when they were not fallen, only falling, for my idyll of the Autumn, or rather of the post-Autumn. There is much to be said about these frail, fair parables of human life; and more fancies to be woven from them than I shall have space to set forth, or than you would have patience to Falling leaves, fallen leaves: have not the poets of all ages caught each his golden handful, as they rustled earthward, and straightway fallen a-moralizing over them? Does not the melancholy Sarpedon enlarge upon them to the crafty Diomed, and, absorbed in the thought of their silent irony, change golden arms for brazen, as though not worth a careful thought? And in our earliest efforts of poetry. utterances full of a strange and tender presentiment which has often made me wonder,-did not the leaves play their part very fully? Were they not ever stealing down, and leaving us bare to wintry winds, ay, and this when really we were sticky with innumerable buds, from which the new green was just beginning to uncrumple? And now, as you walk meditatively, a little past your prime, up that woodland path, stirring with your footsteps the flat beech patines rough with the beechmast, and the fuller yellow fans, amid which the clean horse-chestnuts lie, and the deep-cut loak, leafage, all strewn with smooth acorns and empty cups, and the little leaves of the golden serrated elm carpet, with no fruit at all;—as you make a rustling with your tread among the fallen glories of the Summer, is not even now the fount of your heart's poetry somewhat unlocked? Is there not something tender, something mournful, yet something also quietly dear, about the strewing of the dead leaves which carpet your path; and about the flights which hurry, or the stragglers which yet steal down to join their sweet sisterhood of the past gay summer hours? Does not the very scent, heavy, and moist, and drug-like, bring a something-Well, you either know the feeling, the associations and suggestions of the fallen and falling leaves, or you do not. In either case I have said enough.

Let me recall how I saw them,fallen,-falling,-a year ago, methinks, on a tender, warm, paleblue day, just before November came. Ah, I remember, I was going. —as most of us go, the grave and the laughers too,—I was going, as you have gone, or will go, to sit beside a fading form; to glean the last words, the last looks, the last sweet smiles of a dear friend. The sweet smiles of a dear friend. experience, I say, is not an uncommon one. I mention to more the way. The point for my present felling of the purpose is this: the falling of the leaves upon this day that was so still and peaceful. That was just how leaves should fall, methought: the beauty and the sadness were so

matched: as though they were music and words; and which was which

I could not really say.

I paused on a bridge that ran over a trout stream into which I had been intently gazing, if perchance I might spy a speckled trout poising himself above his shadow on the gold-netted sandy bottom. had I thus paused, thus pored, thus seen, in boyhood, letting my hoop lie idle for the time. But , to bring a cool mist and a low-voiced now I sought in vain, and my mental basket remained unfilled. turned to go on. And my way led through a quiet, tree-bordered wide lane. Just then a moist gleam was drawn over the path, and caught the wet ivy on the elms that were stript of branches till near the top. It caught also the wet glistening leaves that lay, here thickly and there sparsely, on the road. I watched them wellpleased, lying so quiet and con-tent in the light of that tearful smile; lying so patient and still; but just then a scattering of them ran towards me in an air, bright in the sun upon the sodden road. instinct for the moment with life again. Soon they subsided; and I stood for some quarter of an hour. watching the pale yellow stragglers, just voluntarily (it seemed) detaching themselves from the branches, and sailing down, lit by that gleam, distinct against the dark ivy-clothing of the tall and silent trees. There was no wind to hurry them; it was just loosing their hold one after one, and exchanging death on the tree for rest on the brown mould, or the bright green turf which edged the A pensive mist; a watery gleam; and the leaves stealing so leisurely down: I shall always remember the day and the scene, I think, however little I may have been able to make the reader understand wherefore. But there are moods of every heart which make it apt to take the impress of a slightlycut die.

A drenched and tear-dabbled poppy, do you call this? well, is there not a place and a time in the year and in the copse, and in lonely musings and in country places, and in London Society, for

the Autumn and for falling leaves. and for dreamy hours, and for quiet thoughts, and for pauses in the laughter? And people like to read of Autumn, if the pen have cunning to set it before them, and to make for city readers the leaves of a magazine rustle like those of the strewn avenue; and to call up a simple plaintive robin's song in the intervals of the heated concert, and wind to the couples resting in the ante-room while the gay dance goes on for a while without them. There is a 'joy of grief' which is pleasant, so Ossian tells us; and we all know that (especially for the young) there is a sweetness and a weird charm about melancholy; a nameless attraction in the pathos of a voice, a story, a poem, an air.

> Our sweetest songs are those That tell of saddest thought.'

Not downright, real sadness, there is plenty of this in life, but the faraway dirge music of 'In Memoriam' the pathos of Morris's 'Alcestis' the sentiment even of a 'Childe Harold;'-ay, the bitterness even of 'Vanity Fair.' We don't want newspaper reports; but we sometimes like to lean back in our chair. and listen to the coming and going of bells, or to the wild cadences of an Æolian harp fixed in a window. Not any sustained air, not any distinct purpose; a vagrant melody, a vagabond sweetness; suggestive, rather than expletive; fraught more with the meaning that the heart just then likes to give it, than with any special message of its own.

Have I set myself right with my readers? Have I sufficiently justified my theme and my wayward manner of treating it? Then will I return to my falling leaves, and my November landscape, and (always careful not to smuggle too much of the contraband article of earnestness into the light talk of Society) pipe a few robin stanzas; bring up a few swellings and sinkings of bell music: summon a few wailings from the harp of the wind (well-bred, wellbehaved wailings, mind you: 'I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove,' so that the soothed reader shall murmur, 'Lethim roar again')
—and all upon the leaf-suggested

theme of Decay.

"Tis an old tale, and often told," but we sit at the feet of the years, like children never tired, and keep asking for the old stories again, and again, and again. And the complaisant years repeat them, and go over the old experiences, and thrill with the old interests, and startle with the old developments, and stir with the . old wonders. They go through the well-worn programme: beginning with the snowdrops and crocuses; the primroses and violets—stories for the child. Next, the birds coming back: the swallows and the blackcaps; the thrush and the nightingale, and all the singing, and all the nest-building-stories for the young man and Next, the brave oaks the maid. putting on their foliage, and the lilacs and laburnums gay in their perfection, and the larch copses thickened, and the woodlands clothed, and the apple orchards a sheet of rose and snow; all the richness of early prime, and all the earnestness and flush of life's schemes just started -stories for the man and the woman when now the billing-time and the budding-time has passed. Next, the fulness of the green, and a staid gravity grown over the colour, and a calm earnestness over the excitement: life's steady business settled down to, and fully entered uponstories for the man and the woman in their prime. And then,—and then,—the graveness deepening into something more than grave, the flush that is not of life or health touching this tree and flushing that copse; the apples picked, the corn carried, the flowers passing away, the first leaves fluttering down; the sob of rain, the sigh of winds, the mist of frosts, the flight of birds; the stealthy and then the swift advent, the partial and then the universal reign, of decay-stories even for all!

But how is it that the interest is so kept up—has never flagged—for these so many hundreds of years? How comes it that the tellers do not weary of repeating, the hearers never weary of hearing, so ancient a story—such an oft-told tale? A

tale whose incidents are so hackneyed, its end so forestalled?

Look at the tellers, and look at the hearers, and your question is answered. They are never the same. Each year that comes turns over the old old pages, eagerly, excitedly, as though they were scarce dry from the press. Each hearer that listens so earnestly has never heard the stories-not heard them, at least, told to him or herself before. you have looked away from those absorbed children but a little while, and they are listening to the youth's story now; and that youth and maiden have fixed their rapt heart upon the tale that that further group have just done with. So each in turn finds earth's old old stories new. One thing must be noticed, which is peculiar. Sometimes the story, for a little child or for a youngling, skips the regular gradations and goes on at once from the snowdrops or the birds'nests to the falling leaves and the broken flowers, and the carried corn. So, I said, that last story is even for And another strange thing (at which I have already hinted) is this. That sometimes the listeners in the early stages turn from the story of the birds and the flowers (still, however, keeping a finger in the and ask for that sad place), autumnal tale, and that there may pass, before their spring hearts, the flushed pageant, the faint panorama, of decay. So they call it up before them, and love to dwell on it: and the reason is that in the exuberance of their life they cannot realize death; and that in the vigour of their growth, decay is to them an unreal thing, like a dream,—which though it saddens you, you are irresistibly urged to keep recalling. They see all, through the enchantment of distance. They like to look off their flowers and glad leaves sometimes, for a little while; because they can, at pleasure, turn their young eyes upon life, and growth, and bloom, and nest-building, and hope, and joy, and ecstasy again.

Falling leaves, and decay. This old theme, then, finds new listeners still; and not only among those who have read thus far in the volume,

but among those who, having but begun it, find a fascinating interest in taking just a few peeps towards the end. And they think it a pretty story, before the time comes at which it is being told to themselves.

But how soon that time comes. to some! Feelings: what falling leaves these are, our enjoyments, our sorrows, our wonders; how transient is their life! As we look back through the lanes and avenues of the former years, how they are indeed carpeted with joys that were green and gay once, but that tarnished, and grew sere, and fluttered down. There very many lie: lifeless, but remembered; not gone quite from our backward gaze. But very many more have quite decayed, and their remembrance is as completely gone as the track of an arrow that passed through the air, or as the remembrance of a guest that tarried but a day. How delicate they were, when they were first born! how they trembled in the air, and shimmered in the sun, and grew strong, and 'clapped their hands in glee;' and anon decayed, or were torn off the branch by some rough wind, and were forgotten, or only remain as dead things now, and quite other than that they were when new to life, soft, downy, green! Oh, old loves, and hopes, and fresh delights, and delicious agonies of the days of youth, how you are strewn in the back years of most lives; forgotten, or, if remembered, robbed of your delicate beauty, withered, crisp, brown! Many a husband, who was once, but is not now, a lover—let him look back, and see those old leaves run towards him in a gleam of sunshine, saying, 'See, we once were living delights—but now——' And perhaps the gleam dies, and the air falls, and they settle down into silence again.

But the darker trees also shed their leaves. There are falling leaves of yew and of cypress, and of rosemary and rue. Many of the leaves that strew our past were of such a sombre character, and sorrows and regrets, as well as joys and anticipations, fall thick in the blast, or sink in the calm, as our year goes on towards November. Some wholesome regrets, some sorrows that were better than the joys or the indifference that have taken their place, will often be of the number of these. But the sharpest bereavements, the keenest regrets, the most poignant anguishes—it is wonderful, and even saddening, to note how these flutter down into forgetfulness and oblivion, or change into dead things that do but lie as part of the mosaic pavement of the past.

O last regret, regret can die!"

The poet explains and justifies war, or rather denies the real and inward truth of this, in his own case. But who, of life's even momentary thinkers,—who, that for a few minutes stands by the wall to watch, while the light dance goes on—who but, thus watching and thus thinking, must wonder that externally at least, and really in some measure, this sorrowful world can be so light-hearted?

What, you have lost a chiefest near and dear one: one whose life was part of yours,—without whose smile, whose word, whose society, you must (you know) dwindle and die? Is it so? Yes, honestly you think it to be so, as you watch by the ebbing life, as you bend over the silence of death, as you follow to the old kirk-yard, as you come day after day with your flower-cross to the beloved grave.

But the years—perhaps only the months—go by; and lo, you are nearly as gay and glad as in old days, when the wife, the husband, the sister, the brother, the dear child was with you. There is no floral cross on the mound: the turf is worn and broken: there are tall nettles about and over the sacred spot. There is a new wife or husband in the old home, new children in the nursery; new leaves that have quite pushed away that blight and death that had come over the branches.

It is (in some degree) well so, and the result of a merciful ordering. For life must go on, and we on the march must not spend the brief remainder of our day beside the comrade who has dropped out of the ranks. But we forget too soon; we go back into life too little really moved by our nearest bereavements to satisfy the mind that has a portion in the Infinite and the Eternal. Still a distinction must be made. Some there are who do indeed forget, who live the new life as though the old had never been. Some there are again whose memories are at times kept at arm's length by crowding of business and occupation. But these have their autumn days of quiet thought: they pause again and again upon some bridge of life; and a sudden pale gleam lights up the misty and ivy-robed past; and in a little air the dead leaves get up again, and run towards them golden in the sun.

The bitterness of Vanity Fair. spoke of this just now; and noticed how even those who live the life which it denounces yet delight in the pen which scathes them. in truth there is a use in writing which digs up the world's green turf and shows how underneath all the smooth well-kept covering the inevitable worms yet writhe. There is use in the moralizing which points to the disease, even though it sadly and disappointingly stops short of pointing out the remedy. And so I miss the caustic pen of that unsparing yet kindly satirist of the hollow nineteenth century; and can ill spare his ploughing of the weedy fields in which afterwards, perhaps, corn might be sown. 'Falling Leaves,' this might figuratively be called his text: and he caught up the revelation of emptiness, so to speak, and rang all the changes on his bells; and never passed on to the revelation of fulness for which that sad refrain had been preparing. 'Vanitas vanitatum: vanity of vanities, all is vanity,' so he tolled, so he reiterated in his laughter and in his tears. The young and the beautiful and the gay and the valiant and the wise:—it was the green life of a moment, and then decay, and leaves sailing'down, and bare boughs, and a blank sky.

Thus Thackeray painted Society.

And who can wonder at his bitterness, at his irony, at the tears in
his laughter, and the laughter in his
tears;—who can wonder at these, if
once they do, as I said, get them out

of the jostling and the gaiety and the noise of laughter (which are the bubbles upon the surface of the stream of Society), and stand by the wall to watch the dance of life-and death? Black garments are not wanted, you will tell me, among you; and a clergyman in a ballroom is an intolerable blot. just in this autumn reverie, I shall take leave to enter there, and to take my stand, a watcher of the dancing. Or (for I should not feel much at home there), I shall take a long look through some window or loophole which reveals to me something of the world's giddy and artificial life; I shall peep through the clefts of light literature, or through the openings made by the ordnance of the Saturnine Reviews.

And when I have done so. I think I am in my woodland landscape, watching that drama of the falling leaves again. How light and gay the dance and glitter; but (if you stop to watch) how the leaves are yellowing to the fall, and stealing down one by one! Faith, and truth, and love, and honesty, and generous trust, and all the chief beauties and glories of youth: how they litter the ground, while the dancers pass over them, unregarding and What a sad thing, to untroubled! a thinker, the lightness of society appears! I mean, not the occasional lightness, the innocent and beautiful gaiety and gladness of things that, being young, and healthy, and new, must bask in the sunshine and dance in the breeze. No, I mean the unreality, the sham, the emptiness, of the employments, of the pleasures, of the vexations, that make up the life of Society properly so called. That state of things in which all that is earnest is ridiculous, all that is real is in bad taste, all that is sensible is tiresome, all that is grave is shocking, all that is sincere is out of place. That state of things in which every good and pure and human feeling is a matter of laughter or of commerce; love, the subject of a bet; marriage, the means merely of setting oneself right on the turf; honour, the maundering of a fool; faith, a thing exploded, really too

far behind the age to be seriously entertained; beauty, the justification of flippancy, impudence, and heartlessness; languor, the truest manliness; a spoilt child's behaviour, the model for maidenly conduct: flippancy, idleness, unreality, vanity, the order of the day.

Hush!—I am getting, I feel, too much in earnest for Society, even on a November day. All earnestness is in bad taste; let me remember this axiom of the period, and draw in my horns. Yet I had not much more to say; and old-fashioned speaking may for a moment be tolerated, even if it be but to be jested

upon at the next.

So I look at the Queens of Society, with their unreal life, and their brief reign, and their quick fading and falling: ay, from the first vermeil-streaked opening of the bud to the falling leaf and the fading flower. Also at the young men of society; affecting the autumn before the spring should have well developed: -not the tender sadness of quiet decay, which comes not unbeautifully at the year's end; but the blight, and the scorching, and the stagnation, and the drought, which a rainless year might bring long before the time of legitimate and calm decay was here. I look at these, I say, in their heyday of a season or two, before the bright eye has grown heavy, and the blush has changed into a stare, and the birdvoice into a drawl, and the light step into a well-bred saunter. look at these before that time when enjoyment is gone, or when at least it is thought fine to pretend not to be capable of enjoying; I look at them when they are fresh from their Father's House, and the portion of goods with which they start on life still quite or nearly untouched. look at them merry and blithe and glad, just ere they are detached from the seclusion of the branch on which they were growing, just ere they are entering upon a life which they picture to themselves as nothing else but a round of light pleasures; a perpetual dancing in warm summer airs, and being wooed by light summer breezes, and smiled upon by continual sunshine.

And what do I seem to see? I see what I have often seen in the time of the fall of the leaf. I see the branch eagerly left, I see the vain and giddy thing poised in the air, wafted by some deceitful wind; glistening, sparkling in the blue, between the ranks of the thoughtful trees. Higher, and higher, and higher; and more and more blithe and gay; but soon there is a change. Down, gradually down; not knowing it yet; still twinkling and fluttering and eager and bright, thoughtless and light-hearted; but the irresistible law of gravitation is at work. The butterfly of an hour, sustained for awhile in the blue; but sinking down, sinking down, sinking down!

Well, everybody is agreed, nowadays, that sermons (except from the lips of pretty preachers, one print allows) are intolerable. Else I would fain complete my autumn reverie, by pointing to the one year and the one sphere in which change and decay are things unknown.

I go on to lighter thought; although this leaf begins indeed to

yellow towards the fall.

There is a sadness, though sometimes not an unredeemed nor unmitigated sadness, about the passing away of almost everything. If a guest has been staying with you for some time, even if you cared not greatly for him, yet you miss him; you feel uncomfortable, when the time of his stay has passed, and he is gone. Still more perhaps when he is going; when the leaf is falling: when he is packing up this and that article or book which has become familiar about the house, and when the luggage lies labelled in the hall, and the carriage is standing at the door. Everything that has tarried with us for any length of time soon becomes part of ourselves, and we seem like a tree that has lost an arm for some while after a severance is made. So the landscape does not strike us with that dreary effect when once winter has come, which affected us so when the leaves were falling in the autumn. And thus it is with many changes and losses in life.

Take the instance of Beauty. How the possession of this at once en-

thrones the possessor upon the hearts of all! What a magic it hath, although here it be really never a perfect thing! and old eyes delight stealthily to bask in it, and young eyes timidly seek it, and it has but to command to be obeyed; yea, myriads are ready at its least hint or beckoning to run to the world's end on its beheets. What a power! what a possession! It is absurd to call such a mighty thing a thing of no value, unreal, empty. It has been enough to turn the world's head at divers times in history: it is a silent oratory, which easily persuades to virtue, to crime: which can confer ecstasy, and inflict despair.

And what I am thinking of just now is, that, in sad truth, this thing of might is but a falling leaf after all! A summer or two, and it has changed. Another summer or two, and it has And this seems to me sadder then the death of flowers or leaves. To have been Beatrix in 'Esmond.' and to be that old hag in the 'Virginians!' Alas! the change. I know that such a violent change is not necessary; that there is a comeliness of Maturity and a beauty of Age into which the face and form may pass. But you must own that this is not at all the same thing; the magic has gone; that flush of the spring's blossom was quite distinct from the summer's gravity and the autumn calm. And surely there is a sadness here about the first stealing down of the leaves, a sadness (it should seem) more for the beholders than for the subject of their contemplation. When Helen of Troy has grown wrinkled and bent, then surely 'there hath passed a glory from the earth;' and must we not mourn that this is so?

It does not seem enough to answer that moral beauty is the only beauty worth a thought or a regret, and that this is abiding, while all other is evanescent. 'Handsome is that handsome does,' is true in its degree, but it has quite another meaning from the surface one. It builds itself upon a fallacy. Because a man is great and good, or a woman sweet and gentle, of course I love and admire. But is this at all the same kind of admiration as that which the rosy cheek, the coral lip, the sparkling eye, the dark or golden hair, can command? Pshaw! the two things are distinct. If you must have one without the other, of course you would not be long in your choice. But nevertheless you could not have both by choosing one. And I look forward to a state of things when beauty both moral and physical will go hand in hand. And meanwhile I say that there is and there must be a sadness, however it be not an unalleviated, an unredeemed sadness, in the stealing down of the first leaves of whatever was lovely in this world where all real beauty is a relic of Eden's bowers.

There are many falling leaves that we might linger to watch; for example, lives, dear lives, that pass with the leaves as the years steal by—intellect; power; imagination; memory; fear. 'We all do fade as a leaf.' There is good authority, you see, for my statement, that there is a kindred, a bond of union, between us. Enough now, however, of my sere autumnal weavings. November will pass, and hale December is close at hand. The falling leaves are hidden under the snow. Make way for the Evergreens!



THE MAIDEN'S ORACLE.

4 Mon amant m'aime-un peu-beaucoup-passionément-pas du tout !*

H, what can ail that maiden fair that she should rise at dawn, While yet the mist is on the hills, the dew is on the lawn? The lark's on high—the morning sky, suffused with saffron light, Is decking with a golden fringe the flying skirts of night.

She rises from her downy couch, and dons her robes with care, And in a knot with ribbons binds her wealth of nut-brown hair; Then down the house steals silently as fleeting shadows pass, And flings the tall French windows wide, and steps upon the grass.

She glides across the dewy lawn, that maiden young and fair: Her cheeks are kissed to ruddy flush by morning's eager air, And bright the morning's jewels gleam upon her dress's hem, The tiny twinkling diamonds from morning's diadem.

The roses glow to tempt her hand;—the stately lilies bend To do the maiden reverence;—the lowly violets send Their richest incense forth for her;—the passion-flowers seek To touch with trails of bud and bloom her soft and blushing cheek.

She passes all the roses by ;—she lets the lilies stand ;— She does not heed the violets that sigh to touch her hand ;— The passion-flower on the porch she leaves, scarce pausing there To free the daring tendril-twine that's tangled in her hair.

The odours of the violet—the glories of the rose— The passion-flower's mysteries—she heeds nor these nor those: By all the garden-beauties, in their pride of early dawn, She passes—stooping down to pick a daisy from the lawn.

One tiny daisy, crimson-lipped, and wet with pearly dew, To be a maiden's oracle, and tell if love be true! She hides it next her beating heart; then, like a frightened fawn, With hasty steps she hurries back, and, blushing, quits the lawn.

She pauses by the cabinet within the ancient hall,
And one by one with trembling hand she strips the petals small,
And ever low she whispers as she lets the leaflets fall—
'My lover loves me—little—deeply—madly—not at all—
My lover loves me—little—deeply—madly—not at all!'



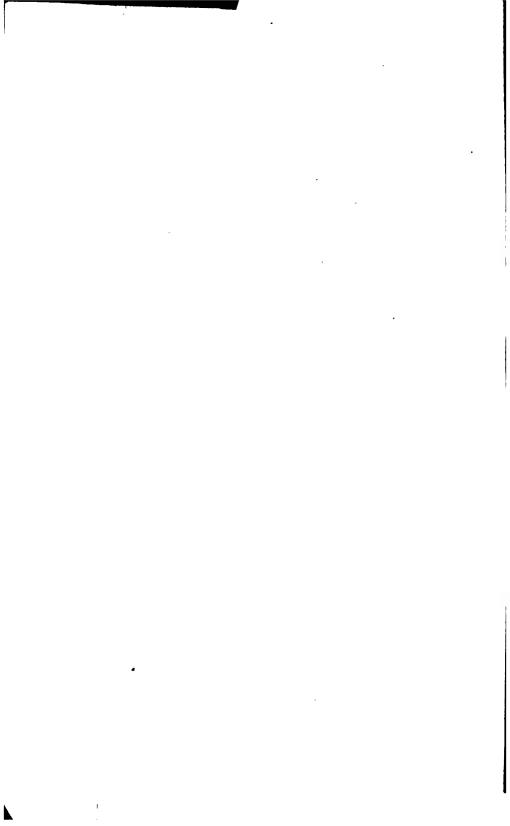
THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

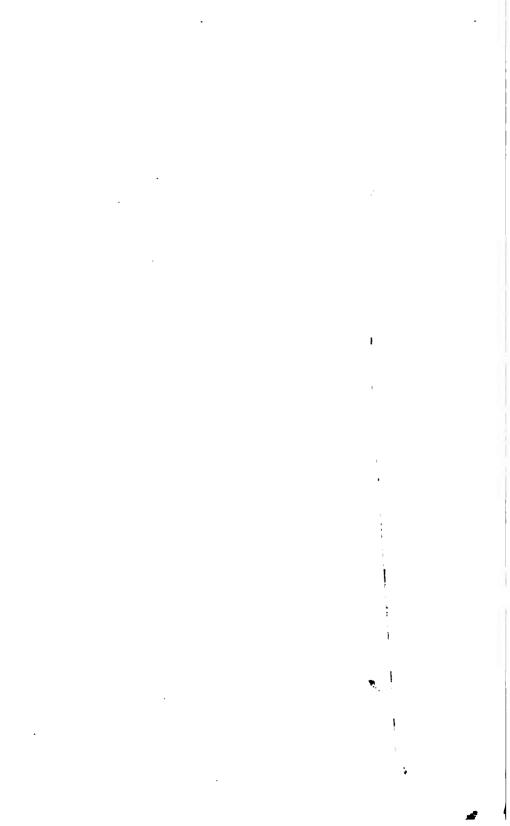
Dear love, can you forget?
Looking back to the years of gladness,
Dear love, do you regret?
Will you lay your hand in mine, and bless
The day when first we met?

You know, Dear, how I came to town With wide arms ready for renown, And brain a-buzz with pride; Thinking to sound a glorious lyre, And strike the chords to a psalm of fire, To echo far and wide: How I found but a bard of bone was left. A rhyming skeleton, stuffed with theft; That the winged steed was nowhere seen; That the cart-horse puddled Hippocrene; That verse was clogged with a boot grotesque, Of a tyrannous pattern, and called Burlesque; And that I, who could neither beg, borrow, or steal, But only speak out the thing I feel,-I, who could make no Muse of a drab. Or put my Pegasus into a cab, To advertise a coat, Must learn to sing in the public key, Or learn to die of misery,-A Poet—for need of a note.

You know how I turned into Drury Lane,
So poor—so poor that I was fain
To sell a college prize:—
You know it; it hangs there on the wall
Bought back after my 'Decline and Fall,'
In memory of my rise;—
You know how I watched the swimming pane,
Came, and went, and came again,
Entering not for shame;
Till, last, the shopman seeing me look,
Brought me in, and bought the book
For the shilling or two that I sadly took,
Tearing out the name.

And I stood in the dusky doorway
Sick with the shame of sale;
And I poised the little pieces,
Thinking when these should fail;
Grimly thinking of desperate men
In pictures I had seen;
Thinking, too, of the penniless Pen;
Of Otway, Marlowe, Greene;
Well-nigh doubting my power to sing;
Well-nigh doubting my power to sing;
Well-nigh doubting of everything,
Save my right to be poor,—
When I looked and saw your pitying face—
A moment, perhaps, was all the space—
Framed in a carriage door.







The state of the Companies of



You have not yet lost so much of grace But I see the picture now:
The eyes half hid by the fringèd lid,
The high, unfurrowed brow;
The flying flush upon the cheek,
The little hand, the silver band
Twined in the tresses sleek;
The lonely lock, that seemed to float
Its soft luxurious curl;
The velvet circle at the throat
With trembling tears of pearl;
And round the shoulders, folded loose,
The gold-black, glorious burnouse.

But, most of all, the gentle eye,
That looked me through and through,
And on me, sick for sympathy,
Fell like a kindly dew:
I heard your voice as the carriage past,
My riotous heart beat wild and fast;
The dead dreams trooped to my weary brain
Like ghosts that rise from a battle plain
To make the slayer rue:
What words were these, that I rashly said,
Of a wasted life, and a fortune fled?
I would hope once more—for you,

All night I dreamed of moonlit skies:
Your face looked at me out of the moon,
Your voice rang out in the spheral tune,
And all the stars were your eyes.
And I rose, long—long ere the morn was gray,
And I took the sound of your voice for the note,
And in the light of your eyes I wrote—
Wrote to the dawn of day.

You know the rest. The tide had turned. When next we met, my place was earned: The flickering lights of praise Around my favoured song had burned; My brow had felt the bays; But never, I think, could fame or purse So fill my soul with glee, As to hear that you had read the verse, And not forgotten me.

I kiss your hands, my Darling!
Who bent your lot to mine;
Both wife and muse, my Darling!
A double duty thine.
I thank you for the tranquil stream
That bears my life along;
I thank you for my happy theme,
True love—the blood of song.

Looking back to the days of sadness,
Wife-muse, can you forget?
Looking back to the years of gladness,
Wife-muse, do you regret?
Will you lay your hand in mine, and bless
The day when first we met?

THE DIFFICULT CIRCUMSTANCES OF CAPTAIN MANNERING.

By the Author of 'Ruth Baynard's Story,' 'The Romance of Cleaveside,' &c. &c.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART II.

WHAT WAS PROMISED.

I PROMISED myself that I would not live through another such six daylight hours. I promised myself a full explanation with Lucy. Mrs. Marmaduke's good-night' had made some speedy action on my part imperative; and, offensive or defensive, I would go into opposition without doubt on the coming morning.

I rose early, wishing for a quiet half-hour of thought, in order to perfect my plans of proceeding, in the open air, before breakfast.

I got into the shrubbery, and then I saw, among the evergreens, a charming little figure in a brilliant red cloak. I gave chase and soon got up side by side with Lucy Lorimer.

'How do you do, Miss Lorimer?' I said. 'The top of the morning to your honour,' she answered, with the prettiest affectation of the Irish accent imaginable. 'I am glad to meet you, I went on; 'we have just half an hour for talk before breakfast.' 'And what have you to say?' she asked, looking up with a seriousness that might have bewitched me but for the recollection of my last night's interview with Mrs. Marmaduke Smith. 'I have to say that I am aware of the flattering project, as far as I am concerned, for a marriage between you and me.' I quite gasped when I had got this statement bravely 'And who told you?' said made.

There was something so provokingly comic in her manner, her coolness, and, indeed, in the whole situation, that I could hardly believe in the facts that surrounded me. But I kept up my courage, and replied, 'Your aunt, Mrs. Mar-

maduke Smith, has told me of these expectations. But, Miss Lorimer, I am in difficult circumstances. Your aunt takes it all for granted, and last night, called me an adopted son, and—' 'Well?' She turned her face towards me now with a look of serious interest. I went on courageously. 'And—and kissed me,' I said.

The change that came to her beautiful face was so great, so sudden, so gay, and so irresistible, in its intense amusement, that when she laughed, which she did with soft-sounding little cries of all-conquering mirth, I laughed too, leaning against the trunk of a huge laurel, and only stopping to entreat her, spasmodically, to listen to me and hear all I had to say on a really serious subject.

'Not now, not now,' she gasped; 'I shall die of it if you go on. Oh! she is so in love with you, and we only got here yesterday at four o'clock in the afternoon! Oh, oh! If I did not want—want—' and once more she hid her face and became convulsed with laughter.

'You must hear me, if you please,' I said, getting in my real earnestness sufficiently grave to continue the subject.

"Oh! but I know all that you want to say," she cried, looking at me eagerly; 'and you must indeed be good and obedient. After all, it will not be much to bear. Do be merciful to me, Captain Mannering! I have vowed a great vow to make you——' She stopped, got very pink, and fixed her quiet, clear, tearful, inquiring eyes upon my face, as if she would ask how far she might go, and how much I might be able to bear and to for-

give. I felt strangely moved. With a steady voice and manner I repeated her words. 'You have vowed a vow to make me—what, Miss Lorimer?' She hung her head, she came a little closer to my side, she spoke quite clearly, very quietly, and with great, even tender earnestness—'To make you run away with me, Captain Mannering.' And then I started, giving a genuine jump of pure surprise. But the gentle little beauty held to her statement. 'Yes, do; for mercy's sake; don't say no! I have promised and vowed—oh, a hundred things; and I see no way out of my troubles except by your running away with me.'

She clasped her pretty hands, she looked up in my face as no woman had ever looked before. 'Do, do—pray do! I have vowed to make you. I shall never be married unless you do.' And all this was said softly, with an earnestness of pleading, with a seriousness of entreaty that staggered me. Then, with a piteous sort of cry, once more, 'I shall never be married unless you do!' 'Good gracious!' I exclaimed. 'Oh yes! and we could be off on Tuesday morning very well. 'Why,'

said I, 'this is Saturday!'

'I have thought of nothing else ever since you found me with the big book yesterday afternoon in the drawing-room. I took such comfort from your face and manner. I did, indeed: for heaven's sake believe me. It can't come off before Tuesday; but if we started by the eight o'clock train on Tuesday morning, we should get to London before eleven, and we could go straight from the station to the church——' She would have said more, but I put my hand on her arm and stopped her.

There we stood together under the great shadowing evergreen, and her sweet face wore such a look of almost incredible earnestness, that I suddenly knew she meant every word that she said. There was that in her beautiful countenance which no acting could have produced, even if acting could have been possible in such a matter; and there was that also in her whole bearing, and in her character, as far

as I had learnt it, which made the idea of a practical joke of so great magnitude perfectly impossible. But I was puzzled paat all conception. I did not know into what kind of world I had got, or in the midst of what war of feeling I was expected to take part. I only felt sure of one thing, and that was that Lucy was sincere—that she actually meant what she said.

Some great distress had brought this beautiful young woman into the desperate circumstances in which she now stood; some enormous pressure of trouble must have reduced her to the last despair of casting herself thus upon my mercy. I felt for her very much, and my feelings were none the less genuine for the laugh having only just died away from our lips.

I spoke gravely. 'You know,' I

said, if you are serious.'
I am, I am serious. Believe that, I entreat you; and trust me,

trust me for the rest.' 'If you are serious,' I went on, 'you are asking me to do what should be abhorred by all honourable men. Your aunt is willing that I should marry you. 'Oh, thanks be! I felt you were just the man she would fall in love with, and I blessed my stars when first I saw you.' 'Well, such being the case,' I went on, in my business-like manner, 'however much we loved each other, there would be no excuse for our running away. 'There is in this instance,' she said, steadily-indeed, with quite a matter-of-fact manner; 'there is in this instance, for I have vowed not to go to church like other girls, and be bride's-maided and breakfasted; I told her so, told Mrs. Marmaduke, I mean, long ago; and one of her great troubles is, that she cannot tell how I am to be married, because she knows I will not break my word. We have had more than one savage fall out on the matter; not whom I am to marry, but how I am to marry, is the great mystery to her; now just promise me—promise me, I say—run away with me on Tuesday morning. I will write her a letter, and make her mind easy, and I can telegraph from London as soon as we come out of charch.'

I looked at her. I could not make her out. 'You cannot love me.' I said.

'Quite as much as you love me,' she answered, very quickly.

'And there are money matters

to arrange.'

'No; none. I shall make all that quite easy and honourable. Marmaduke makes no objection to you, and one written word from her makes all my fortune at once my own. Indeed, in eight months, it would be my own.

'Then wait, Lucy; marry no one till you are your own mistress.

There was a garden bench close by, and when I said this, she turned away, and sat down, burying her face in her ungloved hands; and I saw the tears forcing their way through her fingers, while she shook with the emotion that she could not conquer. I sat down by

'You know I am right,' I said, very gently. 'You know I should not act respectably if I did not

advise you to wait.

She put one white little hand into mine, and yet she kept her head turned away as if she was asnamed of having shown herself so thoroughly overcome; but, in a moment, she returned to the attack.

'Wait!' she cried; 'wait eight You know I could not. months! I should go out of my senses. should break my heart. I should run away by myself.' And at this idea, she gave a pretty little laugh through her tears, and I felt that Lucy Lorimer was undoubtedly a dangerously fascinating creature.

'You are really unhappy,' I said. She looked at me steadily. She was quite composed and quiet now. She said, 'So unhappy, so incurably miserable, that I see no other way out of grief enough to make me indifferent to life than that you should lay aside all scruples, knowing that you are approved of by my aunt, and run away with me.

I said, 'I will marry you next Tuesday at the parish church. will run away with you so far. will do it without any one's knowledge. I will do it, and thank you. and serve you, and love you, my little Lucy; and make you fall in love with me after marriage if you do not before. Will that do?

When I said this I felt all the seriousness of so giving my life into the keeping of such an incomprehensible person as the little beauty by my side; but I had suddenly felt vanquished, and I had determined to run the risk and abide by the consequences; so when I said, 'Will that do?' I really felt the greatest anxiety as to her answer, and I gazed into her listening face

with all a lover's eagerness.

'But I am vowed to be married in London,' she said, drearily; and then she burst forth with such an appealing tone in her voice-- 'Oh, Captain Mannering! if you have trusted me thus far, could not you take one step more in the same direction, and trust me yet a little farther? I tell you I must get out of the life I am leading now. I can no longer endure a state of torture at which you cannot guess. I assure you that nothing would induce me to act in this way if I had not faith in your honour. It is much more for me to do than for you. There are hundreds of men who would like the thing if only done for a freak.

'Perhaps. But I am not one of

that sort.

'No. And therefore I ask this great, and very extraordinary favour of you; therefore I cast myself on your honour, and make sure oh! Captain Mannering, surely I may make sure of your help.

'But there is no occasion for all this romance,' I said. 'I am willing to marry you.' I could not help observing one flash, as if of amusement, pass across her face, so I said -'Yes; I see you are laughing. I am quite sure that with all your attractions—' 'Five-and-forty thousand, she said, as grave as a judge. 'No, Lucy,' and I laughed now. 'I was really not thinking of money. You are 'Oh yes,' she interrupted, 'I know all that-"very pretty, and that sort of thing-

'Woll, I must say that you might

well laugh at any man hesitating, and refusing you on your own

terms, but——'

'Don't say it,' she cried. 'I could not bear you to refuse. I have looked on this as emancipation from a burden of grief very hard to bear; and I must have your answer to-day—oh, I must, I must!' And there was a wail in her voice that seemed to wound me. I felt for her very much; yet I said, 'I cannot do as you wish. I cannot, Lucy. I think it would be wrong.'

'I give you my word most solemnly that I would not ask you to do anything that had even the

shadow of wrong upon it.'

'Why do you refuse to be taken to that parish church and married as a gentlewoman should be?'

'I have told you,' she said.

Then why must you be married only in London, and on Tuesday next, and on no other day?

'I did not say on no other day. It might be on another day. That is the earliest day; and if you could only guess what I suffer you would not wonder at my fixing on the earliest possible day as the best.'

earliest possible day as the best.'
'I only ask to do it openly. To
go to my friends and yours, and take

you in a proper way.'

By which means we should never arrive at any marriage at all.' And then once more the tears swelled up and filled those beautiful eyes and flowed in large drops slowly down the face, that seemed to grow haggard with the pain that

the girl suffered.

Now, as I looked at her, I felt the fascination of her beauty very powerfully. I am not going to say that I felt in love with a girl I had only seen but for a very few hours of my life, but I will say that I felt a strange inclination—a sort of temp-Of course I tation to trust her. admired her. Five minutes had been a sufficient period for the accom-plishment of that result. But now I believed in her. I suddenly recollected that Mrs. Marmaduke Smith was surely odd enough to have made any unheard-of coil in her life, and unreasonable enough to expect any impossible results from her own mistaken arrangements. I

was tempted strongly to trust Lucy, just as she was asking me to trust her, for a few short days, wholly without questions, and in blind obedience. Surely there was so much of the angel about her that I could not be led into wrong! There followed some few moments of perplexity that look as long as hours, as I glance back upon them, now that my troubles have long been over; and in those moments I debated—Shall I?—dare I?—suppose I do? Ah! suppose it done! The supposition brought me back to facts.

I said, 'There is a mystery,

Lucy?

'Yes. But nothing to hurt you.' Then, without thinking, on impulse, I said, 'Do you ever hear anything of Charlie Moore?' She turned as white as the lily flowers that were blooming by our side. But she answered with a steady voice—perfectly steady; and with a face turned to me honestly, with sincere eyes, looking at me quietly and unabashed; 'Captain Mannering,' she said, 'I think I ought not to talk of Charlie Moore to you.'

I watched her countenance; I gazed into her face; I said to myself, 'She is as good as gold, I am sure.' 'Yet,' I said, 'you expect me to stand by a woman at the altar of whom all I know is, that there was a love-story in the past, and that in the present there is a mystery.'

'I will never let any man stand by me to make me his wife, whose knowledge of my past is not as perfect as he can wish it to be—who does not know of the present that it is good, and that it can bear the sunshine like a crystal, clear, and

without a flaw.'

A more perfect picture of sincerity can scarcely be imagined than Lucy's face presented at that moment. I could not help believing in her.

'And if I do as you ask me to do, am I to take that declaration as

part of our bargain?'

'Undoubtedly. 1 will promise you that before we enter the church you shall have no question left to ask—all shall be answered to you.'

As we had said these things to each other we had spoken face to face, each watching the other's countenance, each, as I felt, reading the other's thoughts, and calculating the other's sincerity with no little eagerness. Nothing could exceed the perfect guilelessness with which Lucy looked at me. Her untrembling words were all unstudied truth. I was sure of it.

'I shall know everything?' Everything.' 'All I like to ask?' 'All you will have a right to ask.' 'Very well,' I said, smiling at her correction of my mode of expressing myself—'and if I then run away?

By a great effort she seemed to banish the disturbance of countenance that my words occasioned, and then she answered quickly— 'You may go. I will let you go. I will never blame or reproach you. I will never do other than remember in my heart that you trusted metrusted me, till you heard the whole -till you heard that which I cannot tell you here.' She looked with a touching sort of tender weariness into my face, as if she were really suffering the sickness of hope deferred; but I would not be seduced from my determination to make her see the disagreeable possibilities she was so causelessly inviting; so I went on. 'If, when I have heard all, I turn away from you, what shall you do in London, deserted?' ' I need not think of that which will never happen. The man to whom I shall tell all'—and she looked with a moment's pretty daring into my face
—' will marry me.' And so saying, she stole her little hand into mine, and I held it captive, knowing then in my heart that I must give her her own way.

Then we heard a bell ring. 'That means that breakfast is ready,' I

'Let us go in.'

'I think,' said Lucy, trembling and turning pale, 'that I cannot undergo another trial. Tell me, really, you would not torture me if you knew all—tell me; you will take me away early, secretly, on Tuesday morning. Promise me. I cannot bear a heavier burden than I bear already. Won't you give me one word to rest my tired soul upon? I have made you promises -make me one. Say, will you yield

to me in this one thing? Lafe may be long. I shall never ask another such favour of you-never, never!'

'Yes; life is long, as you say. How can I dare?' 'You may, you may; you will never repent. Never, never.' She looked at me with a face of such tender pleading; I felt infatuated. I said, 'I will go—I will go to London on Tuesday. If you are at the station and choose to go in the same carriage, I can't help it.'

'That is scarcely enough,' said. 'You must go on to the end.' Again there came over me a sort of temptation to let her do with me just as she pleased. 'What more can I do, with honour?' I asked.

'You must promise never to desert me: just before the hour for the marriage you will know all—then. if there is anything of which you disapprove, you shall leave me if

you please.

'But the plan is so wild.'

'No. I have a friend in London, my old governess, Mrs. Brotherton. She is an excellent woman. will meet us at Paddington. But I must write to her to-day.

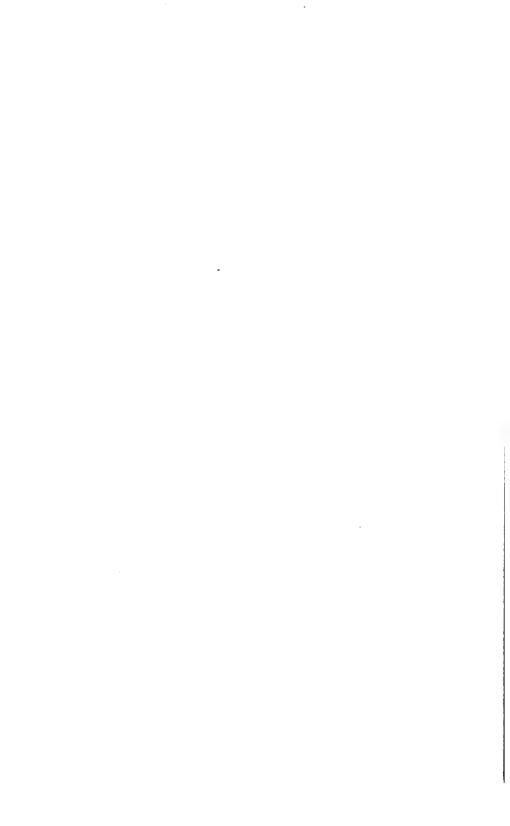
Our eyes met. I was vanquished. 'Write,' I said. 'I will be your slave till-

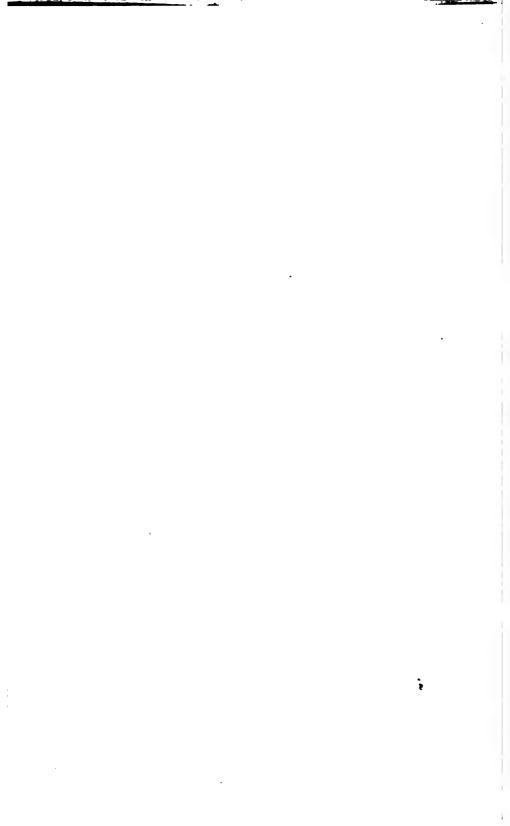
'Till, "wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife!" Is that the term of your bondage? Ah! I think it ceases a few minutes before that. But we will not be particular for a moment; now-remember, perfect secrecy.

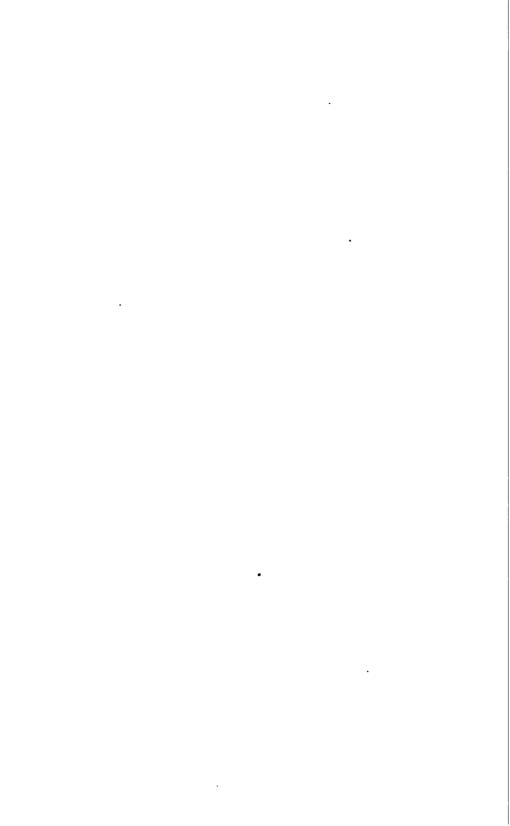
I repeated the words—'Perfect secrecy.' I kissed her pretty hand, and was bold enough to ask if I was 'No! let to be allowed no more. there be no secrets to keep,' she said, shrinking back. I liked her for her pretty prudence, and felt very true to her in my heart, though rather in disgrace with my judgment.

Pretty Lucy Lorimer walked gravely into the house. She left her red cloak in the hall, and we proceeded to the breakfast-room, and found my mother and sister, and Mrs. Marmaduke already at the

'We never wait for lovers.' said the lady. 'They never think of any one but themselves; and---'. No-







body knows what more she would have said. Lucy wisely stopped her with a kiss; and such a smile of triumph did Mrs. Marmaduke then cast in a circular fashion all round the table that we all laughed aloud. Then my dear mother said, 'I beg your pardon, Alfred!' at which Julia cried, 'Oh, mamma!' and upset the sugar basin. 'Ah, Miss Mannering, your time will come,' said Mrs. Marmaduke. 'Lucy, my dear, Lizzie says her face-ache is just as bad as ever; at which Lucy laughed, and helped Julia with the scattered sugar, and said with the most enchanting effrontery, 'Oh, Alfred! I wish you would finish and go. I am so ashamed of myself, I can't speak!

The words rang in my ears, 'Oh, Alfred!' Very few women had ever called me by my name-no woman in such a way, and with such a voice. and smile. It told everything, as it was intended it should do. I got over the feeling as well as I could. I laughed, and talked nonsense. answered my mother's tender glances with significant nods; I looked bravely at Julia till she was quite out of countenance. I put my hand confidingly into Mrs. Marmaduke's fair palm as she stretched it forth in recognition of my position across the table, and I rose up from that memorable breakfast an engaged man. Just as I left the room, I heard my mother say to Lucy-'And is it so, my dear one?' and I saw Lucy drop her face on that kind mother's shoulder, and burst into sudden tears. I walked away, not moody, but overpowered by a strange seriousness. What had happened? what was going to happen? I was sporting on the brink of a volcano I knew; but what the result of the coming explosion was to be I did not know. Only Lucy knew, little beautiful dazzling butterfly—she knew; and I would stand by her to the last, anyhow, and anywhere. Yet I felt a good deal like the hero of a fairy tale; like that Prince, for instance, whose perplexity when he was told to cut off his beloved white cat's head must have nearly equalled my own. But I had promised Lucy to run away with her, and to that promise, whatever threatened and whatever came, I intended to be faithful. So I left the ladies together, and wandered away. It was a wonderful day. I felt, as it were, swept up and carried away in a flitting storm of women's sighedforth happy hopes, and pelted with blessings which came to me through prophetic smiles, like summer showers when the sun is shining. and the rainbows come and go in the sky. There was a new atmosphere in the house, and it was all got up in honour of Lucy and me. My mother came fluttering-'Oh, my dear boy!' 'Not yet, mother; not yet.' And I got off laughing, and looking shy and more awkward than if I could have said that all her good thoughts were true. Julia had to be threatened with my eternal adherence to the single state, to make her silent; and to Mrs. Marmaduke I had to say boldly that I did not know whether Lucy and I quite understood each other yet.

I got away till luncheon time, hiding myself in the woods; retreating, as well as the limited area of our property allowed, from the haunts of men. But at luncheon I found my sister, Kate Thornhill, and she had brought a note from Lady Burton, my eldest sister.

'Here, read this from Mary,' said Kate; 'and I really think her the loveliest little creature—how lucky you are! Why, Alfred! how oddly

you look!'

'My dear Kate,' I said, with condescending gravity, 'what are you

talking about?

'Oh, so like a man! How provoking! And I have driven over seven miles to tell you how glad I am; and so lucky that Mary is with me. You don't deserve to be so happy as long as you have that indescribable perplexed look on your face. Is it so very difficult to believe that you are going to be married?

'Very, Kate: but I will write Mary a note and tell her everything; and then you can read the note together when you get home.'

'Do; there's a darling!' said Kate; and she went off with a pretty scolding look on her face, and left

me not knowing which way to turn, or what to do, like a man lost in a mist. But I wrote these words to Lady Burton-

'DEAREST MARY,

'Thank you. But, please, just at present do not believe anything you hear, and only half you see, in relation to the present and future of your affectionate brother.

It was a real relief to me when I put Kate into her carriage, and waved my hand to her in a parting As the day went on the perplexities increased and the difficulties grew greater. I felt my changed position in a hundred different ways. Old Laurence was so awfully respectful; the young girl who waited on Julia tittered aloud in the passage, and hid herself behind a door; the housemaid made a solemn curtsey, between the disadvantages of two great cans of hot water, when I met her in the passage when the dressing-bell rang. I heard old Slade bless me solemnly out of the half-closed store-room door; and on the dressing-table was a little bouquet of flowers sent me by the sentimental old gardener, all twisted up with shamrock sprays. If I had not been blessed with very high animal spirits; if I had not made a clear conscience by doing all I could to dissuade Lucy that morning-I must have succumbed under the pressure of circumstances, turned coward, literally run away, and given up the little lady who had so bewitched me to her fate. What that fate would then be, or even what at that moment her life was, I did not know, and I could not guess. But I had a general impression that now, not to play the play out would be a sort of giving up of Lucy to the lions; and so I stuck the shamrock, all entwined about an English rose, into my coat, and went down stairs, dimly feeling that old Peter Griffith, the Welsh gardener, had put some proper speech in the language of flowers at my service, and that my buttonhole was the mouth that uttered it.

A sort of desperation had come upon me; a desperation of a playful,

wilful, never-care-about-anything kind. Let people believe what they liked to believe, it was no concern of mine. I should go to London, and I should have one of the loveliest girls in the world with me. And then? Then-how should I know? It was the lady's contrivance from first to last; I was no more than her most obedient slave. And so all life, for the time, became like a scene in a play, and I took the part assigned to me, never

thinking of consequences.

I thought Mrs. Marmaduke rather silent at dinner; my mother was nervous, and Julia shy. Lucy and I did the dinner-table conversation with ease, and with such success as to make the others talk before long. I flung a leaf of my shamrock to Mrs. Marmaduke, and asked her to observe how perfectly the true Irish sort flourished when transplanted to our English home; and this started her on a long rambling declaration of how she had done her best by the shamrock that I prized so highly; but that it had grown but wild, and become a thought too unruly. 'But I was never her mother, said Mrs. Marmaduke, 'and I have done my best.

In the evening Lucy sang. chose the drollest songs that she could think of, requiring the distinct articulation of torrents of ridiculous words; and we all laughed wildly except Mrs. Marmaduke. She put out her large, soft, white hand once, and laid it on my arm. There was a very uncertain look in her generally saucy eyes: fear and pleading were contending there; and she whispered as she rose to

leave the room-

'Heaven bless you!—but surely you'll always know that I did my best.

I made her a fine speech, and laid my hand on my heart; yet she turned away gravely, and left me wondering at the change.

The next day was Sunday. As we went to church I felt that every villager gazed at me as though he knew the truth: if so, he felt wiser than I did. As we took our places in our family pew, I knew that Lucy and I were the observed of all observers. The prayers seemed to me to have new and personal meanings; and the psalms and lessons seemed to have special reference to my difficult circumstances. I felt as if I were losing my identity, and becoming somebody else, by the force of being drifted out of my own life, and into Lucy's.

We got home again.

'Alfred, my dear boy,' said my mother, with her loving voice in a tremble, 'it would be so much pleasanter if you would speak to me about it.'

'When I have anything to say, I will say it.'

'I suppose I must be contented with that?'

There was a tender touch of reproach in her voice, with which I was anything but pleased.

'It's not my fault!' I exclaimed. Then I kissed her and got away.

I met Lacy—

'My dear girl,' I began in a hurry,
'I can't go through much more of
this!—there, don't be frightened;'
seeing her turn deadly pale; 'I
am not going to run from my word;
only from this house for a little
time. I am going to my friend
Jerrard. I shall be back again tomorrow afternoon. You must tell
them of it. I am going to get off
quietly.'

'Oh, if you could see Mrs. Marmaduke!—just for one moment; just to say good-bye!—she is in the

breakfast-room!

'Very well.' I was feeling des-

perate.

'And, oh, Captain Mannering! if you could—if you would—' The paleness was gone now, and Lucy, with her arm in mine, was leading me in Mrs. Marmaduke's direction. 'If you could only—oh, if you could—'

Her pretty eyes were praying out of their lowest depths of persuasion

up into my face.

'My dear, I'll do anything,' I said. 'In for a penny, in for a pound. I'll do anything between this and Tuesday morning, when we are to do in haste what I hope we may never repent of at leisure.'

She stood still in the hall.

'Please don't talk wildly; don't

frighten me. Trust me!—trust me!
—you will never repent. It shall
be my work to make you rejoice all
your life for having trusted me
now.'

She spoke in a sweet, soit, distinct whisper; it was enough to have melted most people's hearts; but I felt vexed and cruelly hard.

'Every man is a fool who blindly allows himself to be victimized by

a mystery.

'No; not in this case. I am that mystery. You are in no danger of being victimized by me. But, for the love of all goodness, don't frighten me. If I were to think you would fail me, I should lose life or senses; indeed I should.'

Her face was again of a deadly paleness, and her lips trembled as

she spoke.

'You are in no danger, poor silly child; you are in good hands; thank heaven for that! And now, what am I to do about Mrs. Marmaduke?—be quick, and be serious: I want to go.'

There we stood in the hall; and the door of the room where the lady waited was half open and just

before us.

'If you could---'Could what?'

Lucy dropped her voice to the lowest whisper; her whole face became as red as a rosebud, and she said—

'It is so necessary that she should go on admiring you!—If you could——'

'Well?'

' Kiss her.'

I made no answer. I left the girl where we had been standing; I walked recklessly into the room, and up to the personage who was to be thus conciliated. I said I should be away till the next day, and I kissed her with, I hope, sufficient effusion. She took it quite naturally—indeed, very henestly and tenderly.

'You must be kind to her: she won't give you any trouble. Perhaps the trouble that has been mine was partly of my own making. But I know all; and she has promised me

to tell you also.'

And then she gave me a very

homely, motherly sort of hug, from which I was rather pleased to feel (as I had got so deeply into my difficulties) that I had no extraordinary shrinkings. I hurried away. I only kissed my hand to Lucy in the hall, who stood there still, and pale like a statue, and I was soon mounting my horse at the stable-door, to get a few hours' respite from the pressure of my perplexities in the house of my friend, Ismass Jerrard

James Jerrard. But here in this veracious history I must honestly confess that I did not enjoy my usual immunity from suffering in my friend's house. James Jerrard and I had been schoolfellows; he was four years older than I was, and he had married a pretty woman to everybody's satisfaction. But this time, my eyes having been contemplating the fairy proportions and brilliant graces of Lucy Lorimer, I did not feel that Mrs. Jerrard was in any way fascinating, and my friend himself had grown dull, not to say selfish and egotistical, and the children were troublesome, noisy, and for ever in the way. I got through the evening thinking of Lucy, and with Mrs. Marmaduke's parting words 'I know all' ringing in my ears. All through the night in endless inquirings I asked what there was to know, and was handed over to every conceivable absurdity for an answer. I rose up, fiercely longing for the day to be over, that the next day, with its perils and dangers, its events and its mystery, might be entered on and lived through. I bore the indescribable irritation of the morning with all the courage 1 could summon to the occasion, and then pretended to have business at a place ten miles off, in order to get away at an early hour, and spend as much of the day as I could in open-air musings on what the next twenty-four hours would bring. I got home in time for dinner. I gave orders to get my dog-cart ready to take me to the train that went from the station about half-past seven in the morning; I announced my intention at dinner; I said that the groom was to be at the station to meet the mail-train at night; if I

did not return by that train he was to bring the carriage home, and leave me to get back as I could the next day. When I said this I looked at Lucy, and her eyes dilated with a wondering expression, as if she were considering if that would do. She seemed to satisfy herself after a moment, and went on with her dinner without speaking.

In the evening my mother asked for music, and she said to me, 'Lizzie Smith also sings very well; she was better last night and came

down.'

I said I wished to see Miss Smith and make her acquaintance.

'She is not equal to a second evening with us,' said my mother; 'you must wait for that pleasure

till after your return.'

Again I caught Lucy's eye, and I was not mistaken in believing that she could scarcely disguise her mirth. I looked towards Mrs. Marmaduke; she was strangely grave. Incv sat down and sang. Then, before we parted, she sang 'Angels ever bright and fair' quite magnificently. Mrs. Marmaduke, who certainly had music in her soul, stood up during the latter part of the performance, and made no secret of the tears in her eyes. 'Take, oh take me to your care,' sang Lucy, and Mrs. Marmaduke said 'Amen It startled us, though we all smiled. Then we bade 'good-night' as usual; but I had in my heart a thought that vexed me. We men of the house of Mannering had never given trouble to our loving. simple-hearted mother, and I knew she would be in terror and grief when the morrow showed that Lucy and I were gone. So I went into my sister's little sitting-room and waited there till she came. When we were together I said 'Julia. I want to see Lucy here alone. Go and tell her to come, and you stay with my mother for ten minutes, while we talk together.' She speedily arranged the matter, for in little more than a minute Lucy walked She began to speak instantly.

'I am going to the train with Simpson, in a carriage that will come for me from the station. Then I shall send Simpson back. It is all to look like a sudden freak of mine to see my dressmaker; I am going to Mrs. Brotherton; no one will be alarmed; they will only laugh at my sending back Simpson; they will suspect nothing.'

I looked at her very gravely. Think one moment, Lucy, just for the last time. If you only want to get away, would not Simpson do— do instead of me?

'Instead of you? Oh, don't, don't fail me!' and she sank on her knees and burst into a passion of tears. 'I am not going to fail you; I have promised you.' Then I raised her up, and walked with her to the door. She gave one bright glance at me through her tears, and darted away without another word.

I saw no more of her till the next morning at the railway station.

There she was, and Simpson put her into the carriage where I was already seated. Then the door was shut, and the girl kissed her hand to the old maid-servant, and we

'There!' I cried. 'Have I run away with you or you with me?' But Lucy never spoke. All the merriment of her manner to her maid was gone. She sat there with me, with wide-open, half-afraid looking eyes, not able to utter a word. On, on, and away, and away; by an express train we were going fast to our destiny, whatever it might be, and I dared not talk to the timid, scared-looking creature, whose breath came quick, and whose anxious face was pleading with me for gentle judgment with an eloquence far beyond the power of words.

HOW I WON MY HANDICAP.

TOLD BY THE WINNER.

IT was a foot-racing handicap, run just after Christmas at Sheffield, and how I came to win happened in this wise. At eighteen I found myself still living, say at Stocktonon-Tees, on the borders of Yorkshire, the town of my birth. My trade was that of a wood-turner. and with but half my time served. 'Old Tubby' found me an unwilling apprentice, who had not the least inclination for work. Stockton, though only a little place, is noted for sporting and games of all sorts-but particularly for cricket. I played, of course, but they didn't 'reckon' much of me, except for fielding. 'Sikey,' who was a moulder, and I, kept ferrets and dogs, too, and on Sundays we used to go up the 'Tees side' after rabbits, or rats, or anything we could get. Sometime we stripped and had a 'duck,' and then we ran on the bank bare-I could give him half a score yards start in a field's length, and win easily; but often I didn't try to get up till close upon the hedge we had agreed should be the winningpost. My father had been coach-

man to a sporting gent who kept race-horses, and the old man used to talk for everlasting about the When first Sikey 'Chifney rush.' and I ran I tried to beat him, so he made me give a start. Then I thought of the 'cute old jockey, and I used to try and get up and win in the last yard or so.

One day, Locker, who had formerly kept a running-ground at Staleybridge, met me and asked if I'd go out with him next Saturday and have a spin. I told him I 'didn't mind,' so we went up the turnpike till a straight level bit was found, and he stepped 100 yards, leaving me at the start, saying, 'Come away as hard as thou can, whenever thou art ready.' He had his hands in his top coat pocket all the while, and when I finished, we walked on a bit, neither speaking for a quarter of a mile further, when he looked at his watch and said it was 'getting dinner-time.' after he looked again, and then 'took stock o' me from head to foot,' and as we passed the ground I had run over, he asked, 'Can'st run another

hundred?' I told him I could: but this time he pulled off his own coat and said, 'We'll go together.' He was quickest off, but I could have passed him any time, just as I used to pass Sikey. When we got nearly to the finish I 'put it on' and just got home first. He seemed pleased, and told me not to say a word to anybody, but come down and meet him again. I didn't know what be was about at all, but I said 'All right,' and next Saturday went to the same place. Locker was there, and two other coves with him, as I hadn't seen before. One was a tall thin 'un he called 'Lanky,' and the other was little and wiry, and rather pockpitted. He said, 'Let's all four run for a "bob" apiece, and you three give me two yards start? But they wouldn't; so he said, I should run the 'long 'un' for a That was soon settled, and crown. just before we started, Locker whispered to me, 'Beat him, lad, if thou can'st; I want him licked, he is such a bragger. We'll share t'crown if thou wins.' The little 'un set us off, and Locker was judge. Well, we got away together, and I headed him in by five yards easy. Locker fairly danced, he was so pleased; and though Lanky grumbled a bit at first to part with his 'crown,' he was soon all right. We went to Locker's to dinner, and talked about 'sprinting,' as they called it, all the afternoon. I told 'em I'd never run at all before except for fun, and they seemed 'fairly staggered.' They asked if I would run a match for 5l. next week, and I told 'em I didn't mind. Locker said I was a 'good'un,' and I might 'win 100%. if I'd nobbut stick tu him.' Well. we agreed that I was to do just as he directed, and receive a sovereign for myself if I won by just a foot, and two pound if I ran a dead heat, letting the 'novice' who was to be my opponent catch me at .the I never 'split' to anybody except Sikey, and he went to see the race. Over a hundred people were there, and off we started. Everybody thought I was winning, but I 'shammed tired,' and he beat me about three inches, the judge said. Locker swore it was a dead heat, and

as he had laid 2 to 1 on me I thought he'd lost a lot of money. As we went home, he said, 'There's 21. for thee, lad, thou did it wonderful well; I shall match thee again next Saturday for 201.: we might as well have it as anybody else.' during the week I was out with him every night, and he said, 'Stick to me, and we'll mak these coves sit up. Thou'rt a thunderin' good un', and we'll gan to Sheffield together in less nor six months if thou can keep thysel to thee 'sel.' course I were pleased, and I bought a new pair of running-shoes with spikes in. He showed me 'Bell's Life' next week, with a challenge in that '"Locker's lad," not satisfied with his late defeat, will take a yard in 100 from the "Stockton novice," for 25l. or 50l. aside. A deposit to the editor, and articles sent to Mr. Locker's running-grounds, Stockton, will meet with immediate attention.' I was quite struck, and said I wondered what 'Old Tubby' would think if he knew. Locker said, 'Go ask him for thy indentures, and if he won't give 'em up, ask him what he'll tak for 'em.' So I did, and if I hadn't been in such a hurry, he'd have thrown 'em at me, and said he was glad to get rid of an idle rascal. As it was, I told him I'd something else to do, and he demanded 31. for my release. Locker gave me the money next day, and I soon put the indentures in the fire; thanking my stars for the escape. After this I lived at Locker's altogether, and in two or three days an answer came from the 'Novice,' to say he'd give 2 yards start in 150. Well, that didn't seem to suit Locker, so he replied, through the paper again, that 'Sooner than not run again, his lad should run the "Novice" roo yards level at Kenham grounds for 25l. a side. To run in three weeks.' Articles came and were signed on these terms. Then he said, 'Thou needn't train at all, though I want thee to win this time by nearly a yard; just stay a bit longer than before, and don't let him quite catch thee. Make a good race of it, but be sure and win.' We often went to the old spot on the turnpike, and once

he took a tape and measured the ground. He had stepped it within a vard and a half. At last he showed me his watch that he had won in a handicap. There was a long hand which jumped four times in a second, and he could start it or stop it by pressing a spring whenever he liked. Then I held it while he ran, and found he was just 11 sec. doing his 100 yards. I tried, and was 'ten and a beat' which he told me was reckoned first-rate time. While I stopped with him I found out all about 'sprints' and 'quarters,' and how long a man ought to be running different distances. asked, too, about the last race; why he could afford to give me 2l. when I lost? He said the two 'fivers' he had bet were with 'pals,' and he lost nothing but my stake. Then he told me about the little man and Lanky, whom I had met with him and run against. The 'long 'un,' he said, was a very good 'trial horse, who could keep his tongue in his head and would 'stand in' if I won anything. The little 'un had been on business in the north, and came round to see him (Locker). It was all chance his being there, but I should see him again, farther south, where he kept a running-ground. Well, the day for our race came at last, and we went to Kenham. I was wrapped in a blanket after we stripped, and a stout man, called Woldham, who stood referee, whispered something to Locker, who replied that I was fit and sure to win. They laid 5 to 4 against me at first, but presently I heard evens offered, and then 22l. to 20l., on me, and that was as far as Locker's friends would go. We had a lot of 'fiddling,' as they called it, at the mark, but presently we jumped away, I with an advantage of about a yard. I had made the gap quite four yards at half the distance, and then 'died away' till near the post, where, as the 'Chronicle' next Monday said, I 'struggled manfully, and took the tape first by half a yard; time, 11 sec.' Hadn't we a jaw as we went back! Locker said I was a 'wonderful clever lad,' and that Woldham had told him I should be 'heard of again.' We both laughed,

and I got 51. for winning. With this I bought a new rig out, and everybody at Stockton that knew me said I was 'ruined for life.' They all wanted to know where the togs came from, however, but I kept that to myself.

It was now September, and Locker said, 'I'll enter thee for a handicap.' So he did, and shortly we went to Kenham again, where, by his directions, I was beat for my heat, with 5 yards start, in 120. About a week later, we had a long talk, and then he said, 'Dost know what I've been doing, lad?' I told him I thought he meant to get me a good start and try if I could win. 'Thou'rt partly right,' he said, 'but I've been running thee 100 yards, and letting thee lose in 't last few strides. This makes 'em think thou can't stay. I know thou'rt as good at 150 as 100, so I shall train thee and run thee at Sheffield this Christmas. If thou can win there, we can earn roool. between us, and if thou can only run into a place, we shall make 50l. or 100l. a piece; but mind, we shall let t'cat out o't bag; thou'll never get on a mark again after trying once.' Presently, Merling and Stemmerson advertised a 40l. handicap at Kenham, and I entered; then came the big Shef-fielder of 80l., and down went my name for that too. I lived very reg'lar all this time, went to bed soon, and practised the distance every day, till Locker said I was a 'level time' man, and if I didn't win it would be a 'fluke.' At last the start appeared: I got in at 7 yards in the 130 at Newcastle, and my mark was 67 in 210 yards at Byde Park. Locker was delighted: 'Thou can win 'em both in a walk, lad,' he said, again and again. Then the betting quotations were sent up week after week, and I was at 100 to 2 long enough at Sheffield. There wasn't much doing on the 130 yards race, so Locker said I might go there on the Saturday and lose my first heat. He didn't lay out a penny any way till we went in to Alf. Wilner's, the 'Punch Bowl,' on Sunday night. Somebody presently asked my price, and, to my surprise, up got the little pockmarked man I had met, and said he was commissioned to take 60 to 1 to 5l., just for a 'fancy' bet. A big Sheffielder opened his book and said he might as well have the 'fiver' as not, and there I was backed to win 300l. already. Locker and I went away to bed about nine o'clock, and next morning in came the little 'un at six to tell us he'd ta'en five fifties more, then five forties, ten thirties, and ten twenties, and I was now in the market at 12 to 1 taken and offered. My heat was the sixth. and there were five starters marked. First came 'old Scratch' of Pendleton, at 59 yards, then Roundtree of Huddersfield at 62, and myself at 67; the other didn't turn up. The pistol was fired and away we went, and, as Locker had started me hundreds of times, so that I could 'get off the mark' well, I don't think I lost any ground. At about half way I could hear somebody on my left, but I daren't look round. Afterwards I found 'Scratch' had tried to 'cut me down,' but it was all no use, and I took away the tape by two yards good. Everybody cheered, for betting on the heat had been 7 to 4 on 'Scratch' and 3 to 2 against me. At the close of the day there were ten runners left in for the final heat, and 'my price' was 4 to 1, Roper, of Staleybridge, being the favourite at 6 to 4 against him. Locker said he had laid off 250l. at 5 to 1 directly after the the heat, so that our party stood to win 1000l. exactly, of which I was to have 200l. if I 'landed.' We were together till bedtime, and slept in a double room. At seven next morning we took a stroll, and just as we got to Alf's to breakfast, somebody put a bit of paper into my hand and then shot away. I slipped it in my pocket, and said 'now't' till after breakfast, when I read on it, '150l. for thyself, before the start, if thou'll run fourth.' I asked Locker what it meant, and he laughed, and said they wanted me to 'rope.' When we went out again the little fellow pulled out a roll of notes and showed 'em to me; but I meant to win if possible, so I shook my head. As the morning passed, I 'sort of funked' the race, but then I thought

'I were a made man if I copped.' So I just said to mysel', 'Bill, lad, haul in thee slack,' and off we went to the grounds. I never felt fitter either before or since; and after Roper got off badly and was beat a short foot, I was sure the final heat was my own. My second heat was an easy win, and 'Lord, how the Sheffielders did shout' when I ran in three yards ahead without being fully extended. They laid 7 to 4 on me for the deciding race, which was the hardest of the lot. Hooper. of Stanningly, went from the same mark; we afterwards found out they'd played a similar game with him. They'd 'pulled' him for two handicaps, and let him lose all his matches, and now he had been backed to win 600l. He beat me at starting, and before we got half way they cried, 'Hooper wins.' I was a good yard behind him, but with a hard strain I got level, and we ran shoulder and shoulder till just on the tape, where I threw myself forward, with the old 'Chifney rush, and just won by a bare half-yard. Locker fairly hugged me, and half blind though I was with the tough race, the 'tykes' shoulder-heighted and carried me off to the house.

In presents, and with my share. I got 230l., and thought I'd put it away in the bank. But that night we all had champagne, and I went to bed quite queer and dizzy like. Next day was the same, and on Thursday we took train to Manchester, where I was invited to stop a week or two. Locker left me and went home, telling me to take care of myself. I wish I'd gone too, for what with meeting betting men, and playing cards and buying swell clothes, to say nothing of dresses-for a fresh sweetheart, I soon got awful 'fast.' Then we used to sit up at nights playing 'seven's the main,' and I wasn't lucky or summut; but, however, in six weeks, I'd got through half my money. One night we started cutting through the pack, and then played 'Blind hookey, and next morning the little pockpitted man came up and called me a 'flat,' and said I'd fair thrown my winnings into the fire. didn't know much about what had

gone on, and when I told him '1'd knocked down close on 150l.,' he said he daren't send me back to Stockton. Well, I stopped at Manchester altogether; and during the next two or three years I won heaps of races, learned 'the rope trick,' and found out whose 'stable' every lad trained from. I won hundreds of pounds, which having all come over the 'devil's back,' went the same way.

I'm twenty-three now, but I can't do 'level time' any longer without six weeks' training, although even yet, at noo yards, very few lads can 'pull off their shirt' every day in the week and lick me. I like the life very well—it's free and easy; but I wish Locker had ta'en me back and made my matches. He's clever, he is, and knows when to 'let a fellow's head loose' without hailooing.

BRITONS AT BOULOGNE.



HERE is a question of vital importance which Londoners are in the habit of addressing to each other towards the end of July or the beginning of August, and it may be embodied in the awful words, 'Where do you all expect to go to?' and no more convincing proof of the truth of the old saying, 'L'homme propose mais Dieu dispose,' can be found than in the replies that are received to that solemn ques-A statistical friend of mine, whom I hate for his averages, percentages, and populations, once took the trouble to gather statistics concerning the people who don't go where they originally intended to go; and the result of his labours shows that out of every hundred who propose to go to Rome, Sicily, Egypt, Syria, Norway, or Iceland, two actually go, and ninety-eight change their minds, and go to Margate, Ramsgate, Boulogne, Dieppe, or Walton-on-the-Naze, instead. The same statistical gentleman is good enough to inform me that of these ninety-eight, thirty don't go to Rome because when you are at Rome you must do as the Romans do, which they wouldn't hear of on any account; five don't go to the Mediterranean islands because they have seen the 'Corsican Brothers,' and know how passionate and revengeful those south-

erners are; nine give up Syria because of possible hostilities between the Turks and Greeks; twenty go to Harwich instead of Norway, as, after all, they are on the same sea, only on different sides; and the remainder give up Iceland because their chests are delicate. But if every one don't go where he originally intended to go, all go somewhere, and perhaps the most popular, and most reasonably and properly popular, of all watering-places within easy reach, is Boulogne-sur-Mer. It is usually extremely, not to say inconveniently crowded in the height of the season, and one reason for this is, that people who are a cut above Margate and Ramsgate, and not quite up to Rome or the Lake of Geneva, find an agreeable and economical compromise may be made by stopping at Boulogne, with perhaps an excursion to Paris and back.

I am afraid that if I attempt any allusion to the two different routes by which Boulogne may be reached I shall be sneered at as a dealer in miserable commonplaces. But at the risk of this consequence, I canno refrain from imploring people who habitually cross the Channel via Folke-

stone and Boulogne, or Dover and Calais, in the height of the pleasure season, to give one turn to the lumbering old General Steam Navigation Company. Their boats are clumsy in appearance, and, compered with the dashing short-sea steamers, they are certainly slow; but passengers by them are not subjected to the disgusting treatment that they would be subjected to if they travelled by the Folkestone boats in July or August. I never could understand why a race of people who are notoriously averse to anything in the shape of imposition at home consent to submit so quietly to abuse, extortion, and general ill-treatment directly they begin to travel. Men who would resent to the death the intrusion of a supernumerary passenger into a London omnibus—who would drag to the innermost recesses of the nearest police-court a cabman who didn't do his six miles an hour-who report policemen whom they catch smoking on duty-who never leave their clubs without making an entry in the complaint-book, and who go about armed offensively and defensively against all comers within a radius of ten miles from their own homes—are transmuted, by some astounding process of social alchemy, known only to railway directors and steamboat companies, into long-suffering and utterly uncomplaining martyrs directly they begin to travel. Perhaps they look upon an hour's delay at Folkestone, before the vessel leaves the harbour, as an unexpected reprieve from the horrors that await them as soon as they get into open sea. Perhaps the solace that is said to be derived from having a number of companions in misfortune—from having as many as possible in the same boat' deadens them to the fact that the railway company has crowded the steamer that is to take them across the Channel with about five times the number of passengers that it conveniently accommodate. Perhaps when they are out at sea, and all helplessly ill, lying one over another like a heap of unhealthy silkworms, they are hardly in a

condition to protest energetically against the preposterous accommodation that has been provided for them; and perhaps when they land at Boulogne all other considerations are swamped in the joy they feel at setting foot once more upon dry ground. That this state of things exists only at the very height of the season I readily and cheerfully admit. At all other times the transport to the Continent via Folkestone is everything that could be wished; but as the height of the season is just the period when most people travel, and as it is not a wholly unforeseen circumstance for people to go abroad in large numbers in the first week of August, and as the company can hardly, therefore, complain that they are taken by surprise, there can be no possible excuse for a want of adequate steambout accommodation during the most crowded month of the year. The fact is that the whole affair is a monopoly in the hands of the South Eastern Railway Company; and until an opposition boat is started (of which there is not the remotest prospect) matters will continue as they are, unless a decided stand is made by the British travelling public against the disgusting way in which they are huddled together during their two or three hours of agonizing seasickness.

The appreach to Boulogne from the sea is, to me, one of the most charming of its features. The beautiful Établissement, the two piers, rushing out into the sea like horizontal rockets, the broad stretch of yellow sand, dotted with bathingmachines, the picturesque fisherquarter, spreading up the sides of the broken cliff, and the more modern town nestling between two hills, and topped by the mediæval fortress of the old town and the new cathedral, which, hideous from any other point of view, looks handsome when seen from the sea, combine to render the approach to Boulogne from the sea one of the most agreeable and satisfactory land and waterscapes within many many miles from As the steamer comes up home. alongside, the picturesque fishergirls and portresees, the sunburnt,

sour-looking castom-house officers. the workmen in their loose blue blouses, the white or yellow houses along the quay, all with brightgreen verandahs or jalousies, remind you that you are, at all events, in a foreign land, although that foreign land is only cocknified, overdone Boulogne. The custom-house ceremonies are, in their present modified form, easily complied with. All you have to do is to hand over your keys to the commissionaire who represents your hotel, and you will hear no more of your luggage until it is deposited in your bedroom, unopened, an hour or so later.

It is a drawback to Boulogne that it is dreadfully full of bores. One is sure to meet all the donkeys of one's acquaintance, either staying there, or passing through it on their way to Paris or London. It is an aggravating thing to meet the most agreeable fellow in the world three times a day for six weeks; and in the case of a fool or a knave the infliction becomes all but unendurable. The great gatherings of these Boulogue donkeys are held at the time of the arrival of the London or Folkestone steamers, on which occasions they assemble for the gentlemanly purpose of chaffing the miserable passengers, who are handed on shore sometimes more dead than

By heavens! there is one of these nuisances waiting me as I land. Rattleton Foto, by all that's unfortunate!

'Ha, Brown! Not you? No!' I assure him of my identity.

'Hardly knew you. Had a roughish passage I see. Why, you look more like a statue in green fat than anything else. Your hair's a hearthbroom; your eyes suggest gooseberry jam; your lips have run into your nose; your nose is flattened into your cheeks, and your cheeks are all ear. Ha, ah! Hit you off there.'

Foto belongs to that numerous class who profess to have an eye for 'character.' He is fond of similes, and prides himself on his powers of epigrammatic condensation; so I pass over his impertinence.

'Well,' says Foto, when I have

affected to recognize in this sketch an accurate portrait of myself under the trying circumstances of a Channel passage, 'glad to see you. First visit here? No? Oh, like me, like Boulogne, and often come here, eh? Nice place—pretty fish-girls. Something like Masaniello ballet done in baked clay, eh? Ha! ha! Neat, that. Grim old douaniers, like mathogany monkeys, with swords instead of tails between their legs.'

'Ah!' I observe. 'I hope they won't open that oblong box. It contains an equatorial telescope

worth two hundred pounds.'

'Open it?' says Foto. 'Not they. They never search anything. All a Tried 'em once. sham, sir. em all my goods were contraband, and insisted on having my luggage searched. Did they search it? Not a bit of it. They wouldn't have known what to do with contraband goods if they'd found any. tective police, sir' (in a mysterious whisper), 'no more custom-house officers than you are—not so much. You look like — let me see — tidewaiter, I should say, when you're Going to my hotel?

I decidedly answer, 'No,' without

knowing what his hotel is.

'Then I'll move to yours. Where are you going? Christol's? All right. Good hotel—capital table d'hôte—fine house, too, but service might be better. Can't breakfast before nine A.M., but it's the best in the place for all that.' So I am linked to Foto for the term of my visit.

Foto was right about Christol's, I find. It is a good hotel; the dinners are about the very best (taking their moderate price into consideration) that I have met with in the course of a tolerably long course of continental travel. The bedrooms are large and clean, and the charges reasonable; but the 'service' would admit of improvement towards the height of the season. Nevertheless it is the best hotel in the place.

I find the company at Christol's is for the most part English, with a sprinkling of French and Belgians, and (happily) very few Germans. For to sit next to a middle-class German at breakfast, particularly

when he is eating any fish with a tolerably stiff backbone, is a dreadful infliction to an Englishman. German will grasp such a fish by the tail in his left hand, and peel the flesh from it with his knife (clutching that instrument by the blade, and utterly ignoring the existence of the handle), and with his knife he will convey the fruits of his dexterity to the very root of his tongue. Fingers were, no doubt, invented before forks, and if there were a German proverb to this effect, a German would probably quote it to me if I took the liberty of remonstrating with him for his disgusting behaviour. Forks, however, are not discarded by him altogether, for as they were, no doubt, invented be-fore toothpicks, he uses them in their stead.

Boulogne is a charming town, but much more might be made of it if its tradespeople did not look so exclusively to immediate profit. The glaring port might easily be converted into a shady boulevard, the pier might be widened, especially at its sea extremity, and the bathing arrangements might decidedly be improved. It is very well for persons of both sexes to bathe together under proper restrictions of costume. but at Boulogne the restrictions are merely nominal. Formerly there existed ar actual classification of bathers. Ladies in ordinary bathinggowns bathed by themselves, and so also did gentlemen in calecons, while for those of both sexes who chose to adopt a sufficient costume there was a third space reserved. these distinctions -- excellent and all-sufficient in their way-have only a nominal existence at the present day; and persons of both sexes, clad in every variety of insufficient costume, intermingle without distinc-The bathing-machines are wholly insufficient in number to meet the demand that is made for them on a fine day at high water, and the damsel who is there to superintend the distribution of them in an ascertained rota is open to corruption. The machine-drivers invariably bother you for sous when they take you into the water and when they bring you out of it; and

if you do not comply with their demands they have a trick of leaving your machine in the water when the tide is rising until you have six or eight inches of sea above its flooring. If you bathe at low-water you have a walk of about a third of a mile from the shore to the sea, over sand so soft that you sink ankle-deep into it, or so wet that your boots are ruined before you have worn them a week. It is true that you can walk for a short portion of the way on a narrow plank; but the plank is wholly insufficient to accommodate the numbers who flock to the sea at the same hour on a fine day.

Many of these inconveniences are of recent growth, and might easily be abolished. An omnibus should run from the shore to the sea at low water, and a charge of two sous per passenger would certainly make it

remunerative.

These are the drawbacks to Boulogne bathing; its advantages are, on the other hand, very great. The sand is magnificent, and, except at the hour of extreme low water, without a pebble. The machines are good. the shore is safe, and an ample supervision is exercised over the safety of the bathers by the men of the Humane Society-who, by-the-by, also dun you for sous if you happen to swim into their vicinity. exercise of a little more control over the bathing authorities and drivers on the sands, a larger supply of bathing-machines, and an actual separation of the sexes, unless they are properly clothed, would render Boulogne bathing as superior to anything of the kind on the French coast, as it is already superior to anything of the kind in England.

The Boulogne boats, in the season, are always very full of brides and bridegrooms, and the dodges—the harmless, transparent dodges that these mistaken people resort to in order to disarm suspicion, are always amusing. It is a curious fact, however, that it is usually the husband who is the most ashamed of his condition. Girls, who in their ordinary relations are remarkable for a timid, shrinking, bashful nervousness, often develop

into brides of astounding sang-froid, and actually appear to rejoice openly in the dignity of a three-days' wifehood; whereas men who have acquired a sort of celebrity for cool nonchalance, and who are generally supposed by their friends to be equal to any emergency-men who in difficult and trying moments have uniformly behaved with circumspect pluck. coolness and undoubted tremble at the publicity of a wedding, and would almost faint if they had the smallest notion that any soul in the town suspected them of having been recently married. But I suppose there never was yet a newly-married couple, the newness of whose marriage was not a palpable fact to their greenest fellowtravellers. There is always an air of consciousness about them—a fidgety desire to appear supernaturally easy and unembarrassed-a contemptuous, not to say defiant, bearing towards their brides—that is assumed for the occasion of course—an endeavour to look as though to cross the Channel in a new tall hat, blue frock coat, white waistcoat, dovecoloured trousers, patent-leather boots, lemon-coloured gloves, and a





half-guinea camellia, were an everyday occurrence with them. I know a very cunning fellow who changed his wedding garments for a tourist suit of the coarsest make, and compelled his bride to 'go off' in last year-but-one's alpaca, and a winter bonnet, and who, on getting into the railway carriage that was to take him and his bride to Folkestone. disarmed suspicion among his fellowtravellers by requesting them to allow his niece to sit near the window. But Fate is not to be so easily baulked, and Nemesis, in the shape of the Newman's postilion who drove them to the station, came up to the carriage window with a favour as big as a cheese plate in his buttonhole, and covered them with confusion by wishing his honour and his honour's good lady all health and happiness, a long life, and a numerous progeny. The harmless fib about their supposed relationship crumbled to atoms on the spot—the uncle sank into his boots, and his niece (who wasn't at all ashamed of her newly-acquired dignity, and who, indeed, had been secretly chafing at having to hide her nuptial light under an alpaca bushel), smiled in triumph at the first of probably a long succession of matrimonial victories.

The French brides and bridegrooms, on the other hand, have very little delicacy in proclaiming their newly-acquired relationship. A Frenchman likes to be the focus of a crowd, and he has no idea of subsiding into social obscurity immediately after the marriage ceremony. He makes no secret of his condition; he mentions the fact of his recent marriage at every table d'hôte, and appears to glory in his distinction. Perhaps he is

right.

The Boulogne Frenchmen are not pleasant specimens of their countrymen. They are very rude to English ladies, whom they elbow off the trottoir into the road-mud without ceremony, and they are very defiant to English gentlemen. Perhaps the behaviour of some of the Boulogne Englishmen may have something to do with this. They are often extremely rude and overbearing; for there are many English cads at Boulogne, and it is perhaps as unfair to take a Boulogne Frenchman as a fair specimen of his nation as it would be to take the flashy young Britons who puff bad cigars into the ladies' faces on the pier, as fair examples of an English gentleman. The truth must be told. Boulogne is a cheap and pleasant place, easily and cheaply accessible, and very full indeed of cads of both mations. Besides a Frenchman is polite only to his friends. Towards strangers his demeanour is usually characterized by the most selfish insolence. Britons are bad enough in that respect, but in our behaviour to strangers we are a nation of Chesterfields compared with the average Frenchmen of Paris and Boulogne.

I remember going down to the railway station one day, to make some inquiries about the tidal trains of the ensuing month, not then published. The express from Paris had just come in, and there was the customary collection of solemn Englishmen, fussy ladies, screaming children, and pushing Frenchmen, that go to make up a travelling crowd at Boulogne. Frenchman in a hurried crowd is always an undesirable neighbour: in the first place he gets hotter sooner than any other European, he takes more unpleasant means to correct his temperature—peppermint drops and cloves of garlic are his favourite panaceas—he stamps on more corns, he digs his elbows into more sides, he growls out more unpleasant expletives, and he has more curious bundles of strange and un-

decided shape, under his arm, than any other traveller present. There was a hot, fussy, pepperminty little Frenchman on this occasion who appeared to have fallen foul of a. sardonic gendarme, who looked (as most gendarmes do) like Mephistopheles in reduced circumstances. The traveller had lost the voucher for his luggage, and the gendarme wouldn't give up the luggage without the voucher, and thereupon issue was joined. They both got into a furious rage about it, and stamped and danced away at each other, as the manner of angry Frenchmen is to do. When the quarrel had reached its height, and the two disputants, together with the station-master, all the clerks and porters, and such other Frenchmen as happened to be present, were dancing at each other like fends in a pantomime, a tall, burly Englishman, with a big brown, bushy beard, and an expression of countenance remarkable for its irresistible objectiveness, placed kimself between the gendarme and the luggage claimant, and said to the former in the very worst French I ever heard -but with the most exquisite coolness imaginable- 'Vous fachez vous quite unnecessarily. Don't mettez vous dans un rage. Prenez le froidment comme moi. Vous êtes comme tout votre nation: beaucoup trop flurried about everything!' Human gendarme couldn't stand this, and the outraged Frenchman fell upon the big Englishman and carried him off to the Violon, utterly unresisting. I recognized him as a gentleman whose acquaintance I had made a year or two before in Scotland—a Mr. Bolton Rasper—who amused me much by his talent for discovering grievances. I went before the juge de paix the next day, when my friend's case came on, and explained that he only interfered with the best intentions in the world, and he got off with a fine of a few francs and a very long caution, which he didn't understand a word of.

Mr. Bolton Rasper was very much obliged to me for my kind interference on his behalf, and at my suggestion—it was weak of me—took rooms in my hotel. He was a very amusing fellow in his way. He was not like other men with his grievances—he had a special talent for sniffing them out from a long way off, and when he had scented one. he would stalk it until he had tracked it to its lair, and then, if, as it generally would, it politely endeavoured to avoid him, he would rush at it, collar it and pin it down, with an air of obtrusive resignation, which seemed to say, 'Here's another of 'em! Come! None of that, you know! I know what France is, bless you! Come! Down upon me! Crush me! Never mind me-I've got no friends!' And when it did come down upon him (as it generally did, if it was a grievance of any spirit at all), instead of utterly overwhelming and completely crushing him, as his manner led one to expect it must of necessity do, he came out of the ordeal as a strong, healthy man comes out of the sea on a fine brisk day, with a warm genial glow that it did one good to look at. point of fact, a real, substantial grievance did Mr. Bolton Rasper all the good in the world, and developed in him a spirit of defiant martyrdom, which would have been creditable in an early Christian. he saw a Frenchman coming towards him on a narrow footway, he would step aside into the must long before the Frenchman came up, wait in the road-filth until he had passed, and then he would turn to the nearest Englishman and say, There, sir; that's their French politeness. I am a foreigner—a guest, an object of sympathy and of respect, and the dirty scoundrels elbow me into the mud. He would studiously select the very worst places in the theatres, that he might complain that in a French theatre you could see nothing. He would select the most miserable fiacre on the stand, when he wanted to drive, that he might compare it with the luxury of a London four-wheeler. He would dine day after day in a two-franc restaurant, not because it was economical, but because it made him ill. When he travelled on a French railway he made a point of getting into a carriage full of babies,

and when he bought French boots he bought them too tight. In short, I never came across a man who so systematically mortified the flesh, or who looked so well after it. Bolton Rasper is a tolerably decent specimen of a very large class of

English grumblers.

I leave Boulogne long before I am tired of it, and I leave it because of Plumeby. I have got used to Foto —I can stand Rasper—but I cannot put up with Plumeby. Plumeby is a literary gentleman with unrealized aspirations. He is very young, very conceited, not at all amusing, and possessed with an irresistible propensity for making outrageous and impossible puns at every turn the dialogue happened to take. He had tried his hand (quite unsuccessfully) at every variety of light literature—he had for years inundated chatty magazines and comic periodicals with his effusions, accompanied with a polite intimation that 'he had a large stock of similar articles on hand, which he believed would do for their entertaining paper;' but the proprietors of these journals, not wishing, I suppose, to have their papers 'done for, were invariably blind to the advantages that Mr. Sparkleton Plameby submitted to them. His played at a metropolitan he had written about fifteen, all of which were well known to the stage door-keepers of all the London theatres—but as those functionaries had orders not to send any of Mr. Plumeby's manuscripts into the manager's sanctum, it will be understood that it was just possible that their systematic rejection did not altogether depend upon their want of merit. He was engaged in writing a Pantomime—on speculation-when I met him at Boulogne, which he hoped to 'get off' in the course of the autumn.

The following conversation will give you an idea of Plumeby's qualifications for his work:

PLUMEBY. 'Ha, Brown! How de do, this morning?—how de dew this morning? See?-dew-morningdew falls in the morning—eh? Ha!

MYSELF (with austerity). 'It is indeed so. But what brought you here?

PLUMEBY, 'Oh-South Eastern railway and the Alexandra.

Myself. 'I referred rather to the object you had in coming here, than to the means of locomotion vou employed.'

PLUMEBY. 'Oh, ah. I've come here to write my Pantomime. I've . come That's the cock I'm going to fight, in other words that's the Bantam I'm going to back. Bantam I'm-

Pantomime. Ha! ha!

Myself. 'I was not aware that you were devoting yourself to that amusing department of literature. * Plumesy. 'Oh, yes-my seventieth. Not had them all played yet,

though. In fact, none of them. Can't get definite replies from managers. Every time I send in a burlesque they return me an extra vaque answer-extravaganza. Joke. you know. Ha! ha!'
MYSELF. 'May I inquire the sub-

ject of your pantomime?

PLUMEBY. 'You may. What do you think of this for a subject? "Harlequin Horsce Walpole, or the Demon Warren Hastings and the Tenant-in-Tail-after-possibility-ofissue-extinct?" That ought to go I think - a succés like steam.

d'estime-succés de steam. Ha! ha!' I can stand it no longer. I break from Plumeby, book my place by the afternoon boat, pack up, and fly

to other climes.



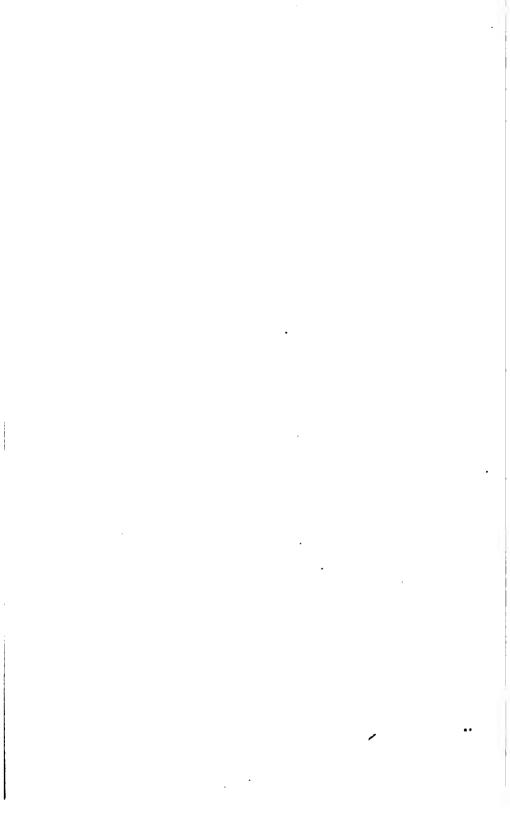
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PENSIVE MOMENTS.

[See the Puem.





LONDON SOCIETY.

DECEMBER, 1868.



SEE 'GOSSIP PROM EGYPT,-P. 511.

A FIGHT WITH TIME.

A GREAT calamity, for which, without doubt, somebody was to blame, had befallen many families in a moment. Hours and days, nay weeks, of laborious investigation had ensued, and now all England was waiting, rather impatiently, it must be owned, for the verdict. The morning had come at last when there remained no more witnesses to be sworn on a clammy black book, smelling like an old glove that has lain mildewing a very long time in

a fusty drawer. The jury had received their charge from the coroner, and had retired into close consultation. The business of the little market under the Town Hall where the inquest had been held was quite suspended. The wasps were allowed to revel among the wall-fruit, riven with over-ripeness, and to sting and tease the gaping saccharine wounds. The files came in swarms, and settled on the joints of meat, and no-body said them nay. The boys

VOL. XIV.-NO. LXXXIV.

pursued their games at marbles and pitch-in-the-ring under the eye of the chief constable. It was a warm day towards the end of August, and people sought the shade as they stood about the building in which the jury sat to deliberate upon the evidence before them. A policeman guarded the closed door at the bottom of the staircase. It was popularly believed that he already knew the verdict; and bystanders fixed their eyes on him as though they would read it in his face, or draw the official secret from his tightly-buttoned bosom. It was an anxious time for some of us, and not least for the newspaper reporters, of whom I, the writer of this professional re-

velation, was one.

For more than a fortnight we had been sadly and still busily rusticating at a small market town on the confines of the unfrequented Vale of Clwyd. The strangest and most terrible railway accident that ever happened in this country had happened hard by; and a long mound of newly-turned clay by the churchyard wall covered the cares and the hopes, the plans, the ambitions, the loves, jealousies, joys and troubles of a whole trainful of travellers, stopped by death on their outset for an autumn tour. This was what the twelve jurymen were now talking over in the long room above stairs. In what way the unlooked-for length of their deliberations affected the small knot of persons with whom I was associated must be told with a few technical explanations. Readers of the public journals had, every morning while the inquest was going on, been kept well supplied with accounts of the proceedings, and probably had troubled themselves very little as to the manner in which those accounts got into print. It is, however, needful that present readers should learn a little of our mystery. Long letters, reporting all that took place in the Coroner's Court each day, up to the hour of two, were sent off by a train which left the station, a mile distant, half an hour later. In the evening we completed by telegraph the summary of evidence up to the time of adjournment. It will be generally

granted, perhaps, that this was rather sharp work for every day, considering that the Court opened at ten, and seldom broke up so early as six the interval for midday refreshment being half or three-quarters of an hour, and considering also that the written matter, independent of telegrams, usually filled from two to four columns of print. Now, it was thought that the verdict of the Coroner's jury would be returned some reasonable length of time before the starting of the half-past two o'clock train, which train, as I have said, took our daily letters to London for special delivery the same night at the several printing offices. We had therefore contemplated going up to town by that same train, and we allowed the morning to slip away before we took into account the possible contingency of the verdict's being kept back to a late period of the afternoon. It is not at all an uncommon practice for the ubiquitous gentlemen whom editors of newspapers affectionately term our own, or our special correcondents to write in railway trains. We might have adopted this plan had we got away by the particular train in question; or we might have left the whole of our work to be done, more at ease, on our arrival in London. Any way, it seemed at first a surety that nothing would hinder our departure in good time, and we were therefore heedless in our fancied security. At length matters began to look serious. The time was lessening, and as it diminished, new and unexpected business arose. A long document, of some public importance, turned up, and copies had to be made. An anxious hour was lost in fruitless attempts to get hold of this same document, with which somebody had walked away. He was found at last; but by this time it was too late to make copies of the many folios of manuscript. The chief railway officials, however, told us of a special train which was to run them up to London, and would run us up too, starting at four o'clock, if, as was thought pretty certain, the verdict should be delivered by that time. So, comforting ourselves with this assurance,

we made an agreement as to the copying of the precious document before the departure of the special train. But once more the document was missing; and when, after long search, it was again recovered, our party was separated and dispersed in all directions. It took so much valuable time to bring together the scattered members of our body, that the getting away by the four o'clock special now seemed as hopeless as had been the attempt to catch the ordinary train at half-past two. I had spent an hour and a half in making an abbreviated pencil-copy of the voluminous paper on a doorstep, when the pleasing intelligence was brought me that the railway officials had relinquished all purpose of getting to town until such time next morning as would be too late for us, who wished to be en rapport with the printers by midnight, or by one o'clock at the utmost. I had not finished my transcript, and other gentlemen of the press' were in the worse plight of having omitted even to make a beginning of theirs. What was to be done? A railway director suggested a special engine, and I literally and physically jumped at the idea. There would just be time, he said, to catch a certain train at Chester, or, failing this, at Crewe. The traffic-manager looked doubtful; the superintendent of locomotives shook his head. There might be time; but certainly there was not a moment to spare. An engine was still in readiness, with steam up, the order for the special train not having been revoked. Calling my friends hastily together, I volunteered to be Mercury not alone for Jupiter, whose satellites—if a small metaphorical confusion may be pardened—had already hired a horse and gig, to drive to the station a mile off. Him did I solemnly adjure to telegraph the verdict to London; and off we galloped to the railway, where, sure enough, the engine was waiting. The kindness of the company's representatives had provided me with an escort. I was to be attended as far as Crewe, if necessary, by an intelligent guard, who would assist me to the uttermost in the endeavour to catch the

train at that station, supposing we should happen to miss it at Chester.

The impatience of the snorting iron steed to be off seemed no less 'We have forty than my own. minutes to do thirty-eight mile, and we could do it easy if there weren't nothing to stop us,' said the driver; and the engine gave a loud snort in response. You must look sharp, sir, please, said my friend the guard and the engine gave two short, quick smorts, louder yet, as it would say, 'Yes, do.' The remonstratory and urgent appeal had been addressed not to me, but to Jove's satellite. who stood calmly on the platform, finishing his letter. I knew him well as an old hand, who was not to be flurried; and I was sure that while he seemed to be wasting golden moments he was carefully securing, so to speak, whole bundles of notes on the bank of Time. So when I got his parcel I found that the last words he had pencilled were an instruction to the effect that printed slips of such matter as he had solely gleaned should be furnished by his office to other London papers. He did not even know that I had partly copied the document of which mention has more than once been made. Its duplicate was contained in his packet, and as he gave this to me, he said, 'Here; you'll have enough to do on your own hook to-night, so you needn't give yourself any trouble about the other papers; I've made it all right for them.' Do the public imagine that a continual, restless, uncompromising war is waged among newspapers elsewhere than in their editorial columns?-Then are the public mistaken. Goodwill, practically manifested in mutual acts of useful kindness, makes pleasant the life of the travelling journalist, who shares 'facts' with his brethren, and is independent only in his manner of putting those facts into readable language. Feverish desire to monopolize information seldom disturbs the good understanding of men who travel so often in company as do the correspondents of leading newspapers, or, for that matter, of newspapers which don't lead. It is found that a general confidence tells

best in the long run. If protestations to this effect had passed between the genially cool and self-collected gentleman who handed me his parcel as I stood on the iron flooring in front of the engine-fire, I think that the snorting monster would have burst with impatience to start. The minutes remaining to us when the movement was made were exactly as one to each mile of the journey before us; but as there would be a stoppage or two, the maximum speed must be higher than if the line had been clear.

Look through the glass, sir, said the driver; and at first I thought he wanted me to keep watch ahead; but his considerate object was to spare me as much as possible the annoyance of mingled steam and soot, which soon covered the light overcoat I was wearing with round black spots, like those on a cheap toy-horse. Screened very ineffectually, by keeping my face close to the circular pane of glass on my side of the furnacedoor, and steadying myself by a tight grasp of a moveable brass handle on the boiler—taking immense pains not to turn it, the consequence of such an act being to me unknown—I soon began to relish the excitement of the swift, Taking advanthundering chase. tage of every straight piece of road, the driver put on all his steam, and the pace was really tremendous. The line, for long distances together, was open to the sea; and a fresh north-east breeze, blowing three-points in our teeth, was increased by our opposing speed into The harsh, screaming whistle of the engine was sounded almost without cessation by the careful driver, who was evidently conscious of a more than ordinary risk in this mad race against time. Past Rhyl, Prestatyn, and Gronant, to the curve where the rail turns south-east, near the Point of Ayre, and then continues in a pretty straight line along the mouth of Dee, we flew with scarcely a check. Stations were passed, not without a shudder on my part, I will confess; though there was reassurance in the sight of the unfailing man in uniform, who, at the sound of our approach, crossed the line in front, and signalled us onward. Past fields on the one hand, with a background of hills, and past Dee sands on the other, we rushed, with a thunderous clatter and roar, through all which din pierced the hearse shriek of the steam-whistle. Shrieking, roaring, rushing, clashing, past the hills and fields and homesteads, past the oxen in the meadows, past the staring cottage children, headlong tore the ponderous engine, throbbing out its deafening trochees.

We had slackened speed a little, here and there, and had crept through one station where the signals, for a minute or so, were against us; but our first dead pullup was at Holywell, where a cattle train, which was on our line, had to be shunted for us to pass. During part of this operation, our panting, fire-breathing engine stood alongside one of the trucks, crowded with wild-eyed steers of the small breed; and frightened enough they seemed to be at their close neighbourship with so strange a beast. We were off again with as little delay as might be; having made good use of our short detention at Holywell by getting a telegram sent to Chester, to keep the train there as long as was practicable. Between Holywell and Flint we travelled at an awful rate, the guard remarking quietly to the driver, in a short pause of the whistle, that he had never 'moved along'so fast in his life. Nor had I, except in the car of a balloon. But at Flint station, through the stupid slowness of men in charge of a lot of trucks, we were stopped so long that our former speed was near being thrown away. A traveller is fortunate, if, many times in his life, he have not cause to regret some want of linguistic accomplishments; and an occasion of deep grief to me, while kept waiting on my engine outside the station at Flint, was my inability to swear in Welsh. faithful guard who had attended me thus far, and who was charged with implicit orders to bring me in time to Crewe or Chester, compensated, I believe, for my deficiencies; at least he talked loudly and angrily at the men with the trucks. Meanwhile, I had a short conversation with the engine-driver, as the fireman relieved the impatience of the whole party by shovelling coals through the furnace-door.

'Did you hear the verdict, sir?'

asked the driver.

'No,' I replied. 'It was not given when we left; but I am afraid there is no doubt it will be Manslaughter.'

'Against who, sir?'

'The two breaksmen.'

There was an embarrassing silence for some moments. The man could not have been surprised by my answer, but it touched him nearly. He shook his head gravely and sadly. Then he said—

'They're as innocent as I am, sir; and God knows I'm not guilty.'

The pause which followed was broken by the driver's remarking, in a tone of sage and mournful reflection, at which, considering the character of our journey, I could scarce forbear to smile, 'Railways aren't things to play with, sir.'

'Indeed they're not,' said I; 'but don't you think we've been just a little playfully reckless to-day?'

'No, sir,' said the man; 'it's overconfidence, at times when no danger's looked for—it's that as does the mischief, in general. It's overconfidence; that's what it is. Now, you see, we knowed there was a kind of danger in what we was doing. So we guarded against it. We wasn't over-confident.'

The trucks were shunted at last, and we got off again, and thundered along towards Chester, blowing that shrill, hoarse, screaming whistle all the way. I was glad exceedingly when I saw to our right hand a wide green plain, which I recognized, by white posts and rails, marking out a race-course, as the Roodee. My heart sang a joy-song when the bit of old wall came in view; and the small weight of misgiving which, up to this moment, oppressed me, with regard to the train, was removed when we made our triumphal entry into Chester station, and saw the train there. My dressing-bag, companion over many leagues of sea and land, was quickly released from the fireman's box; and I alighted from my good steed-if there is no solecism in thus designating an inanimate mass of machinery which, to the least fanciful man who has ridden it, or has watched it rushing past him in full action, is as much a thing of life as any dragon of olden story—to scamper over several lines of rails to the platform. The screech of the engine whistle sang painfully in my ears, to the exclusion of other sounds, so that I had much ado to understand the station-master's congratulation on my having caught the train. He had delayed it to the very last moment, on my account; and no sooner had I bundled into an empty compartment than the wheels were in motion. The remaining commonplace part of the journey was accomplished as a matter-of-course; and the next day's papers bore evidence of the faithful discharge of my

I will conclude with a humble. and, I hope, not unreasonable plea for a class of literature the best abused perhaps of any in the world. To crave large indulgence for this class of literature would be impertinent. 'Newspaper English' ought to be the best English; nor can I allow that it is by any means the worst. Judged by a literary standard, the essays that day after day come before the public, in those newspapers at which the gracefully commercial spirit of the age affects to sneer on the score of price—the gentility and attainments of tuppence being obviously just double those of a penny-may take their place among writings which, as a rule, support rather than injure the dignity and purity of the English Philosophers who hold tongue. that in order to be accurate it is necessary to be dull, and who would wash the colour and life out of all language, because their own happens to be rather colourless and not at all lively, have started an ugly word, 'sensationalism,' and are running it hard. As, in barbarous days, men were sometimes sewn in the skins of beasts and hunted to death, the modern journalist is clad against his will in the hide of 'sensationalism,' and, thus deformed, has the whole pack of small critics in full cry at his heels. Against the silly injustice complaint is unavailing. But to the public, who are not altogether uninterested lookerson, some useful appeal may be made respecting this kind of sport. It often assails good, honest work—work performed in the public service—work that a dilettante would be afraid or unable to attempt—work that is sometimes physically as well as intellectually a fight with time.

MUSIC HALL MORALITY.

INTY years ago amusement ▲ for the people was at low-water mark. Railways were less numerous and extensive, and railway directors had not yet thought of working the profitable field suggested by the little 'Eight hours by word 'excursion.' the seaside,' to be compassed comfortably within a holiday of a single summer's day was a miracle scarcely even dreamt of by the most sanguine progressionist. Thousands and tens of thousands of London-born men and women lived and laboured through a long life-time, and never saw the sea at all. Sheerness, twenty years ago, was the working man's seaside; and his knowledge of sea sand was confined to as much of it as was unpleasantly discovered lurking within the shells of the plate of winkles served up at his shilling tea at Gravesend. Even the green country 'far removed from noise and smoke,' was, if not a sealed book to him, at least a volume placed on so high a shelf that, after some experience, he was driven to the conclusion that the pains and penalties attending a climb for it were scarcely compensated by success and temporary possession of the prize. The only conveyance at his service—and that only on recognized holiday occasions -- was the greengrocer's van, newly painted and decorated for the event, and in which a mixed company of the sexes crowded, and were dragged along the hot and dusty road at the rate of five miles an hour, towards Hampton Court or Epping Forest, there to huddle on the grass, and partake of a collation that, but for its four hours' grilling on the van roof under a blazing sun, would have been cold, with flask-

liquor or luke-warm beer out of a stone jar as liquid accompaniments. Twenty years ago a Crystal Palace had existence nowhere but within the cover of that book of wonders, the 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments,' and the soil out of which the museum at South Kensington has sprung was devoted to the growth of cabbares.

In that dark age, however, it is questionable if the inconveniences enumerated were regarded as such. The people knew no better. The Jack of the past generation was a Jack-of-all-work, according to the strictest interpretation of that term. So seldom did he indulge in a holiday that he went at it as a teetotaller broke loose goes at hard drinking, and it unsettled him for a week afterwards. His play-time imposed on him more real hard labour than his accustomed jog-trot worktime, and he was an unhappy, despondent man until his excited nerves grew calm, and the tingling of his blood subsided. Such were the alarming effects on him that it seemed a happy dispensation that Whitsun and Easter came each but once a year.

As a man who earned his bread by the sweat of his brow, and who consequently was in a violent condition of perspiration during twelve hours in each twenty-four, it is scarcely likely that the question of evening amusement would much trouble the working man of that period. Jaded and weary, he was by necessity a hearth and homeloving man. He had neither the pluck nor the inclination to be anything else. The evening saw him plodding homeward, and all his de-

sire was to remove his heavy boots from his tired feet, and engage with all speed in the demolition of his tea-supper, after which there was nothing for it but for him to drag his chair to the chimney-corner, and there sit and smoke or doze till bedtime. If he were inclined for an hour or so of away-from-home recreation, where could he find it? There were the theatres; but he so rarely went to such places that 'going to the play' was an event not to be treated in an off-hand manner, or to be decided on without due deliberation. Besides, it was a dear treat. Supposing that he went into the pit (he would take the 'missus' of course), there would go two shillings, and at least another one for a drop of something to take in and a mouthful of something to eat, and three shillings is a large sum. Being a Briton and a loyal man, and as such recognizing 'the social glass and the cheerful song' as chief among the supporting pillars of the Constitution, he would very willingly have contributed his share towards it; but where, as a sober and proper person, was his opportunity? Truly, he might drink long life and prosperity to the Queen, and confusion to her ensmies, as he sat at home over the pint of beer fetched from the public-house; but amidst the distracting influences of domesticity how much of heartiness would there be in the He might, as patriotic sentiment? he sat with his feet on the home fender-bar, raise his voice harmonically in praise of his wife and 'the troop of little children at his knee,' or of 'Tom Bowling,' or 'Old John Barleycorn; but he would grow weary in less than a week of such pastime, under repeated reminders that the baby was asleep, or that his fellow-lodgers were complaining. Even twenty years ago there were 'concert rooms' where 'professional talent' was engaged, and where sixpence was charged for admission; but, as a rule, these were dirty, low, disreputable dens, where liquor little better than poison was sold, and where the company consisted chiefly of the riff-raff of the town, both anale and female. He had neither

the means nor the inclination to resort to a place of this description. All, then, that was left to him was the tavern parlour 'sing-song,' or free-and-easy, usually celebrated on Mondays and Saturdays, these being the times when he was most likely to have a shilling in his pocket. But what amount of satisfaction was to be got out of it? Excepting for the inordinate quantity of malt or spirituous liquors the working man felt bound to imbibe for the good of the house, the 'free-and-easy' was as tame as tame could be. The same individual—the landlord—occupied the chair invariably; the same men sang the same songs (it would have been regarded as a most unwarrantable liberty if Jones had attempted to render a ditty known as Wilkins's); the same jokes were exchanged; the same tossts and sentiments found utterance. It was not enjoyment at all that occupied the company, but a good-natured spirit of forbearance and toleration. Scarcely a man in the room came to hear singing, but to be heard singing. This was the weakness that drew the members of the 'free-andeasy' together, and every man, out of tender consideration for his own affliction, was disposed to treat an exhibition of the prevalent malady on the part of a neighbour with kindly sympathy. But the morning's reflection ensuing on such an evening's amusement never failed to disclose the dismal fact that there was 'nothing in it'-nothing, that is, but headache and remorse for money wasted.

Of late years, however, the state of the British handicraftsman has undergone an extraordinary change. He is not the same fellow he used to be. He has cast saide the ancient mantle of unquestioning drudgery that so long hung about his drooping shoulders. He has straightened his neck to look about him, a process which has elevated his view of matters generally at least three inches (and that is a good deal in the case of a man whose nose from boyhood has been kept at the grindstone, and whose vision has been slways at a bare level with the top of that useful machine). It was

no more than natural that "work' being the theme that had so long occupied his attention, he should, having satisfactorily settled that matter, turn to its direct antithesis, 'play,' and make a few inquiries as to what amendment were possible in that direction. It became evident to him that this portion of the social machine, no less than the other, was out of order. It appeared all right from a superficial view; but when you came closely to examine it there were loose screws in every direction, and many of the main wheels were so clogged with objectionable matter, that no decent man could safely approach it. This was serious. The reformed handicraftsman had leisure now, and considerably more money than in the old time. Offer him a fair evening's amusement, and he would pay his shilling for it cheerfully But, mind you, it must be fit and proper amusement, and such as chimed harmoniously with his newly-developed convictions of his respectability and intellectual importance. But, looking to the right and to the left of him, he failed to discover what he sought; and probably he would to this very day have been vainly inquiring which way he should turn, had it not been for certain enterprising and philanthropic persons, who, ascertaining his need, generously undertook the task of providing for it.

The arguments used by the disinterested gentlemen in question showed beyond a doubt that they thoroughly understood the matter. 'What you want,' said they to the working man, 'is something very different from that which now exists. You like good music, you have an affectionate regard for the drama; but if at the present time you would taste of one or the other you are compelled to do so under restrictions that are irksome. The theatre is open to you, but you cannot do as you like in a theatre. You must conform to certain rules and regulations, and, in a manner of speaking, are made to "toe the mark." If you want a glass of beer-and what is more natural than that you should?—you can't get it. What

you can get for your sixpence is half a pint and a gill of flat or sour stuff in a black bottle, and to obtain even this luxury you must-creep noiselessly to the shabby little refreshment-room and drink it there and creep back again to your seas in the pit as though you had been guilty of something you should be ashamed of. You would like a pipe or a cigar; you are used to smoking of evenings, and deprivation from the harmless indulgence disagrees with you. No matter; you must not smoke within the walls of a theatre; if you attempted it the constable would seize you and never loose his hold on your collar till he had landed you on the outer pavement.

'Now what you require, and what you shall have, is a happy blending of the theatre and the opera house and the highly-respectable tavernparlour, a place the atmosphere of which shall be so strictly moral that the finest-bred lady in the land may breathe it without danger, and at the same time a place where a gentleman accompanying a lady may take his sober and soothing glass of grog or tankard of ale and amoke his cigar as innocently and peacefully as though he sat by his own fireside at home. We will bave music both vocal and instrumental. the grand singing of the great Italian masters, ballad-singing, touching and pathetic, and funny singing that shall promote harmless mirth while it not in the least offends the most prudish ear. We will have operas; we will have ballets. Should the public voice sanction it occasionally we will have chaste acrobatic performances and feats of tumbling and jugglery; but in this last-mentioned matter we are quite in the hands of our patrons. Enjoyment pure and simple is our motto, and by it we will stand or fall.'

This, in substance, was the prospectus of the first music hall established in London, and the public expressed its approval. How the fair promises of the original promoters of the scheme were redeemed we will not discuss. Undertakings of such magnitude are sure to work uneasily at the first. It will be

fairer to regard the tree of twenty years' growth with its twenty noble branches flourishing in full foliage and melodious with the songs of the many songsters that harbour there. We cannot listen to them all at once, however sweet though the music be. Let us devote an hour to one of the said branches. Which one does not in the least matter, since no one set of songsters are confined to a branch. They fly about from one to another, and may sometimes be heard—especially the funny ones—on as many as four different boughs in the course of a single evening. Simply because it is the nearest let us take the Oxbridge, one of the most famous. music halls in London, and nightly crowded.

Either we are in luck or else the talent attached to the Oxbridge is something prodigious. Almost every vocal celebrity whose name has blazoned on the advertising hoardings during the season is here tonight—the Immense Vamp, the Prodigious Podgers, the Stupendous Smuttyman, the Tremendous Titmouse, together with 'Funny' Freddys, and 'Jolly' Joeys, and 'Side-splitting' Sammys by the halfdozen. Some of these leviathans of song were authors of what they sang, as, for instance, the Prodigious Podgers, who had recently made such a great sensation with his 'Lively Cats'-meat Man.' As I entered the splendid portals of the Oxbridge the natty 'turn-out' of Podgers, consisting of three piebald ponies in silver harness and a phaeton that must have cost a hundred and fifty guineas at least, was there in waiting, ready to whirl the popular Podgers to the Axminster as soon as the Oxbridge could possibly spare him.

The Oxbridge, as usual, was crowded, the body of the hall, the sixpenny part, by working men and their wives, with a sprinkling of 'jolly dogs' and budding beardless puppies of the same breed, whose pride and delight it is to emulate their elders. As regards the audience this is the worst that may be said of the body of the hall. It was plain at a glance to perceive

that the bulk of the people there were mostly people not accustomed to music halls, and only induced to pay them a visit on account of the highly-respectable character the music halls are in the habit of giving themselves in their placerds and in the newspapers. In the stalls and the more expensive parts of the house, and before the extensive drinking bar, matters were very dif-Here were congregated selections from almost every species of vice, both male and female, rampant in London. Here was the with 'swell' Brummagem Houndsditch jewellery and his Whitechapel gentility, and the welldressed blackguard with a pound to spend, and the poor, weak-minded wretch of the 'Champagne Charlie' school, and the professional prowler hovering about him with the full intent of plucking him if he finds the chance. As for the females of this delightful clique, it is sufficient to say that they plied their trade without the least attempt at concealment. And why should they not? who is to check them? Not the proprietor of the Oxbridge. It is a fact that he admits them without charge, seeing his interest What else should take therein. Champagne Charlie to the Oxbridge, and the host of 'swells' who order neat little suppers and recklessly fling down their sovereigns to pay for wine that in sufficient quantity would sicken a hog? Of what use is 'the body of the hall' to the proprietor? How far do paltry six-pences go towards paying Podgers his three guineas a night? What profit is there on the price charged Bill Stubbs for his pint of stout? Not but that the frequenters of the sixpenny part are very useful; indeed, to speak truth, the Oxbridge could not get on well without them. They keep up appearances, and present a substantial contradiction to the accusation that the music hall is nothing better than a haunt for drunkenness and debauchery.

'But surely,' the reader may exclaim, 'unless the company for whom the music hall was originally designed found the worth of their money they would cease to patro-

They go for the nise the place. purpose of hearing songs adapted to their taste and they are not disappointed.' I am loth to say as much in the face of the Popular Podgers and the Immense Vamp, but I should be vastly surprised if the only element of respectability frequenting the Oxbridge was not only disappointed but shocked and disgusted, and that very often. I cannot explain why, after being shocked, they should make a second attempt, except that they are lured to 'try again,' and that folks of not over sensitive mind grow used to shocks. If these musichall songs were really written for the respectable portion of the auditory there would not be the least occasion why they should be composed almost entirely of indecency and drivel; but the fact is these are the persons whose tastes are not at all studied in preparing the evening bill of fare. The individuals the song-writer writes up to and the singer sings up to are the heedless, and abandoned, and disreputable ones who have money to squander. The proprietor knows his customers. Where would be the use of setting before a tipsy 'swell' (unless indeed he had arrived at the maudlin, in which condition he is profitable to no one) a wholesome, simple ballad? He would howl it down before the first verse was accomplished. He must have something to chime with the idiotic tone of his mind, no matter how low, how vulgar, or how defiant of propriety, and he can obtain it at the music hall. The Immense Vamp is his obedient servant, as is the Prodigious Podgers and the Tremendous Titmouse—even the 'Pof W-'s Own Comique.' Any one would think, and not unreasonably, when he sees year in and year out flaming announcements of the engagements here and there of these gentry, that there must be something in them; that, however peculiar their talent, it is such as recommends itself to something more than the passing admiration of those who witness it; but it is nothing of the kind. Take any half-dozen of the most popular of our 'comic singers'

and set them singing four of their most favourite songs each, and I will warrant that twenty out of the full number will consist of the utterest trash it is possible to conceive. . It would not so much matter if the trade were harmless-not unfrequently it is most pernicious. Take a batch of these precious productions, and you will find the one theme constantly harped on: it is all about a 'young chap' and a 'young gal,' or an 'old chap' and an 'old gal,' and their exploits, more or less indecent. A prolific subject with these great artists is the spooney courtship of a young man who is induced to accompany the object of his affections to her abode, and when there gets robbed and ill-used. As the Immense Vamp sings-

'I was going to go when in come a feller And he smathed my hat with his umbrella And blacked my eye, and didn't I bellow.'

But this peculiar line Vamp makes his own, and it is not to be wondered at that he shines therein before all others. Popular Podgers has a vein of his own, and how profitable the working of it is let the piebald ponies and the silvermounted phaeton attest. He goes in for vocal exemplifications of low life—the lowest of all. His rendering of a Whitechapel ruffian, half costermonger half thief, filled the Oxbridge nightly for more than a You may see Podgers month. arrayed in the ruffian's rags portrayed on a music-sheet in the windows of the music-shops, and underneath is inscribed the chorus of this wonderful song:--

'I'm a Chickerleary Bloke with my one, two, three.

Whitechapsi is the village I was burn in, To lestch me on the hop, or on my tibby drop, You must get up very early in the morning.'

But inasmuch as the effusions of Podgers are as a rule unintelligible except to the possessors of a slang dictionary, he is less obnoxious than others of his brethren. What these productions are need be no more than hinted to eass polite. The mischief is that the ten thousand ears unpolite are opened for the reception of the poison night after night in twenty music halls in and about London, and no one says nay.

The male singer of the music hall, however, whether he takes the shape of the impudent clown who pretends to comicality, or of the spoony sentimentalist who tenderly gushes forth such modern enchanting melodies as 'Maggie May' or 'Meet me in the Lane,' is not the most pernicious ingredient that composes in its entirety the music hall hero. Time was, when with a liberal steeping of Vamps, and Podgers, and Smuttymans, the decoction proved strong enough, but, like indulgence in other poisons, what is a sufficient dose this year is useless as water next. It was found necessary to strengthen the mixture-to make it hotter of that kind of spice most grateful to the palate of the vulgar snob with a pound to spend. To effect this, there was nothing for it but to introduce the comic female element, or, as she more modestly styles herself, the 'serio-comic.' The 'serio,' however, is not obtrusive. You seek for it in vain in the brazen pretty face, in the dress that is exactly as much too high as it is too low, in the singer's gestures, looks, and bold advances. Decent men who, misled by placards and newspaper advertisements, take their wives and daughters to the Oxbridge or the Axminster, may, as they listen, tingle in shame at the blunder they have committed; but the dashing, piquant, saucy delinestor of 'What Jolly Gals are we' has the ears and the yelling admira-

tion of the brainless snobs and puppies before alluded to, and the mad noises they make, demanding a repetition of the detestable ditty, quite drown the feeble hisses of remonstrance the decent portion of the auditory may venture to utter. Some time since, during the theatre and music hall controversy, a worthy London magistrate announced from his judicial bench that on the evening previous he had visited one of the most popular of the halls, and found everything creditable, and discreet, and decorous: a pretty penny it must afterwards have cost somebody for champagne, to pacify the patron snobs and puppies for depriving them of their evening's amusement.

But—and it is alarming to remark it—even the indecent, impudent 'serio-comic' female, who, going the full length of the tether allowed her, might have been supposed equal to all demands, is palling on the palate of the Oxbridge habitué. He must have something even more exhilarating; and, ever ready to oblige, the music hall proprietor rigs up a trapeze, and bribes some brazen, shameless woman to attire in man's clothes, and go through the ordinary performances of a male Rivalling the new idea, acrobat. a South London music hall proprietor is advertising the 'Sensational Can-can, exactly as in France.' What is the next novelty in preparation?

JAMES GREENWOOD.

THE MARRIED BACHELOR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'CHRIST CHURCH DAYS.'

CHAPTER VIII.

AT THE ITALIAN OPERA.

MRS. MILDMAY, the lady from Etty's, asked Arabella if she would like to go to the Italian Opera. Arabella had never been there.

Mrs. Mildmay suggested that as their evenings were very dull just then, Waldegrave being on circuit, it would not be a bad notion that they should get tickets. They could very well go together to the pit. It was really like an open drawing-room. It would not be absolutely necessary that they should have a gentleman with them, and it would not cost much money.

That night at the Opera was like the breaking of a new world upon Arabella's vision. It was her first opera, and the opera was 'Don Giovanni.' She was almost delirious when Patti sang the 'Batti, batti.' Ah, surelywe have not for ever lost sight of that incomparable Zerlinal Many a lorgnette was levelled at the handsome Arabella, but in the excitement of the scene she was altogether oblivious of the admiration.

It so happened that Mrs. Mildmay, as she entered the house some days afterwards, was astonished by a burst of rich music that flooded the rooms. She listened. The words were indistinguishable, but the air was given with extraordinary force, sweetness, and correctness. The voice was a rich soprano. It was the music of 'Don Giovanni.' Arabella started and coloured as Mrs. Mildmay entered.

Mildmay entered.

'Oh! Mrs. Mildmay, you have caught me. I did not want you to hear my nonsense and jumble.'

'My dear, you were singing beautifully. But what were the words?'

The words were merely nonsense of my own. Stray lines and snatches. But you must know that I could hardly sleep all night after hearing that opera. If I closed my eyes there was always Elvira or Zerlina before me, and the music went through and through my heart. I said to myself that I really thought my voice, which is naturally very strong, could even reach some of Patti's higher notes. Her voice is not so particularly high, Mrs. Mildmay. And I have been trying all the morning to sing her music from ear and recollection.

'But you should have the proper words. I have them with me,' answered Mrs. Mildmay, producing

a roll of music.

'They are Italian,' said Arabella, dolefully. Now Italian, like any other language, was closed to this proletarian lady.

'Italian is the easiest language in the world, Mrs. Waldegrave. Let me read these few lines over to you.'

Arabella caught up the musical pronunciation at once. She soon sang Zerlina's music extremely well. Mrs. Mildmay was a sensible, wellbred woman, not caring to earn her

pay as an indolent companion, but seeking to do her charge substantial good. She had despaired of giving her any systematic instruction, but might approach her on the side of this dormant taste and these discovered capabilities. To her annoyance—as it would be to the annoyance of any true musician-Arabella gave up any attempt to read music. But she sang charmingly She was delighted to find herself able to manage the Italian pronunciation correctly, and Mrs. Mildmay led her on to make some acquaintance with the language.

Arabella now often went to the Opera. Waldegrave kept his wife pretty liberally supplied with money, and she did not know that it often cost him a considerable effort to do so. Once or twice Mrs. Mildmay brought her tickets which had been given her by a musician connected with the Opera. Covent Garden Theatre was to be a turning-point in Arabella's history. It happened

this way:—
One night she had gone to a performance of 'Les Huguenots.' She took up the opera-glass and swept the tiers of boxes. There were many women splendidly dressed, many splendidly handsome. Arabella had a genuine admiration for the beautiful of her own sex, as well as for the beautiful plumage in which they gloried. But suddenly casting up her eyes at a private box, she discovered her husband standing in the rear behind a lady and an elderly gentle-

Arabella had had a letter from her husband only that very morning. It was dated from Clyston. He was then on circuit. He had enclosed her a cheque, and had stated that he should be kept away in the country for three weeks longer. And now he was in London. sorts of suspicions crowded into Arabella's mind. Perhaps he had never left London. She had heard of cases where men had left their wives for years, and were all the time residing in the next street. Who was the lady with whom he was thus familiar? Instinctively she took care to shade her face that it

might not come within the range of her husband's glances. Once she stole a hurried look at him. The old gentleman had left the box. Waldegrave was sitting alone with his pretty companion in its front. He was so much taken up with her that there was little danger of his standing up to look about the house. He was evidently charmed and engrossed by the companionship. It was not one of his sisters. She had his sisters' photographs, and there was not one like this. Besides a man must indeed be a model brother to be so extraordinarily attentive to his sister. John Waldegrave was flirting, flirting very hard. Every feeling of jealousy, suspicion, and resentment was aroused in the bosom of the slighted wife. Keeping herself in the shade and in the rear as much as she could, she kept watch upon her errant mate. And she was nearly driven wild. She managed to see this handsome, clever-looking girl leaning upon an arm where she could possibly have no proprietary, and pacing the large saloon, and walking in the gallery behind the boxes. She saw with what knightly devotion he brought her ices and lemonade. She saw with what attention and gallantry he adjusted her cloak, helped her with her wraps, and assisted her into a dark private brougham. In the intensity of her anger-and there was now a real pain at her heart—she had not cared to bear in mind that though the box at times only contained these two, yet for the most of this time there certainly was the elderly gentleman present, who, however, played propriety in an exquisite way, leaving the young people almost entirely to themselves. He appeared to go to sleep during the performance, and subsided into brandy and soda in the saloon. But as the brougham drove off Arabella fancied to herself in her jealous mind that she saw her husband's arm carelessly flung around the girl, as he took his seat behind her in the carriage. It was impossible that she could really have seen it, but if her eyes had been clairvoyant, I am afraid she

might have beheld something of the kind. John was flirting desperately hard with Miss Dempster that

night.

When they came home Arabella was trembling with grief and passion. She was absolutely uncontrollable, and Mrs. Mildmay was in the highest degree alarmed.

Mrs. Mildmay, I hate that man. I will never see him again. I will never see him any more. I will never touch his money or wear his jewels any more. I will leave him for ever, leave him this very

night.

My child,' said Mrs. Mildmay, who had participated in the story of Arabella's wrongs, 'he has treated you abominably. But what can you do? What can a weak, defenceless woman ever do in such CABOS ?

'Do! I'll show him what I'll do, the wretch, the unmanly brute, the wicked man! I'll find out who that lady was. I'll expose him at his club. I'll lie in wait for him at his chambers. I'll-—' But here my dear Mrs. Waldegrave was stopped

by a storm of sobs.

'Mrs. Mildmay, let me come with I will not stop here. I'll fling myself in the Regent's Park Canal first. I'll turn housemaid, or dressmaker, or sing at a music hall, or do anything to get away from that wretch. Surely I can do something to get a honest living for myself somehow.'

'With your cleverness and your fine voice, my dear, you're sure to get your living, and make yourself independent,' said Mrs. Mildmay,

soothingly.

Then Mrs. Waldegrave seized paper and ink, and wrote some lines

to her husband.

'You call yourself, sir, a Married Bachelor. Let me tell you that I am an unmarried wife. You think fit to amuse yourself with another at the Opera. You best know on what footing you are with her. I shall just take the same liberty of action as you take yourself. I don't know what's going to become of me. I only know that you have broken my heart. I hate you, and you shall never see me again.'

Mrs. Mildmay took her friend home with her, thinking that she would be able to induce her to return in the morning.

But Arabella Waldegrave never went back again to the villa in St.

John's Wood.

So ended for the present the evenings at the Italian Opera.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SUNDERED LIVES.

We have just left Mrs. Waldegrave in a fit of righteous indignation against her delinquent husband. But in reality John's conduct, though bad, was not so bad as she thought. His presence in London was accidental, and only for that evening. Demoster and Dyster had given him a heavy brief, and he had gone up to town to discuss some matters with Mr. Dempster. was really anxious to do his best, for this was the first important case in which he had been prominently engaged. A little dinner had been made up to him, and this box at the Opera taken at Mitchell's. Then Mr. Waldegrave having duly com-bined pleasure and business, re-turned back to the circuit, little thinking that he had applied a match to a train which was to issue in an explosion.

Indeed Mr. Waldegrave was now beginning to pay great attention to his profession. Keen lawyers began to see that his straightforward way of grappling with an argument, his quiet, gentlemanly demeanour with witnesses, and his grave earnest way in speaking, though very much wanting in many barristorial arts, succeeded very well with a judge, and would do very well for a special jury. Old Brampford again said words of praise, which in due course were delightful to the father and to Mr. There were knowing Demoster. persons who said that John's quiet, heavy manner was capable of being exchanged for something much more flery and impassioned. I think Arabella would have said so. She was amazed to see how her cool and gentlemanly husband was capable of getting into a very violent

passion. Fortunately passion does not run in grooves, and is capable of being converted into more profitable channels than domestic jars. There was the making of a great advocate in John Waldegrave, and he was at least to show signs of this though a complete proof

might never be given.

There had been a murder committed in Clyshire. It was a tale of love, passion, and revenge. wretched woman who had committed it was lying in Clyston gaol to take her trial. Waldegrave had read the case, which had many features of local interest for him. He had not a notion that he would be called upon to do anything in relation to it. But as he was sitting in the Crown Court the prisoner was called up to plead, and she of course pleaded Not Guilty. It appeared that she was undefended; and old Brampford, who was again taking the circuit, and never missed a chance of doing so, asked if some counsel would watch the case, and undertake to defend her. Here the prisoner put in a request that Mr. Waldegrave would defend her. The young man was astonished that such a request should be made for the services of a junior almost unknown and untried. It seemed to him probable that she had come from his father's part of the country, and had confounded his father's eminence with his ownwant of it. The judge told Waldegrave that he should be very gratified if he would undertake it, and with kind, encouraging words pressed him to do so. Waldegrave agreed. He saw that an opportunity was come, and that he might be enabled to distinguish himself. many claims upon him urged him to exertion. He almost fancied that Arabella's hand was upon his arm to encourage him, and that there might be some coming babe whose 'crying was a cry for gold.' asked for a postponement for a day, and then, taking the papers home, he studied them very quietly and attentively till nightfall.

Then resting from his exertions, he sallied out into the open air, which refreshed him wonderfully. and gave its own elasticity to intellest and spirit. He walked up and down the streets, and paced the Cathedral Close, and made incursions along the lane, resting for a few minutes on that bridge over the Clyst which had been his trysting-spot with Arabella. The shower of moonlight was bathing the cathedral in silvery sheen, and the moonlight recalled Arabella. He passed by the show of the unconscious saddler. who was little dreaming that this pesser-by could very speedily reveal to him all the rights about that matter which was so mystifying him. This, too, recalled Arabella. was in a gentle mood that night. He remembered his wife in her beauty, her trustfulness, and all her best moods. I think that murder case had made him grave. It was a case in which there had been jealousy and quarrels, angry words and oaths—all this might make part of the little history which belonged to himself-and then came violence, unbridled passion, and wilful murder. For a moment Waldegrave thought himself standing on the verge of an immeasurable abyss. He saw before him the dire possibilities to which human passions and weakness might come. hurriedly put these thoughts aside, and addressed himself to his brief. He arranged exactly the line of defence which he should take, the kind of questions which he ought to put. the kind of speech which he ought to make.

For a moment a sensation of strangeness came over him that night. He remembered how, when he first saw Arabella, it was the Assizes; there was a case of murder; there had been the cathedral service, and he had heard that day the echoes of the refluent music as there before. It almost seemed that old circumstances had exactly revived; that the wheels of time stood still; that the past was all a dream, and had never been. If he had disappeared from the world this cycle of events would have repeated themselves; and long after he should be called away the same unwearied round of daily incidents and vulgar events would be renewed.

It is not our putpose to go into

the history of Waldegrave's first murder case. His nerves were strung to the highest pitch, for he was now almost forgetting his personal in-terests in the awful issues of life and death which might be depending on his actions. The evidence was very much against his client. On the showing of the facts the jury could hardly have any other alternative than to find her guilty. But it was possible that an ingenious theory might be constructed, in strict keeping with the facts that could not be disputed, in favour of the prisoner's innocence, and that the theory might be accepted. Unfortunately juries have a preference for downright evidence, and distrust ingenious theories. It would therefore be necessary to give as much vraisemblance as possible to his theory, and to work on the feelings of the jury by the most pathetic eloquence he could command. Waldegrave succeeded admirably. He seemed to be almost carried beyond himself. It was the first time that he had had the entire management of a case. He had no junior, and everything rested with himself. His questioning was most adroit; he put some legal points with a subtlety and skill that both pleased and surprised the judge; and he dexterously and cautiously aided his line of defence so as to blunt the weapons of the opposing counsel. But it was when he arose to address the jury that the real stress of the case came, and he was chiefly anxious to do well. His speech occupied three hours. Such a physical effort alone was such as he could have never anticipated as coming within the range of his powers. For mi-nute analysis of the evidence, some raillery, and also some scathing invective-for an ingenious theory, most dexterously supported in every particular—for pathetic eloquence for a fervid appeal which might make even the strongest-minded juryman pause before he sent a fellow-creature to the gallowsperhaps Waldegrave's oration was the finest ever heard within that Assize court. The effect was electric. Even the calm summingup of the judge, which so often

tears aside the flimsy subtleties of counsel, was unable to do away with its effect. The jury wavered for a time, and eventually returned a verdict of acquittal. The applause, which had been with difficulty suppressed when Waldegrave had resumed his seat, was uncontrolled when the issue of the trial was known. Several briefs were offered to him upon the The judge himself warmly spot. congratulated him. The great Countess of the county, the wife of the Lord Lieutenant, begged to be introduced to him, and carried him off that very night to the Castle. The only drawback to Waldegrave's felicity was that in his own mind be had no manner of doubt that his interesting client was guilty, and richly deserved to be hung.

In the mean time where was Arabella? Stedfast to her stern purpose, she had gone to Mrs. Mildmay's abode, a mild, remote abode situated somewhere in the Islingtonian wilde. Arabella was about to try the interesting problem how far a young woman in London, without connection or special training, was capable of earning her own bread and butter. I do not know that her career really shed much light upon the problem, as she had accidentally developed for herself a kind of training and a kind of connection. Mention has been made of an *employé* in the Italian Opera, a friend of Mrs. Mildmay's. This man's name was Donati, and he was a kinsman to a family of Donatis at Liverpool. Now it happened at this time that there were a set of worthy men in Liverpool who had just hit upon the idea that they would have a series of Saturdaynight Concerts for the Million. They were searching out musical talent of the highest power of genius and of unparalleled quality,' which was nevertheless to be produced as cheap The Donati in London as possible. reported to the Donati in Liverpool that he was acquainted with a young lady of very great personal attractions and a superb contralto voice, who was sure to make the concerts succeed. Then some London agents of the Liverpool people

gave the young lady a trial, and were highly satisfied with her performances. Then Arabella was engaged to sing two songs every Saturday night, for the modest payment, which, however, seemed almost a fortune to her, of two guineas a week and her expenses down to Liverpool. The Donatis, eminently respectable people, offered to receive her as a boarder; and this arrangement precisely suited Arabella. She assumed to herself the professional name of Roselle.

The circuit was over, and, with more than a hundred of first, sweet. hardly-carned guiness, Waldegrave returned to town. As he journeyed up to town, almost unconsciously, almost to his annoyance, his thoughts were very much upon his wife. Would she not praise him for the praise he had obtained—rejoice in his success? Might there not come a time when heart would be so linked with heart, intellect with intellect. that the most sentimental dream of marriage union might after all be realized. He was beginning to own to himself that his theory of the married bachelor state, however ingenious in theory, did not practically work well. Marriage can never be a mere incident or byplay in a man's life. John was beginning to realize all this, and was thinking that he would try with all his might to make the best of an unalterable condition of things. He had much generosity of feeling, and was prepared to clasp his wife to heart once more, and let bygones be bygones. So, actually fond and eager, he selected the fleetest-looking horse he could see, and from Paddington Station drove away to the little villa in St. John's Wood.

But when he reached his home and found it solitary and deserted, the dust thickly gathered in the vacant rooms, his wife's dresses and ornaments tossed recklessly about in their bedchamber, that angry, contemptuous letter hurriedly directed to him, he was pierced through with a strange sorrow and bitter apprehension. What could have become of Arabella? Where and how could she live? Could

she, driven to this desperate state of mind, do any desperate act? Was it possible—and here his teeth were tightly clenched—that any one had allured her from her nest? The strong man veiled his face, and scorching, blinding tears, such as he had never known before, came to his eyes-his first tears since the days of childhood.

CHAPTER X.

THE SECOND COLUMN IN THE TIMES.

On a certain day there appeared a certain advertisement in the sensational column of the 'Times.'

'Arabella Cracroft, late of Clyston, and supposed to be now in some house of business in London, is requested to call at Messrs. Francillon, No. — Gray's Inn. An important communication, much to her advantage, will be made to her.'

These words at once caught the eyes of Arabella Waldegrave. Her husband saw them too, but not for several weeks afterwards.

Arabella never doubted for a moment but her husband had put this advertisement in the 'Times. Her heart bounded as she read the Once or twice the dark thought had crossed her mind that her husband might have assigned her cause of elopement to some old love affair, and have thought her a wicked woman. But she never gave shape to such a thought. She was so safe in the knowledge of her innocency, and her husband's conviction of it, that she never gave the But she thought distinct shape. was none the less glad to see the advertisement. It satisfied her mind that he was, in one way, satisfied.

'Yes,' she thought, 'he knows me too well to think that, however ill he may behave, I will disgrace him. He thinks that I have turned shop-girl, or have gone into some place of business. His pride does not like that. He thinks that he will make me some annual allowance, and get rid of me that way. No, sir; that is not in the least degree necessary now. Thank my good angel, I am quite independent VOL. XIV .- NO. LXXXIV.

of your contemptuous generosity. The poor singing girl will leave the fine club gentleman—the barrister -the member of parliament (Arabella made this illogical statement because John's father was a member), to get all the luxury he can, and wishes him joy of it, and earn her living for herself.' Thus ejaculated Arabella, like a virtuous peasant girl in some highly melodramatic piece.

Yet she found herself shedding many tears—those humanizing, civilizing tears which melt fierce natures

into tender moods.

Miss Roselle ought to be happy. She was as independent as such an independent young lady could wish to be. She earned her two guineas a week easily, by her two songs, and was told that she could easily obtain a better engagement. attracted a great deal of attention and admiration. Young gentlemen tried hard to get into the little room in the rear of the concert-hall, which served as a green-room; and when they were connected with the managers they succeeded. One or two of the managers called, and sent their wives to call, and they took much interest in the pretty, wellmannered young lady. She went to little evening parties, and little excursions to remarkable places in the neighbourhood were got up for Her public reception was a most gratifying success. In her encores she always gave some popular melody-- 'Coming through the Rye,' 'Last Rose of Summer;' that was the kind of thing which especially pleased the Million at the Saturday Night Concerts; but otherwise she was true to the music of the Italian opera. She was fast adding many pieces to what had been her narrow repertory. The Donatis got her plenty of Italian music, and a real The Donatis got her live Italian to teach it to her—an Italian, urbane and eloquent, as they all are, but elderly. The Roselle's friends did propriety for her with the most proper care. The Italian teacher easily induced her to go into the language and literature, and, having the whole week thrown on her hands, she was really glad to Also the Donatis uncondo so.

sciously did her another essential They told Arabella-I service. think not without some truththat she had the making of a real tragic actress in her. They enlarged eloquently on all the social and substantial glories that waited on the successful tragic actress. Mr. Donati advised her to begin with Ophelia. That was the easiest and most touching part for a commencing tragedienne. After that she might go on to Desdemons, or even Lady Macbeth if she chose. Then Arabella became an eager student of Shakespeare. The historical plays certainly cost her a great deal of trouble, but with the help of some history she got over those historical troubles. Oh, wonderful Shake-speare! next to the Bible, what a teaching and educating power it has! I really think that the 'Taming of the Shrew' taught the Roselle some great moral lessons. Without in the least knowing it, Arabella was really going through an education of a very special and powerful kind. This thorough musical training, this insight into language and literature, this study of Shakespearian character, this open, prominent position, and the sense of power which accompanied it, were all like the riches of an eastern sun in eliciting the deep-buried treasures of her mind. She was really going through a better course of education than any which John Waldegrave could have devised. The education of a child suits a child; but a woman's heart and mind must be moulded by another set of influences. How many of the noblest and greatest heroines of history have been utterly devoid of education in any modern or technical sense!

And yet Arabella found herself at times almost yearning towards her husband. There was, after all, a true wifely nature in the young woman. How true is that text: 'Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall bear rule over thee.' What was this glow of popularity, this repetition of compliment, compared to those early happy days when she could rest her hands in John's, or draw him to her bosom? A woman's truest instincts lie within

the narrow limits of her home. She began to own to herself at times how foolishly and recklessly she had acted in regard to her own interests and happiness and that of her hus-She bought a few of the band. books which her husband had once given her, but which she had disdainfully left behind. She was astonished to find that some of them gave her exceeding delight. If only her husband had been true to her she could have forgiven all else. But nothing could justify or extenuate his conduct. It was now all over between them for ever. She only wished that she could return him his liberty again. As for his advertisement to her, she trampled the 'Times' beneath her feet in a way which reflected considerable credit on her histrionic powers: it should be to her as though she had never seen it.

Nevertheless, she found herself writing to her friend Mrs. Mildmay to ask her to call on the lawyers in Gray's Inn, to be most cautious in her inquiries, and to reveal nothing of the assumed name and present residence, and to find out what her husband's wishes were.

More than a week elapsed before she received an answer from Mrs. Mildmay. She began by saying that her letter contained news which would astonish her very much. In the first place, the advertisement had never proceeded from her husband, of whom she had no news to tell.

Here Arabella dropped the letter with astonishment. A thrill of disappointment passed through her heart. Then she took it up again, greatly speculating, and read:

'I called on these gentlemen, the Messrs. Francillon. There was a great deal of unpleasantness and some little fencing with them. Was I any relation to Miss Arabella Cracroft? No. Was I a very old friend? Not a very old friend. I told them that Arabella Cracroft was Arabella Cracroft no longer, as they were probably aware, thinking, my dear, that they were advertising on account of your husband. I saw this was not the case, as they were very anxious to know his name and

Could I furnish them with a copy of the marriage certificate? Could I give proof of the identity of this married lady with Arabella Cracroft? Remembering your peculiar relations with your husband, I told them that I could not at present give your name, but on your behalf I must ask them what your business with them might be. They said they could best explain that to you, and that it was absolutely necessary that they should see you. I said that was quite impossible for the present, and I did not know when it might be possible. They then wished me good-morning, but at the same time they told a clerk to take down my name and

address. 'I was quite unable to see their drift, and intended writing to you, but delayed doing so, not thinking the matter of much importance. Last night, however, I had a letter from them desiring me to call. When I came, they said that they should state unreservedly the circumstances under which they had issued their advertisement, begging me to put myself into communication with you without delay. They had done so in reference to the will of your father, Giovanni Cracroft. The Christian name is explained by the fact that your father was, on the mother's side, half an Italian. fact may have had something to do with the rather odd character of the will, though Mr. Francillon assured me that the will was not, after all, of such a very unusual character. It recited that he and your mother, who afterwards became Mrs. Gibson, did not live together on happy He says some terribly terms. severe things of her in his will. He seems, however, to be of a peculiar turn, dreamy and imaginative; and perhaps your mother's only fault was that she was rather too practical and coarse for him. He seems to have had a good deal of property; but your mother was married so young that she did not know the details of it, and he was not very communicative with her. He determined to punish her, rightly or wrongly, in his will. "And since wrongly, in his will. my wife Johanna has never acted

the part of a true and loving wife by me, but has systematically opposed and frustrated my wishes, and has always pursued her own will and way, and her thoughts and affections are always with her own people and never in her own home, I depose her from the place which she would otherwise have in my heart and my intentions, and leave her just as much as will maintain her in the same sort of style as she was accustomed to before she married me." He then left her fifty pounds a year, to be paid her on your account during your lifetime until you arrived at the age of twenty-three, which he fixed for your majority. At this time they were living in the Isle of Wight near the sea. He directed that the property should accumulate during your minority, and that the fur-nished house should be kept in due repair. Mr. Francillon, the lawyer and trustee, had always let the house, and latterly he has enlarged and improved it and put it in excellent order. It appears that your mother was not in the least cut up by your father's valedictory remarks in his will. Liberty and fifty pounds a year formed an agreeable release to her from her mate. appears that she wandered about from one town to another, and in time ceased to have any distinct recollection of business matters, beyond always applying for her allowance, and receiving a great deal of flattery and attention from young men, as she was still young and very pretty. Finally, after a good deal of wandering about, she married this man Gibson, and had a lot of children. Her interest in her elder child seems to have given way in favour of her younger children. She took it for granted that you were not pleased with your home, but entered some house of business in London, probably on account of some love-affair. When Mr. Francillon, two months ago, inquired after you, she was in great consternation, fearing that the fifty pounds a year might be withdrawn. So it will be; but Mr. Francillon says that you will come into about nine hundred a year in land and the funds, and your mother naturally expects that she will at least be no loser. So, Arabella, you had better come up to town immediately and make all your arrangements. I congratulate you, my dear, with all my heart, on your splendid fortune, which will make you altogether independent of your worthless husband.

'But was that husband altogether worthless?' thought Arabella to herself.

She came to London, bringing her music engagement to a close, though with deep regret on the part of the enterprising manager, and was soon immersed in business and the delightful task of taking possession. Her relation with her husband was a source of great anxiety to Mr. Francillon, the solicitor. He wished that if the husband was a worthless man, his pretty client, though at some sacrifice, should be separated from him by a definite legal arrangement, and that if it was merely some pique, that they should come together again. Mr. Francillon was one of those lawyers—of whom there are not too many in this world—who do their best to allay quarrels and disquiet.

And one day Mr. Francillon got a letter, very brief, and asking whether he had succeeded in finding Arabella Cracroft or not according to the terms of his advertisement, and if he had, would he be so good as to tell that lady that her husband was lying very ill at a specified place, and would she go and see him.

Arabella cut short the conflict in her own mind by going at once.

CHAPTER XI.

AT THE SEA-SIDE.

When Nature designs to make a great orator, one who shall excel on the platform, at the bar, and in the senate, what is the first and most indispensable thing that Nature has to do? It is not to give him wit and wisdom, force and fancy, vehement feelings and mastery over emotions, but to give him a broad chest and sound lungs. It is the

physique, after all, that does it. Just as brute force is the supreme ultimate arbiter in all controversies, so in all intellectual matters brute organization, after all, has an immense deal to do with it.

Now John Waldegrave did not possess, what all our great orators do, a broad chest and strong lungs. He felt the effects of that great effort of his for months afterwards. Consequently he might have gathered that Dame Nature was giving him a shrewd hint that he was meant for domestic rather than public life. For some time he tried to persuade himself that his wound did not hurt. He enjoyed himself at his club and in his chambers. If this girl chose to go to the dogs, why, to the dogs she must go. But he, nevertheless, found himself with feverish anxiety endeavouring to find out some trace of her proceedings. He considered—not unjustly I think—that on the whole his wife had not acted well and wisely by him. Now in these feverish walkings he contrived to get very wet. and because this walk was of a feverish kind, this common accident gave him pneumonia. That curious connection between body and mind is puzzling enough. I believe that if John had been happy the wet would have done him no harm, but being unhappy it gave him inflammation of the lungs.

So he was laid up in his rooms in London, very bad at first, but getting better afterwards. But the doctors told him that he must be content to give up public speaking for a year; that his chest would always be delicate; and that he must take care of himself and go to the coast for the winter. So the sick man lay and pondered. I am not sure that the value of sick-bed cogitations is not sometimes exaggerated. Men are then physically weak, and the element of weakness runs through their thoughts; their view of life is a half view. But as we are often so utterly and hopelessly secular, at some times a season like this is wanted to restore the disturbed balance. And now he began to think all kind of things of his poor wife. Had he really made

the best of things? Would he have wished that she should quite have conducted herself with other men as he had conducted himself with other women? Might it not be in the mingled web of human destiny that their lots had been thrown together that he might do for her and she for him what might otherwise be left undone? Had he not made her every religious vow that he would cleave to and care for her? and would not God cleave to and care for him as he for her? Might he not trust, at last, to the long sure processes of time, and might there not be at the last a deepest, tenderest, most touching love, in that love that only fully ripens late, and grows purest and best towards the end?

Then he mused, feeling himself indeed a Married Bachelor-married in the eye of the law, but on this sick-bed, in cold lonely celibacy. That life of freedom which he had sought to carry out for himself did not seem to be so desirable now. And one day, a short time after he had despatched a note to Mr. Francillon_about the advertisement in the 'Times,' he was lying halfdozing on the sofa when he became aware of a light footstep, a light voice in the room. Slowly, dreamily unclosing his eyes, he saw before him his wife almost as an angel in her bright attire and eloquent face. She hung her head, and crept up, fondly, pleadingly to his side, and kissed his hands and his eyes, and laid her head upon his bosom. And then the old love came back, and he drew her to his heart.

'And so the doctor says, dearest, that you must go to the sea-side?'

He told her 'Yes,' and that he

should leave for ever these backelor-rooms, and somewhere or other they would find a little nest and home for themselves.

And then she told him of their own pleasant home in the south, where the mild sea broke on the level sands, where the luxuriant growth of boscage was trained up against the columned rocks, where their windows looked through myrtles and roses on the south and westward waters, where she had already taken his books and pictures and everything he prized in this little villa, and where she was to read and write for him, and sing to him, and nurse him till he was

well and strong!

So she said; and John Waldegrave, listening, almost wondered at the deeper tones in her voice, the deeper meaning in her eye, the deeper earnestness of her love. He went down to the Isle of Wight, and grew well and strong; and he yet hopes to do great things, if only for the sake of the wife who animates and sustains him. He renounced his bachelorhood and became a married -I may say, a very married man, particularly when his little girl made her appearance. When he first declared his marriage there was a considerable confusion in the public mind on the subject of dates, especially as little Barlborough had come back and was telling all sorts of stories at the Miss Dempster always Octagon. declared that John Waldegrave had treated her very badly; and, with all our sympathy for John, we are afraid that Miss Dempster was in the right.

WEALTHY DESOLATION.

'If your estate be dreary-what then? Your gains be great.'-Old Play.

THESE words at first sight hardly A appear compatible, because we all know, or generally, at least, are led to suppose, that everything in the shape of wealth is the natural enemy to desolation, or anything at all approaching it. This is the

commonly received opinion; and yet how many there are who, with every luxury at command, from some one small single cause, often wholly imaginary, are the most wretched and desolate of God's creatures! The cause of all his fancied misery ought surely not to be attributed to the fact of the sufferer happening to be wealthy, and possessing the good things of this life;—this would be altogether too absurd and unjust—the real misfortune lies within. We frequently meet with people whose minds, tempers, and dispositions are so utterly perverted and distorted that neither wealth, nor name, nor position—nothing, in fact, that this world can give—will ever make them contented or happy, and who seem pre-determined to be never otherwise than desolate and miserable, and, like poor honest Mark Tapley, to be 'always a-suffering.'

It is not, however, of the desolation of the heart or mind of man that I propose to speak, but of the face of nature—of a desolation and a wealth co-existing together in a remarkable degree side by side, close to a thickly-populated district, and almost within hail of the mighty metropolis of the world-the socalled centre of civilization—London; but yet as complete a terra incognita to the denizens of this modern Babylon as the hidden interior of an African desert, or the inmost recesses of a Turkish harem. This may appear a bold assertion: but let me ask with great respect, is there one person in twenty, even in this age of high-pressure education, who has ever heard of Foulness Island? Or even allowing that extreme possibility, can he where it is situated, off hand, 'out of his own head,' as we used to say at school? Not he, indeed, depend on it.

In order, therefore, to enlighten the public on a subject so utterly unknown, and yet possessing considerable interest in itself, we will just say that if any one will take the trouble to look at the map of Essex he will there see that, on its southeastern coast, beyond the mouth of the Thames, lie several islands, divided from each other by rivers or creeks, and mostly bounded on their south sides by the open ocean. Some of these islands contain but two or three small houses, and consequently but very few inhabitants; but this is not the case with the

one of which I am about more particularly to speak, which is the largest, and rejoices in the uninviting name already mentioned of Foulness, anciently written Fughel Ness ('seafowl promontory'), and probably so named from the quantities of seafowl that used formerly to frequent its shores. As I am not writing a geographical treatise, I will not presume to bore my readers with the greatest of all bores—statistics. Can anything be more disturbing, on sitting down to seek a few minutes' relaxation in a quiet read, than to find an awful array of figures hurled in your face? Statistics are, like pigs and children, all very well-in their place. I will therefore merely mention that this curious island is irregular in shape, its south side lying on the sea, its north on the river Crouch, and its west bounded by the river Roach and Shelford Creek. It is about five miles long by three broad, contains over 28,500 acres, and is as flat as a diningtable, its level being situated below high-water mark. The inroads of high-water mark. the sea are prevented by a stout 'sea wall,' or rampart of earth, the original building of which is supposed to date from the most remote antiquity. A similar defence (and of like antiquity) against the uninvited, and therefore most unwelcome visits of Father Thames, extends for many miles up the Essex side of the river; and to show the vast importance and utility of these defences, I may here state that it was the breaking of this wall in 1707 at Dagenham that occasioned the formation of the well-known lake of that name. Many useless and blundering attempts were made by the government of that day, at a great expense, to repair this breach by sinking old ships and otherwise; and so much valuable time was thus wasted, that the Thames had it all his own way for a period of nearly eight years, flooding and ruining the adjacent lands in a fearful manner to the extent of nearly a thousand acres, until Captain Perry, after five years' work, finally succeeded in driving out the foe by driving in piles across the breach from each side. Though

the waters were very greatly reduced, they were never finally got rid of, as the existing lake at present testifies. Verily, civil engineering was at a low ebb indeed in England a hundred and fifty years ago, and the ready and energetic Captain Perry may well be classed by Smiles as one of the earliest heroes of that

attractive profession.

The necessity and importance of keeping these stout earthen ramparts in thorough repair must at once be evident, as the entire safety of the low-lying lands within depends on the power and capability of these sea walls to resist the force of the in-flow of the tide. In the island in question, surrounded as it is on all sides by tidal waters, and exposed to the full violence of the gales of autumn and winter, the greatest possible care and attention is bestowed on the protecting sea wall, which is constantly the subject of minute inspection. The entire wealth and employment of the inhabitants arise from the bountiful crops of grain of almost every kind which the rich and generous soil so readily produces, and which, but for the defending safeguard of the wall, might be submerged and totally destroyed in a single stormy night Trade or manufacture of any kind there is none, and the island can boast but a couple of small inns and a shop or two, and a large spreading tree would be looked upon almost as a curiosity. Indeed, the sole inhabitants consist of three or four large farmers, about a score of 'lookers'—the Essex term for 'overlooker,' otherwise 'farm bailiff' -a number of agricultural labourers, and a very small sprinkling of fishermen. By comparing the returns of 1851 with those of 1861, the very little progress made by the islanders is shown in a remarkable In 1851 there were 109 inhabited houses, and a population of 640; in 1861 there appeared to be exactly the same number of houses, with the addition of two in the course of erection, the population at that period being 681, showing an increase of only 41 souls and 2 new houses in the space of ten years.

Formerly the islanders were in-

veterate and incorrigible smugglers; but the 'art' is now wholly un-known, and has not even been attempted for some considerable time past, owing, perhaps, to the close supervision and extreme vigilance of the coast-guard, who, day and night, are ever on the watch, and who should certainly take 'Non dormit custodit' for their motto. The worthy Foulnessites in these degenerate days never get a chance of following their old trade for which they were once so celebrated; and in the memory of many persons still living the amount of business done in this way was something prodigious. The 'running' of car-goes, and disposing of the 'tubs' afterwards constituted an important item in the regular work of the inhabitants, who all, more or less, at one period or another, played a little at this old-fashioned and dangerous, but always popular and exciting game.

The houses and cottages are scattered about hither and thither, just as it happens, for villages there are none, and as a consequence, no such luxury as a decent road exists anywhere—nothing but villanous waggon tracks, often wholly impassable from the depth of the wheel ruts, so that locomotion in winter is so wearisome and tedious that it becomes almost an impossibility; then, indeed, King Mud reigneth supreme. It is mud without (on the sands), and mud within (in the island); and such mud too: its depth and tenacity would make even a Londoner stare, especially if asked to walk through it for any distance in a pair of heavy water-tight jack boots. It is only of late years that there has been anything at all worthy to be called a church, which, with its neat-looking parsonagehouse adjoining, forms the only really pretty or striking object in the

whole area of the island.

The present tasteful structure, built of stone about seventeen years ago, stands on the site of the former wooden edifice, the original early foundation of which dates back as far as the year 1386, and is due to the charity and piety of Joane, Countess of Hereford, because, as it

is somewhat quaintly stated, 'the inhabitants could not always resort to their proper parish churches of Wakering, Rochford, Shopland, &c., by reason of the great swelling of the waters,' or, we might perhaps be permitted very humbly to add, by reason of the predigious distance of the said parish churches, the nearest being at least seven, and the farthest over ten miles distant. A walk to church, there and back, of some fourteen miles, partly on wet sands, and through dangerous creeks, is rather a stiff job for a Sunday merning's duty; and I should very much fear that the sturdy islanders were not, in those 'good old times,' very striking examples of regular or punctual attendance in their prescribed religious and theological

But perhaps the most remarkable fact of all, in reference to the present condition of the island, has yet to be stated. Incredible as it may appear, there is here no daily post! The letters are fetched, thrice a week only, from the nearest post-office, situated at the village of Great Wakering, on the mainland, about seven miles off. Even this is but a recent introduction: formerly even a post-office had no existence in the And yet this is within island. sixty miles of London, not ten from Southend railway station, and almost within sight of the great 'School of Gunnery' at Shoeburyness, with its large artillery barracks, public-houses, and gin-shops, and all other belongings to highly cultivated civilization. 'A post only thrice a week! but why-why is this?' Ah! that is just the question. The peculiarity of this island—its lonely desolation, and utter want of society, of everything, indeed, that makes life agreeable and bearable, may be said to be occasioned by its being so singularly difficult and even dangerous of access; and what constitutes this great difficulty, as there are neither mountains, gorges, nor rocky passes in the way, we will presently proceed to explain.

Immediately to the south of the island stretches an immense range of sands, which extend for very

many miles, commencing just below Southend. These vast sands are entirely uncovered at low water, and, though wet and sloppy, are yet perfectly firm and level, and are used for the practice ground of the School of Gunnery before referred to, as here a range for artillery can be obtained of almost unlimited extent. The line of the ranges is easily recognizable by the targets and signal-posts fixed at stated intervals.

It is along these same level sands, though several miles further eastward, that approach and entrance to Foulness Island is gained. The journey, as we shall show, is often attended with great danger, even to old experienced natives; and a year rarely passes but many sad accidents, followed by loss of life and property, occur to add to the already long and dismal chronicle of such

casualties.

The adventurous traveller who desires to explore or visit the hidden mysteries of this 'corner of the earth,' if he happens to possess anything in the shape of a decent carriage, chaise, or gig, must take especial care not to attempt the passage of the sands in any such conveyance as that, if he does not wish to have it utterly spoiled by mud and water. He should leave his carriage at either Shoebury or Great Wakering, and procure a light cart and an experienced driver. He then should make certain that the tide is down, and that there will be ample time to reach the island in safety, and having done this, he starts—say from Great Wakeringon an excellent and well-kept road, which terminates about a mile and a half from that village, at the edge of the coast. Passing by means of an incline over the sea-wall, he descends by 'Wakering Stairs, the term is, on to the other side, over rough stones, and filthy, slushy slimy mud, till he is fairly launched out on to the dreary, dreaded sands. The 'track,' for road of course there can be none in the wet sands, is now marked by bunches of thick brooms, about as large as a ninegallon cask, thrust upright into the ground about six rods apart. This

track proceeds, not parallel with the shore, but, in the first instance, straight out to sea (or nearly southeast) for a few hundred yards, until a beacon, formed of a tub stuck on a pole, warns the traveller that the road turns sharp to the left (or north-east), and is now continued for over six miles marked by the brooms only in a perfectly right line to its termination. The appearance of this road is, to say the least of it, peculiar and not very prepossessing. Vast, and apparently interminable sands, wet and sloppy appear on all sides but one, and that, the land side, consists of low muddy banks surmounted by the eternal sea wall. The track, straight as an arrow and marked only by the bunches of broom, stretches out far away in front of the traveller till the little black dots of broom are lost in the extreme distance, and presents, even in summer, a lonely scene enough, but in the fogs and rains of winter about as hopelessly desolate and chilling a picture as can well be imagined. From this long and weary broom track four branches strike off northwards at different intervals, each leading up to an entrance, or 'head' as it is usually called, over the sea wall and down into the island. The first is about two miles and a half from the starting point, the second is 'Asplin's Head,' over three miles,—then comes 'Rugwood's Head,' the one most generally used, four miles,—and Eastwick Head, farthest of all, nearly six miles. Each is marked by a pole or beacon set up on the principal track, which warns the traveller to turn to his left when proceeding into the island.

It may be here stated, as a reason why the broom road, though parallel with, is so far from, the neighbouring ahore, that the space between is known by the ominous name of the 'black grounds,' because it consists entirely of soft black mud, or, as some assert, quicksand, and is therefore totally unsuited for the purposes of a road for either men, animals, or vehicles.

From various causes, which will be presently shown, the journey to Foulness may be fairly said to be

always beset with more or less danger even to life itself, except when performed in broad daylight, and when the tide is known to be at a safe distance. The broom track is crossed in many places by the several creeks, which, as already mentioned, separate some of the islands from each other; and as the waters have worn themselves channels in the sands, these channels are often very deep and dangerous when the tide is flowing in, and at low water are about twenty yards wide. At the best of times the water in the creeks reaches nearly halfway to the nave of an ordinary cart wheel, but when these streams have been unusually swollen the current is both deep and strong; and more than one stout and well-mounted farmer has been nearly swept out of his saddle in making the crossing, and both horse and man have had a sharp struggle before the opposite side The most fearful has been reached. danger of all is perhaps to be overtaken by night with an in-rolling tide, or enveloped in a thick impenetrable sea fog so common to these sands. As the daylight decreases, the unfortunate traveller, perhaps on foot, is anxiously hurrying along this most dreary and desolate of roads with possibly many long miles of weary walking before him, and the tide gradually and almost imperceptibly advancing. As darkness comes on the direction of the brooms becomes more and more indistinct; or, worse still, they are cruelly covered by the slowly rising tide; and the miserable traveller finds himself in the midst of a most awful and dreary waste of waters, with neither moon, star, nor beacon to guide him,—his only track lost, and the tide most surely rising! If he is journeying towards the mainland he knows that to turn to his left will take him out to sea, to his right to the treacherous 'black grounds' and quicksands; and to continue or return with the brooms out of sight seems equally impossible. Wandering on he ultimately loses his way, and, overwhelmed with the horrors of despair, he perhaps comes suddenly on a creek. The advancing waters have now filled it—it is a

deep and rapid stream. Tired, exhausted, and bewildered, the unfortunate traveller attempts to crossloses his footing, and is at once carried away. Nothing more is probably ever heard of him, unless, haply, his body is ultimately found, where the receding tide may have left it, on the wet repulsive sand; and the last record of the lost life will be found in the few but significant words of the coroner's jury, 'Found drowned on the sands!'

All this may need like a romance, but it is strictly true in every particular, and unhappily a common occurrence on these fatal shores. Instances might be given where not only men, but horses, too, and even carts, have been totally lost. Not many years ago a well-to-do 'looker' was returning to the island in his cart with a large amount of property in money and goods. He left the mainland full of life and spirits to 'go over sands,' and was never seen alive again. His body was found a long distance out see-ward, near that of his horse; his cart was broken to pieces, and of course the whole of

his property lost.

But perhaps one of the most touching and melancholy episodes connected with these fatal sands . occurred a few years ago. A wellconducted young woman was about to be married to a respectable farm labourer. All the necessary preparations and purchases had been completed, save one, the most important of all—the ring. In order to spare the young man the loss of a whole day's work, the bride elect most generously undertook to go herself and procure the ring at the nearest market town, Rochford. To do this she had to walk there and back, a distance of nearly twentyfive miles, at least nine of which would be over the soft wet sands. Her future husband's sister volunteered to accompany her, and they started together on their long and weary journey. Having secured the ring, and being anxious, alas! only too anxious, to return the same night, they set out on their homeward journey. It was low waterthe road was perfectly safe, and they had ample 'tide-room,' as the term

is, and all doubtless would have been well, but a strong wind sprung up from the north, which ultimately increased to a perfect tempest accompanied by heavy rain. The poor girls were entreated by their friends in a neighbouring village to stay the night and not to attempt the sand They, however, were determined to go, having made an appointment with the young man, who had premised to meet them on their way home. This intention he ultimately. but reductantly, gave up on the persussion of the girl's mother, who, finding the weather had become so stormy, concluded, as a matter of course, that the two young women would remain with their friends, and not venture out in so rough a night. Early in the morning, with the first ebb of the tide, the young man started off perfectly comfident that he should shortly meet them. He had traversed a great part of the sands, and when nearing one of the creeks, to his unspeakable horror and despair he there discovered the hiseless corpse of his sister, and after a long and heartbreaking search he at length found the body of her unfortunate companion, his bride elect, a considerable distance out sea-It was supposed that the wards. very high wind had brought up the waters far more rapidly than was expected (a common circumstance hereabouts), thereby completely throwing out the ordinary tidal calculations; and that the wretched girls, horrified at the rising tide, and bewildered by the blinding rain and approaching darkness, had missed the broom track, and wandered out of their course, until, overwhelmed by the waters, death put a period to their earthly sufferings. Can anything be much more horrible than such a frightful, lingering death?—for, from the known state of the sands at the hour of the girls' setting out, it was probably a very long time—perhaps many hoursbefore they at last succumbed to their miserable fate. The rapidity of the axe of the guillotine, or of the rope of the gallows is humanity and mercy compared with such a slow and fearful death as these poor innocent companions in misfortune met with. Imagination recoils at the thought of the amount of mental agony and anguish that they must have endured on finding that they had lost their way, and were wandering about in the rising tide, well knowing that in their present position nothing short of a miracle could possibly save them. With the rushing waters below, the howling tempestabove, surrounded by pitchy darkness, these two most unhappy and unfortunate girls must have known that their hours on this earth were numbered; and who shall say what amount of physical suffering and bodily pain they may not have undergone in that dread-ful struggle for life, before its little spark was at length extinguished in the remorseless waters!

One more singular instance may be cited to show the danger of the sands not only to the young but even to old and experienced age. A 'looker' who had lived for very many years on the spot, and had walked over the sands some thousands of times, for he was sixty years old, was returning one evening in a friend's cart. He was set down at the beacon indicating the approach to the first 'head,' and had, therefore, nothing more to do but simply to walk straight up to the 'head,' and into the island. By some utterly unaccountable means he wandered far out of his way, and during the night a voice was heard calling through the darkness and solitude the terrible alarmery of the sands, 'Lost!'- 'Lost!' Endeavours were made to reach him; but as he most imprudently did not stand still, but kept constantly moving about, all attempts to save him failed, from the impossibility of finding his whereabouts; and the unhappy old man was drowned accordingly. His body was found next day, near Shoebury, some miles away from the spot on which he had alighted from his friend's cart.

Stories are told of many and various escapes from the waters of these dreaded sands, and of more than one remarkable instance of animal sagacity proving itself superior to human forethought and wisdom. A medical gentleman who some years

ago was in extensive practice on the mainland, was continually called into the island by his professional duties at all seasons and at all hours; for his humanity and conscientiousness would never allow him to hesitate for a moment when life was at stake, or when pain and disease cried aloud for his active ministration. It has been already stated that the ordinary tidal calculations may be completely thrown out, and the sands, although supposed to be safe, rendered dangerous by the sudden springing up of a strong north wind, which drives in the waters with great rapidity. Of this circumstance the gentleman just alluded to had been repeatedly warned by the wonderful instinct of a favourite saddle-horse which, at one period, always carried him on this perilous journey. So finely acute was this horse's sense of hearing that nothing, neither persuasion nor force, would ever induce him to remain on the sands if the tide was thus rapidly rolling in. The sound of the approaching waters, however calm and quiet the sea, he could distinctly hear, though otherwise wholly inaudible to man; and, as the doctor had perfect faith in the unerring sagacity of his four-footed friend, he never attempted the passage, but simply waited till the road was passable as usual. Many a time when overtaken by night, or by one of those treacherous and sudden see fogs so commonly met with here, the doctor, when otherwise mounted, has found himself on the dreary desolate sands with the waters rising, and the brooms rapidly becoming invisible—not an enviable position certainly, but one calling for both courage and judgment. His plan was to dismount repeatedly, and by holding his hand in the water he could thereby feel the direction of the tide, and judge or shape his own course accordingly, till by good fortune he came upon one of the beacons, and so made his way to the nearest 'head.' This is medical practice under difficulties indeed, when the danger of drowning, or suffocation in quicksand, is added to the usual and daily one of boldly facing death in every kind of

fearful disease; and if ever doctor 'earned' his fee, in the truest sense of the term, this one most surely did.

After the foregoing account of the dreary desolation and extreme difficulty of access of this singular terra incognita, it will perhaps seem almost incredible, but it is a fact nevertheless, that large fortunes have repeatedly been realized by persons who have passed their entire lives in this secluded and isolated spot. The soil is rich and generous, and of remarkable fertility, and the crops of almost every description of grain which it produces are usually highly valued; and this perhaps may afford some return for the terrible life of exile of such a place. The rector is a

man of literary acquirements, and an accomplished scholar. What an utter banishment for such a man! Cut off from society, and almost from intercourse with the mainland, and with a post thrice a week, and this actually within sixty miles of London! So you see there are more wonders in the vicinity of the metropolis than are dreamt of in your philosophy, good reader! And I rather think that you will readily admit that this peculiar island, beset as it is with dangers of many kinds, its lonely solitude, and its splendid money-getting harvests, may be said to possess in all senses the attributes not only of wealth but of desolation too.

GREGORY GREYCOAT.

GOSSIP FROM EGYPT.

The Bilgrimage to Mecca.

THE greater proximity of Egypt to Europe than other semi-civilized countries, like Persia or India, makes the traveller more interested and more astonished at the strange and the unwonted that he may see in Alexandria or Cairo, than in Teheran or Calcutta. In nine days we can travel from London to Cairo. If we had a journey of a month to undergo, or if we had to travel to the other side of the world, we should not be so astonished at the barbarous or the cruel that we might see there.

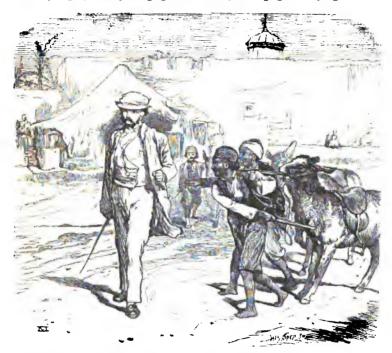
In Ashantee or Dahomey, human life is unquestionably thought less of than it is in London or Paris; and if the reader were to be transported to either Ashantee or Dahomey, he would doubtless feel much less surprise at witnessing executions, or seeing human heads on poles, or bodies impaled, than he would feel if he witnessed these things in Hyde Park or the Champs Elysées. Mr. Walpole had impaled Mr. Beales on one of the Park railings close to Apsley House, or if Louis Napoleon had done the same to M. Thiers in the Jardins de Tuileries, there would have been commotion in London and Paris respectively. The excitement caused by thousands of persons prostrating themselves on the road—say in Piccadilly, for instance—and lying there so close side by side that the street was not visible, every stone covered, in order that a wild horseman-say the Bishop of Oxford—on a fiery steed. might prance over them, to enter St. James' Church, at full speed, would scarcely cause less excitement in London than the impalement of Mr. Beales on one of the Park railings near Apsley House. Yet this is actually what takes place in Cairo every year, once every year; and although strangers are shocked, or horrified, or scandalized, the denizens of Eyypt, of European or native descent, being 'to the manner born,' think little of it.

Every year a caravan leaves Cairo for Mecca and Medina. This pilgrimage every devout Moslem ought to perform once at least during his lifetime, and having performed it, every Moslem, devout or otherwise, lets it be known, in his dress, in the decorations of his house, and particularly in his air and manner and bearing. It may be spiritual pride, or it may be only the remains of the devotion inspired by the sight of

the holy places; but certain it is that the Hadji who has performed the pilgrimage is wonderfully like one of the unco'gude in Scotland or our own land, who holds such pilgrimage in abhorrence.

Thousands set out on this pilgrimage, from Morocco and Fez on the west, to Calcutta and Singapore on the east, all wending their

pore on the east, all wending their way to Mecca; and of these thousands only a few hundreds return. Cholera, fever, want, exposure, the sun by day, and the dew and the moon by night, destroy the pilgrims in great numbers, both going and returning. How great the equanimity with which we can bear the woes of others! This moral truism is particularly true of the pilgrims to Mecca. Arabs, Moors, Egyptians, Persians, Turks, Affghans, Patans, and Moslem Malays see their brethren die on the long, long pilgrimage with profound equanimity. The sufferers are not to be pitied. They go direct to Paradise. They are to be envied rather. It is an article of their creed, taught by the Koran itself, that pilgrims dying on this



pilgrimage are received direct into heaven by the beautiful houris, who are waiting for them with outstretched arms. There the air is all perfumed; the rivers are of milk and wine and of all the most exquisite descriptions of nectar; the birds and the plants are more beautiful than anything on earth; and the houris, loveliest of maids, are waiting for them. Such is the Moslem idea of Paradise; and to this Paradise the poor pilgrim, dying en route, goes at

once. Where, then, is the cause for lamentation?

But many cannot go to Mecca. They send presents there instead—presents intended to ornament the tomb of the Prophet, or to assist in its preservation and maintenance. A sacred carpet in Cairo is dedicated to the reception of these presents, and this carpet is looked upon as being peculiarly holy.

The fete day of the Prophet Mohammed in Egypt is the first day of the Arab month Rahi-el-Vouel and the feast itself is called the feast of Moullet-el-Nebi. The sacred carpet is brought back to Cairo annually in time for this feast. The Moulletel-Nebi would lose half its lustre if the sacred carpet were not then forthcoming. As there is plenty of time for it to be returned by that day, a little judicious travelling and halting, on the return journey, easily makes the entrance of the sacred carpet into Cairo coincide with the

feast-day of the Prophet.

The chief of the Moslem religion at Cairo rides out in state to Rassaout, accompanied by crowds of faithful disciples, to meet the sacred carpet on its return. The carpet is conducted in state, and with great noise, to the citadel of Cairo-where is the magnificent mosque built by Mehemet Ali—the head Imaun preceding it on horseback, to give the more dignity to its return. The Vicercy himself is standing at the door of the mosque, and bows again and again as the holy carpet is brought forward; the head izzeun sweeps off his horse and into the mosque with a grand air; he hardly recognizes the Viceroy—the holy carpet is a much more solemn affair than any number of Viceroys, he seems to think. Prayers having been said, the carpet is carried in solemn procession again to the citadel.

In the older part of Cairo, dating from the end of the thirteenth century, stands a particularly holy mosque, that of Kaloum, encompassed by narrow lanes, by filth, and by a teeming population. To this holy mosque, as its restingplace for the year, it is now the duty of the chief Imaun to carry off the sacred carpet. He is a good rider; but whether called right reverend, or most reverend, or very venerable, I cannot tell. His long white beard makes him look very venerable; and, like all Arabs, he is quite at home in the saddle.

A white horse, an Arab of pure breed, perfectly white and pearly in colour, with one black lozenge on his forehead, and another on his off hind-leg, has been kept all the year n the stable, waiting for this grand

occasion. He has been well fed. well groomed, carefully attended to. and comes forth out of his stable duly saddled, snorting and curvetting, and pawing in an impatient sort of way. He wants to be off. It is as much as four grooms can do to hold him and get the chief Imaun safely on his back. Once firmly seated in the saddle, they know the chief Imaun knows well how to hold his own. With the holy carpet tied carefully round him, the chief Imaun grasps the reins, and plunging, curveting, prancing, and rearing, the white Arab steed, and his white-bearded Arab rider, the head of the Moslem faith in Egypt, take their way through Cairo to the

mosque of Kaloum.

The air is rent with the shouts of the faithful, as the chief Imaun, on his white charger, makes his way without the gates of the citadel. And here, whilst the holy man, the white-bearded chief Imaun, has as much as he can do to manage his fiery steed, and is taking him deftly and wisely, as carefully as he can, down the steep declivity of the citadel, I must stop to marrate a curious illustration of the Oriental love of noise, mentioned by Mr. Edwards. India, as in Egypt, noise is a serious matter. Neither religion nor war can get on well without it. The Second Bengal Cavalry had described their officers in a fight in Cabul. The Lieutenant-Governor at Agra, in the midst of a durbar, asked an old decorated native officer of cavalry, who had been with Lord Lake, and wore a dozen medals, if he could explain how it was that so brave a corps had acted in so cowardly a way. 'It is all the fault of the Government, was his reply, for they have taken from us our Galloper guns. Formerly, when ordered to charge, these guns preceded us, and fired a few rounds, and we charged at the back of the noise. At such times,' he added, looking round on the assembly as if delivering the most solemn and mighty truth-'at such times, for getting up the heart, and keeping up the spirit, there is nothing like noise. Indeed noise is a most important thing.' A hum of approbation and acquiescence went round the native portion of the assembly, at the pregnant wisdom of the old officer's oracular response!

Mighty is the shouting, thundering applause, as the chief Imaun, white-bearded, on his white Arab steed, makes his way carefully down the citadel hill; and, as he draws near the foot of the hill, and directs his course towards the narrow lanes leading to the mosque of Kaloum, the faithful in attendance, men, women, and children, who have assembled from all parts of Egypt to take their part in this religious drama, prostrate themselves on their faces on the road. Closely packed, side by side, all lying still now, the whole street covered, they await the prancing steed, and his very venerable or right reverend rider, and the holy

carpet.

The wild Arab horse prances over the prostrate forms, ever becoming more and more restive as he proceeds, his iron hoof here crunching down on a hard Egyptian skull, and there sinking into the yielding side of some graceful girl. On, ever faster and faster, the chief Imaun urges his steed, for the more rapidly the ride is concluded, the less injury will be done. No cry of pain is heard from the sufferers; for as the horse pushes on, the crowd behind rise, and shout with all their might. even more noise. Noise, and Some are hurt, one or two may be killed, for the road all the way to the mosque of Kaloum is thus paved with human beings; but their friends and relatives believe they went straight to Paradise, if killed outright; and, as to the wounded, they will go to Paradise too, some day, when fate so wills it, and in the meantime let those who ought look to them. Are we not all in the hands of fate? Such is the simple creed of the Moslem. It is all fate; life and death, and wounds and healing, all is fate.

The following observations of Madame Olympe Andouard, in her 'Mystères de l'Egypte,' on this hideous ceremony, are so true and so much to the purpose, that with them I conclude: 'The present Vice-

roy, Ismail Pacha, was brought up in Paris. He is considered civilized, and he has certainly done much already to light the lamp of civilization in Egypt. I am astonished that he does not abolish—that he does not forbid this cruel custom. It were an act of humanity to do him honour, did he forbid it; and it would be all the easier since it is not enjoined in the Koran. It only obtains in Egypt. It is a barbarous custom, not an ordinance of religion.

It is true that the Egyptians, particularly the fanatics, pretend that the horse of the chief Imaun has the miraculous power not to wound or to kill any one. On this account they lift up the injured and force them to walk all the same; and, as to the dead, they carry them off, saying the chief Imaun will cure them. If a European were to interfere, he would be abused. He could not be injured by the horse, for the honour of paying the road for that horse is reserved for true believers, and is not for a dog of a Christian.

THE FEAST OF KHALIG.

Every one has heard of the annual ceremony by which the Doge of Venice in olden times gracefully wedded the Adriatic with a ring. Egypt used annually to wed the Nile, more horribly, by throwing into its turbulent and turbid waters, when rushing with force into the Khalig Canal, a young and beautiful virgin. This poor girl of fourteen or fifteen, chosen for her perfection of grace and form, was decorated as a bride—richly, elaborately decorated—and at the moment when the rising waters of the Nile were let into the Khalig Canal, to give life and fertility to well-nigh half of the delta, this poor girl, torn from her friends and family for the purpose, was precipitated into the world of waters, boiling, foaming, rushing madly in miniature waves from the overflowing river into the dry bed of the canal. The Nile was her bridegroom, and his embrace was death. A hundred have heard of the Doge's throwing the ring into the Adriatic, for one who has heard

of the barbarous wedding of Egypt and the Nile.

The Feast of Khalig, which now annually takes place, as it did in days of yore, when the waters of the overflowing river are let tumultuously into the dry bed of the Khalig Canal, usually in August, is the modern reproduction of the old horrible ceremony, in which the shrieking girl, in her bridal attire, was offered up as a sacrifice to conciliate old Father Nile. The difference is that an earthen image of a girl, the best that the artists of Egypt can construct, is now substituted for the living, shuddering, palpitating, shricking victim that was formerly immolated, as I have described. And for this change from cruel barbarism to merciful symbolism Egypt is indebted to her Mussulman conquerors. Christian Egypt continued the horrid custom that had descended from antiquity, until Amrow, the General of the Kaliph Omar, in the seventh century, put an end to it. The Nile did not rise as high as usual next year, and Amrow wrote in great anxiety to Omar, fearing a revolt, if the old and horrid custom were not restored. Omar's reply ought to be remembered, as well as his apocryphal order about the burning of the books in the Alexandrian Li-He enclosed in his despatch a solemn form of invocation to the one true God, drawn out by his high priest, and he ordered Amrow to throw that invocation into the Nile instead of the girl, as of yore. Amrow did so, and the waters that year rose to the usual level. Gradually, however, the old feast was restored, all except the human sacrifice, for which the earthen figure was substituted, and this now constitutes the Feast of Khalig.

It may appear to Christian readers a strange thing that a ceremony so opposed to the spirit of Christianity as the annual immolation of a human being to propitiate a supposed river-god, should have been continued for several centuries after Christianity had become nominally the faith of Egypt. 'Nominally!' the whole explanation is contained in that word. Christianity was but

nominally then the faith of Egypt. as it is of Abyssinia now. Adrien, writing to the Consul Servinius, in the second century, thus describes the faith of Egypt:—'I have studied, my dear Servinius, this Egypt, which you praise so much; I find it light, inconstant, changeable, ready to be moved by every wind of doctrine. Those who adore Serapis call themselves Christians; there are no chiefs of synagogues, nor priests of Christianity, nor divines, nor soothsayers, nor prophesyers who are not worshippers of Serapis also.' Nor were things much better in the fifth century. Then there was to be seen in Alexandria a woman of rare beauty and of extraordinary eloquence-a virtuous woman—as renowned for her learning as she was for her beauty, who had learned mathematics thoroughly from her father, Theon, and who had studied Plato and Aristotle for herself. She had been esteemed as a learned and brilliant woman even in learned and brilliant Athens, and now she taught philosophy in Alexandria. And what was her fate? Peter, a Christian deacon in the church of Saint Cyril, collected the Christian disciples of this Christian saint together, inflamed them against this good and learned and beautiful woman, Hypatia by name. They dragged her from her chamber, divested her of her clothing, tore her fair body, like wolves, to pieces, and cutting off mass after mass of the quivering flesh, burnt it there in the market-place, bit by bit; and the Christian Saint Cyril, when it was all over, gave them absolution! Such was the Christianity of Egypt in the fifth century! and the Mussulmans conquered it in the seventh century.

So much, then, for the past; and now for the Feast of Khalig, as it is in this year of grace, eighteen hun-

dred and sixty-seven.

The Khalig Canal gets its waters from the Nile in the immediate vicinity of Cairo, and spreads the fertilizing stream throughout the western delta, as far as Damietta. Unfortunate Orissa has a great river also, whose waters might just as easily be employed to fertilize its

plains, the Mahanuddy, which means the great river, if only channels were made for it, in order that water might be forthcoming when heaven denied its rain; but although Orissa has been a British province for more than a hundred years, no such canals have been formed. And what is the consequence? Seven hundred and fifty thousand Hindoos were starved to death by a paternal government in Orissa during the last

two years!

The Nile, represented as a god in the old temples of Egypt, is a fine old man with a white beard, the statue usually of black marble, probably to indicate his Abyssinian origin, his head crowned with emblematical fertility. He was supported by a sphinx, and a crocodile and a hippopotamus reposed at his feet. He was surrounded by sixteen sons, representing the sixteen cubits to which it was necessary the waters should rise in order to give its full share of fertility to Egypt. He is no longer worshipped as a god, but his waters are treasured as carefully as ever, and the annual inundation is watched and measured as anxiously as it was when the young girl, in her bridal attire, was thrown into it to propitiate old Father Nilus.

A barrier keeps the waters of the river from the bed of the canal antil the stream has sufficiently risen to permit of its being divided, and the cutting of the bund, or barrier, with its attendant ceremonies, constitutes the Feast of Khalig. It is in itself a sufficiently important matter, for the irrigation and fertilization of nearly half the delta depends upon it, and it is therefore no wonder that it should be made a time of holiday-making and rejoicing. Said Pacha, the predecessor of the present Viceroy, always attended the Feast of Khalig. Ismail Pacha has attended it, but is 'to one thing constant never.'

From the time of the approach of evening, an hour or two before sunset, the crowd begins to accumulate in the neighbourhood of the bund, or dam. The assembled Arabs sing and play on musical instruments, and shout and dance. The poor come in crowds from Cairo on foot, and the rich in their comfortable boats. called dahabiers. The whole river is alive with boats of all kinds, and as the twilight deepens into night thousands of lights illumine its waters, whilst fireworks are let off in Cairo, illuminations appear on the surrounding buildings, pay, even the very huts are lighted up. Musicians and singers and dancinggirls swarm on the barrier itself. and little extempore booths and pavilions are dotted all over the banks, as well of the river as of the canal. Shouts of laughter resound on the water as well as on the shore, and are heard every now and then, loud and dissonant, above the din of the music and the singing.

The torches, waving amongst the crowds on shore, and the lights in the booths, and the gleaming lamps on the river, the water of which reflects on its black bosom the twinkling dots of flame, and the laughter, and the singing, and the discordant music, and the shouting crowds in their holiday attire, all make up as strange and fantastical a scene as one could see anywhere. 'It is like a ball on the Styx and its banks. said a brilliant Frenchwoman: and truly the wild Arab figures, and the black Nubians, and the extraordinary mass of varied humanity, intermingled with the lights, and the blackness of the water and the night, made the simile not so inappropriate.

The feast continues all night. Bengal lights and rockets, and blue. red, and green flames, and flashing fireworks, are let off at intervals in Cairo all the night; and at intervals, as they appear and die away again, the crowds shout and dance, and exhibit the wildest demonstra-

tions of joy.

At length, at daydawn, the barrier is cleared, and the troops appear in military order, with the Viceroy himself, or his representative, at their head. The cannon are placed in position, and the earthen image of the bride of the Nile is elevated and great is the excitement. All are waiting for the decisive moment. It comes at last! The signal is given, the cannon thunder forth, the image of the girl is hurled into the seething waters, the barrier is broken up, and large, and ever more large, is the volume of water that rushes and leaps and crashes and dances into the bed of the canal, as the last opposing remnants of the barrier are swept away by the impetuous tide.

And such is the Feast of Khalig, as it is now celebrated!

CAIRO.

Most of the towns of the east are like antiquated beauties, who look well at a distance, but will not bear inspection. From afar the arched eyebrows, the dark, glancing eyes, the beautiful complexion, and the enticing figure, all look well. But approach nearer, and what a lesson of disillusion! The black and well-arched eyebrows are evidently the result of a pencil judiciously applied, the fire of the eye is due to kholl, and the complexion was prepared in the perfumer's laboratory!

Thus the towns of the east, and of Egypt especially, are admirable as seen from afar; the domed and minaretted mosques, the Moorish houses, and the dots of green, caused by the palms and sycamores amongst them, are all pleasant to contemplate from a distance—but it is from a distance only. Draw nearer, and the odour which assails the olfactory nerves is of the most disagreeable, the squalor and filth on every side, the tumble-down aspect of many of the houses, the number of people afflicted with ophthalmia and cutaneous diseases, unpleasant to look upon, all combine to produce emotions of disgust. The tortuous, narrow streets are full of filth; the dogs that bark or howl at you are mangy and vulpine; the best and most religious of the inhabitants look upon you with hatred and contempt as an infidel; and the beggars, who will alone fraternize with you, are of the most unsavoury of mortals, and the most unpleasant with whom to be brought into contact.

The Mount Moquattan affords the best view of Cairo. From its

summit the aspect of the town is pleasant to contemplate. The citadel towers above the city, and distance lends enchantment to the view there Looking away toas elsewhere. wards the desert, the Pyramids are seen, motionless, grim, and solitary, in their vast bed of sand. Most strange, most melancholy, and yet most grand is their aspect. Man lives and frets and dies from age to age — Pagan, Christian, Mohammedan—they come in succession, and rule and pass away, and the Pyramids remain, like destiny, fixed and immovable. Most wonderful of human buildings, never to be surpassed, most probably never to be equalled! The Nile wanders through the scene, a thread of silvery blue, meandering pleasantly amongst palms and cypress and sycamore trees, amongst gardens and villas, and through villages, giving out life and fertility with no niggard hand, as it runs off towards the north. The island of Roudale is a conspicuous object in the course of the Nile as seen from the top of Mount Moquattan, an island all vegetation, all fertility, all green and smiling-a strange contrast to the gloomy desert of sand, with its never-changing coat of arid yellow in the distance. More than a thousand mosques, it is said, may be counted from this elevated position -more than a thousand mosques! all with their tapering minarets, very picturesque and fairylike, amid the trees and domes. Take a good long look at Cairo, as it is seen from the summit of Mount Moquattan, and let it live in your memory, and then depart with that scene treasured up for future reference, and Cairo will live in your remembrance like a thing of beauty, a joy for

Go down into the town itself, and

the illusion is gone.

The square called Esbekyeh, occupying nearly the centre of the town, is the quarter chiefly frequented by Europeans. The principal hotels are grouped round it; and several of the Egyptian nobility have built residences in the neighbourhood and on the sides of the square, so that the buildings around form a

goodly show. Nor is the open space in the centre itself devoid of its attractions. The sycamores and the palms flourish there. There is abundance of vegetation, but no taste, and no cleanliness. This last is the most offensive want to Europeans. Egypthas yet to learn that sanatory measures must be carried out in all large towns, if the health and the comfort of their inhabitants are to be cared for.

In the Square of Esbekyeh, and in Cairo generally, simply nothing is done to render the promenades and streets clean and pleasant, but much is done to render them offensive. Filth of all kinds, and of the most offensive character, abounds

in Esbekyeh.

At night, in walking through it, lanterns must be carried. The lamps of the hotels, and palaces, and casinos surrounding the square, illuminate the roadway to a certain extent, but, within the enclosure, and amidst the scattered vegetation there, all is darkness, unless the moon—the bright, beautiful moon of Egypt, looks down in silvery sadness on the scene.

And Cairo by night is a city to make all observers sad. The singing cafés, or casinos, the gamblinghouses, the little theatre, are all full of the rabble of all European na-Greeks, and Italians, and Maltese are here drinking and quarrelling nightly. They are the ontcasts of Greece and its islands, of Italy and of Malta, whilst the French and English mingled amongst them, with the exception of the officials, of course, and of those engaged on the Suez Canal, and of the 'Overland' Indian passengers,-are amongst the worst specimens of both countries. description of the refugees who joined David in the Cave of Adullam would exactly suit them.

The Turks and Egyptians do not usually keep late hours. Like all Oriental people, they retire and rise early. Except when their festivals, religious or national, make them trench on the hours of night, they usually retire to rest shortly after sunset, and rise with the sun.

The singing in the casinos of

Cairo and Alexandria, and the acting in their theatres, are bad travesties of the singing and acting in Italy and France, in the provincial towns. Painted ladies, whose dresses are made to exhibit as much as possible of their figures, put themselves into the attitudes of a Grisi, a Jenny Lind, a Nilsson, or a Patti, and emit lugubrious sounds, intended for the finest airs in the last popular opera; and as to the ballet-dancing, it is suitable for the audience, and nothing worse can be said of it.

Assassinations are not unfrequent. both by day and by night, in the streets of Cairo as well as in the Esbekyeh. Sometimes firearms are used in these assassinations, but more frequently stilletoes. The few respectable European residents in Cairo have got so accustomed to this state of things that, when they hear of a new quarrel, followed by a new murder, they merely observe, 'A worthless Greek or Italian the less in the world, nothing more.' Before the shop of M. Magrini, the librarian, in Alexandria, an Italian was suddenly attacked by two other Italians, and stabbed. He fell, sorely wounded and almost insensible, upon the pavement, a crowd collecting around him as the assassins quietly walked 'And why did you not arrest them?' indignantly asked a French lady of one of those who was present, and who narrated the cirumstance. ' Pas si béte!' was the answer, very emphatically delivered; 'passi béte! we do not mix ourselves up in their quarrels. They are an utterly vile, and contemptible, and revengeful set of men.

It is not unusual to have a man pointed out to you in Egypt as a curiosity, who is generally supposed, or well known, as the case may be, to be one of the greatest assassins alive. 'And why is he allowed to go about thus? why is he not arrested?' you naturally ask. 'Well, there are various reasons, is the reply. 'In the first place, he goes well armed, and the police would rather not have anything to do with him. He thinks very little of killing a man, and he has many accomplices who would revenge his arrest. Besides this, the Egyptian government does not wish to interfere with Europeans; is extremely careful not to embroil itself with any of the European powers, and there is no knowing who might interest himself for this man, if he were arrested.'

It is not many months ago since a Greek was quietly walking along in the Esbekyeh Square in Cairo. not far from the office of the Messugeries Impériales, when two others coming upon him suddenly, stabbed him in the back. As he fell, the two assassins saw his face for the first time. 'Pardon, sir,' was their simultaneous exclamation, 'a thousand pardons; we mistook you for our enemy!' And so saying, they dived into an adjoining entry leading into some of the most tortuous lanes of Cairo, whilst a crowd, as usual, collected helplessly around the dying man to gaze upon him. He was a man of some influence, and he died. The Greek Consul took up the matter, and had a diligent search made for the assassins, but they could not be found: the dying man alone had seen their faces, and had heard them say that it was a mis-

The crowd which one sees in the early evening in the principal streets of Cairo, and in the square, and in the promenade of Choubrab, is curious and motley. After the mid-day siesta, which is most religiously taken by all classes, greatly to the disgust of energetic John Bulls, who will persist in calling at post-offices, and at steamer offices, and at telegraph offices-in fact, at all kinds of offices,—between twelve and three, and who find them all closed, and even the porter sitting at the closed gate, half asleep,—after the siesta then, life returns to the streets, in the shape of innumerable donkeys.

I distinctly remember that, when I was a boy, I was taught, or preached at, to the effect that the donkeys of the East, of Syria and Egypt particularly, were not the miserable, diminutive animals known by that name in England. How these teachers, or preachers, got their information I do not know; but this I know, that I have seen the Turkish, Syrian, Arab, Egyptian,

Persian, Affghan, and Bengalee donkey, and that his English brother is by no means a despicable member of the race. There are some good donkeys everywhere, and a great many bad ones.

In Egypt, to ride on donkey-back is not disdained even by the nobility. and amazing is the volubility of the donkey-boys as they see an irresolute European looking up and down the road, half blinded by clouds of dust, half overcome by bad smells and bad sights. Egyptian donkey-boy knows John Bull at once—whether it be John Bull with sallow face and diseased liver, coming home from India, or the youthful military hero that is to be, or civil ruler in posse, going out with all sorts of high hopes,—the Egyptian donkey-boy knows them 'Vaira good donkey, sair, Billy all. Barlow. You come with me, sair. Another insists 'That no good donkey—here one vaira good, Snooks; and so on. Each magnifying his own goods, and particularly his donkey, at the expense of his neighbours.

And then the saddles! such saddles! If they had been picked up in the Crimes, after the fight of all nations there, they could not have been more various. Laden with wood, and with panniers of fruit and vegetables, bestridden by men and women of various nations, and beaten behind by the donkey-boys, donkeys with saddles and donkeys without, of all colours, and all sizes, and all ages,—and thus pass we the donkeys. They form a very large proportion of the crowd, but by no means the whole of it.

There are two-legged pedestrians in all costumes, and camels and dromedaries, and riders of all kinds of horses, and vehicles of the most varied shape and character on all sides. It is amazing where all these vehicles could have come from. Some look as if they had been imported into Egypt from England in the time of Charles II., but of course that could hardly have been. Others of them look like the most recent and the most fashionable productions of Long Acre. The drivers and attendant footmen are as various as the

vehicles—some slovenly Egyptians, in the everlasting fez, badly dressed, badly shaved, hadly combed. Others, neat, tidy servants, in picturesque liveries, and each with an amount of colour decoration sufficient to bedizen half a dozen of the same class in Rotten Row.

Next to the place Esbekyeh, in Cairo, is the street called Mousky, for fashionable crowding and lounging in the evening. Donkeys, carriages, camels, dromedaries, mules, and men, all mixed up in wild confusion, and appearing as if they had just arrived from all countries, form the motley crowd that gives life and motion to the dust and air of Mousky Street. The grooms run beside the horses' heads as they do in India, shouting to the pedestrians and to the drivers of other carriages to get out of the way, abusing the slow, chaffing their comrades, brushing flies off the horses, and running along in the heat and dust all the time, as if they knew not what fatigue was. Always running, always talking, laughing, perspiring, and flourishing their horse-tail flyflappers, they dash on, in and out amongst the horses, the vehicles, the

terous, and the most patient of men. The beys and pachas, who constitute the nobility of Egypt, love the street Mousky. Here they assemble at the shops, in the evening, to smoke their pipes, to drink coffee, to watch the passers-by, and to hear the gossip of Cairo from the shopkeepers. It is as if the male aristocracy of London sat round the shop-doors of Piccadilly or Pall Mall, in the evening, smoking their cigars, and chatting amicably with the shopmen or shopwomen about the passers-by, about the gossip of London, about anything and every-But of this out-door life thing. London knows nothing, and Paris, with all its boasting, only a little, compared with Cairo and Alexandria.

donkeys, the pedestrians, and the

camels; the noisiest, the most bois-

Very few of the streets of Cairo are sufficiently wide to allow carriages to pass. Dive into one of the side streets, from the most fashionable quarter, and you may reach in

two minutes streets or lanes so narrow that even a laden ass is passed with difficulty. The warv pedestrian, seeing the laden ass coming, waits patiently in a passage, or doorway, or some other sheltergiving space, till the poor little beast, with its weary burden, has passed on. There is as much tact and quickness of observation required to walk safely in Cairo as in London, only of a different kind. When the laden Moslem strikes your head with the burden he is carrying, he does not, like the London porter, ask you 'where you're a drivin' to?' but he looks at you simply, sorrowfully, pathetically, and passes silently on, as if he were saying within himself, 'What a poor half-witted creature he must be? If he gave utterance to the exclamation, it would be in Arabic, or Coptic, or some other unknown tongue. so that his eloquent silence may be translated as you please.

The clothes which are hung out to dry in all the streets of Cairo, on lines stretching from one side of the street to the other, are a perpetual annoyance to the European horseman. He cannot avoid them always, and it is not comfortable to find them blown into his face, and covering his mouth, and endangering his hat, particularly when he reflects that the plagues of Egypt are much more numerous now than they were

in Pharaoh's time.

They say there are four hundred of the larger mosques in Cairo, and more than a hundred small ones; that is, in the city proper alone, without including the suburbs. This may be true. I never counted them; but looking at the city from an eminence, the minarets appear wellnigh innumerable. The mosque of Amrow, the general of the Caliph Omar, who conquered Egypt in the seventh century, is one of the finest, as well as one of the oldest. It is built of polished marble, is in the purest Arab style, and presents to the visitor the aspect of an immenso range of cloisters. A gallery surrounds it within, supported by a number of the most elegant pillars; and, in the space for prayer in the centre, the sky is the roof. The

fountain for ablutions is of surprising richness and elegance, harmonizing well with the admirable proportions of the surrounding gallery and cloisters. Truly surprising it is, when we reflect on it, where the Arabs got their exquisite taste in architecture. The more purely the building is Arabic, of whatever character it may be, the more chaste and beautiful it is. We have tried Gothic, and Grecian, and Roman; we have tried even fantastic and semibarbarous Chinese architecture in England; but the pure and severe Arabic style has never yet been properly introduced. When Mr. Ruskin goes to the East, and, returning, publishes his impressions of it, perhaps a beginning will be made.

The mosque dedicated to the Sultan Kaloum, in one of the worst quarters of Cairo, is much frequented by the sick. Kaloum had some reputation as a physician, and his robe, which possesses, it is said, a marvellous healing power, is preserved in the mosque. There are various squares of marble, somewhat elevated above the floor in this mosque, which are supposed also to perform wonderful cures. By licking one with the tongue, the patient gets rid of jaundice; by rubbing the part affected over another, rheumatism is cured, and so on. But perhaps the strangest of these superstitions is that relating to the gift of children. Male children are eagerly desired by all wives in the east; children of either sex, if they cannot have boys; but to be a childless wife is the height of misfortune, and exposes the unhappy woman to contempt and vituperation from her husband's relatives. Those who are barren, and who desire children, have only to visit the mosque of Kaloum, so say the One of these marble slabs Arabs. is dedicated to them, and a citron is provided. The barren female is to sit on the marble slab, and to suck the citron. If she does this, nothing doubting-faith is absolutely necessary—the reproach of her barrenness will be removed, and she will become a happy mother of children. A similar means is provided for obtaining male offspring particularly. These superstitions doubtless bring in a large revenue to the mosque.

Not far from the mosque of the Sultan Kaloum is the college where the young neophytes are educated who are ultimately to become the Imauns, or priests, of Moslemism. Bigotry and hatred of Christians are rife here. A European cannot visit it without having the most opprobrious terms flung at him in Arabic. If he knows what the Arabic for a dog is, he will find much use made of that word in particular during his visit. But the probability is he knows nothing of Arabic at all; and it is only by the lowering eves and threatening aspect that he can guess the expressions made use of are not complimentary. Of actual violence, however, there is no fear; Egypt is too well drilled for that: its prosperity, its civilization, its advancement in every way depend too much upon Europeans—upon France and England notably, to permit of open violence anywhere to Christians.

And here I may remark how strange to the Englishman travelling in Egypt it is to find the French have completely monopolized Cairo and Alexandria. The names of the streets are posted up in French. The discipline and uniform of the military are French. The methods of education, the forms of official intercourse, the entire mould of the civilization being introduced into Egypt is French. The English language, and English manners and habits, are equally unknown. And yet it was English capital, to a very great extent, which made Egypt what it is. Neither the Mahmoodieh Canal, nor the railway to Cairo and Suez, would 'probably have ever been constructed if it had not been for the so-called 'Overland' route to India. The French make bad colonists, we are in the habit of saying in England, but they make better civilizers than we do; at least they leave their impress much more quickly on semi-civilized There is more French, in proportion, spoken in Cairo and Alexandria, and visible to the public eye in their streets, than there is English in Delhi or Lucknow.

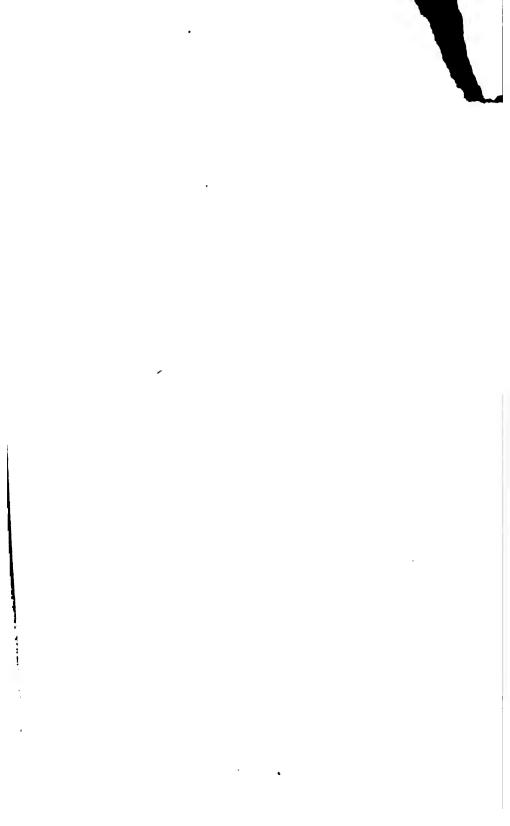




training Wilfrid Lawson J.

THE GOLDES BOAT





The cafés of Cairo are an institution. There are eleven hundred and forty of them, according to the last census. The Mohammedans who have no particular occupation live in them, and sleep in them, and others who are employed at particular hours take their siesta in the cafés. In the evening every one frequents them. There are storytellers attached to each, whose business it is to enliven the lethargic visitors by tales, sometimes marvellous, sometimes simple and domestic, sometimes religious, and often the reverse. These tales are usually prefaced by the repetition of a few lines, which are supposed to be of fortunate augury, such as the following—

'Sleeping is all the world,
Waking is God alone.
This tale it may be false,
Its words may not be sweet;
Eyes of mine saw it not,
From hearsay I repeat it.
Of him who hath composed it,
False or true, the meed be his.'

THE GOLDEN BOAT.

D^O you recollect the day,
Sister Annie, when I lay
In your arms, the while you read to me that strange wild tale
Of the magic golden boat,
With the silver swans afloat
That drew it soft to landward in the down-hushed gale?

Of the magic stranger knight
That in beauty did alight
On the yellow sands at even when the sun lay low,
Who so wondrously did sing
That the daughter of a king
Sailed out with him bewildered where the red waves glow?

How she, the sister, faded
Till all the land was shaded
By the gloom of her sweet sorrow for the twin soul gone;
Till, among the drift-weed strown,
To shore a corse was thrown
In the silence and the shiver of the cold grey dawn?

Then rose she like the morning
In its tenderest adorning,
And cast her breathing beauty where her twin lay dead;
Till Nature, great and holy,
Outdid the magic wholly,
And, mingling with the ocean mists, the Pale King fled!

All that wondrous tale hath lain,
Sister Annie, on my brain
Through the weary tossing fever when my pain lay deep;
For I dreamed I was his wife
As I slumbered out my life,
And I thought I heard him singing o'er my last long sleep.

Was it nothing more than seeming?
Sister Annie, was I dreaming?
Did he love me? Did I follow o'er the red sea line?
Or was it but a vision
Sent by flends in their derision
Who heard the angels weeping o'er a love like mine?

Where is gone the golden boat, ... With the silver swans afloat?

And where the knight in beauty that the pale sands trod?

Like the captive lark I tended,

He is flown, and all is ended,

And is there nothing left me but a green grass sod?

When the word was spoken never,
When he took the boat for ever,
When the waters overwhelmed me, only thou left near,
What was it through my sleeping
But the potence of your weeping
That saved me in the shedding of my long hid tear?

No more, no more of sighing,
Hear me, Annie, I am crying,
And_I feel it coming back to me, my long-lost rest;
Wild dreams no more beguiling,
See me, Annie, I am smiling,
Like the wayward child I was upon your one true breast.

Is that the sun high risen
From his dreary ocean prison?
He that rode the sea-horizon like a long gold boat,
With the white curled waves beside him
For the silver swans to guide him—
And, hark! to heaven up-springing, sounds the lark's glad note!

Lift me, Annie! Let me hear it!

How bright the sun grows near it!

There! the barrier cloud is riven like a strong tree cleft.

Now the music and wing-lightness

Are both buried in the brightness,

And the greatness of the glory is the one thing left.

ELEANORA L. HERVEY.



THE HOME OF THE CAVENDISHES.

NO all those tourists, enterprising and unenterprising alike, who may be ever led at any future time to investigate the beauties in which Yorkshire and Derbyshire scenery abounds, there is one piece of advice that, in a spirit of the purest philanthropy and sincerity, I would give—avoid Sheffield. Do anything rather than enter its grimy, smoky precincts. Be circuitous when you might go straight ahead; take six hours where you might take three; put up with the countriest of country inns; endure to remain dinner. less and tobaccoless; submit, in fact, to anything rather than go to Sheffield. A hideous conglomerate of tall, unshapely chimneys, of stunted. blackened houses, perpetually overhung by dense layers of smoke, which seem almost to take solid form and substance in the heaven above; a collection of narrow, illarranged streets, whose atmosphere forcibly reminds you of that ascribed to the Black Hole at Calcutta; streets which literally teem with children of one uniform sizeuniformly squalid, miserable, and vicious in appearance; streets at whose corners may be seen knots of ill-conditioned-looking men — haggard, desperate, ill-fed, ill-clothed, up to murder, stratagem, or mid-night plots of any kind, judging from their countenance; streets, near the doors of the beershops and pawnshops of which you meet with women the exact counterparts of the men, with faces from which all trace of feminine sentiment or shame has long since departed, engrained with misery and crime; women whom it makes one sick and sad to gaze at; whose faces tell you that they re-ceive blows and bruises from their lords, and whose lips, every time they open, tell you that they have long since lost any thought of decency, any regard for God. Imagine all this, and you will have a very fair idea of Sheffield. It has been my lot to have been, at one time or another, in most of the manufacturing towns of England and Wales -to Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds;

to the great industrial centres of Staffordshire, Wolverhampton, Wednesbury, Bilston; to Merthyr Tydvil, and to a hundred others: and as one who has been to these places, I have seen much misery, much squalor, much sin; but in none have I ever seen a population that strikes the stranger as being uniformly so irredeemably low in the scale of humanity as Sheffield.

Such, at least, are the present writer's experiences of the town famous for its cutlery—infamous for its rattening and its Broadheads. Whether I saw things and persons in Sheffield through a somewhat gloomy medium I am not quite certain. The day on which my compulsory visit to it took place was perfection of its kind - a sunny. cloudless day in August. It had been arranged that I was to meet at ten o'clock, at one of the hotels, some friends who had asked me to make one of their party on a day's excursion to Chatsworth, and these friends were sadly unpunctual. For nearly three hours was I forced to wander about these dreary streets, gazing into shop windows which were the least inviting that it has ever been my fortune to see, and into human faces about which the same remark might be made. Once I was on the brink of making a pilgrimage to Broadhead, to witness the ovation with which that monster is daily honoured. But the advice given me by a sulky landlord, to the effect 'that I had better keep off, as they had emptied two pails of whitewash over two gents who had come there to have a look three days ago,' was sufficient to deter I eschewed the hostelry of me. Broadhead, sulked about the streets, anathematized my friends. Fortunately they came at last, and my Sheffield experiences were over.

From Sheffield to Chatsworth is a distance of some dozen milos along a very charming road. A beautiful drive it is, and beautifully diversified is the scenery through which one passes. Perhaps not the least striking fact which impresses

you as you journey onwards is that the manufacturing magnates of Sheffield have a remarkably good eye for picturesque building situations. At every turn you come across villas and country houses, from which these mighty capitalists drive each morning to their business in the aforementioned town. erected just on those very spots which, above all others, one would choose—on the gradual slopes of hills, with commanding views of wood, valley, and water. As might be supposed, most of these houses are quite new; but they are in surprisingly good taste, nothing glaring about them, nothing vulgar. Money, however, will do most things, and it will certainly purchase taste, or the results of good taste. Apropos of this subject, most people, I imagine, have heard the story of the newlydeveloped commercial Crossus, who, when buying books for the shelves of his library by the yard, was in doubt how to have them bound with sufficient gorgeousness. 'Better have them bound in Russia,' suggested some friend at his elbow. 'Russia!' was the ready rejoinder, 'hang Russia! have 'em bound in London, of course.' But there is none of this ignorance displayed in the external ordering of these villas. The buildings themselves, their sites, the gardens and terraces by which they are surrounded, are all faultless.

But we drive onward. The fifth milestone is reached, and country houses cease altogether. No more elegant villas in their trim enclosures. The view is changed. Nothing on either side of the road—to quote two lines of Miss Ingelow's, which have been justly called a poem in themselves—but

'An empty sky, a world of heather, Purple of foxglove, yellow of broom.'

Far away into the dim distance, broken here and there by grey crags of rock, the purple and golden waste stretches. Often you may see glistening in the sunshine some gentle little waterfall, or some winding stream. A delicious breeze wafts the rich odours of the furze and of the heather, smelling of the

morning,' to you, and at every breath you seem to drink in fresh draughts of health and strength. Now and then, too, you may hear the sharp crack of the gun, for the festival of St. Grouse — to add a new saint to the sporting Pantheon came more than a month ago; and if you look closely, you may descry certain fawn-coloured bodies in motion afar off, which tell you that the dogs are there. This is the kind of road, very serpentine, and not a little hilly in its nature, which you have for miles. Suddenly the heather ceases to slope down to the roadside, and is terminated by abrupt craggy descents of rock. granite boulders spread themselves out so widely that they almost threaten to intercept the path, and the rising mountains shut out the But by degrees the road leads you through what you had before, and you are brought to the brow of a hill. There is a view for you! for miles around the country may be seen, that is, if the sky is clear. On the day on which I looked a rich golden haze was suffused over the whole landscape, so that I am precluded from the possibility of description. To the left, at the bottom of the hill, is a lodge-gate one of the lodges of Chatsworth. Beyond is the village of Baslow. Yonder is the inn: not that painfully-new edifice, built and managed upon improved principles, embodying less comfort and necessitating a heavier disbursement of capital, but that ivy-clad hostelry, just where the road bends, bearing the sign of the Peacock.

We dismount, a party of six of We are shown into the most delightful little sitting-room conceivable, redolent of flowers, opening out on to a lawn very closely shaven, where you may play bowls or croquet, or both at a time, if you like, as long and as often as you think fit. We are rather hot, and very thirsty, and they make excellent cider cup at the Peacock. certain as it is that two and two make four, so certain is it that bibulous humanity will refresh itself with the cider-cup if it gets the opportunity. The silver tankard is brought; we drink; we are refreshed, and ready for our two-mile stroll to Chatsworth.

A stroll through a glorious park, whose circumference is rather more than eleven miles—only four miles less than that of the Phœnix at Dublin-under grand old oaks and 'immemorial elms.' Cattle, sheep, and deer abound on all sides, and as you walk along you catch glimpses of I know not how many different kinds of landscape. Here there are delicious lawns, that seem, as you tread upon their verdure, to be carpeted with velvet; here there are wild tracks of fern and heather; and here rugged cliffs, occasionally rising to a height of more than a hundred feet, crowned, as to their summits, with fir plantations. If you look to the right you will see the brawling stream of the Derwent, while straight before you rise the Derbyshire hills. That rather fantastic building which stands at those graceful iron gates inside the park, and which, painted as it is with divers colours, looks something between a Swiss cottage and a Chinese pagoda, is the lodge which guards the entrance to Barbrook Hall, the charming residence of Lady Paxton, widow of Sir Joseph Paxton, who formerly occupied the position of estate agent and landscape-garden projector to the Duke of Devonshire. The tower built on the hills nearly opposite Barbrook is known by the name of the Bower of Mary Queen of Scots. Suddenly a bend in the road brings us full in view of Chatsworth House itself. A 'house' it is modestly styled, but it is, in fact, a palace. It was Chatsworth of which her Majesty, on the occasion of her visit thither in 1843, said to the Duke of Devonshire, that she did not know any one of her subjects had such a palace as his residence. It was of the conservatories and pleasure-grounds at Chatsworth of which the Iron Duke subsequently remarked: 'I have travelled Europe through and through, and witnessed many scenes of surpassing grandeur on many occasions, but never did I see so magnificent a coup d'ail as that extended before None of the Cavendish family are at home, and before the great gates stand three or four capacious vehicles — one scarcely knows whether to call them drags or vans — which have brought over a band of holiday makers from Matlock, whom you may see, not a hundred yards off, banqueting al fresco beneath the grand old trees, for the Duke of Devonshire throws open the park during the summer season of the year to any one who pleases to come thither, without respect of persons.

We rather congratulate ourselves on having come after these good people have made their inspection of the house and gardens, for sightseeing in a crowd is not a pleasant ordinance. 'I should like Chatsworth a great deal better,' remarks a gentleman of our number, who has been there often before in the capacity of lionizer-in-chief, 'if it did not involve the expenditure of so many different half-crowns: comment in which there is a certain amount of truth. Half-crown number one is prospectively disposed of to the porter at the lodge, who relieves us of our sticks, umbrellas, and parasols, after which little ceremonies, and a walk across a courtyard, we are entrusted to the tender mercies of a housekeeper.

But before anything further is said, it may not be amiss to give a brief account of the historical antecedents of Chatsworth and its owners. At the time of the Norman survey, the manor of Chatsworth was the property of the Crown, under the custody of one William de Peverel. For some generations subsequently it was in the possession of a family named Leche, or Leech, one of whose most illustrious members was Sir Philip Leech, known in history as treasurer for the wars of France, Governor of Rouen, Monceaux, and Newcastle. About 1500, Chatsworth was purchased by a certain direct lineal descendant of Robert de Gernon, who came over to England with the first William—Sir William Cavendish. The gallant baronet was sufficiently fortunate to win the heart and hand of the celebrated beauty, the great heiress of Hardwick, a step which made him possessor of a very large estate in the county. It was, I suppose, on the strength of this that he commenced the building of Chatsworth. But before one wing was completed he died. Lady William Cavendish, his widow, married the Earl of Shrewsbury, and as the noblest monument which she could erect to her husband, she finished one quadrangle with its many turrets. During this time Chatsworth acquired many rich historical associations. For fourteen years it was almost the sole home of Mary Queen of Scots. It was, too, in the month of October, 1570, that there alighted at the gates of Chatsworth House Sir William Cecil (Lord Burleigh) and Sir Walter Mildmay. They were the bearers of certain messages from her gracious Majesty Queen Elizabeth; and for twenty days these ministers stayed at Chatsworth, endeavouring to bring the negotiations between the two queens to a satisfactory conclusion. There is preserved to this day amid the archives of the Cavendishes, in the great library at Chatsworth, a letter, written by Queen Elizabeth 'with her own hand,' thanking the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury for the hospitable entertainment of her favourite minister, the Earl of Then came the Civil Leicester. Wars, and more than once in these Chatsworth occupies a prominent place. More than once was it held as a fortress, and more than once did the troops stationed there do good service for their king. The Earl of Newcastle rescued it from the hands of the Roundheads who had temporarily occupied it; and, successively to him, Colonel Eyre and General Shalcross held the great hall.

The first Earl of Devonshire was William Cavendish, second son of the baronet of that name, whose elevation to the peerage occurred in 1618. Ever since the days of these Cavendishes, who were renowned, some of them for their nautical exploits, others for their consummate knowledge of law, each successive generation of the family has boasted some illustrious members. The second Earl of Devon-

shire was, in his early days, the pupil of no less a tutor than Thomas Hobbes, 'the author of a very wicked book with a very long name,' which said book was none other than the 'Leviathan.' For the satisfaction of those who may be fearful as to the religious or political tendency of one brought up under such circumstances, let it be stated that the second Earl of Devonshire was not only a most accomplished nobleman but a very staunch supporter of the correctest forms of church and state. And as much might be said for his son, who succeeded him. In 1694 the fourth earl was created first duke. His grace occupies a very striking place in political history. It was a time of trouble and unrest. Plots for the restoration of popery and despotic government at home The first Duke of were abroad. Devonshire, while yet earl, stands forth as a zealous supporter of civil and religious liberty, and is one of the most influential of those who signed the invitation to William, Prince of Orange. It is also the period of the first duke's possession which marks the second great stage in the architectural history of Chats-The work, which had been commenced in 1500 by Sir William Cavendish, and continued by his daughter, was brought to a princely perfection. He not merely completed the south wing, but, to quote the words of an old chronicler, 'seeing public affairs in a happier settlement, for a testimony of ease and joy' he added a new quadrangle of stately dimensions. He called in the aid of all the most eminent artists and sculptors of the day to decorate the state apartments, and died with a good heart, leaving, as a legacy to some future descendant, the entire completion of the task. There have been many illustrious Cavendishes between the first duke and the present possessor of Chats-There was the Hon. Henry Cavendish, famous in the scientific world as one of the greatest disciples of Sir Isaac Newton, and a store of whose writings may be found in the 'Philosophical Transactions' of 1766. The present actions' of 1766. The present duke is the eldest son of the fifth

duke, and his mother was none other than 'Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire,' 'round whom,' Macaulay tells us, on the occasion of Warren Hastings's trial, 'there shone those ladies whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself. had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury.' The present illustrious possessor of Chatsworth it is who has given the finishing stroke to the grandeur of the Palace of Peak, as Chatsworth may be, and is, without any exaggeration, called. A huge wing, 385 feet in length, has been projected from the east front: and, at the advice of the architect employed, Sir Jeffreys Wyatville, a variety of alterations and additional improvements have been made. The northern entrance to Chatsworth is through a kind of Italian tower; east and west run the great wings, the sides of which, with other intersecting wings, form quadrangles and courts. We have now passed through one of these, and, as was before stated, and as the reader, perhaps, will kindly imagine, have been handed over to the care of one of the housekeepers in the entrance-

There seems to be a kind of regulation tone which these sight-showers think it necessary to adopt. It appears to be indispensable that every sentence of explanation with which they favour you should be marked by a strong nasal twang, and shall be uttered in one breath. These certainly are the conversational characteristics of the good woman who condescends at present to lionize us. 'This,' she obligingly informs us, ' is the Derbyshire marble, and that is the Indian canew' (I write, so far as the housekeeper is concerned, phonetically). We advance and we find ourselves in a gallery which looks down upon the great hall, and which serves as the connecting link between the old and new parts of the house. The frescoes here are simply magnificent, and they are from the hands of Verrio and Loguerre. Their subjects are the Passing of the Rubicon by Julius Cæsar' (as our cicerone described it, it sounded very like the 'Passing

of the Rubric by Judas the Czar'), and several other events in the life of the great Roman general. Next comes the region of picture galleries. The south gallery principally contains sketches of Claude Lorraine, Titian, Raphael, Carracci, Correggio, Salvator, Rubens, and a host of others. Other galleries there are -the north, and the east, all hung with paintings of the principal European masters. The Dukes of Devonshire have one after the other been great picture collectors, and in these galleries are seen the accumulation of centuries of laborious striving after artistic treasure. celebrated painting of 'Bolton Abbey in the olden Time' is in the Chatsworth collection. Bolton Abbey, bythe-by, is the property of the Duke of Devonshire. On the two walls fronting that on which 'Bolton Abbey' hangs, are five or six pictures, all well known, from the brush of Sir Edwin Landseer-' Dignity and Impudence,' 'The Beggar's Petition,' &c.

But the great glory of Chatsworth is its 'State Rooms'—a suite of some half - dozen splendidly - decorated apartments; and it is these to which, after an inspection of the already-mentioned apartments, that we are led. Here, again, all the ceilings of the exceedingly lofty rooms are adorned with superb frescoes from the brushes of the same artists as those who have decorated the great hall-Verrio and Laguerre. As for their sides, they principally consist of the most perfect carving in wood ever witnessed, except, perhaps, that in Trinity College Chapel, Oxford, which, by-the-by, is from the same hand as that to which the Chatsworth chefs d'œuvre are usually accredited—Gibbons. It is most probable, however, that much of the elaborate carving at Chatsworth was performed by Watson, the native genins of Derbyshire. Every manner of thing is here depicted-birds, fishes, clusters of fruit; and as you look at the partridges and the snipes depicted before you, it is difficult to fancy that if you touch them you will not find soft, downy plumage instead of unyielding wood. There are but few articles of furniture in

most of these rooms,—some old and precious cabinets, and in one a bedstend, the tapestried drapery of which was worked by the fair Queen of Scots. With tapestry, too, the sides of this room, as of one or two others, are hung; and when I say that it is superior in execution to the tapestry seen either at the South Kensington Museum, or at Holyrood Palace, Edinburgh, some idea of its surpassing beauty may be formed. The last of the State Rooms contains a gorgeous table consisting of one solid slab of malachite, a gift to the Duke of Devonshire—who was nominated to the embassy of congratulation when the Emperor Nicholas ascended the throne—from the Russian Em-The view from this suite of press. chambers is superb—a magnificent avenue of trees, a lake beyond, and beyond that in the vast distance the bold outline of the Peak range.

'Would you like to see the chapel?' was the inquiry of our guide. 'Certainly?' and to the chapel, accordingly, we proceed. As you enter this you are met by a delicious odour. On looking round you see that the whole building is lined with cedar wood. Here, too, the carving, as in the state apartments, is exquisite. The altar-piece is by Verrio, and represents the incredulity of St. Thomas. On either side stands a statue of Faith and Charity by Cibber.

At this period of our tour, as the housekeeperabove mentioned seemed to be expecting us to make our departure, we asked the question—

'Is this all that we can see?

A little hesitation on the part of our cicerone, a little gentle dallying with the bunch of keys in her hand, and then the answer—

'Well, sir, we don't generally show

any more.'

But here one of us by a kind of galvanic movement happened to insert his fingers in his waistcoatpockets, and to move some loose coin which were lying there. The hint was taken.

'You know, sir, if you particularly wish to see the other rooms

you can.'

To the other rooms we duly went. And first to inspect the drawing-rooms. Of these there are three, and the billiard-room forms one of the same suite. The large drawingroom is about fifty feet long, thirty broad, and perhaps twenty high. It is lined, as indeed are the others—s fact which constitutes their principal feature—with very rich silk brocade of different colours. A few. not many, pictures decorate its walls: there is a great deal of statuary about, and there are some very beautiful specimens of agate and malachite tables in all these rooms.

From the drawing-rooms we were led into the large dining-hall. The ceiling is divided into a number of compartments or panels laqueata tecta, Horace would have called them -ornamented with figures and divers devices carved in gilt upon a ground of white. To the room itself there are two entrances, one between columns of Sicilian jasper, the other between columns of Italian marble. As for the chimney-pieces -there are a couple of them-they are of a kind to be seen nowhere Their material is the marble of Carrara; the artists who have executed them are the younger Westmacott and Sievier. Those of my readers who care about financial statistics may be interested in hearing that the cost of each fireplace was about two thousand guineas. A Bacchus, and a Bacchante surrounded by children, all the size of life, are portrayed in both. Here, again, the tables are superb—marble, granite, agate. On the same floor as the grand dining-room—indeed in a straight line with it—is the library, nearly one hundred and twenty feet long. An antercom it has at each end, one called the 'ante-library,' the other the 'cabinet library.' The ceiling is decorated by paintings by Louis Charon, a French religious refugee. A gallery runs round the length and breadth of the room. Bookcases divided into compartments by semicircular metallic pilasters, of nine feet and three feet alternately in breadth, line every portion of the walls. One side there is a magnificent chimneypiece of Carrara marble, surmounted by a mirror six feet by four feet six inches. Altogether the effect given

by this room is one of superb richness. I have said nothing about the volumes which the library contains; but as at the time we were in the room there happened to be an elderly gentleman busily engaged in cataloguing them, who we were told had been similarly employed for three weeks, and whose work was not yet half completed, it might seem idle to essay the task.

But description of the Palace of the Peak is really an endless business; and an inventory of what one sees there can give but a very poor idea of the tout ensemble. You might just as well hope to gain a true knowledge of the nature of poetry by analyzing what you conceive to be its component parts, as to discover what Chatsworth is like by reading over a catalogue of its contents. Enough will have been said to convey an impression to the reader that the scale upon which everything is to be witnessed, and the splendour of the workmanship displayed are at any rate things to be surprised at. Much of what I saw I must forbear to mention in detail. There were various other rooms into which the housekeeper, who had by this time thawed into communicativeness, showed us; but if I were to describe them I should be merely. in great measure, repeating myself. What need either is there to dilate upon each step of the magnificent stone and oak staircases, and the rows of family likenesses which overhang them?

We pass through the sculptureroom, out of which leads the ballroom: we have only time very superficially to investigate all the works of art which it contains—the chefs d'œuvre of Westmacott, Thorwaldsen, and I know not how many others,-the colossal vase, twenty feet in circumference, formed from one entire block of Swedish granite, and sculptured at Berlin by Barteleina; the rare and unique specimen of Labrador felspar, embedded in a margin of porphyry, and so much else. We are now in the orangery, the end door of which opens out into the garden; and here we take leave of our friend the housekeeper, not forgetting a handsome douceur, to entrust ourselves to the tender mercies of the gardener, who happens to be opportunely waiting.

The only way in which these could be in any way described in the short space still remaining to your contributor would be by adopting a narrative of the kind which found favour in the well-known Mr. Alfred Jingle, - smooth - shaven lawns. shrubberies, fountains, rocks, waterfalls, flowers, fragrance, sunshine, shade, &c. &c. Of what these gardens are like, of their extent, of the perfection with which they are kept, some idea may be formed when I have said that the number of gardeners in regular employ at Chatsworth are one hundred and twenty. The fruit and vegetable gardens extend over twelve acres, and are furnished with five-and-

twenty hot-houses.

Pasta magnificent group of flowerbeds, we are led to the foot of an artificial waterfall, or rather series of waterfalls. Just at present the water does not happen to be turned on; but our guide is obliging. He gives a mysterious whistle, which communicates with some unseen agent. 'The falls,' we are told, 'will soon be full.' We wait a few minutes, and then we hear a kind of gurgling echo: it is the water in the distance. Another minute, and then along the whole gradual descent of more than a hundred feet the stream comes, making at each separate step a species of tiny cataract. The effect is charming. Seen from one of the library windows it has the appearance of being one continuous sheet This, however, is but the of water. first of marvels. You walk on: on each side of you are rocks towering occasionally to a height of a hundred feet or so. They are all artificial. Under the superintendence of Sir Joseph Paxton they have all been placed in their present position. The stream which you see leaping down the crags flows not by nature but by art. If you look up you will see a large plantation of pine trees. Well, beyond that is the Chatsworth reservoir, and from this reservoir all the water comes.

On still we wend our way, till at

last we come to a kind of grotto. But there is a path cut. We follow it: suddenly our progress is stopped by a huge boulder of rock thrown straight athwart our track. 'Can we get no further?' we ask. But wait one moment. That immense stone revolves on a kind of pivot. A lady's hand pushes it and it moves aside. Through the aperture thus made we go. That huge building of glass yonder is none other than the big conservatory which covers something more than an acre, and which is the model of the building of the Great Exhibition of 1851. It is filled with different exotic trees and plants; and yonder stands a cocoa-nut tree which has been compelled to undergo the process of decapitation, because it was outgrowing the height of the building.

Back we wend our way, past the French, the Italian, and the Persian gardens, through thick shruberies; now looking into other conservatories, and now looking down upon crystal-clear pools, whose depths are stocked with gold and silver fish and trout. The stream of Derwent is chattering near. The trees are tinged with the gold of sunset; and here we are back once again at

the great gates through which we originally entered. We bid adieu to our agricultural Mentor; we reclaim our umbrellas, &c.; we disburse more half-crowns, and we have seen Chatsworth.

Again we are at the Peacock inn: our dinner is ready for us in the same charming room mentioned already. We are hungry, and we do justice to what is placed before The moon is up before we leave the little village. We can only dimly descry the outline of the Derbyshire hills in the distance, on our return journey. But we have carried away with us mental pictures which in spite of the shades of evening we can still see clearly enough -pictures of endless suites of gorgeous rooms, of rare statuary, of antique carving, of gold tapestry brocade; pictures of never-ending parterres of shrubs, and trees, and flowers; pictures of the glorious park in which the great philosopher of the 'Leviathan,' not less than the luckless Mary loved to roam; pictures that no other mansion in England could have imprinted on our memories save the Palace of the Peak—the Home of the Cavendishes.

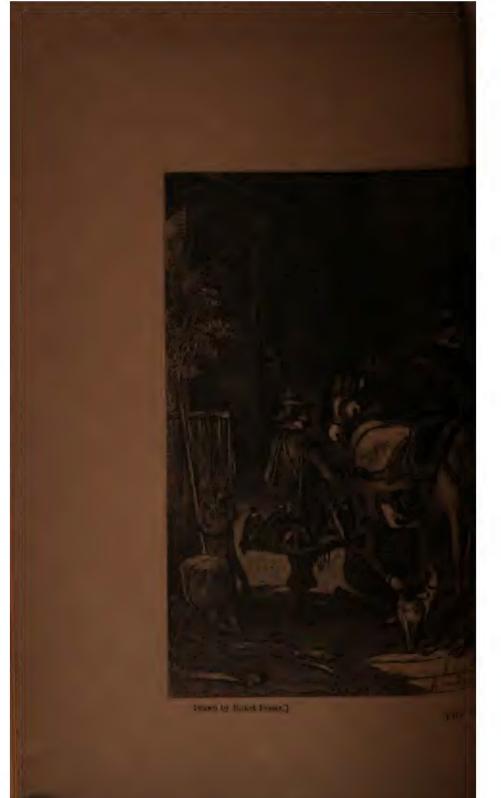
THE FALCONER'S LAY.

The Song of the Bawker.

To horse! to horse! the bolts that bar
The gates of light have been withdrawn;
Veiled Eos speeds her rosy car,
And fires the saffron bed of dawn.
The night hath lost the stars, her eyes,
And gropes for darkness as she may;
She droops, she faints, and swooning dies
Shadeless upon the breast of day.

A silken network binds the moor,
Woven by fairy hands in sport,
And dew-pearls stud the dancing floor
Where revelled sweet Titania's court.
Nature without her robes fair;
Though sulky flowerets pine for spring,
An unseen song is in the air,
And floating game is on the wing.







RE LAY

the Virgo



We scorn the sportsman's laggard gun,
Who beats the autumn copses round;
We take our quarry from the sun,
And bring the spoils of heaven to ground.
Space hath scant space that does not yield
A place for our preserves on high;
We fence with clouds our hunting field,
And draw the covers of the sky.

Then, comrades all, to horse! to horse!

Leave Jane and Margery in the lurch;
The hounds are ready for the course;
Cast are the falcons to the perch.
Even as we wait our leader's horn
Echoes along the river bed;
And steering southward through the morn
The wild fow! cackle overhead.

To horse! to horse! our hawks are fair,
And huge of wing, and large of beak,
The heron to surmount in air,
Or bind him in the plashing creek.
The wild duck fears their fatal stoop,
And plover of the golden crown;
The rifled swan scarce bides their swoop,
And strews the breezes with his down.

We care not for the eagles famed
That slaughtered wolves for Kubla Khan—
Imperial birds, but ill-reclaimed,
Too grand for simple gentleman.
We leave gyrfalcons to the king;
The prince the tercel-gentle craves;
The clerk may of his musket sing;
The kestrel make mean sport for knaves.

We fly the falcon peregrine,
Whose race is known, and gentle blood—
Huzza! it comes, the welcome sign,
Our game is up behind the wood.
We slip the hood, we give the whoop,
We loose from silver bell, and bands;
A cast, a mount, an instant swoop—
We hold a wild duck in our hands.

With fawn and partridge, hern and hare,
Our board will amply garnished be:
A moment turn, ere home we fare,
And beat the seaward rocks with me.
My laneret hath not had a cast,
Trained well to bind unhurt the dove—
Brave bird, well done! he brings at last
A fluttering token for my love.

A. H. G.



EVERY-DAY ADVENTURES.

BY ANDREW HALLIDAY.

No. III.—A Raid by Rail.

In the old coaching days the jour-ney from London to Glasgow occupied a week. In these fast railway times you may breakfast in London in the morning and sup in Glasgow at night. Steam has reduced six days to twelve hours; but though time and space have, in a manner, been annihilated by the locomotive, our journeys are infinitely more wearisome than when we travelled by the slow, plodding coach. The reason of this is, I suppose, the want of variety in a railway journey; the irksome consciousness that we, the passengers, are not free agents, and the ever-recurring sense of danger. There is no pleasure in railway travelling, and the passenger, from the very beginning of his journey, is wishing himself at the end of it. His impatience to reach his destination far outruns the locomotive. We call it a snail's pace when the train is going at the rate of only thirty miles an hour. Thirty miles an hour! Why, in the coaching days we would have called that flying. Coaching had many charms. It afforded the passenger time to view the scenery through which the road lay: it carried him among picturesque scenes of every variety, unlike the railway, which systematically chooses the flats and levels; it allowed of pleasant stoppages at roadside inns. and rest and refreshment for both body and mind at the close of day when the journey was suspended until next morning. What a treat it would be to make the journey from London to Glasgow by coach; but it is a treat we can never enjoy any more. We must travel by the tiresome railway!

I have tried all kinds of devices to relieve the tedium of the autumn journey to Scotland. I began by travelling at night. I never could sleep, and the journey was all the more irksome because of the dark-

The eye could neither rest Dess. nor amuse itself. Next time I tried another experiment. I had noticed as you may have noticed, readerthat one is apt to become drowsy immediately after an exceedingly good dinner, with exceedingly good wine, in a slightly exceeding quantity. I thought it might answer my purpose if I took an exceedingly good dinner, &c., just before starting. The experiment failed. I was ready enough to be drowsy when I rose from the table, but the excitement of leave-taking, seeing that my 'things' were all right, hurrying to the station in a cab, and fussing about to obtain a carriage in which there were no ladies or surly objectors to tobacco, shook off the disposition to sleep, and when the train moved out of the terminus I was painfully wide awake.

On the next occasion I took my sleep-compelling refreshment immediately on entering the carriage; that is to say, I tried to take it. But I found I couldn't take enough. You cannot eat a hearty meal in a railway carriage; you cannot drink even an ordinary allowance of wine or other liquor unless you pour it desperately down your throat, like a man taking poison. I mean that you cannot enjoy food and drink on a journey; you can only take 'bites' and 'sups' now and then, and those bites and sups do you no good.

At length, however—it was only the other day—by a well-devised scheme I hit upon a plan for relieving the tedium of the journey and making the long day, locked up in a rapidly-rolling box, appear short and pleasant. Here is the receipt for an agreeable railway journey. We made up a party of four; we tipped the guard and secured a carriage to ourselves, and when the train moved out of the terminus we set to work to divide the day into portions and pass our time system-

atically. We devoted the first hour to reading the newspapers and smoking; then, when we had exchanged papers and discussed the topics of the day, it was time for luncheon. We were well provisioned. One bag contained a couple of roast fowls, another a raised pie, a third was well stocked with champagne—cold beef and bottled beer will answer the purpose tolerably well. One of our party was an American officer who served under General Grant during the last American war.

As we were putting away the remains of the lunch this officer told us that General Grant was somewhat impatient of long-drawn-out meals, because he was always anxious to get to his cigar. He was wont to say when he rose from the table, 'Thank heaven I have laid the foundation of another good smoke.' So it occurred to us that we had laid the foundation of another good smoke, and we smoked accordingly. Stopping at a station about a hundred miles from London we took in 'Punch' and 'Fun. and had a good laugh. The perusal of these publications set the comic man of our company asking conundrums and making rhymes without reason, which proved to be a contagious complaint. We all caught it and, as the Vicar of Wakefield says, 'If there was not more wit among us than usual there was at least more laughter.'

After this we set ourselves down to a game of whist, having duly provided ourselves with a pack of cards and a board to form a whisttable. There is no time-killer like whist, when the players are tolerably skilful and the points are worth playing for-not too high, but just high enough to give an interest to the game. The guard, whom we had tipped, and who zealously guarded us from intrusion, came frequently to look in upon us while we were engaged with the 'deil's bukes,' as they call them ayont the Tweed; and we noticed something in his manner which seemed to imply that we were doing wrong, requiring him, the guard, to be 'squared.' So we squared him with

VOL. XIV.-NO. LXXXIV.

half a tumbler of champagne, which, he said, was rather better than ginger-beer, meaning no disrespect to our champagne, but covering ginger-beer, at its best, with ineffable contempt. There was no necessity whatever to put the guard in good humour towards us with champagne. We were doing no wrong in playing cards, and we might have played cards in spite of all the byelaws and the whole board of directors: but we were conscious of being in unworthy compact with the guard with respect to other matters. We had bribed him to keep people out of our carriage and to wink at our smoking. Thus we had given him power over us. The moral will be obvious.

The cards whiled away the time pleasantly until we arrived at Preston, where, twenty minutes being allowed, we entered the station and dined. The dinner was good rather too substantial perhaps—and we had plenty of time to eat it. On returning to our carriage—which we had marked for ready recognition by sticking a piece of white paper on the side window-we settled down to dessert. There was still some champagne left, and one of the bags yielded walnuts and pears (we regretted that we had not brought a bottle of claret). We then took an after-dinner nap and woke up at Carlisle to find tea ready. After tea we took in some Scotch newspapers and learned the latest doings of the Court at Balmoral. Mr. Disraeli, we were told, was in attendance, dining every day with the Queen. We wondered if her Majesty and her prime minister ever talked about the Irish church, or if there was a tacit understanding between them never to allude to the subject. After this another game of cards brought us to Glasgow without weariness, and not only that but utterly indifferent to the supper which was awaiting our arrival. This receipt for making a long railway journey agreeable, or perhaps I ought to say not absolutely disagreeable, is, possibly, a little like some of the cookery-book receipts, which tell the poor housekeeper 'to take a turkey and dress him

with truffles, cream-sauce, and pistachio nuts; but, as I have already said, bottled beer may be substituted for champagne and cold beef for fowl. The value of the plan lies in systematically dividing the day and engaging yourself in a variety of employments. The plan will be found to answer admirably at sea.

I always think that Glasgow is wonderfully like London. Buchanan Street is Regent Street, Argyle Street is Oxford Street. The Clyde is the Thames, embanked on both sides. There is a Middlesex side and a Surrey side. The stir and bustle of business about Argyle Street are quite as great, or apparently so, as in the Strand or Cheapside, London. The striking difference is the purely business-like character of the street bustle in Glasgow. In London there is always a considerable element of sight-seeing and pleasureseeking in the crowds that move through the streets. In Glasgow it is all business; a continual going to and fro for the purpose of making and mending, buying and selling. It seems to me that there is a good deal of iron in the composition of Glasgow; but as I am hurrying farther north on my present adventure, I will leave the lions of Glasgow until another occasion.

Perth. I had often stopped a few minutes at Perth on my journey north, but only to take refreshments and change carriages. On the present occasion I was resolved to explore the town. The name of this town has always been associated in my mind with Sir Walter's 'Fair Maid.' I conceived it to be a pretty, picturesque, clean town. I found some picturesque bits of scenery on the Tay, but the town itself was far from coming up to my fair ideal. The houses are dingy, the streets narrow and dirty, and the waters of the Tay are black and foul. I thought the statue of Sir Walter Scott the most melancholy effigy I had ever seen. The stench from the Tay at this spot was intolerable, and I was glad to hurry away. It is chiefly from its historical associations that Perth is interesting. The Tay and the North Inch carry you far back to the time when the followers of Cæsar took a fancy to the place because the river reminded them of the Tiber and the North Inch of the Campus Martius. Here, before the high altar of the church of St. John, King Edward III. of England stabbed his brother the Duke of Cornwall. The county gaol stands on the site of Gowrie House, where King Jamie nearly fell a victim to the violence of the crafty Ruthven.

It is a short and pleasant journey from Perth to Dundee. As Perth was suggested to me by the 'Fair Maid,' Dundee is recommended by the well-known song 'The Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.' Let us run over to Dundee.

The Dundee of to-day is not Bonnie Dundee in the sense that Jerusalem is 'the Golden,' Edinburgh 'mine own romantic town,' or Washington a 'city of magnificent distances,' for it combines the smokiness of Manchester with the dinginess of Hull. Some of its older streets are execrably bad: there is no other word for it. The celebrated Jacobite song, 'Up wi' the Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee, refers, as most people know, to a very handsome soldier, famous in Scottish story, Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, a man admired at least by his followers, who at all times were only too willing to throw up their bonnets at his stern bidding. This throwing up of the bonnets, by the way, is a favourite mode with the Scotch of expressing their great delight and giving vent to their exuberant spirits. Scotchmen are capable of exuberance of spirits. Burns on one occasion dined with Lord Daer. The poet was just beginning to come into public notice, and the event naturally was a red-letter day in the poor poet's calendar. He had been at mony a feast he tells us,

'But wi' a lord—stand out my shin,
A lord—a peer—an earl's son,
Up higher yet my bonnet!
And sic a lord—lang Scotch ells twa'
Our peerage he o'erlooks them a'
As I look o'er my sonnet.'

Dundee was not always Dundee. In the Roman era it was called by the Gaelic name of Ailec—pleasant or beautiful; and the aspect of the

place, viewed from across the Tav. must have deserved the appellation. But the consumption of four hundred thousand tons of coal annually, or more than a thousand tons a day, is apt to mar the fairest landscape. This, then, was the ancient name of the town and the true origin of Bonnie Dundee. In the Latin annals of Hector Boethius it is Alectum; Buchanan names it Taodunum (Hill of Tay), and in several ancient records it is variously called Donde, Dondie, and Donum Dei, which last is now the motto of the burgh. Few places have a more interesting history. From a fishing village it grew into a fortress, with walls and gates and a castle. Several kings of Scotland made it their place of residence. In various civil wars Dundee suffered severely, being repeatedly plundered and burned. When, in 1645, it was sacked and burned, it was one of the richest towns in Scotland; and when, after a siege of six weeks, it was taken by General Monk, sixty vessels in the harbour were laden with the spoil. In 1689 Claverhouse made a desperate but ineffectual attempt to plunder the place, on which occasion, as the song records,

'And the provest (douce man) cried "E'en let it be,

For the town is weel rid of that de'il of Dundee."'

Remains of the ancient defences still exist, and the narrow passes known as Nethergate, Overgate, Murraygate, and Seagate, recall bygone days and events. Speaking of bygone events, an extraordinary proceeding took place at the old market cross which stood in the Seagate; the spot is now marked by a ring in the causeway. On the 10th of June, 1714, the magistrates walked in procession to the cross, and after 'in a solemn manner drinking the Pretender's health under the title of King James VIII., one of the bailies 'cursed his Majesty King George, and prayed God to damn his blood; for which emphatic outburst of zeal for the Chevalier the worthy bailie was brought to trial. The result is not recorded. The corporation at a

subsequent period went as far the other way. The magistrates, about the year 1790, became such decided converts to the doctrines of the French Revolution and the teaching of Tom Paine that, it is said, they publicly burnt the Bible and planted the tree of liberty in the streets. Strange proceedings truly in a town which at the period of the Reformation was pre-eminently distinguished for its Protestant enthusiasm. It was at Dundee that George Wishart, the martyr, first distinguished himself as a preacher of the reformed doctrines, and the ardour with which Dundee heard his preaching earned for it, we are told, the title of 'the Wishart minis-Second Geneva.' tered at one of the city gates called the Cowgate Port, which is still entire. But the good folk of Dundee seem to have blown hot and cold by turns in the matter of religion. Now it was 'Up wi'the Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee' for the reformed religion, and now 'up wi' the bonnets' for popery. Prior to the Reformation, and when the population was, comparatively speaking, a mere handful, there were no fewer than ten Catholic churches, four monasteries of friars, grey, black, and red, and a nunnery. In the matter of loyalty, however, the inhabitants were less fickle. They gave a steadfast adherence to the Stuarts throughout. They filled up their cups and their cans with commendable consistency, and the annals of the burgh show that there were 'nae heel taps' in drinking that health. In this, however, the people of Dundee were only like the rest of Scotland, which was warmly attached to the house of Bonnie Charlie, and surely not without reason.

Dundee now ranks as the third town in Scotland in point of population, and the second in commercial importance. Its progress, especially of late years, has been something marvellous, if not unprecedented, in the history of British towns. Out of America there has, perhaps, been nothing like it. Mr. Gladstone, the other day, cited Middlesborough and Barrow as by far the most extraordinary examples of

European material and commercial progress that the length and breadth of the land could exhibit. former place, be told us, has within the space of thirty years grown from a farinhouse into a place of twentyfive thousand or thirty thousand people, and Barrow has grown in less than ten years to nearly twenty thousand inhabitants. Very wonderful, undoubtedly, and all honour to Middlesborough and Barrow. But I think Dundee, with fewer natural advantages than either of these places enjoys-if, as Mr. Gladstone says, iron be a greater thing than cotton—can show as surprising Its strides have been results. equally gigantic. From 1831 to 1861 the population of Dundee increased from 45,000 to 96,000-or an increase of 51,000 in thirty years. The present population is computed at 120,000, which gives the extraordinary increase of 24,000 in six The first mill in Dundee was opened about the year 1792, and by the end of the century there were five mills in the town, containing about 2000 spindles. At the present time, seventy-two firms own spinning-mills or power-loom factories, or both, of 5822 horse-power, containing 202,466 spindles, and 7992 power-looms. In these works, 35,310 persons are employed; and the same firms also employ 6420 persons in handloom weaving, and in other departments, making a total of 41,550 persons employed by them. In addition to these firms, there are many manufacturers who have no power-looms, but the number of hand-loom weavers, winders, &c., employed by them has not been correctly ascertained. There are also many persons engaged in the public calenders, and in other auxiliary branches of the trade. The rapid extension which has taken place in the jute branch of the trade since the introduction of the articlelittle more than thirty years ago—is In 1836 the convery wonderful. sumption of jute was about 300 tons; in 1841, 2400; in 1846, 9200; in 1851, 17,000; in 1856, 31,000; in 1861, 36,000; in 1862, 40,000; in 1863, 47,000; in 1864, 54,000; in 1865, 58,000; and in 1866, 62,000 tons. This year the consumption of jute will be about 65,000 tons. Including hemp, the consumption of material in Dundee is at present at the rate of about 90,000 tons ayear, and the cost of this material is about two and a-half million pounds sterling. In the district of which Dundee is the centre, there are now about 130,000 tons of flax, hemp, and jute consumed annually, the cost of which is about four and a-quarter million pounds sterling. In the district, excluding Dundee, there are 110 firms in the linen trade, employing steam or water power of the aggregate of 6290 horse-power, driving 191,452 spindles and 10,151 power-looms, and employing 28,875 persons. The only way of approximating to the quantity of yarn spun is by multiplying the spindles by the average daily spin of each. This gives a total of about 31,000,000 spindles for Dundee and 29,000,000 for the district, making together 60,000,000 spindles of yarn spun annually, which, at the average price of 28.3d. per spindle, gives a value of 6,750,000l. It is estimated that the total value of the yarn and linen made in this town and throughout the district cannot be under 8,000,000l. The capital invested in the spinning-mills and power-loom factories in Dundee is about 2,500,000/.; and those in the district, 2,200,000l.—together, 4,700,000l. When the works now in course of erection are completed, which will be within a few months, they will bring up the total cost of the whole to 5,000,000l. The amount invested in bleachworks, calenders, and other auxiliary branches of the trade cannot be less than 1,000,000l. If to these sums be added the average value of the stock-in-trade in the hands of the spinners, manufacturers, and merchants, it will be within the mark to estimate the capital required to carry on the trade of Dundee and the district around at 10,000,000l.

These figures—which we take from a paper read at the British Association's recent meeting—are exceedingly interesting as showing how wonderfully trade has expanded

in 'Bonnie Dundee.'

Dundee is also celebrated for its Few housewives, I marmalade. presume, are ignorant of the name of Keiller. In the advertising world it is nearly as well known as that of Mappin, or Day and Martin, or Holloway. So important a branch of local industry has the manufacture of this favourite delicacy become on the banks of the Tay (where should marmalade be found if not near the Tay!) it was thought not unworthy of a paper at the meeting of the savans before mentioned. It appears that the gentleman whose name is familiarly identified with the manufacture of marmalade first began it in Dundee. The demand, confined for a time to the town and neighhourhood, gradually extended over Scotland, then crossed the border to England and Ireland, making its way ultimately to the continent and to the colonies; and at present more than a thousand tons of the article are made in Dundee annually. the production of this enormous load of sweetstuff upwards of three thousand chests of the finest bitter oranges are imported from Seville. to sweeten which two thousand tons of sugar, chiefly refined, are required. About four hundred persons are employed in the works, and the trade gives extensive employment to workpeople elsewhere. One of the Newcastle potteries, for example, is to a large extent engaged in turning out the well-known printed jars, of which about a million and a-half are required every year, costing upwards of 6,500l. About half a century ago the town was strong in the belief that there was nothing like leather, and it exported annually 7000l. worth of shoes. The manufacturers have since found that there is something better than even leather—jute, flax, and hemp, to wit—and the trade in 'beets and sheen' is now extinct.

Architecturally, Dundee is not

much of a place. It contains one or two good churches, an imposing High School, and a handsome postoffice. The sloping hill-side in the direction of suburban Broughty Ferry is studded with elegant villas, which testify to the comfort and well-being of its numerous manufacturers. Reform Street is a thoroughfare of goodly aspect and proportions, but the majority of the streets have a mean and old-world look about them. Wherever you have a teeming population of millworkers, you have necessarily much overcrowding, and poverty and dirt. Some of the poorer quarters of this town are poor enough in all conscience; and one cannot peep into the wretched homes of the thousands who are doomed to pass one half their existence amid the dust and din of a flax factory, and the other half in the still more vitiated atmosphere of these hovels, by courtesy called dwellings, and not feel how priceless a boon to such a population must be a green park and an open space. Thanks to the liberality of Sir David Baxter, one of her most successful manufacturers, Dundee can now boast of her park. The Baxter Park, about a mile out of the town, though not very extensive, is very prettily laid out, and tastefully planted. The Taw may be described as Dundee's other lung. This hill rises immediately behind the town to a height of some five hundred feet, and affords a fine view. Being the Primrose Hill of Dundee it is a favourite resort of the people. A local bard has written of Dundee in the following strain:- 'Thy maids are the fairest; thy men are the bravest; thy merchants the noblest that venture to sea; and this their indenture—they prosper that venture, so joy to the commerce of bonnie Dundee.'



ANCIENT HOSTELRIES, AND THE MEN WHO FREQUENTED THEM.

No. II .- A Pair of Saracens' Beads, and other Gbsolete Significances.

THE bare mention of the Saracen's Head brings before us a picture of Mr. Wackford Squeers and the noblemen's and gentlemen's sons who were invited to the scholastic seclusion of Dotheboys Hall. We see him and the poor little wretches, who are regaled on stale bread and weak milk and water, and Nicholas and his uncle Ralph, and his sweet sister Kate, and honest burly John Browdie distributing his attentions to Yorkshire ham, and great meat pie—and his coquettish wife, until we confound the real with the ideal, and count among our frequenters of hostelries the men and women of fiction as well as of the living world. The sign of the Saracen's Head seems to have been as common in the streets of old London as that of the Red Lion or the King's Arms afterwards became. Selden, in his 'Table Talk,' gives an uncivil reason for it, where he says: 'Do not undervalue an enemy by whom you have been When our countrymen worsted. came home from fighting with the Saracens, and were beaten by them, they pictured them with large, big, terrible faces (as you still see the sign of the Saracen's Head is), when, in truth, they were like other men. But this they did to save their own credit.' The number of Saracens' heads gradually diminished, however, and only the two representative hostelries under this hideous significance remained worthy of notice, both of them being distinguished for the ideal representation of the Saracenic countenance.

'At the Saracen's Head Tom poured in ale and wine,

Until his face did represent the sign,

says Osborne, in 1701; and an obnoxious Serjeant of the Compter is described in 1617, in Fenner's 'Counter's Commonwealth,' as having 'a phisnomy much resembling the Saracen's Head without Newgate, and a mouth as wide vaulted as that without Bishopsgate,' perhaps referring to another sign of the Bull and Mouth, a corruption of Boulogne Mouth or Harbour, which had been a sign in the time of Henry VIII., after the taking of Boulogne in 1544.

The two Saracens' Heads were that 'without Newgate' in the steep ascent of what has since been called Snow Hill, and the other close to

Aldgate.

'Next to this church,' says old Stow, speaking of St. Sepulchre's, 'is a fair and large inn for the receipt of travellers, and hath aign the Saracen's Head.' While of the Aldgate hostelry, Strype says: 'Nearer Aldgate is the Saracen's Head Inn, which is very large and of a considerable trade.' Doubtless a theatre may have been held in the great inn yard of the Snow Hill hostelry, as there was in that of the Belle Sauvage, for in his jests, Tarlton makes one of his characters say, 'Methinks it fits like the Saracen's Head without Newgate.'

Now, however, the Saracens' Heads are buried beneath London improvements: Snow Hill itself has almost entirely disappeared, and only a few weeks ago the very plate and linen and furniture of the old hostelry were sold by auction. companion between Leadenhall Street and Aldgate ceased long ago to boast of receiving travellers, while its trade is now confined to the business of a carrier and other callings, to which its queer dingy old rooms have been adapted. sign has disappeared, and in common with some other ancient hostelries in this outlying quarter of the old London that led to Blanche Chapelle, the Saracen's Head has been shorn of all its ancient glories.

There is, in fact, only one of the venerable inns of this quarter remaining in its pristine condition. The portals of the Black Bull sine invite the custom of gentlemen 'representing' provincial manufacturers, and not a few jolly farmers may be seen sometimes on

Corn Market days in the cheerful twilight of its mahogany-furnished coffee-room: but the yard is almost silent, coaches no longer rattle with four-in-hand from under its gateway, and the silence, and perhaps even some of the decay of a ripe old age has settled down upon it. The only remaining representative of the olden time is the Three Nuns; but sign still confronts the visitor who cares to look for it, just beneath the gallery that runs round the inn yard; but the gallery itself is broken and falling with dry rot; the doors of the surrounding sleeping-rooms are closed; the windows are curtained with cobwebs and blinded with the soot and dust of a dozen summers; the coffee-room is desolate, the very bar is desecrated: its shelves and cupboards and queer old squat bottles and china bowls and cosy pigeon-holes—like the apparatus for performing convivial conjuring tricks-have been sold off; and nothing remains but one small room, probably 'the tap' of former times where, as we may see by a bill plastered at the entrance gate, a harmonious meeting is held every evening and amateur vocalists are invited to attend. O tempora! O mores!

There was often something of the sensational in the literature of the Our ancestors were sign boards. fond of significance as well as pictorial effect, and London once boasted two Devil taverns as well as two Saracens' Heads. One of them was close to Dick's, and was famous for having been the place where Wanley and Neve started the Society of Antiquaries. This, however, was of less note and of later reputation than the original, or 'old' Devil Tavern, which stood between Temple Bar and the gate of the Middle Temple, nearly opposite St. Dunstan's Church. So far from its sign being a profane one, it was adopted from the name of the church, and represented the operation performed on the nasal extremity of the Father of Lies by the sainted smith. Its appellation of 'Devil' being a vulgar abbreviation of the full title. Perhaps, no house of entertainment in London was more famous than this resort of the wits of the Elizabethan age, except the Mermaid; while the Devil had the advantage of maintaining its reputation, until it was pulled down in 1788, and Child's place built upon the ground it had occupied.

It was rare Ben Jonson who gave the house its first reputation, for it was here that he held his celebrated Club in the great room known as the Apollo, a large and handsome saloon with a gallery for music. was for the meetings of this Club that he composed the 'Leges Convivales,' one of which says Insipida poematanulla recitantur, a suggestive rule illustrative of that vanity which was the jolly dramatist's foible. These rules were, according to one account, 'engraven in marble' and placed over the chimney; but the 'Tatler' describes them as 'in gold letters,' and either the original or a copy of them was preserved in Child's banking-house (gold letters upon panelling), together with the bust of Apollo which adorned the club room, over the door of which appeared a string of verse in praise of wine, or, at all events, containing exhortations to drink. The landlord of the Devil, Simon Wadlow, was the original of the song of 'Old Sir Simon the King,' and was the same man who, after the burning of the Royal Exchange, built the Sun Tavern at his own expense. magnificence of this tavern was celebrated in the Luttrell ballads and broadsides, under the title of 'The Glory of the Sun Tavern behind the Exchange,' and Pepys in his diary, 28th June, 1667, says: 'Mr. Lowther tells me that the Duke of Buckingham do dine publicly at Wadlow's at the Sun Tavern.

The Devil was Ben Jonson's own special vantage-ground, however; he was monarch of all he surveyed there, and in the Club his word seems to have been law. Prin and Montagu in the 'Hind and Panther Transversed,' say, speaking of the tavern,

and further on:-

^{&#}x27;Thus to the place where Jonson sat we climb, Leaning on the same rail that guided him;'

'Thus did they merrily carouse all day, And like the gaudy fly their wings display, And sip the sweets, and bask in great Apollo's ray.'

While Pope alludes to it in the verse

'One likes no language but the "Faery Queen;" A Set will fight for Christ's Kirk o' the Green; And each true Briton is to Ben so civil. He awears the Muses met him at the Devil.'

After Jonson the reputation of the ancient place was sustained, sometimes but indifferently, by his followers. Killigrew laid the scene of the 'Parson's Wedding' there, and Shadwell in his 'Bury Fair, 1680, says, in the character of Oldwit, 'I myself, simple as I stand here, was a wit in the last age. was created Ben Jonson's son in the Apollo.' Dryden in his 'Defence of the Epilogue,' treats the frequenters of the Devil with his serious irony. 'The memory of three grave gentlemen, he says, is their only plea for being wits. They can tell a story of Ben Jonson, and perhaps have fancy enough to give a supper in Apollo, that they might be called his sons.' This was part of the attack on Shadwell, which was carried on in the 'Vindication of the Duke of Guise,' where he says: 'I have hitherto contented myself with the ridiculous part of him, which is enough in all conscience to employ one man; even without the story of his late fall at the old Devil, when he broke no ribs, because the hardness of the stairs could reach no bones.

The fame of the Devil tavern, indeed, seems to have been acknowledged during its whole history. Whitelock, who was the manager for the Music of the Triumph of Peace, one of Shirley's masterpieces, invited the 'four French gentlemen, the Queen's servants, to a collation at St. Dunstan's tavern, in the great room, the oracle of Apollo, where each of them had his plate layed for him, covered, and the napkin by it, and when they opened their plates, they found in each of them forty pieces of gould, of their master's coyne, for the first dish, and they had cause to be much pleased with the surprisall.' Poor Shirley, whose music cost so much to his manager that the queen's servants might be gratified, died in 1666, on the same day as his wife also died of terror at the Great Fire of London; but the tavern survived that time, and in 1703 we hear of the Duchess of Richmond's jewels being sold there. The Apollo seems by that time to have become a sorr of public hall, and the Poets Laureate rehearsed their Court odes there.

'Back to the Devil the last echoes roll,
And "Coll!" each butcher roars at Hookley
Hole,'

says Pope in the 'Dunciad,' while an epigram of the same period runs,

When laureates make odes, do you ask of what sort?

Do you ask if they're good or are evil?
You may judge—from the Devil they came to
the court,

And go from the court to the Devil.'

From Swift's 'Journal to Stella,' Oct. 12th, 1710, we learn how the savage satirist dined with Mr. Garth and Mr. Addison 'at the Devil tavern near Temple Bar, and Garth treated, and it is well I dine every day, else I should be longer making out my letters, for we are yet in a very dull state, only inquiring every day for new elections, where the Tories carry it among the new members, six to one. Mr. Addison's election has passed easy and undisputed; and I believe if he had a mind to be chosen king he would hardly be refused.'

There is a touch of uneasiness in this letter which seems to indicate that Swift was not over-comfortable

at the Whig dinner.

One of the last, if not the last public reading which took place at the Devil was that of Kenrick, who delivered his Shakspeare lectures there in 1774; and probably the last literary convivial supper held in the old place was on the occasion when Dr. Johnson proposed to the Club in Ivy Lane to celebrate the birth of Mrs. Lennox's first literary child there. It was an elegant entertainment for the celebration of an authoress's first published book, for the doctor had directed that a magnificent hot apple-pie should make a part of it, and this he stuck with bay leaves, because Mrs. Lennox Contents.

Miscellaneous Papers.

	Page		Page
Aberystwith	349	The Piccadilly Papers:—	_
Bones and I; or, the Skeleton at		Two Foreign Statesmen	36
Home:—		The Declining Influence of Lord	
Chap. XI. Shadows	160	Macaulay	40
xII. Guinevere	164	Stray Notes on Books	41
Codes of Ceremonial:—		Bohemianism	45
I. Conversational Observances	51		112
East London Opium Smokers	68	The Royal Italian Opera	116
Every-day Adventures :		Mr. Kinglake's Crimean War	117
I. In Search of Energy	97	Art Exhibitions of the Season	118
II. At Margate	329	Recent Literature of the Imagination	120
III. A Raid by Rail	530	Books of Summer Travel	255
From Albert Gate to Hyde Park		A J	OFO
Corner	289	The Writings of M. Figuier	261
Gossip from Egypt:-	1	The Writings of M. Figuier	262
The Pilgrimage to Mecca	508	A Day at the Old Bailey	377
The Feast of Khalig	511	Woods and Waters	381
Cairo	514	Continental Baths	383
Ingenious Aids to Household Economy	414	The English School of Historians	
Life in London	297	Senior's Journals and Conversations	
Madame de Pompadour	62	on Ireland	426
	486	Champagne	429
	323	The Advent of Winter	433
On the Present State of the Market		The Countess of Minto's Biography	
Matrimonial	193	of Hugh Elliot	561
Poppies in the Corn; or, Glad Hours		On Railways	563
in the Grave Years:—	- 1	On Railways	564
No. 1	87	The Life of the Earl of Liverpool	567
II. A Day at Box Hill	183	The Ruthin Eisteddfod	
III. Some Annals of a Sketching		Two Hours in Gaol 178,	246
	313	Visits to Country Houses. Second	
	448	Series :—	
	550		29
Tenby and its Neighbourhood	i	п	222
	521	Wealthy Desolation	501
- no 120mic 01 and Carronamics 11	,		
•			
	20 ~	at	
Paetry.			
For Charity's Sake	112	The Lost Love	304
Is it the First?			457
London Lyrics :	000	The Physiology of the Dance :-	101
4 70 70 70 71 71	96	mt. h. t. i.	48
mm	335	m D All	49
	72		144
	560		252
	16		367
Society at 'The Zoo'	528		458
	-		
The Gentle Craft	86 810		$\frac{272}{117}$
The Golden Boat	519		
The Happy Confession		Twice Trapped	59
The Long Story	228	!	

CHRISTMAS NUMBER FOR 1868.

The Editor's Christmas Greeting. (Illustrated by Alfred Thompson)	Page I
Andrew Walter's Christmas Eve. A Story in Three Chapters. By Robert Hudson.	-
(With Two Illustrations by A. W. Cooper) Chapter I. Vox Populi; Chapter II. In Time of Trouble; Chapter III. All is Well.	3
How we got up our Christmas Charades. (Illustrated by Adelaide Claxton)	12
Suggestions for a Christmas Day Costume. (Drawn by Linley Sambourne)	17
Aunt Grace's Sweetheart, In Five Chapters. By Mark Lemon. (Illustrated by	
J. D. Watson)	19
A Paper on Church Decoration. Dedicated to all Young Ladies	29
A Christmas Carol. By Astley H. Baldwin	32
Knee Deep. (Drawn by G. B. Goddard)	33
Man Proposes. A Story in Three Chapters	35
Chapter I. My Frame of Mind; Chapter II. My Reminiscences; Chapter III. My Fate.	
Our Christmas Turkey: a Tale of a Double 'Fix.' By Allan Innes Shand. (With	
Two Illustrations by Charles S. Keene)	41
Too Many Cooks: a New Edge to an Old Saw. By Tom Hood. (Illustrated by Wilfrid Lawson)	49
Cousin Geoffrey's Chamber. A Tale in Three Parts. By the Hon, Mrs. Henry	
Clifford. (Illustrated by John Gilbert)	51
Christmas Day in Dull Court. By Francis W. Rowsell	61
New Year's Day in New York. By George Makepeace Towle	67
The Mistletoe Kiss. A Winter Song. By Clement W. Scott. (Illustrated by	
William Luson Thomas)	73
Christmas in Germany. By Henry Apel Burette	74
A Peep Behind the Scenes on Boxing-Night. By Alfred Thompson	79
A Cake for Fame. By Andrew Halliday. (With Two Illustrations by William	
Brunton and Matthew Stretch)	81
Suspiria de Profundis. By Robert Buchanan. (Illustrated by J. D. Watson)	86
Laying the Ghost. (Illustrated by Gordon Thomson)	87

had written verses, and beside that he had prepared a crown of laurel with which to encircle her brows after some ceremonies of his own invention, intended to represent an invocation of the Muses. The guests were Mrs. Lennox and her husband, and about eighteen friends and members of the Club. It would make an excellent picture for the Academy Exhibition, this elephantine playfulness of the great lexicographer; and yet it is pleasant to think of him as he is described by Sir John Hawkins, who writes the account of the affair. 'The night passed, as must be imagined, in pleasant conversation and harmless mirth, intermingled at different periods with the refreshments of coffee and tea. About five Johnson's face shone with meridian splendour, though his drink had been only lemonade; but the far greater part of us had deserted the colours of Bacchus, and were with difficulty rallied to partake of a second refreshment of coffee, which was scarcely ended when the day began to dawn. This phenomenon began to put us in mind of our reckoning; but the waiters were all so overcome with sleep that it was two hours before we could get a bill, and it was not till near eight that the creaking of the street door gave the signal for departure.' It is a pleasant reminiscence with which to close the history of the old place, -a pleasant reminiscence, and perhaps its last, for in 1788 it was obliterated from the spot where it had been so long famous.

Almost equal in notoriety if not in fame was the Rose, not that which stood near to the Devil at the corner of Thanet Place, though that was celebrated enough. Its painted room is mentioned by Walpole in his letters to Cole of Jan. 26th and March 1st, 1776. Strype calls it 'a well-customed house with good conveniences of rooms and a good garden; and Thomas Fairchild, who wrote 'The City Gardener,' lished in 1722, says: 'At the Rose Tavern without Temple Bar there is a vine that covers an arbour where the sun very rarely comes, and has had ripe grapes upon it.'

Imagine such a retreat near Temple Bar now-a-days, and yet the fancy is not so difficult, for even yet the Temple is the one oasis in the great London wilderness; its gardens still bloom with flowers, and weary pedestrians still go to refresh themselves on the grass where the children play on summer evenings. It is not of the Rose by Temple Bar that we have to speak, however, but of one less secluded, less pleasant, less reputable—the Rose which once stood in Russell Street, Covent Garden, next door to the old theatre of Drury Lane. Tokens were issued by the landlord of the Rose, who in the time of Charles IL was a man named Long, but the tavern itself was taken down in 1776, when Garrick enlarged the theatre, and the sign of the Rose was included in the new front, where it was enclosed in an oval medallion. The allusions to the Rose Tavern extend through the lighter literature of the century from the time of the Great Fire till within a year or two of the place being demolished; and it may be said to have been the trysting-place not only of the wild roysterers who went there to drink and sallied forth to commit all sorts of depredations, but also of the wits and players connected with the theatres.

'Sing the catch I taught you at the Rose,' says Sir Fred. Frolic in Etheredge's 'Love in a Tub.' published in 1669: and a year earlier than that Shadwell, in his 'Sullen Lovers, makes Roger say, Oh, Mr. Woodcock! Poet Ninny is gone to the Rose Tavern and bid me tell you.' In the same year (1668) gossippy old Pepys, who knew how to take such good care of himself, and preserved his coolness and consistent priggery through all the events of that time, enters in his 'Diary' on May the 18th: 'It being almost twelve o'clock or little more, to the King's playhouse, when the doors were not then open; but presently they did open, and we in, and find many people already come in by private ways into the pit, it being the first day of Sir Charles Sedley's new play so long expected," The Mulberry Garden;" of whom being so reputed a wit, all the world do

expect great matters. I having sat here awhile and eat nothing to-day, did slip out, getting a boy to keep my place; and to the Rose Tavern, and there got half a breast of mutton off the spit, and dined all alone. It was after this date that the Rose gained its worst reputation, when it became the resort of the Mohocks and the rest of those aristocratic blackguards who made the streets of London terrible by night in times when there was no efficient watch and the dim oil-lamps few and far between left all but the principal thoroughfares in darkness. These titled bullies and distinguished ruffians organised themselves into companies bearing different names, the Mohocks seeming to be the more general title. Sometimes rival societies were formed, such as the Scowrers, who preferred to band themselves together for the purpose of checking the Mohocks. These gentlemen are immortalised by Shadwell in his play of 'The Scowrers,' and the Rose Tavern is made the scene of their exploits; speaking of which one of the characters says: 'Puh, this is nothing; why I knew the Hectors and before them the Muns and the Tityre Tu's: they were brave fellows indeed. In those days a man could not go from the Rose Tavern to the Piazza once but he must venture his life twice.' the same play, 'Whackum, a City Scowrer and imitator of Sir William Rant,' says, speaking of his patron and model: 'Oh, no; never talk on't. There will never be his fellow. Oh, had you seen him scower as I did; oh, so delicately, so like a gentle-man! How he cleared the Rose Tavern! I was there on law business, and he and two fine gentlemen came roaring in, the handsomeliest and the most genteelly turned us all out of the room, and swinged us and kicked us about. I vow to God 'twould have done your heart good to have seen it.'

The depredations committed by these gentilities, and the impunity with which they maimed or murdered peaceable citizens, are recorded in the account of the trial of Sir Mark Cole and three other 'gentlemen' at the Old Bailey on the 6th of June, 1712. They were charged with riot, assault, and beating the watch; and a paper containing a report of the trial says that these were 'Mohocks,' and that they had attacked the watch in Devereux Street, slit two persons' noses, cut a woman in the arm with a penknife so as to disable her for life, rolled a woman in a tub down Snow Hill, misused other women in a barbarous manner by setting them on their heads, and overset several coaches and chairs with short clubs loaded with lead at both ends, expressly made for the purpose. The prisoners, when called upon for their defence, denied that they were Mohocks, but declared that they were 'Scowrers,' and that they had gone out with the senction of a magistrate to scour the streets for the purpose of arresting Mohocks 'and other offenders, and delivering them up to justice. They went on to say that on the very night in question they had attacked a notorious gambling-house and had taken thirteen men out of it; that while engaged in this useful duty intelligence had reached them that the Mohocks were in Devereux Street; that on proceeding thither they found three men desperately wounded lying on the ground, and that the watch came up and attacked them so that they were compelled to defend themselves. In order to exhibit the misconduct of the watch they called attention to the fact that on that same night Lord Hitchinbrooke, a peer of the realm, had actually been arrested, and that the constables were in the habit of taking savage dogs with them on their rounds. This defence may have been ingenious perjury, or it may have happened that the four gentlemen were suffering for the sins of the Mohocks who had left the three wounded men upon the ground, but it is certain that the jury returned a verdict of guilty. Hectors, Muns, Tityre Tu's, and Scowrers had, under the general name of Mohocks, kept all quiet Londoners in such a panic that a royal proclamation had offered 100l. reward for the apprehension of any one of the Mohock fraternity. It is certain that the jury found

them guilty, and it is equally certain that the judge asserted the majesty of the law by fining each of the culprits the sum of three shillings and fourpence. Gay, in his 'Trivia,' asks:

 Who has not heard the Scowrer's midnight fame?

Who has not trembled at the Mohock's name? Was there a watchman took his hourly rounds Safe from their blows, or new-invented wounds? I pass their desperate deeds and mischief done, Where from Snow-hill black steepy torrents run:

How matrons, hooped within the hogshead's

Are tumbled furious thence; the rolling tomb, O'er the stones thunder'd, bounds from side to side.

So Regulus, to save his country, died.'

The mention of Gay brings us back to the Rose and to the better part of the society that met in its rooms; not, however, without a glance at the awful tragedy which had its rise there on the 14th of November, 1712, when the infamous Lord Mohun met the Duke of Hamilton and the terms of that bloody duel were arranged between the seconds. Who has forgotten the admirable account of it in Mr. Thackeray's 'Esmond,' and who could hope to add anything to that pathetic story? The Rose was doubtless a comfortable as well as a celebrated resort, in spite of its evil connections, for it continued to attract the wits of the 'Augustan' period. Swift, in his verses on his own death, says-

'Suppose me dead, and then suppose A club assembled at the Rose, Where, from discourse of this and that, I grow the subject of their chat.'

The 'Spectator' gravely alludes to the 'excellent critick who goes punctually to the play, passes through $N_{\rm b}$: Inn exactly at five, crosses through Russell Court, and takes a turn at Will's till the play begins, having his shoes rubbed and his periwig powdered at the barber's as you go into the Rose.' It would require too much space to refer to all the allusions to this famous tavern, where the society of authors and actors, the light that shone on 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul,' was so strangely chequered with dark shadows. Here Wild-

brand Horden, the handsome and accomplished player, rising to the height of his profession, was killed at the tavern-bar in a frivolous quarrel with Colonel Burgess and his companions; and here George Powell spent great part of his time, priming himself with bumpers of Nantz brandy for his appearance upon the stage. Strangely contrasted were the men who frequented the Rose, and there must surely have been a sort of duality in the place itself; but better times dawned upon it before its memory only remained, so that the reminiscences may end well after all.

'Nay, faith,' says Johnson in Prior and Montague's "Hind and Panther reversed," 'we won't part so; let us step to the Rose for one quarter of an hour and talk over old stories. To this Bayes responds, 'I ever took you to be men of honour; I will transgress as far as one pint. Upon which his companion rejoins, 'Well, Mr. Bayes, many a merry bout have we had in this house. No doubt of it, and the merry company continued to meet and the dramatists and poets to club verses there. One of their rosy songs has survived in the tolerably well-known ditty of 'Molly Mogg of the Rose;' for notwithstanding the evil reputation of the house in the way of murderous outrages and wild riot, there was a ministering angel there in the shape of a waitress or barmaid who was worthy even of a poetic celebration. There seems to be little doubt that she was as good as she was comely; and though the enthusiasm which prompted her praise in smoothly-flowing numbers may be attributable to her relation to the bowls and tankards of which her coming was the signal, we find that she is referred to again in the Welsh ballad called 'Gwinifrid Shones,' printed in 'The Choice,' a collection of songs published in 1733. There, speaking of Molly, it says-

'Some sing Molly Mogg of the Rose, And call her the Oakingham pelle, Whilst others does ferses compose On peautiful Molle Lepelle.'

Molly Mogg was a native of Oakingham in Berkshire, whither she retired to spend the last years of her life. At the time that Gay and his friends wrote their ballad, or at all events when the Welsh poet again referred to her fame, she must have passed the first bloom of youth; for we find in the record of her death, on Sunday, March 9th, 1766, 'Mrs. Mary Mogg, greatly advanced in years, but in her youth a celebrated beauty and toast, possessed of a good fortune that she has left among her relations.' Thus it will be seen that Miss Mogg remained single to the last; a determination with which her experience of the place where she had seen so much

of the evil disposition of mankind may have had something to do.

There is still a valuable memento of the Rose, and one which will enable us to imagine what some of the apartments were like in that celebrated hostelry. It is to be found in Hogarth's third picture in the Rake's Progress, the scene of which is laid in a room there. The fellow holding the candle and the pewter dish is Leathercourt, the well-known porter of the establishment at the time that the great painter made his drawing.

T. A.

THE DIFFICULT OIRCUMSTANCES OF CAPTAIN MANNERING.

By the Author of 'Ruth Baynard's Story,' 'The Romance of Cleaveside,' &c. &c.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART III.

WHAT WAS DONE.

THERE were only ourselves in the I railway carriage, and opposite to me, silent, frightened-looking, but as beautiful as the day, was Lucy Lorimer. She held out her hand to me once, and gave me a timid sort of stare with questioning eyes, as if she would ask me what I thought of her-of her who was running away with a man whom a few days before she had never seen. and running away with him too in that sense of the phrase which meant that he was not running away with her, but submitting to orders, and obeying her openly-expressed and repeatedly-declared will.

What could I think of her? asked those starry eyes from whose brilliant depths wonder and fear, hope and a longing anxiety kept raying up, and making her face quiver with the rapid changes from smiles to trembling tears. She held out her hand, and I kissed her pretty fingers; then she withdrew it in a hurry with a little shake of her arm, as if she were flinging away the

modest offering I had bestowed upon her.

I could not help saying, 'You are more mysterious than ever, Lucy. Have you nothing to say to me?' 'Not yet.' 'May I talk to you?' 'No, no.' 'Why not?' 'Oh, you might talk nonsense.' I laughed outright. Her face was a lovely picture of almost absurd terror. 'Be quiet, be at rest,' I said; 'I will talk of the weather till we are in the respectable company of good Mrs. Brotherton.' 'I will talk before that,' she said.

She leaned back in 'he carriage with an expression of 1...iable weariness. She closed her eyes, but it was in thought, not sleepiness, and her fair face was a study to look upon. I did look on it. I gazed freely on her exquisite loveliness, and with the profoundest respect, for now I knew—though I had always known it, I think, in a general sort of indescribable way, rather through the feelings than the brain—I knew that I was not going to marry Lucy, and that she had not

run away with any intention of be-

coming my wife.

When I had seen big tears roll down her pale cheek slowly, and at intervals, for some time, I ventured to speak to her again. 'Surely,' I said, 'you are not doing well to trust me so little.'

'Little!' she cried, choking a sob and dashing away the teardrops; 'oh! Captain Mannering, have I

trusted you only a little?

'I want to be talked to; I want to know the next move in the game.'

'By-and-by; I cannot speak yet. Please to trust me a little longer. I cannot talk to you, because the time for speech is not come.' So she leaned back again with her face turned away and half-hidden against the side of the carriage. I determined not to speak any more. I bought a newspaper, and I pretended to read it.

At last, when we came to a certain station, she roused herself. 'This is the last, is it not?' 'Yes,' I answered. 'How long do they stay?' 'Five minutes. It is the express, you know, and there is no more stopping till we get to London.'

'That is what I thought. There! we are off; Captain Mannering, I can speak.' She held out her hand. I took it. 'Thank you,' she said; 'I thank you solemnly for the good deed you have done. I am free. I am as happy as I can be till—till—well, never mind; but I shall be

happier soon.

She looked radiantly beautiful. All the trouble and fear had gone out of her face, and not a single dash of drollery was upon it, but a clear, courageous, open-eyed happiness spread itself all over her countenance and illuminated its loveliness. A little brave lioness of a woman she was, so strong and so gentle, so generous and so determined. I felt my own face grow bright as I looked at hers.

'Come, tell me, Captain Mannering, have I quite puzzled you?'

'Quite.'

'Are you really here, and can't guess why?'

'I cannot guess; and, besides, I think I have learnt to be patient, so I do not try.'

'I think you are a good man, and kind, and ready, at some risk, to

protect a woman.

'Well,' I said, 'I have no such grand opinion of myself. I fell in with an obstinate little witch, and I am the captive of her will, travelling as her slave, caught in her toils, but knowing that she shall suffer no wrong while she keeps me in her service.'

She listened eagerly, and gravely answered, 'Thank you;' then, after a minute, 'Please go on reading your newspaper again, Captain Mannering. If you had demanded an explanation, now that you cannot jump out at a station or give me in charge to a policeman, I could have given you one; but, just at present, I would rather not. Besides, you are trusting me, and I like that very much.' So I retreated behind the open sheet of an evening paper.

Soon I saw she was getting eager and anxious. Her longing glances were cast out at the flying landscape; then she could with difficulty conceal her agitation, and she began with trembling hands to adjust the fastening of a long cloak in which she was well wrapped up. 'Let me do that,' I said; 'you are positively shaking.' She burst into tears. 'I want to thank you once more. Never forget how thankful you have made me this day. I hope I shall not lose courage now the moment has arrived. Do not ask Mrs. Brotherton anything—oh! we are come, we are come! I mean keep close to me like—like a brother, Captain Mannering.' 'Yes; don't doubt me now, I said; and then we steamed into the station, and London was reached.

Almost immediately, a very well-dressed elderly woman came to our carriage; there was a footman in livery by her side. I looked at Lucy; she was very pale. I said, 'I shall keep by you, and obey you, will that do?' 'Yes, yes. Dear Mrs. Brotherton, this is Captain Mannering.' Mrs. Brotherton gave me a quiet glance, but did not speak. I was out of the carriage and had helped Lucy out. She trembled so from head to foot that she could not stand without help. The sor-

vant stood by a carriage door, and we three got in. Then we drove away. I looked at Mrs. Brotherton. She had a good, kind face, and there was a peculiar seriousness in it. I thought. She looked at Lucy, still trembling, literally shaking in the corner of the carriage. 'My darling,' she said, 'if you are uncertain——' 'No, no!' cried Lucy, almost loudly, for she had lost the command of her sweet voice, so great was her agitation. Mrs. Brotherton smiled. 'I wish we could cure this tremor, she said. 'I am only foolish,' said Lucy; 'I am so angry with myself:' and then she covered her face with her bandkerchief and dropped her head on her friend's shoulder and wept good natural tears.

The carriage stopped, and we all got out at an entrace door in a wall. Through this door we went straight into a flagged passage. Lucy put her arm in mine. Another door was opened, and in an odd sort of room, lying on a sofa, was a man, evidently very ill, with a person standing by him whom I knew perfectly well, as he had acted as my own servant in India. man, as soon as we entered, left the room by another door; and Lucy, who had recovered all her strength, and whose cheeks were covered with a bright blush of joy, stepped forwards and stooped down to that sick man's breast and put her arms round him tenderly, hiding her face in his curling dark beard. He said, 'I cannot never spoke. move without help, you know, or I would not receive you thus. Where's Mannering?

Still Lucy never moved; she had dropped upon her knees, and did not seem to hear him. Of course I knew that the man was Charlie Moore; but how he, whom I had left in India as one of the finest men in the service, had got into this pitiable condition I could not imagine. Mrs. Brotherton and I walked to a window that had a miserable look-out on coarse grass, an ill-kept pathway, and a dreary bit of wall, and then it suddenly struck me that we might be in the vestry-room of a church; and that

the scrap of outer world on which I gazed through those dull windowpanes was a neglected corner of a disused burial-ground. I should have asked Mrs. Brotherton, but she was murmuring certain sentences which appeared to be meant for my edification, so I stood by her with our backs to those two lovers and listened.

' Poor fatherless, motherless child -the best-hearted creature in the world; to have had her life ruined by that whimsical woman; as if they could not have been married two years ago in a proper way. He is as fine a character as any woman could desire; and as to her, I brought her up after her mother's death, and was more of a parent to her than that provoking old idiot could be. Her love of power would be an absurdity, you know, if it had not wrought that mischief.

Then the man-servant I have spoken of came back, bringing another person with him. Well,

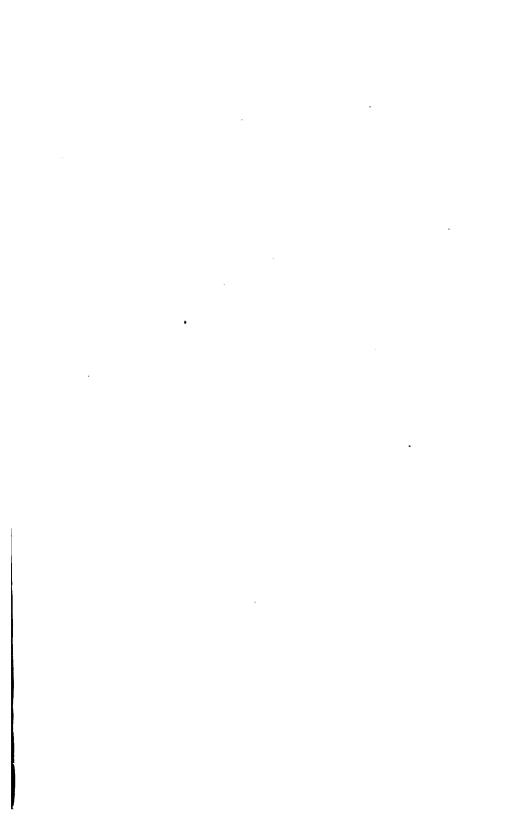
Bellamy, I said, 'how are you?'
'Quite well, Captain; in time to return to India with you if you should want my services. I have brought home Mr. Moore, you see, sir; and then he gave an odd glance at me, by which I seemed to know that Charlie Moore was in danger of death. I suppose I showed the thought in my face, for Bellamy, by a second significant look, seemed to confirm the idea, and we both, I am sure, looked sadly enough at each other, though we spoke no more.

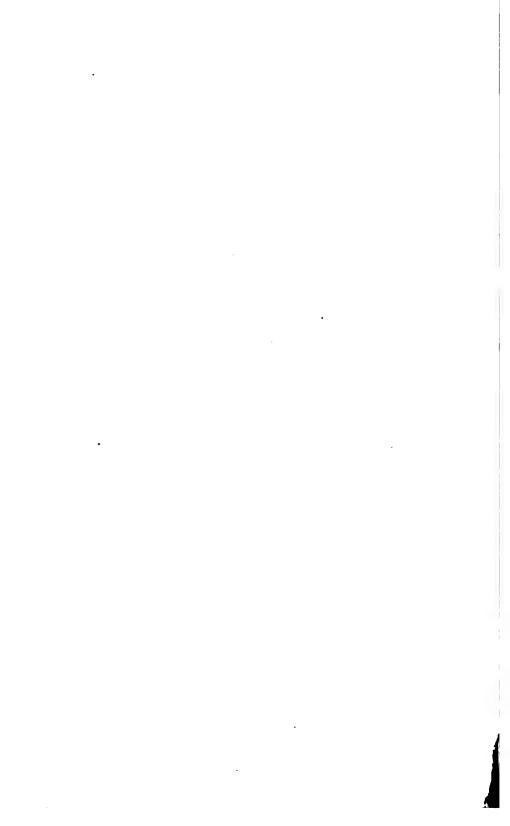
Lucy rose up now, and came to Mrs. Brotherton, quickly. I saw how Charlie Moore followed her with his eyes, and I could not help telling him by a smile how truly I could congratulate him.

'Come here,' he said to me. So I went up to him where he lay on the couch, which I now saw had some hospital contrivance attached to it by which he could be raised

easily to his feet.

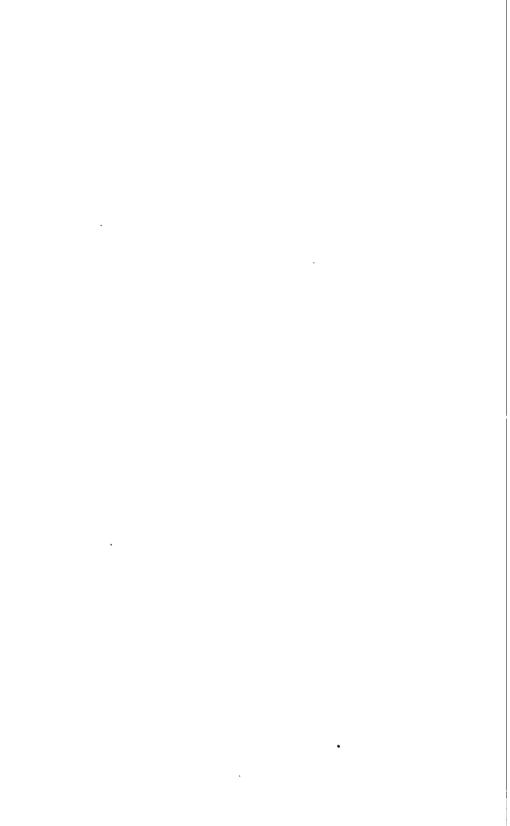
He was extremely handsome, but as pale as marble; his eyes had that dangerous brightness in them that we know is more than belongs to healthy life, and his great strong arms and hands were thin and







TANNOT MOVE WITHOUT HELP, OR 4 WOULD NOT BECKIVE YOU THUR



trembling. He smiled across the room to where Lucy stood, with her travelling-hat off, and her golden hair twisted about her head. Mrs. Brotherton had taken a little white bonnet from a box, and she was placing it on the partly bent head carefully. The long dark tweed wrapper was thrown across a box, and Lucy, in a bright blue silk, was putting some sort of white lace cloak across her shoulders. Then Charlie whispered, 'Call her.'

I brought her to his side; the man now arranged the springs of a crutch, and he said, 'Have you

got it there still?'

She took off three or four of these rings which I had before observed as numerous, and put them into my hand; and then she drew off a thin gold hoop, and gave it into the only hand he could use. 'Into my waist-coat pocket, Mannering,' said Charlie; and then I gave her back the pretty things that had guarded and covered what she had kept so well, and did as he asked.

'Now then,' said Charlie. So the man raised him to his feet, and eased him off on his crutches, and he said to me, 'Take Lucy.' She stood aside to let him go first, which he did well enough, with Bellamy and Mrs. Brotherton by his side. Then I gave Lucy my arm, and we walked through the doorway into the middle aisle of a church. An old man stroked his long white locks and bowed his head, and a younger woman, who seemed to belong to him, and who was probably pew-opener, made a solemn curtsey as we passed; it was evidently their homage to the story of sorrow and suffering, love and triumph that that little procession told. was a child, too, with a clean white pinafore there to see the sight. She looked with troubled eyes away from Charlie as he went by, and fixed a frightened stare on Lucy. A smile, such as the child had probably never seen before, brought back the sunshine quickly to that little face, and the young creature stepped hastily forward and offered Lucy a white rose and some sweet-briar, which she had held in her tiny hand. She was not more than six

years old, I am sure, and I shall never forget how Lucy took them. There was a glance at the child and a look at the mother—each of them worth a whole volume of words: One touch of feeling makes the whole world kin,' and the decent woman, holding the child by the hand, thus encouraged, with a face beaming with good wishes and glad hopes, followed us softly: and the old man knelt down. I put Lucy in her proper place by Charlie Moore's side, and the service began. 'Who giveth this woman away?' 'I do;' and truly, I never in my life, before or since, did anything more entirely with all my heart. So they were married. And when Lucy had to get rid of her gloves, she put them into the hands of her little unexpected bridesmaid, who laughed up into her mother's face with glee. and she redeemed them with a piece of gold before she went away.

Charlie had to be put into a carriage brought on purpose, in which he could lie all his length, for he was allowed to bear the movement over the pavement in no other way, and I went with Lucy and Mrs. Brotherton to that lady's house. There, in the course of another half-hour, we were all at breakfast. But that half-hour the husband and wife had had to themselves, and Mrs. Brotherton and I had been alone, to have our talk out also.

'Now,' said I, 'what is the mean-

ing of it?

Mr. Moore has been in my house just ten days. Lucy knew of his expected arrival through me, and of his safe landing. She also knew, for I thought it right to tell her, that he is dying. She determined to marry him. And as I think she is right, or, at least, that she has a right to have her own way, I have helped her to take the place which she ought to have had long ago.' 'Did Mrs. Marmaduke Smith know of Moore being in England?' 'She!' cried Mrs. Brotherton—'she? She would have locked Lucy up first. How she has got away from her I cannot imagine.'-1 thought that I knew all about that

'And so she marries him, knowing his hopeless state?' I said,

musingly. 'Yes; and she is right,' replied Mrs. Brotherton, positively. I think I never knew any one who contrived without disagreeable coarseness to be so extraordinarily positive as my new acquaintance.

'I am no judge of that,' I said; 'but I doubt whether, if I had been in Moore's place, I——' whether you should have been as naturally great, and good, and as well able to judge of a true woman's faith and courage-perhaps not.' She fixed her dark eyes on me as if she had found me so undoubtedly guilty, that any attempt at explanation on my part must be worse than useless. I was therefore silent; and Mrs. Brotherton went on. 'You know they were engaged to each other, and with Mrs. Smith's entire consent. The time, though not the exact day, of the marriage was fixed. And then, for her own wicked gratification, she refused her consent, and parted them.'

'Surely they could have married without her consent as well then as now?' Mrs. Brotherton appeared to be exasperated by my stupidity. 'How could they, when Mr. Moore had nothing but his pay? People must live—now, they can live on the sale of his commission for the few months which must elapse before she is of age. It will be all right before next June—as to money I mean. He will be dead. Any how, his only chance of life will be in his having a good nurse like Lucy.'

'What made Mrs. Marmaduke

Smith change her mind?

'Oh! I am ashamed to tell you—a ridiculous creature—a mad simpleton. I can rever forgive her ruining that darling girl's life.' And Mrs. Brothertor quite groaned; she had evidently as much bitterness in her heart as a not really ill-natured woman could carry, and a good deal more than she had words at hand to express.

Here the servant announced breakfast; and I said, as I conducted Mrs. Brotherton through the passage—'By what accident was poor Moore reduced to this?' And she, scarcely waiting to hear me finish my sentence, said, scornfully, 'Accident? stuff; a tiger!' On which the door was opened, and I could ask no more.

But not to keep my readers in unnecessary suspense, I may hertell what I heard afterwards of Charlie Moore's heroism. It was, shortly, this—he had got crushed in

the jaws of a 'man-eater.'

When once a tiger has tasted of human flesh, there really seems to be a fascination in it for the savage beast. As it was in this case, the tiger will return, and return sgain for his human victim, and in his death is the only safety. Three unsuccessful attempts had been made. and Charlie Moore had entered into the deadly pursuit with all a true man's courage. The pursuit of a savage beast who has taken the lives of our fellow-creatures—in this instance those of a boy, two young women, and a child—is something quite out of the region of sport. It is a call on the strong to defend the weak—to risk life in order to save life, and to encounter the danger is no longer merely an excitement, it is elevated into a duty. Charlie had organised the party who had relieved the panic-struck people of their foe, and his ball had given the death-wound; but the tiger had pursued him, fallen on him, crushed him in his dying jaws, and pinned him to the earth by the weight of his dead carcase. It was only when the rest of the party returned, that Charlie was found, to every one's glad surprise, still alive. And when Mrs. Brotherton said, 'Stuff! & tiger,' I knew quite as much of what had happened as there was any need to know at that moment, and so walked in with her to the breakfast-room.

'How do you do, Mr. Grant?' she said to a stranger sitting by Charlie and Lucy. 'I did not know you were here.' I then perceived that this was the same person who had come with Bellamy into the vestryroom, and helped Charlie to his crutch.

'I am only this moment arrived,' he said. 'Mr. Moore asked me to have an interview with Captain Mannering, and this hour is my only leisure one.' Then turning to

Lucy, he said, 'I am very glad to see how well Mr. Moore has borne the motion of the carriage. You may indulge in good hopes, now, I am sure. He has suffered enough to kill most men of average strength. I think better of him to-day than I have ever done yet.'

'But this "man-eater's" attack must have been months ago,' I said,

looking at Mr. Grant.

'Ah!' said Charlie, who was sitting up, seemingly quite comfortable in an easy chair, with his spring crutch by his side—'ah! but, by my clumsiness and incapacity, I got a severe fall on board ship, and our friend here has had to pull me to pieces and put me together again. I am a beautiful work of art now; and I am going to travel to Wiesbaden on that excellent invention upon which you saw me taking my ease this morning.'

Then I fancied that a glance from Charlie suggested that I should speak to Mr. Grant at a distant window, and there I retired, in his company, accordingly. I was then told, in a minute or two, that Charlie's real danger lay in the crushing of the chest and collarbone having injured the lungs. 'We have the winter before us. see but little hope,' said Mr. Grant. 'As to his other injuries,—though this accident on board ship has given him a great deal to go through, he has undergone everything so well, that, with his perfect constitution, and his wife's care, there need be no fear. He will have a stiff shoulder all his life.' Saving which, Mr. Grant walked back to the table, and took leave of Lucy. calling her 'Mrs. Moore' for the first time in my hearing, with a few kindly-spoken words, expressing a desire that she would call upon him any moment, night or day, without hesitation, whenever she wished to do so-it came from him with a friendliness that evidently pleased them both, and Lucy gave him her hand with a radiant smile of thankfulness.

'I have told my husband,' said Lucy, 'how good you have been, Captain Mannering. How you trusted me in the midst of so much mystification. How I made you run away with me—or how you let me run away with you, I can't tell which, and it is of no manner of consequence. If he had not behaved better than you did, Mr. Moore, I should never have been allowed to leave the house; for I never could have overcome Mrs. Marmaduke. She let me go with him so willingly, yet so sadly, poor dear! I declare I think she repented. I believe she will be glad when she knows that I am married to you.'

Charlie laughed. 'Very likely,' he said; 'you know she did like me at first. There is no harm in playing Mrs. Marmaduke this trick; the wonder to me is that you did not

deceive Mannering.'

'Not a bit,' said Lucy. 'He said at once that there was a mystery, and he agreed—not quite at once, but when he saw I was miserable—to help me. He was so good a man that I trusted him—and I was so in earnest, and so unhappy, that he trusted me, and was hero enough to promise to see me safe to the end, whatever it might be.'

'I should have told him the

whole truth,' said Charlie.

'And then he would have had scruples, and hesitated, and I should have had to run away by myself, and there would have been a fuss and a scandal; toil, torment, and poverty. Now, it is all easy, natural, and straight. Oh, Charlie! I could not have got away without Mrs. Marmaduke's knowledge: somehow, it was not in me to do it. But when she gave me leave to run away with him, then it was easy. And she was so interested about settlements; only, I do not know quite what you would like to do about the money.'

'What money?'

'Why, on Sunday afternoon she wrote to Mr. Jones, the lawyer, and joint trustee with her, to say she approved of a hasty marriage I was going to contract, and that she gave up everything to me at once. And so, dear Charlie, my whole fortune, I suppose, is now yours.'

Moore looked at me aghast. We were all silent for a moment—then, 'Mannering, bring me my writingcase,' said Charlie. His face was white. Lucy was frightened and grew pale also. But I knew what he meant to do, and seated myself by his side with pen, ink, and paper

'Lucy, my dear wife,' he said. 'you have been told the whole truth as to my illness. If I were to die to-day—and the extent of injury to my lungs nobody quite knows—I should simply rob you. So I must make a will.' Then he dictated a few words by which everything was given to Mrs. Moore, and Mrs. Brotherton and I signed it.

'And now, Captain Mannering, will you go back to your mother's house, and tell Aunt Marmaduke all that we have done--' 'And say that any settlements she chooses to suggest I will make,' said Charlie. 'No!' cried Lucy, 'it is all good, honest Lorimer money, and she ought not to have anything to do with it. It is mine.' But Charlie. smiling, put his hand before her pretty mouth. 'Mannering will do right for us,' he said; and I consented.

Immediately, with my watch and a time table, I began to arrange my return. I announced that I must go almost directly, and then Lucy said that she had messages to send, and that she and Mrs. Brotherton must speak to me alone. We therefore left Charlie Moore and went into the adjoining room. When there, how she thanked me!

'He is married, and he is rich,' she said; 'and if you had not humoured me, and trusted me, we owe it all to you. I cannot tell how to thank you enough. His life shall be saved now, God helping me,' she cried. 'And will you write to India?' she went on. officers of his regiment gave him a smart purse, quite full of gold-in fact, to pay for Bellamy's services, and get him safely home. How can I thank them? Poor Charlie! without a penny beyond his pay. How good of them to behave like brothers to him, and to me.' She sat down, and wept like a child, quite melted by this goodness from men whom she had never seen.

'And have you no questions to

ask?' she said, when her tears were spent.

'Yes. I want to know why Mrs. Marmaduke dismissed Mr. Moore.'

Her face brightened, and, with the drops hanging in her eyelashes, her whole countenance flashed with amusement. 'Oh! I can smile at it now,' she gasped. 'She sent him off, she locked me up—she—she—' 'Tell me quickly,' I said. 'Because he—he would not—he oh, oh!' And then she turned away laughing or crying, I could not tell which.

' Because,' said Mrs. Brotherton. loudly, because a stupid, con-ceited, detestable woman because he would not be kissed! There. Captain Mannering! If you wish to know, you do know. For no other reason in the world. I can't bear that woman. She ought to be shut up; a horror!'

The face of calm intelligence that Lucy turned to me on this announcement was a caution and a confirma-

tion in one.

' Have you no other question to ask?' she almost whispered, coming close to my side. 'No.' 'Not any inquiry after Lizzie Smith's face-ache? 'Why?' 'Because,' whispering, 'if you had seen her, you might—almost must, have loved her; and then I should never have escaped from Mrs. Marmaduke's captivity. She knew my secret. I kept her out of sight. Then, taking my hand—'She is the best girl in the world. Now, please to forgive me for everything.

I forgave her; and I bade her good-bye. In an hour's time I was travelling back as fast as I could go.

I found the horse and carriage waiting for me, and with willing speed I got to my own home safely. I walked into the drawing-room.

'My dear Alfred! But where is Lucy?' cried my mother.

' I left her at Mrs. Brotherton's.' 'Ah! I thought that to town and back would be a longer day's work than she could encounter. I am sorry she sent back Smithson,' said my mother.

I looked at Mrs. Marmaduke. She got up, after a few hasty words of welcome, and left the room. In a minute, under pretence of changing my dress, I followed her. I went straight to her dressing-room door and knocked. 'It is I-may I come in?' She opened the door, and let me in, with a scared face. I sat down by the open window, where the soft summer air was playing gently. 'Mrs. Smith,' I said, 'Lucy married Charlie Moore this morning, and I gave her away.'

She leaned back in her chair as pale as death, and almost as still. I was actually frightened. But I went 'There is not a better man in the service. There are few cleverer men in the world. You know he is a man of extraordinary talent; he is a poor death-stricken creature now: he has been half-killed by a tiger. They made a subscription at the mess and paid for a servant to get him home. He was carried to the church—he stood on crutches. They are going out of England directly. And now,' I went on, 'you must let me say the only thing that I intend to say—it is a hard burden to lay for life on such a brilliant little butterfly as Lucy. They love each other very much. But you should other very much. not have done it, Mrs. Smith.' 'If you don't get them to forgive me, she said, 'I shall break my heart and die.

I declare I could not help forgiving the poor woman, she was so

evidently sincere.

We did not say much about what had happened in the family, for my dear tender-hearted mother was horrorstruck by Mrs. Marmaduke's conduct, and wished to get her out of the house; but Julia had grown very fond of Lizzie Smith, and did not like to part with her.

In the meantime Mrs. Marmaduke had more than once written to Lucy, but she had got no answer; at last a note came from Mrs. Brotherton advising Mrs. Smith, with considerable asperity, to write no more. Mr. and Mrs. Moore, having persuaded Mr. Grant to go with them, were, she hoped, safe at Wiesbaden, and would stay there till-if he lived-(darkly scored under were those words) they moved for the winter to Nice.

Upon this Mrs. Marmaduke took to her bed, and was laid up in our house, under medical treatment, for six weeks; during which time my acquaintance with Lizzie Smith so far progressed that I, one day, told her what Lucy had said as to the necessity I should have felt under to fall in love with her had I seen her on her first arrival.

'Ah!' she said, quietly, 'so like Lucy; but I don't think that-

'Well then, I do,' I answered.
And so it is that Lizzie is my wife at this present writing; and Mrs. Marmaduke, when she diedand her death was generally reported to be in consequence of an ungrateful relative's conduct—left Lizzie all she possessed.

Mr. and Mrs. Moore live in London. Faithful Mrs. Brotherton guards Lucy's happiness with a watchdog's bark; always angry with anything that may, even by the remotest possibility, interfere with it. We visit the Moores in London, and they come to us in the country; he is a fine, very handsome, pale-complexioned man, with a stiff shoulder joint, and a cough—but 'not a killing cough at all, says Mr. Grant. Lucy plays with two beautiful boys, Charlie and Alfred, and they are all very happy together—so happy, that I one day said to her- Would you have been happier, I wonder, if you and your husband had been married when you were first engaged to each other? On which she lifted up a very quiet face—open-eyed, and wondering, with a most dazzling, malicious sort of beauty- Would it have been better?' I repeated.

'Better than perfect? I never was very clever you know, Captain Mannering—and I don't under-

With this declaration from our beautiful Lucy, the record of my difficult circumstances' may be considered at an end.

POPPIES IN THE CORN:

OR, GLAD HOURS IN THE GRAVE YEARS .- No. V.

By the Author of 'The Harvest of a Quiet Eye,' &c.

CHRISTMAS PARTIES.

Make way for the evergreens!'
These words ended my somewhat pensive November musings. The falling leaves have fallen now, and, more than this, they are pretty well put away out of sight. Thick in the storm and thin in the calm, they streamed or straggled from the tossed or patient branches: but now the flitting is over (save for a few dry and determined beech and oak tenants which stubbornly disregard the notice to quit); and the gay dresses of the year are put away. It lies indeed in its white snowshroud, and does not want them any more. The fallen leaves are gone. The worms did what they could towards this tidying up the room, after the winds had done with their playthings: many and many a one they stowed out of sight, all but an end or so which would stick out of the clay. Many a barrow-load of them was wheeled off by the gardener, and the shrubberies are raked and tidied, so that you may get the first delightsome vision of the snowdrop and crocus and daffodil points; and the smooth ungrowing lawn is never littered now with flakes pale and large from the sycamore, red and flat from the beech, orange and black-pitted from the apple, gold and silver from the poplar, bronze from the pear, purple from the medlar, scarlet from the cherry. These are all cleared away, they neither lie sullen beside the path, nor run in circles till they drop down giddy on the lawn. Perhaps they were gathered into such a high many-coloured heap as Millais once painted, and the tongued fire shot out here and there from a cleft, and the blue spiral smoke wandered away in thin lines out of many a vent: or, if you stirred the frail heap, rolled up in a grey full volume towards the twi-

light sky. And so the glad summerlived things were not left to damp and long decay, but, more beautifully for them, were returned by cremation to the dust from which they rose, and next morning a white handful of impalpable ash was all that marked the place of the high funeral-pyre. Better than to have been ignominiously shot into some wide hole,—promiscuously cast, as it were, into that plague-pit, after that great autumn epidemic which had laid them low far too fast for separate burial by the careful worms; better to be this white powder, than to be that decaying mass. But perhaps not better than to lie, as the forest leaves are yet lying, in an undisturbed and solemn state, under the great dark plumes of the pines, and under the taperlight of the stars; or,—if you like to call it a burial ground,—in the grand Forest cemetery, every tree a tall and naked monument, watching, with its great cross-arms, over the many generations of its dead children. Quietly they sleep in the deep calm, no vexing winds can reach to harass them; where each fell, there it took its settled place; and, unless for a scared rabbit, or a strutting pheasant, or a stealthy fox, or a nimble squirrel, there it lies, for ever undisturbed. 'Rain makes music in the trees' far, very far above them: it is a distant, dreamy sound matching well with the 'dim religious light' which pervades all the hushed forest aisles; no disturbing gladness of sunlight or depression of shadow comes to interfere with the passionless calm which has become the atmosphere of their repose. If there be a stained window or two, slanting rich colour through the dark columns, this is only at sunset time, and at the extremest bounds of the great temple; sound,

light, air, are all subdued into an equal harmony, as the rule, throughout the endless parallel aisles. The fiercest tempests raging far above in the tops of the bare or evergreen trees do but make a hoarse lullaby for the dead leaves far beneath, that yet need not the soothing cadence of their muffled roar to deepen the intensity of their repose. 'Let them rave.' Their anger is subdued to a full melody, but the thrum and murmur of the vibrating forest stirs in the fallen leaves no emotions, no remembrances. Above them the young spring will be dressing all the bare branches again with the million million shimmerings and palpitations which are living foliage and shall also be Fallen Leaves.

'No second spring have they in store, But where they fall, forgotten to abide, Is all their portion, and they ask no more.'

Life was a beautiful thing in them, and in them even life's decay was beautiful, and there is a serene though melancholy loveliness in their death. And no doubt the analogies which envelope them give the explanation of the intense fascination which most pensive minds find in these pensioners of the short summer. Quiet, if subdued thoughts, linger about them for him

'Who with a gentle heart goes forth Under the hushed and tranquil evening sky, and looks

On duties well performed, and days well spent. For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves, Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.

He shall so hear the solemn hymn, that Death Has lifted up for all, that he shall go To his long resting-place without a tear."

But now the leaves are gone, the summer leaves;—let them lie! It is the time for the evergreens. And how delightful to see them heaped in the outhouse, ready for the Christmas decorations: great masses of them; boughs; half trees, you might almost think. Cartloads of them passing along the streets, along the hard and frosty streets, the streets just rimed enough with a light snow to show the dark track of wheels, of wheels which cross and interlace, and hoofs which break the striped pattern of the roads. Covent Garden is still piled with these spoils

of the shrubberies, but you have secured, either thence or from the country, your stock of them; and Kate and Violet have pulled them about critically, and Anselm, home for the holidays, has had up the big boughs for his sisters to inspect: and the young ones are fairly content with the materials provided for their cunning workmanship. and wreaths and devices are being busily prepared at home, they having been already all day at the schoolroom, working for the church. Long festoons of the 'dark ivyplants,' veined with white; rich ripe brown berries of the same, made in two halves, like fairy cricket-balls; cone-studded piles of spruce-fir; other firs; tasselled Weymouth pine; prickly fancy firs, prettiest, that which has an underside of frosted silver; heaps of twinkling box; large-leaved laurel, 'scattering silver lights;' 'dark red-fruited yew;' masses of scarlet-vermilion. which on examination are found to be holly dressed all up the stalk with clustered berries, and crowned with a spike of smooth, pale, warmgreen leaves, pointed at the summit, and rich with darkest varnishing on the sky-side. And oh, the berries this year, after this hot long The hollies are berried summer! up to the neck, and the yew-trees about the Wyndcliff were, in October, almost vying in colour with the autumn tints of the wych-elms, and orange maple, and rose-flushed guelder-bushes. Then there is the prickly blue-berried berbrice, varyin shades from a morocco-purple to the clearest pink-crimson; and there is variegated laurel, and a quite white holly, and some with yellow berries, and some chequered, and some dark with no berries at all. There is lauristinus also, but this fades too soon; there are what Christmas roses were not wanted for the Font; there is a treasured bundle of winter-cherries, like little Chinese lanterns, the orange ball in the brown lace frame, or seeming to glow through the yet-clothed muffled-coloured sides. There is pampas grass, and hoary traveller's - joy, saved from the November hedges, and carefully stored; there are the burning clusters of the seed of the pale-flowered iris, so unkindly and insultingly named.* And above all, there is the mistletoe. The mistletoe, with its yellow-green leaves, and white pearl-berries. The mistletoe that you may see distinct in such great bushes upon the stripped apple-boughs in the Herefordshire orchards. Great bushes well seen now, when the yellow leaves are few, and the red and the gold of the apples only scattered about the boughs: and the autumn day quiet, except for the chattering of the longtailed magpies, so clean in their white and black, and the scream of the jays, with the mosaic of azure and jet on their wings. There was a charm in seeing these mistletoe masses.

' Print the blue sky with twig and leaf,'

—a charm, especially to the mere Covent Garden saunterer, in seeing this megic plant really growing, growing too in wild, in profuse abundance. Oh what a change for it, when it is hung up in the centre of the well-lit room, the room which shakes and vibrates with the dance; and the voice, not of jay and magpie, but of merry boy and girl, or romantic youth and maiden, or jovial senior, caught or catching, rings through its pale-fruited recesses.

There was much to do, ere Kate, Violet, and Anselm were satisfied: many wreaths, much picture and looking-glass adorning, and Father to be coaxed out of his study that that also might be dressed in Christmas garb. But the great event of the dressing; the climax and acme of all the decoration, the finishing touch to all, was undoubtedly the hanging that huge bush of mistletoe right in the centre of the hall, in whose ancient grate half an elm was burning for a Christmas log: and then the enticing the (of course) unsuspecting Father and Mother under the mystic plant, and smothering them with kisses when How should they suspect any such design? The little mystery had not been repeated more

* Iris fætidissima.

than a dozen times yet, as the years went by.

So the house has got on its Christmas dress, and is ready for the Christmas parties. We will let the Day, the sweet Day, the solemn Day, the happy Day, the holy Day,pass; yet not quite without a word. This is a day like no other day in the whole year. Easter is perhaps more glad and joyous, coming with such sudden sunshine after the hush of Lent, and the shade of Holy Week. Easter may be more eestatically joyful, but Christmas has a strange, weird, child-charm of its own. The glorious mystery of the waits, at midnight (before we have lost an enjoyment by growing older and more learned, and so discovering that this is bad music played by vulgar men): the large Christmas moon shining, while we listen, through the snow-caked panes: the sweet and tender gladness of the bells, while we are dressing, and indeed, at intervals all through the day: the anticipation of the Christmas boxes, whether new-milled money, or toy or workbox, or books, ranged among a bewildering crowd of others upon the sideboard: the comfortable warm - berried evergreens over the mantelpiece, and about the walls: the Christmas texts over the arches in the church, every one packed with a hundred fascinating associations, from earliest childhood upwards: the Christmas hymns, and the Pastoral Symphony played as the clergyman enters the wreathed reading-deak: the geniality and the kindliness and the affection which seem the very stmosphere of the Day: the sweet and wondrous story—of which we never weary, so long as any of the wise child-spirit is left to us-underlying it all:-merely to enumerate these, however baldly, is to bring a distant peal of joy-bells near at once, and clear and loud across the heart. The Day is one obviously unfitted for noisy and altogether secular mirth: it is a day (beside its most dear and sacred memories and associations) sacred to quieter, more intensely happy happiness; sacred to homegatherings, and reunions, and reconcilements, and thankful joy because of no gap yet in the intimate circle. no bead fallen out of the homerosary:-or of tender and dear reminiscences that make the joy not less thankful, but more quiet and grave: tightening the grasp of the living hands, while the eyes grow misty with thinking of one greeting less, one clasp that is loosed for awhile: one bead that has been passed on to a string that can never at all break or come untied. merry Christmas:'-yes, in a degree:-but merriment is the dance of bubbles that bead the deeper stream of the Day's grave happi-Rather therefore, and more exactly, I will say, A happy Christmas, and a merry Christmas season. And saying this in print, I clasp, with no slack or insincere clasp, many a shadow-hand, many a hand from which oceans really part me: many a hand of which I only know this, that it shall turn the page which mine is penning.

Christmas time is especially and suitably the festival season of the young. Not but that the elders enjoy themselves as much, in their quiet way, as the wildest young hearts, or even perhaps more. But everything at this time seems to have the young in view. Old people and mature people fall in, as a matter of course, with the humour of the young ones at this time; thus you shall see, with no thought of any strangeness in the sight, grandfather dancing Sir Roger de Coverley, and his son, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, playing at blind-man's buff. 'Tis all for the children; and so your dignity is not compromised, and you may lay aside · the gravity of your usual deportment, and give yourself up to a Even the clergyman may unbend at such gatherings, and not forfeit any of his influence for good: as who would have less revered the late Archbishop of Dublin, for finding him scuttling round the table on his hands and knees, with his grandchild on his back? It is to please the young ones: let this salve all: and so the old ones may enter with zest into the fun. With zest not altogether, if at all, feigned, -I believe that that grave physi-

cian, whose coat-tail came off in my sister's hands, playing at oranges and lemons (fearful position! what was the child to do with the embarrassing acquisition?)-I believe that that grave man was in reality quite as eager in the contest as any of the excited train that were led by him to that miniature tug of war. And, supposing you to be in the full swing of blind-man's buff: was it merely on behalf of the ecstasy of the little ones that you palpitated, flattened against the wall, while the groping hands were just within an inch of your face? or that you tried to look unconscious, with the slipper in your possession, and with frantic eagerness slid it away when the vigilant eye was at length turned from your post in the ring? Not a bit of it: the elders unbend and condescend to the children's fun. but this is just their convenient excuse for having a turn at it themselves. It wouldn't do without the children, no doubt; for one thing, the decent pretext would be wanting; and certainly I doubt whether, under any circumstances, there would be much enjoyment in 'Cross Questions and Crooked Answers, or 'Oranges and Lemons,' or 'Blindman's Buff,' or 'Hunt the Slipper, to a party composed merely of some dozens of staid merchants, and middle-aged lawyers, and stiff bankers, and solemn doctors, and reverend bishops, together with a due proportion of mature matrons. It would hardly do, I fancy, without the Anselms and Violets, and Mauds, and Kates, and Harolds, and Franklyns,—to bring the old ones—halfreluctant at first, but seeming more so than they really are,-to the games in which they are soon as interested as any. 'That child's heart within the man's' has a lingering love, that will blaze out at Christmas-time, for the old child amusements still. Unfallen leaves: that, if they have lost the soft texture and the glory of the new green, nevertheless have not forgotten yet how, upon occasions, to glimmer in the sunshine, and to dance in the summer air.

And the games, these are almost the best part of the Christmas par-

ties. I remember the old excitements of them, especially if the games had forfeits attached, and if the forfeits were honestly insisted upon, and not meanly shirked, because of the scruples of some overprudish misses. Are not the loves of the young pretty and harmless? Need Belinda's grown admirers ever grudge that mad delirium which a kiss snatched from her twelve-years'old lips caused in Ethelbert's thirteen-years'-old heart, on that ecstatic Twelfth-night evening? or the motto and the gold paper that, being shared with her at supper, were stored for so long in his pocket-book, and always laid by under his pillow? I like boys to begin early to fancy themselves—if fancy it be-in love; it teaches them to look out of self, and also it keeps the heart's ground prepared and fertile, for when the true seed is sown. I like girls to be a little wholesomely sentimental; we don't want them too practical at first: not dry and formal hay, before the graceful grass has bowed and risen and lightened and dusked in the least eddies of the lightest airs. I like children to be fresh and natural; and even when they have grown a little past child-days, they needn't be over-prim and strait-laced: they needn't spoil the Christmas games by taking all the innocent malice out of the forfeits.

And,—if you would test the truth of the secret which I whispered to you about the zest which the elders feel in the fun,—watch them, I beg, at one of these same forfeit-spiced games. Let it be 'Birds, Beasts, and Fishes,' and let the knotted handkerchief suddenly fall into the w lap of that genial, time-mellowed spinster aunt, who has been nervously preparing her mind for the missile, almost dreading lest it should come her way. 'Fish! one two, three, four, five, six,'-' Er-rr-rr -Humbug!' she gasps at length, before the fatal 'ten' is reached. But even when the scream of laughter lulls, and she is able to explain that she really did say, 'Hummingbird, it is found impossible to assign this individual to any species of the finny tribe; and so the dear

old lady's spectacle case is laid by with the other forfeits. Matters are not mended when, 'Bird,' being presently hurled at her, she—ready now after past experience, and with no besitation—cries out, 'Oyster!'

Her first forfeit was to measure six yards of love-ribbon with one of any number of nephews who would have been delighted to do this with dear Auntie Rachel; her next, to dance a hornpipe in the tea-tray; which, to the surprise of all, she consented to attempt. On one condition, however, which the mistress of the house disallowed: that the best set of Sèvres china should be left in it during the performance. Greatly did the kindly old heart chuckle at having thus turned the tables on her mischievous young friends.

To the young people themselves, one of the chief delights of the party is the preliminary looking forward to it: the excited preparation for it: the grave work of dressing for it. Where is this sash? and is Ellen's hair done? and have Master Reggie's hands been boiled in hot water, to get the carpentering dust out of the frost-roughened fingers? It is such an important affair, and takes so long, at that time of life; and then there is the solemn going downstairs, and ranging themselves in the empty room, cleared of the furniture, edged by benches all around the walls, lit by sconces placed about the rooms. Stiff, and ill-at-ease. however anticipating happiness, at first; fearful of deranging the exactly-finished hair; feeling strange in shiny pumps or white-satin shoes, sit Ella, and Beatrice, and Lily, and Robert and William; legs dangling towards, but not reaching the ground; while Mabel and Tom will race up and down the room, regardless of sit of sash, or of precision of hair. And other children come in and perch by them; and they are mutually shy and awkward,—for all the world as if they were grown English ladies and gentlemen waiting for dinner to be announced; and you would hardly fancy them the same children that are presently on such confidential terms, and so rampagiously full of enjoyment,

when the first frost has thawed under the warming sunshine.

And they dance. I like to see children dance. I shall be frowned at by some and pouted at by others; but I frankly own that I don't much like to see grown people dance. is not now-a-days like the old stately respectful style: - 'slow' enough this would of course be voted. But, -I may be over-particular,—I can't reconcile the present style with my own queer ideas of the comeliness and the fitness of things. Let it be mere strangers whom I am watching and the motion and the music may please me; and I may not take offence. But let me bring the thing home to myself: let it be my little girl (laughing in her cradle now, bless her!), let her have grown to the grace of maidenhood, and let me suppose her in this room, and I, a wallflower of course, looking on. I shouldn't like it: I know I shouldn't. Why should that whipper-snapper young barrister dare to come and put his arm round her waist now, which he never would dare to do at another time; and smirk right into her darling face? Why should young Featherweight, of the Guards, have any right to hug her round the room, his lanky form looming out of a mist of her muslin? Is it, think you, to consider too particularly to consider thus? -Well: I will just retire then upon the declaration from which I branched off into this cynic tone of thought:—and merely reiterate,—I like to see children dance.

But let me go back into the days of the past, and take one particular remembrance; recall one of those pleasant holiday evenings. I was not a child then, it is true; but certainly I enjoyed myself like one; besides, our evening's amusement was in this case one which might, without apology, enlist the interest of young and old too. I have not spoken yet of this class of amusement, one that will monopolize to itself some of the pleasantest of the holiday evenings. I shall describe, then, an evening of Charades.

Long ago now, but let me bethink me how it had its origin. Ah, I remember. In a very small and quiet vol. xiv.—No. LXXXIV.

way we had just among ourselves got up an evening's amusement of this kind. 'Phantom,' our word was; and we exercised,-let me say without conceit, it being said of our past selves,—some ingenuity at least in one of the scenes. It was the second: which was represented, I remember, by a mighty black cat on the tiles of a house. The snowy the tiles of a house. roof was represented by a large sheet, ingeniously sloped over chairs and boxes, and roughened into blueshadowed tiles with weak indigo and water. A young scion of the house made a first-rate cat, closed in a case of black calico, and with an appropriate mask, and artistic ears. tail was a triumph of art: long, well-stuffed, and either nervously twitched according to the mode of cats, or lashed in a grand sweep, by means of an invisible piece of twine managed by a performer on the other side of the roof. This accomplice also managed (with deep vocal power) the howling and wauling, the actor of the part never having studied in the classes of any cat-Hullah. In the dim light the effect was all that could be desired. The vocalist in the performance then retired to dress for Brutus; the sheet reversed made an. admirable tent (all but coming down in a heap, however, at the most solemn moment); a young girl in her early teens sang sweetly as Lucius the page; and a tall brother was nearly smothered in a yellow blanket to represent the august Phantom. The light burned dimly; the composition and colour were carefully studied; the curtain fell (happily not the tent), amid universal applause.

Well, from this tiny acorn sprang the larger growth that filled up the evening which is to be the subject of my reminiscences. A friend and neighbour had come in to spend that first merry evening with us, and had played his part as a spectator with admirable talent, having admired and been pleased with everything. What more could one require in an audience? But more than this, so impressed was he with the talent of the company and the arrangements of the manager, that

he at once fixed an evening in the next week, at which charades, on a larger and more ambitious scale, should be the staple of the entertainment. And to this he then and there invited all the then assembled company, installing the getter-up of the minor entertainment at the head of the more extensive contemplated arrangements. And he threatened us with a far larger circle of spectators than that which had at this time applauded our modest merits.

Well, our spirits rose to the occasion. Next day the grave work was the selection of words. And after much overhauling of Shakespeare; Walter Scott; Pickwick; we decided upon two: 'Pilgrimage,'

and 'Incantation,'

Then came the critical inspection and planning of the rooms; the dining-room, turned inside out, made a capital room for the charades to be represented; there was a boudoir opening out of it in which the dressing could be managed; and (the house being old-fashioned) a beam that ran right across the ceiling, leaving two-thirds of the room beyond it, made an admirable support for an extemporized curtain to shut off the audience between the scenes.

Then came the allotment of parts, and the two fair daughters of the house were here a most valuable accession to our company. Some apportionments were obvious enough; some required more consideration, but all was soon settled: here beauty was wanted (putting the manager in a very Paris-like position!) here voice, here memory, here portliness, here height, here

good acting.

The next thing was, of course, the 'properties,' (I think that's the right word). And except that Marmion's helmet, and a wig and beard or two, had to be procured from London, all that we wanted was ingeniously manufactured at home. So we trudged up every day, and turned the house of our friend into a workshop: witches' noses and chins; scallop shells and staffs for palmers; becoming hoods for nuns; Pickwick's wig and kneebreeches; King Lear's tow beard;

Hecate's diadem; &c., littered the room which had been given over to our devices; until all was pronounced complete, and à la bonne heure; for the day had arrived.

Well: charades have been often described, but, nevertheless, if the 'indulgent' reader has come so far with me, he or she will expect to be given just a peep at the result of such great preparations. Let me still more vividly then recall that idle pleasant evening of the past, by rapidly passing in review before me on the page the parts and the whole of those ancient but well-remembered performances. Idle days. but if they came after and preceded, busy days, these shall not be grudged, They had nor sourly welcomed. their part, be sure, in the quality of the work which followed them; and if I faced the examiners with a more equal mind than might have been expected from the vivid power which I possessed of realizing my weak points, why, that idle time had had its share, undoubtedly, in that bracing of the mind's tone. Relaxation, in due proportion, is not waste time, if to the sterner heart it seems so. It feeds work, if it is not work. When you pour fresh water into your kettle, it ceases boiling for the while, no doubt. But it soon warms into the fizz and splutter again, which indeed would have prematurely stopped without it. Ah. life is so short, and there is so much to be done in it, if once you are at all in earnest, that one pardons the severe minds that grudge one hour's pause of the wheels, even though it be to grease them so that they shall get over more ground in the long run. One sympathizes with their unresting energy, and feels it necessary to apologize for not only present, but even past, pauses in the Yet, if great work be the advance. end ever kept in view, it is certain that the work is even furthered by the intervals of rest from it. Idle days, then, that, kept within bounds, help on the busy ones.

Behold, then, the guests arrived, the manager active and ubiquitous; and the curtain just ready to be drawn on the first scene. This was a trifle; we could not make very much of it; 'Pill,' of course a vast globe of a nursery ball in a bandbox; and a poor child doomed to partake of it. The more artistic work began at 'Grim.' For this we had the Palmer scene in 'Marmion' the grisly warrior by the hostel fire; his squires and knights in armour about him; partizans and bills resting against the oaken table; stags' antlers on the walls—the stern Palmer darkly draped and leaning on his staff, his grim look, and lit eye fixed still and ever upon uneasy Marmion—but let Scott speak, in words whose magic is ever new in might:

- Resting upon his Pilgrim staff
 Right opposite the Palmer stood;
 His thin dark visage seen but half,
 Half hidden by his hood.
 Still fixed on Marmion was his look,
 Which he, who ill such gaze could brook,
 Strove by a frown to quell;
 But not for that, tho more than once
 Full met their stern encountering glance,
 The Palmer's visage fell.
- ' By fits less frequent from the crowd Was heard the burst of laughter loud: For still, as squire and archer stared On that dark face and matted beard. Their giee and game declined. All gazed at length in silence drear, Unbroke, save when in comrade's ear Some yeoman, wondering in his fear, Thus whisper'd forth his mind:-" Saint Mary ! saw'st thou e'er such sight? How pale his cheek, his eye how bright, Whene'er the firebrand's fickle light Glances beneath his cowl! Full on our Lord he sets his eye; For his best palfrey, would not I Enjure that sullen scowl."

And then, called upon by Marmion, Fitz Eustace (a Fitz Eustace had we, cunning in song) raises the plaintive lay, set to an old air:

'Where shall the lover rest,
Whom the fates sover,
From his true maiden's breast
Parted for ever?
Where, thro' groves deep and high,
Sounds the far billow:
Where early violets die,
Under the willow.'

Then the full deep chorus:

' Soft shall be his pillow.

'Where shall the Traitor rest,
He, the deceiver,
Wno could win maiden' breast,
Ruin, and leave her?

In the lost battle,

Borne down by the flying,

Where mingles war's rattle

With groans of the dying,

There shall he be lying.

' Her wing shall the eagle flap
O'er the false-hearted;
His warm blood the wolf shall lap
E're life be parted.
Shame and dishonour sit
By his grave ever;
Blessing shall hallow it,—
Never, O never!
Never, O nover!

' It ceased, the melancholy sound,
And silence sunk on all around;
The air was sad; but sader still
It fell on Marmion's eder,
And 'plained as if disgrace and ill
And shameful death were near.
He drew his mantle past his face,
Between it and the band,
And rested on his head a space,
Iteclining on his hand.—

'—Soon Lord Marmion raised his head,
And, smiling, to Fitz Eustace said,—
"Is it not strange, that, as ye sung,
Seemed in mine ear a death-peal rung,
Such as in nunneries they toll
For some departing sister's soul?
Say, what may this portend?"
Then first the Falmer silence broke,
(The live-long day he had not spoke,)
"The death of a dear friend."

Well, the curtain fell on a hush that was more valuable to us than the applause, which, like the crash of a wave that seems to hang for a moment, abundantly followed it.

The scenery was hastily changed; and when the curtain was drawn, 'Age' was represented by a couch, on which lay the venerable Lear; Cordelis kneeling by him, with half her hair fallen to the ground, and anxious loving look. An element of comicality was superadded here, by the fact of the aged king not having had time to learn his part, and being audibly prompted throughout, betraying a ludicrous anxiety to catch the sense of the loud whisper which he then retailed to the audience:

Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor
less:
And to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you, and know this
man;

Yet I am doubtful, for I am mainly ignorant What place this is; and all the skill I have Remembers not these garments; nor I know not Where I did lodge last night: Do not laugh at me;

For as I am a man, I think this lady To be my child Cordelia.

CORDELIA.— And so I am, I am !"

'Pilgrimage' made a very pretty scene in dumb show; changing the girls' faces so, and giving them a new charm, the brown hair and the gold hair all hidden with the white linen band over the forehead; dark eyes or blue eyes, brunette or blonde complexion, enhanced by their temporary confinement: and sandalled Palmers tall and draped in serge, and furnished with the pilgrim's staff, and with the scallop shell on the shoulder.

So the first charade ended amid much loudly - expressed content-

ment.

Hast had enough, O Reader? or shall I briefly sketch the next? I will do so in as few words as may be.

'Inn.' This was the famous scene in Pickwick: when that venerable man loses his way in the hotel, and takes possession of the middle-aged lady's room. What pains the manager had to arrange the bed, curtains and all, and how impatient the audience began to wax: and how nearly Mr. Pickwick tumbled headlong out on to the floor, having ventured too near the edge of the treacherous mattress, upon his first popping his head out from the curtains! However we were ready in course of time; and the audience greeted Mr. Pickwick with a roar. His legs were extremely thin, and enveloped with great science in welldissembled knee-breeches; and a bald head,—a triumph of art!—had been managed by means of some white oil-skin. A strong sensation was produced by his bending to fold up his coat in front of the fire, his black sticks of legs being seen to the best effect. Indeed so prolonged and vehement was the merriment, as to cause some perturbation in the mind of the personifier of that estimable man, as to the correctness of his attire minus his coat. However he disappeared in a

recess behind the curtains, and presently a feeble snore proclaimed him

lulled in his first sleep.

It was then that the Oxford man (he of the cat) entered by another door. Her dress was rather short and scanty, and her appearance gawky; but the great hit lay in her taking it off, and appearing in petticoat and stays, and proceeding to take down her back hair. (This back hair was also a triumph of our art.) It was at this moment (the snoring had suddenly ceased a little before)—it was at this moment that Mr. Pickwick's nightcapped head cautiously protruded from between the curtains: anxious-eyed, and spectacled.

'Hem!' said the lady, and in went Mr. Pickwick's head with automa-

ton-like rapidity.

His sotto-voce comments on the horror of his situation; his appearance again and agonized watching of the process of the 'hair-doing;' his convulsive clutches at his night-cap, which had got into a knot; his retirement behind the curtains, and loud 'Ha—hum!'—all this was keenly appreciated. But again the nightcap appeared: and, horror! she had settled herself on a chair, and was gazing pensively on the fire

'Most extraordinary female this,' thought Mr. Pickwick, popping in

again. 'Ha-hum!'

The start of alarm: the dialogue behind the curtains: the rush toward the door, checked by the final appearance of the nightcap: this ended scene first; which appeared to be a decided success.

'Cant' was represented by that scene, in the same work, in which Mr. and Mrs. Weller, and the rednosed man come to see Sam Weller in the Fleet. The manager himself took the part of Sam; and made a tolerably dapper personification of that character; but the red-nosed man was the great success of this syllable. He was tall, and succeeded in the attainment of lantern jaws, and rolling eyes, and hair plastered tight to his head; he sat rocking as though with perpetual English cholera; and the look of the part was perfect. But the voice was a still

greater triumph; nor shall I forget easily the agony of laughter which it caused in the actors, when it first came suddenly upon them in the rehearsal: enhanced by the touch of genius that added five magic words to the original text, the upturned eyes anxiously following Sam out of the room, and the nasal twang adding the pathetic suggestion, 'And a little spice!'

The liquor disposed of, and the hat and vast umbrella hastily gathered up, the scene ended, leaving the spectators in high curiosity and puzzle (they had already guessed the word), to know how possibly the remainder of it could be put before them. But the manager was great at an emergency, and 'ation' was thus set forth, in a patched-up

scene.

A railway station: train just about to start: a lady and her maid enter. 'Now, ma'am, where to?' (Real jacket and bell for guard: real rail-

way barrow for luggage.)

"Epney 'ation,' the lady replies, and again and again reiterates. The maid on being questioned betrays the same defect of speech; and the bell is ringing just as 'Stepney Station' is found out to be the point In the hurry an absent desired. porter dabs a large paste label on to the forehead of a dandy who was sprawling on the luggage truck, and, goaded by the bell, suddenly wheels him out, with his legs sticking up in the air (sending a servant among the audience nearly into convulsions): and so this scene ends.

Last scene of all: Macbeth, and the witches, caldron and all complete: witches throwing sprinkles of coloured fire into the flames: much smoke ('twas well that this was the end): noses and chins and beards very effective: grand hand-in-hand dance round the caldron:

' Double, double, toil and trouble, Fire, burn; and caldron, bubble!'

Then enter Hecate, handsome. dark, \mathbf{and} gold - diademed (since that time changed into the present writer's prudent and tender wife)-and then Macbeth; over six feet, kilted, with tartans, and fur purse, and dirk; naked legs, white socks sewn crossways with red tape: a grand, gloomy and wild incantation scene. A sudden burst of blue fire from under the caldron; and before the ghastly effect dies out, the curtain is drawn, and the charades are over.

Supper then, and genial warmth down the back of manager and performers at the hearty praise and profuse compliments: there is new delight in the talking it all over: the incidents, and the obstacles, and the mishaps and the success upon

the whole.

Then the roll of carriages

'Low on the sand and loud on the stone.

and then the cosy crowded drive home.

Where are all the members of that pleasant company; where all the spectators since then? Scattered, perhaps, all about the world; but perhaps some may be not unpleasantly reminded of that merry Christmas party, by the pages of London Society. Shall I apologize for the lightness of mypresent paper? Perhaps I ought: still, the memories are pleasant and harmless; and I shall never be the manager of such frivolities (if you will call them so,) again. I shall, however, I promise you, look on very benignly, when Cyril and Maud are old enough to get up such an evening at home.



PENSIVE MOMENTS.

JOY with youth's dream of beauty blends;
A sunlit glow is round it shed,—
Blown roses trampled under foot,
Skies blue and spotless overhead.
The angels of our happy hearts
For ever radiant we behold,
As those the monkish painters drew
Smile out of solid heavens of gold.

But, ah! fair being, I have learned
The lesson of sedater years,
And from the smiling throng I turn
To beauty more akin to tears;
To tender loveliness that wins
From sympathy a readier part,
And touches with diviner force
The chords of rapture in the heart.

The wonder of that perfect face,
The splendour of that peerless brow,
Must charm in every mood; but most
In that which shapes their beauty now,
When to a twilight-calm subdued,
The spirit, strongest in repose,
Creates a glory of its own,
And bright in every feature glows.

What tender memories of the past
Their hold upon thy heart retain?
What plantoms take familiar forms:
What silenced voices speak again?
What is the rapture, what the woe,
That thy full heart a moment frees,—
The secret of thy inmost life,—
In pensive moments such as these?

Or, on the years that are to come

Dost thou, in saddest seeming, muse,
Seeking to lift the clouds that give
The future all its rainbow hues:
Asking the riddle of thy days,
The secret of the things to be,
Sad that thy beauty fails in this,—
Fate yields not to its witchery?

No sorrow weighs upon thy heart:
It is not sadness makes thee still:
The dreamy depths of those large eyes
No bitter tears of anguish fill.
Ah! no: the luxury of thought
And idle pondering is thine,
The silent rapture which alone
In pensive moments we divine.

THE PICCADILLY PAPERS.

BY A PERIPATETIC.

THE COUNTESS OF MINTO'S BIOGRAPHY OF HUGH ELLIOT.

THE practice of issuing memoirs for private circulation, which has obtained some vogue, and of which the Queen furnished the most eminent example, has been followed by the Countess of Minto. Some years ago she published, for private circulation, a memoir of her grandfather, the Right Hon. Hugh Elliot, which was so successful, that she has now published the work. We may observe, en passant, that it is very well reviewed in the new number of the 'Quarterly.' Lady Minto courageously sat down to work through the contents of huge boxes of correspondence, and has exhibited a literary and editorial skill of the highest kind. And Hugh Elliot was a man eminently deserving of a biography, a true Bayard, a knight of the veritable crusading stamp, as one of his best friends said, un être composé d'esprit et de cœur.' Lord Stormont said of him, that 'in him the elements were blended.' In many courts his exploits were long remembered on account of his generosity and daring. Vienna, Warsaw, and Berlin have still their legends of Elliot, who wished to be a soldier, and became a diplomatist, but carried out diplomacy on the principle of soldiership. In various important historical works we find traces of Elliot's influence. The character of diplomacy has however altogether shifted since his time, and the grace and address which could charm courts and determine the character of political events, is now comparatively thrown away in days when such questions are settled by parliamentary discussion and the national will.

Most amusing is the account of his love affair and first marriage. He fell in love with Mademoiselle de Krauth, the most beautiful girl in Berlin. Innumerable were the witticisms perpetrated at his expense on

the subject of his taste for (Krauth) cabbage. The mother of the young lady, in her honest German simplicity, sought to dissuade him. but by arguments little calculated to depress such a wooer as Elliot. She remonstrated with him, telling him that his attentions were 'compromettant' for her daughter. She again and again asks him to avoid her daughter, as the young lady was becoming seriously attached to him. Already, on his account, the young lady had refused an excellent 'parti,' which the good mother Next, he was had chosen for her. informed that mademoiselle was unhappy, 'pour lui et par lui. There could only be one issue to all this, which was, that this young diplomatist should marry the lady, even though it should be by the process of running away with her. He said he eloped 'from conscience, but, as the Frenchman said, his conscience, that time, must have been 'au bas de l'escalier.' describes Berlin as 'Nature buried in sand and mankind in slavery, yet his Charlotte, of the blue eyes and brilliant complexion, made it enchanted ground to him. romantic marriage did not turn out very well; romantic marriages seldom do. He appears to have been an admirable husband, with the exception — not unfrequently complained of by wives—that he did not write to her sufficiently often when he was away from home. Lady Minto says that Charlotte was 'light and arid as her native sands.' She only cared for frivolous novels, and turned away from all the generous culture with which her husband would have diverted her. By and by, when he was away from home, the mother-in-law sent him one of the queerest letters which a man could possibly receive. 'Ma fille se porte bien, s'occupe de sa musique, et bien plus longtemps de sa toilette; je me crois pas qu'elle a de l'amitié pour vous; elle sentira qu'une femme n'est estimée qu'autant qu'elle est bien avec son mari.' The fact is that she had formed an affection for a cousin of hers, beau comme Apollon, the Baron Kniphausen, who had brought her under his power. Then came a duel, which, for nine days, was the wonder of all European courts. Elliot first put his child in safety to secure whose fortune had been one of the Baron's chief objects—then caned the Baron, and followed him about till he forced him to fight. Frederick of Prussia, who had no reason to like Mr. Elliot, wrote, 'Was I not right when I said he would make an excellent soldier? After the divorce Charlotte married the Baron, but did not long survive. Elliot felt the blow very keenly, but as time went on he formed new ties. Even here, again, there was a spice of the old romance. The new wife is described as being of humble birth but very beautiful; 'her face and head remarkably pretty,' says Lord Minto, 'insomuch, that the celebrated "Virgin," of Raphael, in the gallery, one of the finest pictures I ever saw, is her exact portrait.'

Elliot's neat repartees to Frederick the Great, with the true diamond point of French epigram, are among the most cherished possessions of the diplomatic service. When Elliot read the King a despatch, which announced a vic-tory, with expressions of thanks to Providence, the King said, 'Je ne savois pas que la Providence fût de vos alliées?' 'Le seul, Sire, que nous ne payons pas.' When Hyder Ali was doing us all the mischief possible in the Carnatic, Elliot promptly answered, 'Sire, c'est un vieux despote qui à beaucoup pillé ses voisins, mais qui, Dieu merci, commence à radoter.' Frederick sent an ill-conditioned fellow to London as ambassador, to annoy the English Government, and asked Elliot what they thought of him, 'Digne représentant de votre Majeste, said Elliot, with the deepest of bows. The King ultimately requested the English government to

recal their envoy, and we are hardly surprised at it. Then he was removed to Copenhagen, where he greatly performed a great part. He was afterwards at Dresden and at Naples. In the journals of Mrs. Richard Trench we find her longing that she could write shorthand and preserve his conversation. The authoress of 'Corinne,' describing a noble action, says, in a note, that it was really done by Mr. Elliot, the English minister of Naples. Afterwards he was made Governor of the Leeward Islands, and, subsequently, governor of Madras. Having witnessed the funeral of George the Second, he also saw the accession of William the Fourth. We cannot say that the later reminiscences are at all so ample and interesting as the former. The days are close to ours, and so we touch on delicate ground.

There is a great deal of amusing byplay in the volume, and many graphic sketches of contemporary manners. The letters of his sister Isabella are intensely clever and amusing, until she turns melancholy and retires altogether from the world. She keeps Hugh en rapport with all that goes on in the world. 'The Queen has given two balls, which were confined, in point of ladies, to the peerage. They were, I am told, very pleasant ones, but a vast deal of dancing. They began at nine and did not finish till five in the morning; and every creature was obliged to dance every dance both up and down. I saw somebody the next day whose feet were so blistered that she could hardly walk.' Then we have a mention of the 'new actress, Mrs. Siddons, who is quite the rage; and people go to dine at the Piazzas in Covent Garden, at three o'clock, in order to get places. All the gentlemen cry, and the ladies are in fits, and, in short, nothing of the kind has met with such universal applause since Garrick.' There is a relative 'Bob' in the clerical profession in whom we take much interest. 'Bob' enters the church and cuts his hair in ecclesiastical fashion, as the first step in getting on in it. He preaches the assize

sermon in Bristol cathedral, and is desired by the mayor to publish his discourse. Isabella writes: 'I owned it seemed not a little strange to me to hear Bob lecturing the judge and corporation with just dignity. Bob apparently gets a living, but sends a very doleful account of it to his friends; "the most solitary place in the worldnot a soul to converse with, the only disturbance to my meditations the barking of a dog and the cawing of a rookery, a supper of cold mutton and roasted potatoes." He can "think of nothing but matrimony with some woman who could talk. and is going off to York, where he had heard of such a one, "very fat and good-natured, to have a good deal of money."' It is described as, on the whole, a very moving letter. 'Bob,' however, does not get on very well with the ladies. Bob has a rage for matrimony, and offers himself so suddenly to every young (woman, that they are quite frightened and scream, "No!"

In days when biographies are spun out into bulky volumes, it is a great credit to Lady Minto that she has compressed into one book the materials which might have sufficed for many. We would willingly have welcomed a longer selection from these papers, which would probably give us many more touches relating to states, personages, and events. Mr. Elliot played a great part at Stockholm, when he said to the King of Sweden, 'Sire, prêtez-moi votre couronne, je vous la vendrai avec lustre :' a great part at Naples, when Sicily was to be defended 'with or without the concurrence of his Sicilian majesty. We find Mr. Pitt writing to him and giving him sage advice on the regulation of his expenses and accounts. It is instructive to know that Mr. Pitt died forty thousand pounds in debt from his own reckless carelessness in this respect. But, as Lady Minto remarks, 'Heaven is just-it gives to some the power of reasoning, and to others that of acting conformably to reason.' This is one of many sentences which show how much the granddaughter has inherited of the wit and playfulness

of the grandsire. Lady Minto has shown us the quality of her powers, and we trust it will not be long before she gives us something more and something more especially her own.*

CONCERNING BAILWAYS.

When railway accidents, railway fares, and railway monopolies are so continually discussed, it may be worth while to popularise a few conclusions in respect to railways, which have been arrived at on a large induction of facts. The leading article in the current 'Quarterly' -most probably from the pen of Mr. Smiles—collects an immense body of significant railway facts. Thus it shows that the law has hitherto been, where there has been a great increase of fares, that many of the first-class passengers will travel second, and second class travel third, while a still larger number of third-class passengers will altogether disappear from the trains. This is shown by the Glasgow and Greenock line, which carries passengers for twenty-four miles at 18. and 28. per passenger. When the fares were increased the gross receipts fell off from ten to six per cent. In Belgium you travel first class rather under what you pay in England for third class, and in Belgium the railways pay seven per We commend these facts to the three companies who have combined against the public. It is melancholy to know that in Ireland. where fares ought to be lowest, they are exceptionally high. As a rule, the third-class passengers pay better than the first class. 'In point of fact, asked Lord Stanley of a railway manager, 'do not first-class passengers generally seem to consider that they have a right to two places instead of one?' And the manager answered, 'No doubt.' First-class passengers claim a seat for themselves and another for their hats, and fill up places with their wrappers and carpet-bags. It is doubtful whether the express train

* 'A Memoir of the Right Hon. Hugh Elliot.' By the Countess of Minto. Edinburgh: Edmonstone and Douglas. 1868.

-which is the peculiar pride of the English railway system - really pays. The companies take pride in their express trains, and chairmen are almost ready to weep when they hear of an accident befalling them. The public like the trains to be fast and frequent, but economic considerations point to the fact that these conditions do not pay. As a matter of fact, many of the trains, with an absurd waste of power, are comparatively empty. It appears likely that the system of railway amalgamation must be more extensively adopted before the returns can be placed on a secure and satisfactory basis. Amalgamation gives lower rates and fares, a developed traffic, and an increased dividend. This is another example of the great law that co-operation is always better than competition. The highest and most expanded form of amalgamation is where the railway system is taken under the control and management of the state. This has succeeded admirably in Belgium and in France, where the same principle obtains, though in a varied form, the state takes ten per cent., gets its mails carried for nothing, and its soldiers for very little, and the shareholders also obtain large dividends. When our four hundred different railway companies have been concentrated into a few groups, we may obtain some similar advantages. Many vexatious matters, such as fares unduly raised, anomalies in rates of traffic, which give large dealers an advantage over small dealers, would be rectified. The principle of competition, on which the legislature proceeded, has altogether broken down. When you grant two lines instead of one you practically lessen the power of diminishing fares. If traffic were confined to one line instead of two, the carrying company would be in a condition to afford a material reduction. Rivalry is as bad commercially as it is ethically; it is when we all desire to help each other that we get the best help from all.

A few remarkable railway facts may here be gathered up. It is interesting to know that the wooden sleepers on which the rails rest perish at the rate of four million a year, and to renew them ten thousand acres of pine forest must be cut down and sawn into sleepers. The lines near London, unless of steel, must be renewed every year, while in country districts they last for twenty years. The average work of a locomotive is twenty thousand miles a year. The traffic thousand miles a year. between Liverpool and Manchester is in excess of all the accommodation that can be provided; the canal traffic, instead of being superseded, is still highly prosperous. London is now the central market for the precious metals, and gold and silver are carried as regularly as butter and cheese. Goods ordered by telegraph from Manchester in the evening are delivered from London the first thing next morning. 'The bullock that was grazing under the shadow of Ben Wyvis may, within forty-eight hours, be figuring as the principal pièce de resistant at a west-end dinner.' Salmon is sent up to London from the north of Scotland, and then sent back to customers in the north of Scotland by the west-end fishmongers. Such are the curiosities that are mingled with the marvels of steam. And steam is yet in its infancy! There are men still living who saw the first steam-vessel; but there is no man living who can venture to predict the limits of those changes which it seems destined to work over the face of all the globe.

POPULAR AMUSEMENTS.

Just now the People are the pets. The workman's Demos is king. paper cap is as much a crown as that iron crown of Lombardy. Each political party must see that its real interests must lie in cultivating the most friendly kind of relations with the dominant political class. Being, on grounds philanthropic as well as political, earnestly devoted to the working class, desiring not to flatter but to serve them, we begin to hope that political events point to an extensive amelioration in the condition of the poor man, and to ask, categorically, what the contending political parties really intend to do for him. Leaving graver subjects to graver men, we would wish to say a few words on his amusements-not without the lurking suspicion that this subject is really as important as any other. Neither, in speaking of amusements, do we really mark off the amusements of the people as being very distinct from any other sort of There ought to be amusement. no divergence, of a radical kind, between the religion, politics, and information that belong to the upper or lower social crust; neither ought there to be any in amusements. The principle should be the same. though we may vary its application.

It is to be regretted that a rational principle of amusement is not very commonly found to exist; and the want of a satisfactory theory on the subject produces all sorts of grotesque inconsistencies among very worthy people. The doctrine that amusement is a sin is now altogether exploded. The Puritans tried the experiment on a grand scale, and the results of the experiment were in the highest degree unsatisfactory. It is now understood that amusement is simply the other side of work, and that without amusement both the quantity and quality of work suffer. Still the feeling lingers, in a confused and indefinite way, blessing or banning different amusements according to arbitrary shibboleths, to the infinite amusement of those who are always trying to laugh at good people, and to the great internal discomfort of the good people themselves.

In the stream of amusements there is a strange mingling of sweet waters and bitter; here, as elsewhere, through all things human, we obtain light and shadow. It would not be difficult to show on paper, concerning every amusement, that it is theoretically right and practically wrong. Take the case of the music-halls; theoretically, you cannot have a purer and more elevated kind of amusement than music; yet, practically, the London music-hall is the fruitful parent of every kind of

mischief and abomination. dancing; it must be admitted that it is the most healthy, natural, and innocent of amusements; yet per-haps the dancing saloon is to be spoken of in still darker terms than the music-hall. Again, take the theatre. The Rev. Erskine Clarke, who has given great attention to the subject of popular amusements, says: 'Most people would allow that the theatre would be the most complete and interesting of all amusements. It is specially the recreation of the people. those who are too exhausted by their toil to find rest in scientific lectures or other recreations which require the mind to be active. In the theatre the mind is passive; it is acted on through the eye, without conscious effort in itself: there is no strain on the attention.' case for the theatre is here ably put, and the great and peculiar advantages it proffers cannot be foregone without a serious sacrifice. Yet Mr. Clarke goes on to argue that 'the theatre has fallen so sadly low that, as it is now, a modest woman, a right-judging man, can scarcely enter it.' Mr. Clarke absurdly overstates his objections, and would probably glory in the fact that he has no practical knowledge of his subject. Many persons derive their notions of the theatre from a sufficiently disgraceful state of things prevalent half a century ago, and which has been materially ameliorated. The theatre has sunk in its time very low; but it is at the present time, in the items of good taste and morality, on the ascent, and not on the decline. Music, dancing, and theatricals are the three most popular kinds of amusements. In the first two society generally has been able to impose its own checks and safeguards, while 'the people' has been helplessly left without anything of the kind. We fully grant that music, dancing, and theatricals, in themselves as healthy as enjoyable, carry with them, according to facts, an evil atmosphere, and are surrounded by evil concomitants. Yet the same could be said of much else beside. Every one not a tectotaller approves of the

use of wine, beer, and spirits; yet it would be easy to show that the publican's trade does the imbibing class much more harm than the actor's art does the stage-going folk. Hospitality is a positive virtue, and yet hospitality is accompanied with an incredible amount of ostentation. bad taste, and ruinous expense. Those who admit some forms of relaxation and proscribe others proceed on no definite principle, and are merely accumulating a hoard of oral traditions. Their system has no effect upon those who seek pleasure at any price, but it deters many conscientious people from necessary relaxation, and does positive harm when persons with an uneasy conscience avail themselves of amusements, innocent in themselves, but being enjoyed without faith in that innocency are hardly innocent to them.

The true principle, stated on abstract grounds, appears to us to be that the natural amusements which human nature desires according to its implanted instincts, are in themselves to be sought for and obtained, and as far as possible to be divested from surrounding evil. The connection between amusement and evil is not a necessary but an accidental connection. It is a shortsighted and suicidal policy on the part of the managers of amusements when they permit a deadly breach to grow up between those amusements and the moral sense of the community. In the present day earnest feeling is most widely diffused, and those who view human life under the influence of earnest feeling make the class from whom substantial support is chiefly to be derived. From many amusements that support is substantially or altogether withdrawn. Take the theatre, for instance. It cannot be for a moment contested that the theatre only receives a fractional amount of public support. The population of London, with those suburbs which 8.70 brought into easy connection by the railway system, is between three and four millions. The vast majority of these people know absolutely nothing of the theatres, and only give them occasional and

scanty support. They partially satisfy the instinct for the drama by concerts, readings, lectures, which are good enough in their way, but altogether limited and unsatisfying in comparison with the drama itself. We may wander through vast regions crowded with substantial houses, and hardly in a single home will you find any intellectual interest connected with the drama. One great reason of this is obvious. The religious sense of the community, as a rule, is enlisted against it. The cry in these circles has always been that the theatre is a hot-bed of vice. Such a cry is altogether cruel and unjust. Those who go, better informed or willing to be better informed, find indeed that it is nothing of the kind. But they still find many things that are highly repellent to the cultivated moral sense. Swearing and drunkenness, forsworn in all decent society, is still, in the first case, exhibited, in the second, imitated on the stage. Decent society is hereupon offended, and takes its revenge by withholding a generous support to dramatic art. In some of our theatres the evil is at a maximum. and at others it is at a minimum; but the acknowledgment that this is an evil which ought not to exist is nowhere, so far as we are aware, practically acted on. If these mistakes were quietly withdrawn, multitudes of people would quickly re-turn to the enjoyment of the theatres. None would be offended, and a most numerous and important class would be conciliated. gers would see that their misdeeds are really blunders, and that well-filled and paying houses would follow the establishment of a good understanding between themselves and all classes of the public.

For instance, take the Lyceum as it is now or as it was recently. The Lyceum is in no respect worse conducted than most theatres, and indeed it may most creditably contrast with many of them. Recently a rare intellectual treat has been brought before the public in the 'Rightful Heir,' by Lord Lytton. This play seems to us to satisfy the most lofty ideal which could be framed by the

most rigorous of the function and office of the theatre. The drama is a noble one, a little too rhetorical and gorgeous, perhaps, for the severer criticism of the present day; but there is not a phrase, a thought, a word which the most delicate-minded critic could wish altered. We have an inculcation of the purest patriotism, the purest morality. The mirror is held up to Nature in her subtlest, deepest moods, and the teaching function of the theatre, that has so long been practically abandoned, was never more boldly and directly asserted. Altogether, we would venture to say that Lord Lytton has done a national service to the stage, and the most scrupulous could only find materials for applause and esteem. And yet there is some miserable little comedietta played as the first piece, which abounds in round, shocking oaths, which must needlessly wound and irritate many strangers who come to the theatre attracted by the potent influence of We are sure Lord Lytton's name. that the managers would be best consulting their own reputation and pecuniary interests if they neglected the tastes of that miserable minority to whom coarseness and sensuality are potent attractions in favour of those who take a legitimate interest in the drama and would find cause of offence in any base attractions beyond.

It therefore becomes the interest of all to watch the progress of amusements, that people should not be debarred from their rightful use nor yet be led by them into objectionable excesses. We believe that if things continue in a right direction, the reform already commenced in the theatres will be prosperously extended. It is not too much to hope that there may yet be dancing saloons and music halls for the general public, where there may be some kindly amalgamation of social ranks; where the elders and brothers, parents and friends shall attend in such force that the unworthy will not dare to make the entire entertainment peculiarly their own. It is not fair that young people, in the flush of youth and happiness,

should be debarred their most natural and enjoyable amusement in great towns, because we have foolishly suffered them to be tainted with an evil character. Here, as elsewhere, we shall do wisely to imitate our continental friends, and show the working mass some higher ideal of enjoyment than that to which he has hitherto been accustomed. Spacious, well-lighted rooms, where he can procure home comforts and refreshments at the rate of home expenditure, indoor amusements, the enjoyment music and the drama, of the library and of social intercourse, and all enjoyments which might be obtained at an infinitely less cost than the expenditure which such men have generally devoted to their hours of leisure. Some such general scheme of relaxation is indeed necessary for all of us, in these days wherein the stress is laid so much upon the nervous system. If for those who are actively employed it is especially necessary that intellectual pleasures should be provided, the necessity of active amusements for the sedentary ought no less to be strenuously insisted on. Man is, after all, an animal, and his animal nature has to be consulted and educated. Gymnastics, billiards, cricket would do much to cure the brooding revolutionary notions of sedentary tailors and shoemakers. But, above all. we must place the true relations of amusement to life on a right basis. But here our inquiry is branching into new avenues of discussion to which we may later revert.

THE LIFE OF THE EARL OF LIVER-POOL.*

The Earl of Liverpool was Prime Minister of this country for fifteen years, a period only exceeded by Walpole and the younger Pitt, and his administration witnessed the close of the Napoleonic wars, the perilous times that preceded their termination and the times hardly

* 'Life and Administration of Robert Banks, Second Earl of Liverpool, K.G.' Compiled from Original Documents. By Charles Duke Yonge. In Three Volumes. Macmillan and Co. 1868.

less perilous which succeeded. vast mass of materials has been placed in the hands of Mr. C. D. Yonge. who has obtained a considerable reputation for careful and accurate compilation, and the result is before us in an enormous work, of many hundred pages and in three bulky volumes. We are rather reminded of what Macaulay said of a similar work, that it seemed to be manufactured in pursuance of a contract by which the one side furnished materials and the other side furnished brains, and the result was 'three big, bad volumes, full of indigested correspondence and undiscerning panegyric.' These volumes are not bad, but they are big. They are a perfect quarry of materials, out of which the future historian may dig at his leisure. They are partly mémoires pour servir à l'histoire; in a still greater degree they are a collection of State Papers. They form a huge body of historical and political literature. There is an utter absence of biographical details, such as may relieve the character of the work and give us glimpses into a great statesman's inner life. Only the briefest foot-note is vouchsafed to his marriage. Mr. Yonge hardly shows a ray of fancy, feeling, or eloquence; and we cannot truthfully say that his volumes possess a The raw single literary charm. material is valuable enough, but it has in no respect been worked up by the hands of an artist. Of so important a work-important despite its deficiencies—it is impossible not to take some notice; but our notice must be rigidly limited by those considerations of space from which Mr. Yonge appears to be totally emancipated.

A good deal of oblique light is shed in these pages on many historical events. We see much of the shameless bribery to which the Buonaparte family were willing to sell themselves. It seems probable that the treaty of Amiens could have been made on earlier and better terms, if we had secretly paid large sums to the family of the First Consul. Their venality was beyond conception, and the rupture of the treaty might have been pre-

vented if we could have treated with sufficiently large sums. British ministers, however, had no large funds which they could expend without accounting to parliament for the expenditure. Mr. Jenkinson. who became Lord Hawksbury by the promotion of his father to the earldom of Liverpool, was emphatically a war minister, the minister who devoted all his energies to crushing the power of Napoleon. It is singular, however, that in the lifetime of his father he should have been promoted to the House of Lords, where he had manifested great powers as a debater in the House of Commons, at a time when the ministry were in great want of great debaters. He was Foreign Secretary, and writing to his father he sums up his experience by saying that the 'court of Vienna was very feeble, that of Petersburg very flat, and that of Berlin very false He especially pleased George the Third by his thorough sympathy with his master on the subject of the Catholic claims. Ministers found that even to broach such a subject was to threaten the reason or the life of King George; and even Mr. Fox, when he became minister, abandoned such an intention.

Lord Liverpool was Foreign Secretary soon after we began to interfere in the affairs of Spain and Portugal. The Foreign Office was in the state of the highest efficiency during his management. He collected his information and disseminated it in necessary quarters with the utmost celerity. The result of this was that he acted, at the first moment, with the utmost energy and promptitude. Thus, directly Lord Hawksbury got his earliest information respecting the peace of Tilsit, he took the energetic step which resulted in the seizure the Danish fleet. We have an interesting account of the complications which arose in con-sequence of the residence of Louis the Eighteenth in this country. The titular king wished to exert over his fellow-emigrants a royal authority inconsistent with English law, and Lord Hawksbury had to explain this very firmly to him and his

brother. The effect of this work will be to explain away a misconception which has largely prevailed on the subject of the Peninsular war. It is generally supposed that Wellington was very ill supported by the Government at home, and that he was unable to inspire a weak and desponding ministry with courage. But Lord Liverpool was never weak and desponding. We find him writing to his brother at a critical time: 'In God's name, keep up your spirits, or otherwise you can be of no use. I do not mean that you should not see things as they really are, but you should not suffer yourself to despair. I never knew those feelings entertained by any one, that they did not, however unknown to himself, tinge the language of the person who imbibed them, and thereby produce incalculable mischief.' We find Lord Liverpool acting with the heartiest sympathy Wellington, and doing his best to rally the drooping hopes of the country. Lord Liverpool had as wide a range of political vision in foreign affairs as Wellington him-When Napoleon seemed to have combined all the world against our commerce, we find him announcing to Wellington that he saw appearances of renewed conflict in the north of Europe, and that they must try to take every advantage of any occasion that might arise. Wellington's brother, Lord Wellesley, to the great annoyance of Wellington himself, gave the ministry great trouble by inconveniently resigning. The reason, so far as could be ascertained, was curious enough. He had returned from the East a thoroughly sultanized Englishman. He would keep his still more illustrious brother waiting in his anteroom. He would not often condescend to attend a Cabinet Council. and when he did he appears to have conducted himself with a sort of oriental arrogance. He expected that the slightest indication of his opinion should be received with the utmost deference, and as he did not get this extreme deference, he resigned. After the murder of Mr. Perceval, Lord Liverpool, in his forty-second year, became Prime Minister. For many years he had served through many offices, and had acquired a vast amount of official experience, but he had, perhaps, acquired a little too much of an official turn of mind. At first it was thought that his tenure of office was eminently unstable; and it was certainly a disadvantage that the Premier should be in the Upper Yet this ministry lasted House. some fifteen years; and if Lord Liverpool's career had not been cut off by apoplexy it might have lasted much longer. In forming it he gave Peel his first official promotion. He has a particularly good temper. and great frankness and openness of manners, which I know are particularly desirable on your side of the water. He acquired great reputation, as you must have heard, as a scholar at Oxford, and he has distinguished himself in the House of Commons on every occasion on which he has had an opportunity of speaking.' To us his chief error appears to be that he had not insisted in the first instance that Napoleon should be relegated to St. Helena instead of Elba. This might have saved the carnage of Waterloo and the second occupation of Paris. But Alexander of Russia was bent on showing a spurious liberality towards Napoleon, and Lord Castlereagh was unable to make way against him, or was prevented. After this time Lord prevented. After this time Lord Liverpool made the heavy hand of England felt upon France, and from him proceeded the suggestion to Wellington of the restoration of the works of art from the Louvre.

Lord Liverpool certainly did not have a very enviable part to discharge in reference to the trial of Queen Caroline. These volumes, however, place his political integrity in a very high point of view in reference to this and various other delicate transactions. With great prescience he foreshadows many questions which have since demanded or may demand practical solution. Among his letters we find one of a most extraordinary kind from Coleridge, the philosopher and poet, which Lord Liverpool labels as being partially unintelligible. We hope some disciples of his school may at-

